

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XIX.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXXIV.

*JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER,*

1877.

BOSTON:  
LITTELL AND GAY.

AP  
2  
L79+

A.235685



10/20/2010

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS  
OF  
THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CXXXIV.

THE NINETEENTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

<b>EDINBURGH REVIEW.</b>		<b>CORNHILL MAGAZINE.</b>	
The Life and Correspondence of Kleber, . . . .	451	Genius and Vanity, . . . .	52
North-Country Naturalists, . . . .	470	Crema and the Crucifix, . . . .	182
Venice Defended, . . . .	515	Is the Moon Dead? . . . .	222
The England of Elizabeth, . . . .	579	Carita, . . . .	232, 548
The Sibylline Books, . . . .	771	The Planet of War, . . . .	293
<b>QUARTERLY REVIEW.</b>		An Apology for Idlers, . . . .	433
The First Lord Abinger and the Bar, . . . .	387	Lucian, . . . .	796
Oxford Gossip in the Seventeenth Cen- tury, . . . .	707	<b>MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.</b>	
<b>NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.</b>		Mordecai : a Protest against the Critics, . . . .	112
The Peak in Darien: the Riddle of Death, . . . .	374	A Scottish "Elia," . . . .	561
<b>FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.</b>		<b>TEMPLE BAR.</b>	
Maoris and Kanakas, . . . .	131	Voltaire in the Netherlands, . . . .	97
A Leaf of Eastern History, . . . .	174	Georges d'Amboise, . . . .	152
George Sand, . . . .	195	A Princess's Moonlight Flitting, . . . .	425
A Plea for a Rational Education, . . . .	745	John and Sarah Kemble, . . . .	675
<b>CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.</b>		Spanish Barracks and Hospitals, . . . .	810
Pedigrees and Pedigree-Makers, . . . .	67	<b>NINETEENTH CENTURY.</b>	
Pascal and Montaigne, . . . .	259	Life and Times of Thomas Becket, 3, 360, . . . .	540
Virgil, as a Link between the Ancient and Modern World, . . . .	323	Harriet Martineau, . . . .	617
Morality in Politics, . . . .	345	<b>LEISURE HOUR.</b>	
A Chapter on the French Renaissance, . . . .	643	The Dog of the Barracks, . . . .	190
Pictures in Holland, on and off Canvas, . . . .	689	A Dog Aiding in Smuggling, . . . .	192
The Trial of Jesus Christ, . . . .	729	<b>POPULAR SCIENCE REVIEW.</b>	
<b>BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.</b>		Notes on the Geographical Distribution of Animals, . . . .	308
Twenty Years of African Travel, . . . .	27	On the Trees and Shrubs of the South of France, which Perish in Severe Winters, . . . .	384
The Egyptian Campaign in Abyssinia, . . . .	278	Distances of the Stars, . . . .	448
Dresden China and its Manufactory at Meissen, Saxony, . . . .	372	The Protection of Iron against Rust, . . . .	640
Nelson in the Bay of Naples, . . . .	602	Supposition that Sunlight can be Con- densed, . . . .	824
Murat as King of Naples, . . . .	659	<b>EXAMINER.</b>	
<b>FRASER'S MAGAZINE.</b>		Green Pastures and Piccadilly, . . . .	44, 121, 179, 251, 302, 368
A Peculiar Holiday, . . . .	437	An Obsolete Virtue, . . . .	574
Concerning the Longest Day, . . . .	684	<b>SPECTATOR.</b>	
<b>GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.</b>		A Great Sea-Wave, . . . .	61
Discovery of Lamb's "Poetry for Chil- dren," . . . .	485	Miss Mary Carpenter, . . . .	305
		Japanese Children, . . . .	312

## IV

## CONTENTS.

The Debate on the Sale of Livings, . . . . .	315	LIBERAL REVIEW.	
Lux in Tenebris, . . . . .	444	Little Tortures, . . . . .	126
Diamonds, . . . . .	509	CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.	
King John of Ethiopia, . . . . .	570	Unsuspected Ways of Earning a Liveli-	
Norway and the Maelstrom, . . . . .	627	hood, . . . . .	379
Mr. Pongo, . . . . .	633	The Duke's Piper: a Story of the West	
A Lonely Bit of England, . . . . .	703	Highlands, . . . . .	411
Money-Orders, . . . . .	759	Fanchette: the Goat of Boulainvilliers, .	467
Impressions of a Meeting-House, . . . . .	761	The Mongoose, . . . . .	636
The Future of England, . . . . .	767	Mushroom Cultivation in Japan, . . . . .	639
The Colorado Beetle, . . . . .	818	The Changes of Color in the Chameleon, .	822
The Pace of Mind, . . . . .	821		
ECONOMIST.		NATURE.	
Results of the Invention of the Sewing-		A New Stimulant — Pitury, . . . . .	128
Machine, . . . . .	187	Japanese Mirrors, . . . . .	191
SATURDAY REVIEW.		Electricity in War, . . . . .	700
Parliaments, . . . . .	317	An Algerian Inland Sea, . . . . .	767
General Impressions, . . . . .	630	FIRESIDE.	
PALL MALL GAZETTE.		William Caxton, . . . . .	127
North-Country Fishermen, . . . . .	63	HARPER'S BAZAR.	
Popular Errors, . . . . .	124	Green Pastures and Piccadilly, . . . . .	499, 533, 611, 672, 741, 807

## INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXIV.

AFRICAN Travel, Twenty Years of. . . . .	27	Geographical Distribution of Animals, The . . . . .	308
Abyssinia, The Egyptian Campaign in . . . . .	278	Gorilla, The, in London, . . . . .	633
Animals, Geographical Distribution of . . . . .	308	HOLIDAY, A Peculiar . . . . .	437
Abinger, Lord, The First, and the Bar, . . . . .	387	Holland, Pictures in, on and off Can-vas, . . . . .	689
Algerian Inland Sea, An . . . . .	764	IDLERS, An Apology for. . . . .	433
BECKET, Thomas . . . . .	3, 360, 540	Impressions, General . . . . .	630
Bassano, . . . . .	491	JAPANESE Mirrors, . . . . .	191
Bees, About . . . . .	576	Japanese Children, . . . . .	312
CAXTON, William . . . . .	127	Japan, Mushroom Cultivation in . . . . .	639
Crema and the Crucifix, . . . . .	182	Jesus Christ, The Trial of . . . . .	729
Carita, . . . . .	232, 548	KANAKAS and Maoris, . . . . .	131
Carpenter, Miss Mary, . . . . .	305	Kleber, Life and Correspondence of . . . . .	451
Colorado Beetle, The . . . . .	818	Kemble, John and Sarah . . . . .	675
Chameleon, Changes of Color in the . . . . .	822	LITTLE Old Man of the Batignolles, . . . . .	266, 334
D'AMBOISE, Georges . . . . .	152	Living, Debate on the Sale of . . . . .	315
Dog of the Barracks, The . . . . .	191	Livelihood, Unsuspected Ways of Earn- ing a . . . . .	379
Dog Aiding in Smuggling, A . . . . .	192	Lux in Tenebris, . . . . .	445
Dresden China and its Manufactory, . . . . .	372	Lamb's "Poetry for Children," Discov- ery of . . . . .	485
Death, The Riddle of . . . . .	374	Longest Day, Concerning the . . . . .	684
Duke's Piper, The . . . . .	411	Lundy Island, . . . . .	703
Diamonds, . . . . .	509	Lucian, . . . . .	796
Davidson, Thomas, A Scottish "Elia," . . . . .	561	MARQUIS of Lossie, The. . . . .	85, 165, 204
EASTERN History, A Leaf of . . . . .	174	Mordecai : a Protest against the Critics, . . . . .	112
Egyptian Campaign in Abyssinia, . . . . .	278	Maoris and Kanakas, . . . . .	131
Early Closing, A New Zealand Divine on. . . . .	319	Moon, The, Is it Dead? . . . . .	222
Embalming the Dead, Ancient Modes of "Elia," A Scottish . . . . .	447	Montaigne and Pascal, . . . . .	259
Ethiopia, King John of . . . . .	561	Mars, . . . . .	293
Elizabeth, The England of . . . . .	570	Morality in Politics, . . . . .	345
Electricity in War, . . . . .	579	Matches, Good . . . . .	383
Education, A Plea for a Rational . . . . .	700	Martineau, Harriet . . . . .	617
England, The Future of . . . . .	745	Maelstrom, The, and Norway . . . . .	627
FISHERMEN, North-Country . . . . .	767	Mongoose, The . . . . .	636
France, Tender Trees and Shrubs of the South of . . . . .	63	Mushroom Cultivation in Japan, . . . . .	639
Fanchette : the Goat of Boulainvilliers, . . . . .	384	Murat as King of Naples, . . . . .	659
French Renaissance, A Chapter on the . . . . .	467	Money-Orders, . . . . .	759
GREEN Pastures and Piccadilly, . . . . .	44, 121, 179, 251, 302, 368, 499, 533, 611, 672, 741, 807	Meeting-House, Impressions of a . . . . .	761
Genius and Vanity, . . . . .	52	Mind, The Pace of . . . . .	821

## VI

## INDEX.

NORTH-COUNTRY Naturalists, . . . . .	470	STIMULANT, A New . . . . .	128
Nelson in the Bay of Naples, . . . . .	602	Sewing-Machine, Results of the Inven-	
Norway and the Maelstrom, . . . . .	627	tion of the . . . . .	187
OXFORD Gossip in the Seventeenth Cen-		Sand, George . . . . .	195
tury, . . . . .	707	Scarlett, James, Lord Abinger . . . . .	387
PAULINE, 12, 105, 143, 287, 353, 593, 652, 721,		Stars, Distances of the . . . . .	448
790		Sibylline Books, The . . . . .	771
Pedigrees and Pedigree-Makers, . . . . .	67	Spanish Barracks and Hospitals, . . . . .	810
Popular Errors, . . . . .	124	Sunlight, Can it be Condensed, . . . . .	824
Pitury, A New Stimulant, . . . . .	128	TORTURES, Little . . . . .	126
Pascal and Montaigne, . . . . .	259	VANITY and Genius . . . . .	52
Parliaments, . . . . .	317	Voltaire in the Netherlands, . . . . .	97
Politics, Morality in . . . . .	345	Virgil, as a Link between the Ancient	
Printers, Famous English . . . . .	381	and Modern World, . . . . .	323
Princess's Moonlight Flitting, A . . . . .	425	Venice Defended, . . . . .	515
Pace of Mind, The . . . . .	821	Virtue, An Obsolete . . . . .	574
RUST, Protection of Iron against . . . . .	640	WAVE, A Great . . . . .	61
Renaissance, French, A Chapter on the . . . . .	643		
Rational Education, A Plea for a . . . . .	745		

## POETRY.

AVE Maria, . . . . .	2	No More Sea, . . . . .	130
Alone, . . . . .	770	Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah . . . . .	194
Alpine Heights, . . . . .	770	Near Shore, . . . . .	642
Burial at Highgate, A . . . . .	450	Outward Bound, . . . . .	322
Blue Gentian, The . . . . .	642	Protest, A . . . . .	450
Carpenter, Mary, . . . . .	194	Patience, . . . . .	642
City Weed, A . . . . .	386	Regained, . . . . .	514
Died Happy, . . . . .	514	Requiescat, . . . . .	770
Evening Time, . . . . .	130	So is the Story Told, . . . . .	130
Empress of India, To the . . . . .	514	Switzerland, <i>vid</i> Paris and Neuchatel, . . . . .	258
Harmony, . . . . .	450	Spring's Secret, . . . . .	258
Hope, A . . . . .	66	Spring is Here, . . . . .	322
Hugo, Victor, To . . . . .	66	Sleep, . . . . .	386
Hermione, To . . . . .	770	Sonnet, . . . . .	514
June, . . . . .	322	Sylvan Reverie, A . . . . .	578
Lenachluten, . . . . .	386	Sunshine, . . . . .	642
Loaded Wains, . . . . .	706	Siesta, . . . . .	770
Mellish, Lord Justice . . . . .	130, 322	Thisbe, . . . . .	66
Melancholy Ocean, The . . . . .	386	Woman's "No," A . . . . .	322
Morning-Glory, . . . . .	578	Windy Evening, A . . . . .	706
		"When the Grass shall Cover me," . . . . .	706

## TALES.

CARITA, . . . . .	232, 548	Little Old Man of the Batignolles, The . . . . .	266, 334
Duke's Piper, The . . . . .	411	Marquis of Lossie, The . . . . .	85, 164, 204
Green Pastures and Piccadilly, . . . . .	44, 121, 179, 251, 302, 368, 499, 533, 611, 672, 741, 807	Pauline, 12, 105, 143, 287, 353, 593, 652, 721, 790	

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1725.—July 7, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	3
II. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part VI., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .	12
III. TWENTY YEARS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	27
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XIX., . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> . . . . .	44
V. GENIUS AND VANITY, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	52
VI. A GREAT SEA-WAVE, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	61
VII. NORTH-COUNTRY FISHERMEN, . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . . . .	63

## POETRY.

AVE MARIA. A Breton Legend, . . . . .	2
---------------------------------------	---

—•—  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.  
—•—

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## AVE MARIA.

## A BRETON LEGEND.

## I.

In the ages of faith, before the day  
When men were too proud to weep or pray,  
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town  
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,  
A chapel for simple souls to meet,  
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,  
Ave Maria!

## II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,  
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,  
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,  
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;  
Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,  
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,  
Ave Maria!

## III.

But when they up-got and wended home,  
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,  
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,  
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;  
On as he hobbled, chanting still,  
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,  
Ave Maria!

## IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,  
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,  
And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,  
While his little ones leaped on the sand and  
laughed,  
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,  
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,  
Ave Maria!

## V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,  
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,  
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,  
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;  
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,  
Kept singing his one monotonous song,  
Ave Maria!

## VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled  
wrack,  
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,  
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy  
sheath,  
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,  
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc  
wreaked,  
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,  
Ave Maria!

## VII.

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,  
As he slouched or sidled along the street;  
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,  
And mothers with child eschewed his eye;  
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk  
Christened him, from the words he spoke,  
Ave Maria.

## VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,  
And the mending of tattered nets begun,  
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key  
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,  
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn  
snow,  
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,  
Ave Maria!

## IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,  
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,  
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,  
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;  
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,  
He kept on murmuring till he died,  
Ave Maria!

## X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,  
He could not be buried in sacred earth;  
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,  
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,  
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,  
To which none ever came nigh to say,  
Ave Maria!

## XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns  
white,  
And the lark bore his music out of sight,  
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,  
Up from the lonely, outcast grave  
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,  
Such as She bears to whom men cry,  
Ave Maria!

## XII.

None had planted it, no one knew  
How it had come there, why it grew;  
Grew up strong, till its stately stem  
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—  
One pure lily, round which, behold!  
Was written by God in veins of gold,  
“Ave Maria!”

## XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,  
Where are mingled the mystic bread and  
wine;  
Shrine you may see in the little town  
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.  
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous  
fame,  
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,  
Ave Maria.

## XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,  
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,  
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,  
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,  
Who shall bar you the gates of day,  
So you have simple faith to say,  
Ave Maria?

From The Nineteenth Century.  
LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.\*

AMONG the earliest efforts of the modern sacerdotal party in the Church of England was an attempt to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury. The sacerdotal party, so far as their objects were acknowledged, aspired only to liberate the Church from bondage to the State. The choice of Becket as an object of adoration was a tacit confession of their real ambition. The theory of Becket was not that the Church had a right to self-administration, but that the Church was the supreme administrator in this world, and perhaps in the next; that the secular sword as well as the spiritual had been delivered to Peter; and that the civil power existed only as the delegate of Peter's successors. If it be true that the clergy are possessed in any real sense of supernatural powers; if the "keys," as they are called, have been actually granted to them; if through them, as the ordinary and appointed channel, the will of God is alone made known to mankind—then Becket was right, and the High Churchmen are right, and kings and cabinets ought to be superseded at once by commissions of bishops. If, on the other hand, the clergy are but like other orders of priesthoods in other ages and countries—mere human beings set apart for peculiar functions, and tempted by the nature of those functions into fantastic notions of their own consequence—then these recurring conflicts between Church and State resolve themselves into phenomena of social evolution, the common sense of mankind exerting itself to control a groundless assumption. To the student of human nature the story of such conflicts is always interesting—comedy and tragedy winding one into the other. They have furnished occasion for remarkable exhibitions of human character. And while Churchmen are raising up Becket as a brazen serpent, on which the world is to look to be healed of its incredulities, the incredulous world may look with advantage at him from its own point

of view, and, if unconvinced that he was a saint, may still find instruction in a study of his actions and his fate.

We take advantage, then, of the publication of new materials and the republication of old materials in an accessible form to draw a sketch of Becket as he appears to ourselves; and we must commence with an attempt to reproduce the mental condition of the times in which he lived. Human nature is said to be always the same. It is no less true that human nature is continuously changing. Motives which in one age are languid and even unintelligible have been in another alive and all-powerful. To comprehend these differences, to take them up into his imagination, to keep them present before him as the key to what he reads, is the chief difficulty and the chief duty of the student of history.

Characteristic incidents, particular things which men representative of their age indisputably did, convey a clearer idea than any general description. Let the reader attend to a few transactions which occurred either in Becket's lifetime, or immediately subsequent to it, in which the principal actors were persons known to himself.

We select as the first a scene at Chinon in the year 1183. Henry Plantagenet, eldest son of Henry the Second, Prince of Wales as we should now call him, called then "the young king," for he was crowned in his father's lifetime, at that spot and in that year brought his disordered existence to an end. His career had been wild and criminal. He had rebelled against his father again and again; again and again he had been forgiven. In a fit of remorse he had taken the cross, and intended to go to Jerusalem. He forgot Jerusalem in the next temptation. He joined himself to Lewis of France, broke once more into his last and worst revolt, and carried fire and sword into Normandy. He had hoped to bring the nobles to his side; he succeeded only in burning towns and churches, stripping shrines, and bringing general hatred on himself. Finding, we are told, that he could not injure his father as much as he had hoped to do, he chafed himself into a fever, and the fever killed him. Feeling

\* *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.* Edited by James Craigie Robertson, Canon of Canterbury. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1876.

death to be near, he sent a message to his father, begging to see him. The old Henry, after past experience, dared not venture. The prince (I translate literally from a contemporary chronicler) —

then called his bishops and religious men to his side. He confessed his sins first in private, then openly to all who were present. He was absolved. He gave his cross to a friend to carry to the Holy Sepulchre. Then, throwing off his soft clothing, he put on a shirt of hair, tied a rope about his neck, and said to the bishops, —

“By this rope I deliver over myself, a guilty and unworthy sinner, to you the ministers of God. Through your intercession and of his own ineffable mercy, I beseech our Lord Jesus Christ, who forgave the thief upon the cross, to have pity on my unhappy soul.”

A bed of ashes had been prepared on the floor.

“Drag me,” he went on, “by this rope out of this bed, and lay me on the ashes.”

The bishops did so. They placed at his head and at his feet two large square stones, and so he died.

There is one aspect of the twelfth century — the darkest crimes and the most real superstition side by side co-existing in the same character.

Turn from Chinon to Oxford, and go back seventeen years. Men who had so little pity on themselves were as pitiless to others. We quote from Stowe. The story is authenticated by contemporary chroniclers.

1166. There came into England thirty Germans, as well men as women, who called themselves Publicans. Their head and ruler, named Gerardus, was somewhat learned; the residue very rude. They denied matrimony and the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, with other articles. They being apprehended, the king caused a council to be called at Oxford, where the said Gerard answered for all his fellows, who being pressed with Scripture answered concerning their faith as they had been taught, and would not dispute thereof. After they could by no means be brought from their errors, the bishop gave sentence against them, and the king commanded that they should be marked with a hot iron in the forehead and whipped, and that no man should succour them with house-room or otherwise. They took their punishment gladly, their captain going before them

singing, “Blessed are ye when men hate you.” They were marked both in the forehead and the chin. Thus being whipped and thrust out in winter, they died with cold, no man relieving them.

To the bishops of Normandy Henry Plantagenet handed the rope to drag him to his death-bed of ashes. Under sentence from the bishops of England these German heretics were left to a fate more piteous than the stake. The privilege and authority of bishops and clergy was Becket's plea for convulsing Europe. What were the bishops and clergy like themselves? We will look at the bishops assembled at the Council of Westminster in the year 1176. Cardinal Hugezun had come as legate from Rome. The council was attended by the two archbishops, each accompanied by his suffragans, the abbots, priors, and clergy of his province. Before business began, there arose *dura lis et contentio*, a dreadful strife and contention between these high personages as to which archbishop should sit on the cardinal's right hand. Richard of Canterbury said the right was with him. Roger of York said the right was with him. Words turned to blows. The monks of Canterbury, zealous for their master, rushed upon the Archbishop of York, flung him down, kicked him, and danced upon him till he was almost dead. The cardinal wrung his hands, and charged the Archbishop of Canterbury with having set them on. The Archbishop of York made his way, bruised and bleeding, to the king. Both parties in the first heat appealed to the pope. Canterbury on second thoughts repented, went privately to the cardinal, and bribed him into silence. The appeal was withdrawn, the affair dropped, and the council went on with its work.

So much for the bishops. We may add that Becket's friend John of Salisbury accuses the Archbishop of York, on common notoriety, of having committed the most infamous of crimes, and of having murdered the partners of his guilt to conceal it.\*

As to the inferior clergy, it might be

\* John of Salisbury to the Archbishop of Sens, 1171. The Archbishop of York is spoken of under the name of Caiaphas.



enough to quote the language used about them at the conference at Montmiraux in 1169, where their general character was said to be atrocious, a great number of them being church-robbers, adulterers, highwaymen, thieves, ravishers of virgins, incendiaries, and murderers.\* For special illustration we take a visitation of St. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury in the year 1173, undertaken by the pope's order. The visitors reported not only that the abbot was corrupt, extravagant, and tyrannical, but that he had more children than the patriarchs, in one village as many as ten or twelve bastards. "*Velut equus hinnit in fœminas*," they said, "*adeo impudens ut libidinem nisi quam publicaverit voluptuosam esse non reputet. Matres et earundem filias incestat pariter. Fornicationis abusum comparat necessitati.*" This precious abbot was the host and entertainer of the four knights when they came to Canterbury.

From separate pictures we pass to a sketch of the condition of the Church of England written by a monk of Christ Church, Canterbury, a contemporary of Becket, when the impression of the martyrdom was fresh, and miracles were worked by his relics every day under the writer's eyes. The monk's name was Nigellus. He was precentor of the cathedral. His opinion of the wonders of which he was the witness may be inferred from the shrug of the shoulders with which, after describing the disorders of the times, he says that they were but natural, for the age of miracles was past. In reading him we feel that we are looking on the old England through an extremely keen pair of eyes. We discern too, perhaps, that he was a clever fellow, constitutionally a satirist, and disappointed of promotion, and we make the necessary allowances. Two of his works survive, one in verse, the other in serious prose.

The poem, which is called "*Speculum Stultorum*" ("The Looking-Glass of

Fools"), contains the adventures of a monk who leaves his cloister to better his fortunes. The monk is introduced under the symbolic disguise of an ass. His ambition is to grow a longer tail, and he wanders unsuccessfully over Europe, meeting as many misfortunes as Don Quixote, in pursuit of his object. Finally he arrives at Paris, where he resolves to remain and study, that at all events he may write after his name *magister artium*. The seven years' course being finished, he speculates on his future career. He decides on the whole that he will be a bishop, and pictures to himself the delight of his mother when she sees him in his pontificals. Sadly, however, he soon remembers that bishops were not made of such stuff as learned members of the universities. Bishops were born in barons' castles, and named as children to the sees which they were to occupy. "Little Bobby" and "little Willy" were carried to Rome in their nurses' arms before they could speak or walk, to have the keys of heaven committed to them. So young were they sometimes that a wit said once that it could not be told whether the bishop elect was a boy or a girl.\* An abbey might suit better, he thought, and he ran over the various attractions of the different orders. All of them were more or less loose rogues, some worse, some better.† On the whole the monk-ass concluded that he would found a new order, the rules of which should be compounded of the indulgences allowed to each of the rest. The pope would consent if approached with the proper temptations;

\* "*Ante prius patrem primum matremque vocare  
Quam sciat, aut possit stare vel ire pedes,  
Suscipit ecclesiæ claves animasque regendas.  
In cunis positus dummodo vagit adhuc  
Cum nutrice suâ, Romam Robekinus adibit,  
Quem nova sive vetus sportula tecta feret;  
Missus et in peram veniet Wilekinus in urbem,  
Curia Romana tota videbit eum.  
Impuberes pueros pastores ecclesiarum  
Vidimus effectos pontificesque sacros.  
Sic dixit quidam de quodam pontificando,  
Cum princeps regni sollicitaret eum:  
'Est puer, et nondum discernere possumus utrum  
Fœmina vel mas est, et modo præsul erit.'*"

— "*Satirical Poems of the Twelfth Century*," vol. i., p. 106.

† "*Omnes sunt fures, quocunque caractere sacro  
Signati veniant magnificentque Deum.*"

\* "*Quum tamen clerici immundissimi et atrocissimi sunt, utpote qui ex magnâ parte sacrilegi, adulteri, prædones, fures, raptores virginum, incendiarii, et homicidæ sunt.*" — John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1169.

and he was picturing to himself the delightful life which he was thenceforth to lead, when his master found him and cuddled him back to the stable.

More instructive, if less amusing, is the prose treatise "*Contra Curiales et Officiales Clericos*" ("Against Clerical Courtiers and Officials"), dedicated to De Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Cœur de Lion's chancellor, who was left in charge of the realm when Richard went to Palestine. De Longchamp's rule was brief and stormy. It lasted long enough, however, to induce Nigellus to appeal to him for a reform of the Church, and to draw a picture of it which admirers of the ages of faith may profitably study.

At whatever period we get a clear view of the Church of England, it was always in terrible need of reform. In the twelfth century it has been held to have been at its best. Let us look then at the actual condition of it.

According to Nigellus, the Church benefices in England, almost without exception, were either sold by the patrons to the highest bidders, or were given by them to their near relations. The presentees entered into possession more generally even than the bishops when children.

Infants in cradles (says Nigellus) are made archdeacons, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise may be perfected. The child is still at the breast and he is a priest of the Church. He can bind and loose before he can speak, and has the keys of heaven before he has the use of his understanding. At an age when an apple is more to him than a dozen churches, he is set to dispense the sacraments, and the only anxiety about him is a fear that he may die. He is sent to no school. He is idle and is never whipped. He goes to Paris to be polished, where he learns "the essentials of a gentleman's education," dice and dominoes *et cetera quæ sequuntur*. He returns to England to hawk and hunt, and would that this were the worst! but he has the forehead of a harlot, and knows not to be ashamed. To such persons as these a bishop without scruple commits the charge of souls—to men who are given over to the flesh, who rise in the morning to eat, and sit down at evening to drink, who spend on loose women the offerings of the faithful, who do things which make their people blush to speak of them, while they themselves look for the Jordan to flow into their mouths, and expect each day to hear a voice say to them, "Friend, go up higher."

Those who had no money to buy their way with, and no friends to help them, were obliged to study something. Having done with Paris they would go on to

Bologna, and come back knowing medicine and law and speaking pure French and Italian. Clever fellows, so furnished, contrived to rise by pushing themselves into the service of bishop or baron, to whom "they were as eyes to the blind and as feet to the lame." They managed the great man's business; they took care of his health. They went to Rome with his appeals, undertook negotiations for him in foreign courts, and were repaid in time by prebends and rectories. Others, in spite of laws of celibacy, married a patron's daughter, and got a benefice along with her. It was illegal, but the bishops winked at it. Others made interest at Rome with the cardinals, and by them were recommended home. Others contrived to be of use to the king. Once on the road to preferment the ascent was easy. The lucky ones, not content with a church or two, would have a benefice in every diocese in England, and would lie, cheat, "forget God, and not remember man." Their first gains were spent in bribes to purchase more, and nothing could satisfy them. Fifteen or twenty rectories were not enough without a stall in each cathedral. Next must come a deanery, and then an archdeaconry, and then "peradventure God will yet add unto me something more."

The "something more" was of course a bishopric, and Nigellus proceeds to describe the methods by which such of these high offices were reached as had not been already assigned to favorites. The prelates expectant hung about the court, making presents, giving dinners, or offering their services for difficult foreign embassies. Their friends meanwhile were on the watch for sees likely to be vacant and inquiring into their values. The age and health of the present occupants were diligently watched; the state of their teeth, their eyes, their stomachs, and reported disorders. If the accounts were conflicting, the aspirant would go himself to the spot under pretence of a pilgrimage. If the wretched bishop was found inconveniently vigorous, rumors were spread that he was shamming youth, that he was as old as Nestor, and was in his dotage; if he was infirm, it was said that men ought not to remain in positions of which they could not discharge the duties; they should go into a cloister. The king and the primate should see to it.

If intrigue failed, another road was tried. The man of the world became a saint. He retired to one or other of his churches. He was weary of the earth and

its vanities, and desired to spend his remaining days in meditating upon heaven. The court dress was laid aside. The wolf clothed himself in a sheepskin, and the talk was only of prayers and ostentatious charities. Beggars were fed in the streets, the naked were covered, the sick were visited, the dead were buried. The rosy face grew pale, the plump cheeks became thin, and the admiring public exclaimed, "Who was like unto this man to keep the law of the Most High?" Finally some religious order was entered in such a manner that it should be heard of everywhere. Vows were taken with an affectation of special austerities. The worthy person (who cannot see and hear him?) would then bewail the desolations of the Church, speak in a low, sad voice, sigh, walk slowly, and droop his eyelids; kings were charged with tyranny, and priests with incontinency, and all this that it might be spoken of in high places, that, when a see was vacant at last, it might be said to him, "Friend, go up higher; 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'"

"Such," said Nigellus, "are the steps in our days by which men go up into the house of the Lord." By one or other of these courses success was at last attained; the recommendation of the crown was secured, and the nomination was sent to the chapter. But the *congé d'élire* was not yet peremptory. The forms of liberty still retained some shadow of life in them, and fresh efforts were required to obtain the consent of the electors. The religious orders were the persons used on these occasions to produce the required effect; and flights of Templars, Cistercians, Carthusians, hurried to the cathedral city to persuade the canons that the pastor whom they had never seen or never heard of, except by rumor, had more virtues than existed together in any other human being. Nigellus humorously describes the language in which these spiritual jackals portrayed their patron's merits.

He is a John the Baptist for sanctity, a Cato for wisdom, a Tully for eloquence, a Moses for meekness, a Phineas for zeal, an Abraham for faith. Elect him only, and he is all that you can desire. You ask what he has done to recommend him. Granted that he has done nothing, God can raise sons to Abraham out of the stones. He is a boy, you say, and too young for such an office—Daniel was a boy when he saved Susannah from the elders. He is of low birth—you are choosing a successor to a fisherman, not an heir to Cæsar. He is a dwarf—Jeremiah was not large. He is illiterate—Peter and Andrew were not philosophers when they were called to be apostles.

He can speak no English—Augustine could speak no English, yet Augustine converted Britain. He is married and has a wife—the apostles ordered such to be promoted. He has divorced his wife—Christ separated St. John from his bride. He is immoral—so was St. Boniface. He is a fool—God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. He is a coward—St. Joseph was a coward. He is a glutton and a wine-bibber—so Christ was said to be. He is a sluggard—St. Peter could not remain for an hour awake. He is a striker—Peter struck Malchus. He is quarrelsome—Paul quarrelled with Barnabas. He is disobedient to his superiors—Paul withstood Peter. He is a man of blood—Moses killed the Egyptian. He is blind—so was Paul before he was converted. He is dumb—Zacharias was dumb. He is all faults, and possesses not a single virtue—God will make his grace so much more to abound in him.

Such eloquence and such advocates were generally irresistible. If, as sometimes happened, the crown had named a person exceptionally infamous, or if the chapter was exceptionally obdurate, other measures lay behind. Government officers would come down and talk of enemies to the commonwealth. A bishop of an adjoining see would hint at excommunication. The canons were worked on separately, bribed, coaxed, or threatened. The younger of them were promised the places of the seniors. The seniors were promised fresh offices for themselves, and promotion for their relations. If there were two candidates and two parties, both sides bribed, and the longest purse gained the day. Finally the field was won. Decent members of the chapter sighed over the disgrace, but reflected that miracles could not be looked for.\* The see could not remain vacant till a saint could be found to fill it. They gave their voices as desired. The choice was declared, the bells rang, the organ pealed, and the choir chanted *Te Deum*.

The one touch necessary to complete the farce was then added:—

The bishop elect, all in tears for joy, exclaims, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man. Depart from me, for I am unworthy. I cannot bear the burden which you lay upon me. Alas for my calamity! Let me alone, my beloved brethren—let me alone in my humble state. You know not what you do." . . . He falls back and affects to swoon. He is borne to the archbishop to be consecrated. Other bishops are summoned to assist, and all is finished.†

\* "Non sunt hæc miraculorum tempora."

† Now and then it happened that bishops refused to

The scene now changed. The object was gained, the mask was dropped, and the bishop, having reached the goal of his ambition, could afford to show himself in his true colors.

He has bound himself [goes on Nigellus] to be a teacher of his flock. How can he teach those whom he sees but once a year, and not a hundredth part of whom he even sees at all? If any one in the diocese wants the bishop, he is told the bishop is at court on affairs of state. He hears a hasty mass once a day, *non sine tedio* (not without being bored). The rest of his time he gives to business or pleasure, and is not bored. The rich get justice from him; the poor get no justice. If his metropolitan interferes with him, he appeals to Rome, and Rome protects him if he is willing to pay for it. At Rome the abbot buys his freedom from the control of the bishop; the bishop buys his freedom from the control of the archbishop. The bishop dresses as the knights dress. When his cap is on you cannot distinguish him at council from a peer. The layman swears, the bishop swears, and the bishop swears the hardest. The layman hunts, the bishop hunts. The layman hawks, the bishop hawks. Bishop and layman sit side by side at council and treasury boards. Bishop and layman ride side by side into battle.\* What will not bishops do? Was ever crime more atrocious than that which was lately committed in the church at Coventry?† When did pagan ever deal with Christian as the bishop did with the monks? I, Nigellus, saw with my own eyes, after the monks were ejected, harlots openly introduced into the cloister and chapter-house to lie all night there, as in a brothel, with their paramours.‡ Such are the works of bishops in these days of ours. This is what they do, or permit to be done; and so cheap has grown the dignity of the ecclesiastical order that you will easier find a cowherd well educated than a presbyter, and an industrious duck than a literate parson.

attend on these occasions, when the person to be consecrated was notoriously infamous. Nigellus says that one bishop at least declined to assist at the consecration of Roger, Archbishop of York.

\* Even in the discharge of their special functions the spiritual character was scarcely more apparent. When they went on visitation, and children were brought to them to be confirmed, they gave a general blessing and did not so much as alight from their horses. Becket was the only prelate who observed common decency on these occasions. "Non enim erat ei ut plerisque, immo ut fere omnibus episcopis moris est, ministerium confirmationis equo insidendo peragere, sed ob sacramenti venerationem equo desilire et stando pueris manum imponere." ("Materials for the History of Thomas Becket," vol. ii., p. 164.)

† In the year 1191, Hugh, Bishop of Coventry, violently expelled the monks from the cathedral there, and instituted canons in their places.

‡ "Testis mihi Deus est quod dolens et tristis admodum refero quod in ecclesiâ Coventrensi oculis propriis aspexi. In claustris et capitulis vidi ego et alii nonnulli ejectis monachis meretrices publice introductas et totâ nocte cum lenonibus decubare sicut in lupanari."

So far Nigellus. We are not to suppose that the state of the Church had changed unfavorably in the twenty years which followed Becket's martyrdom, or we should have to conclude that the spiritual enthusiasm which the martyrdom undoubtedly excited had injured, and not improved, public morality.

The prelates and clergy with whom Henry the Second contended, if different at all from those of the next generation, must have been rather worse than better, and we cease to be surprised at the language in which the king spoke of them at Montmiraux.

Speaking generally, at the time when Becket declared war against the State, the Church, from the Vatican to the smallest archdeaconry, was saturated with venality. The bishops were mere men of the world. The Church benefices were publicly bought and sold, given away as a provision to children or held in indefinite numbers by ambitious men who cared only for wealth and power. The mass of the common clergy were ignorant, dissolute, and lawless, unable to be legally married, and living with concubines in contempt or evasion of their own rules. In character and conduct the laity were superior to the clergy. They had wives, and were therefore less profligate. They made no pretensions to mysterious power and responsibilities, and therefore they were not hypocrites. They were violent, they were vicious, yet they had the kind of belief in the truth of religion which bound the rope about young Henry's neck and dragged him from his bed to die upon the ashes, which sent them in tens of thousands to perish on the Syrian sands to recover the sepulchre of Christ from the infidel. The life beyond the grave was as assured to them as the life upon earth. In the sacraments and in the priest's absolution lay the one hope of escaping eternal destruction. And while they could feel no respect for the clergy as men they feared their powers and revered their office. Both of laity and clergy the religion was a superstition, but in the laity the superstition was combined with reverence, and implied a real belief in the divine authority which it symbolized. The clergy, the supposed depositaries of the supernatural qualities assigned to them, found it probably more difficult to believe in themselves, and the unreality revenged itself upon their natures.

Bearing in mind these qualities in the two orders, we proceed to the history of Becket.

Thomas Becket was born in London in the year 1118.\* His father, Gilbert Becket, was a citizen in moderate circumstances.† His name denotes Saxon extraction. Few Normans as yet were to be found in the English towns condescending to trade. Of his mother nothing authentic is known,‡ except that she was a religious woman who brought up her children in the fear of God. Many anecdotes are related of his early years, but the atmosphere of legend in which his history was so early enveloped renders them all suspicious. His parents, at any rate, both died when he was still very young, leaving him, ill provided for, to the care of his father's friends. One of them, a man of wealth, Richard de l'Aigle, took charge of the tall, handsome, clever lad. He was sent to school at Merton Abbey, in Surrey, and afterwards to Oxford. In his vacations he was thrown among young men of rank and fortune, hunting and hawking with them, cultivating his mind with the ease of conscious ability, and doubtless not inattentive to the events which were going on around him. In his nursery he must have heard of the sinking of the White Ship in the Channel with Henry the First's three children, Prince William, his brother Richard, and their sister. When he was seven years old, he may have listened to the jests of the citizens at his father's table over the misadventure in London of the cardinal legate, John of Crema. The legate had come to England to preside at a council and pass laws to part the clergy from their wives. While the council was going forward, his Eminence was himself detected *in re meretriciâ*, to general astonishment and scandal. In the same year the emperor Henry died. His widow, the English Matilda, came home, and was married again soon after to Geoffrey of Anjou. In 1134 the English barons swore fealty to her and her young son, afterwards King Henry the Second. The year following her father died. Her cousin, Stephen of Blois, broke his oath and seized the crown, and general distraction and civil war followed, while from beyond the seas the Levant ships, as they came up the river, brought news of bloody battles in Syria and slaughter of Christians and infidels. To live in

stirring times is the best education of a youth of intellect. After spending three years in a house of business in the city, Becket contrived to recommend himself to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop saw his talents, sent him to Paris, and thence to Bologna to study law, and employed him afterwards in the most confidential negotiations. The description by Nigellus of the generation of a bishop might have been copied line for line from Becket's history. The question of the day was the succession to the crown. Was Stephen's son, Eustace, the heir? Or was Matilda's son, Henry of Anjou? Theobald was for Henry, so far as he dared to show himself. Becket was sent secretly to Rome to move the pope. The struggle ended with a compromise. Stephen was to reign for his life. Henry was peaceably to follow him. The arrangement might have been cut again by the sword. But Eustace immediately afterwards died. In the same year Stephen followed him, and Henry the Second became king of England. With all these intricate negotiations the future martyr was intimately connected, and by his remarkable talents especially recommended himself to the new king. No one called afterwards to an important position had better opportunities of acquainting himself with the spirit of the age, or the characters of the principal actors in it.\* If his services were valuable, his reward was magnificent. He was not a priest, but, again precisely as Nigellus describes, he was loaded with lucrative Church benefices. He was provost of Beverley, he was archdeacon of Canterbury, he was rector of an unknown number of parishes, and had stalls in several cathedrals. It is noticeable that afterwards, in the heat of the battle in which he earned his saintship, he was so far from looking back with regret on this accumulation of preferments that he paraded them as an evidence of his early consequence.† A greater rise

\* Very strange things were continually happening. In 1154 the Archbishop of York was poisoned in the Eucharist by some of his clergy. "Eodem anno Wilhelmus Eboracensis archiepiscopus, prodicione clericorum suorum post perceptionem Eucharistiæ infra ablutiones liquore lethali infectus, extinctus est." (Hoveden, vol. i., p. 213.) Becket could not fail to have heard of this piece of villany and to have made his own reflections upon it.

† Foliot, Bishop of London, told him that he owed his rise in life to the king. Becket replied: "Ad tempus quo me rex ministerio suo præstitit, archidiaconatus Cantuariensis, præpositura Beverlaci, plurimæ ecclesiæ, præbendæ nonnullæ, alia etiam non pauca quæ nominis mei erant possessio tunc temporis, adeo tenuem ut dicis, quantum ad ea quæ mundi sunt, contradicunt me fuisse."

\* Or 1119. The exact date is uncertain.

† "Nec omnino infimi" are Becket's words as to the rank of his parents.

‡ The story that she was a Saracen is a late legend. Becket was afterwards taunted with the lowness of his birth. The absence of any allusion to a fact so curious if it was true, either in the taunt or in Becket's reply to it, may be taken as conclusive.

lay immediately before him. Henry the Second was twenty-two years old at his accession. At this time he was the most powerful prince in western Europe. He was Duke of Normandy and Count of Anjou. His wife Eleanor, the divorced queen of Lewis of France, had brought with her Aquitaine and Poitou. The reigning pope, Adrian the Fourth, was an Englishman, and, to the grief and perplexity of later generations of Irishmen, gave the new king permission to add the Island of the Saints to his already vast dominions. Over Scotland the English monarchs asserted a semi-feudal sovereignty, to which Stephen, at the Battle of the Standard, had given a semblance of reality. Few English princes have commenced their career with fairer prospects than the second Henry.

The state of England itself demanded his first attention. The usurpation of Stephen had left behind it a legacy of disorder. The authority of the crown had been shaken. The barons, secure behind the walls of their castles, limited their obedience by their inclinations. The Church, an *imperium in imperio*, however corrupt in practice, was aggressive as an institution, and was encroaching on the State with organized system. The principles asserted by Gregory the Seventh had been establishing themselves gradually for the past century, and in theory were no longer questioned. The power of the crown, it was freely admitted, was derived from God. As little was it to be doubted that the clergy were the ministers of God in a nearer and higher sense than a layman could pretend to be, holding as they did the power of the keys, and able to punish disobedience by final exclusion from heaven. The principle was simple. The application only was intricate. The clergy, though divine as an order, were as frail in their individual aspect as common mortals, as ambitious, as worldly, as licentious, as unprincipled, as violent, as wicked, as much needing the restraint of law and the policeman as their secular brethren, perhaps needing it more. How was the law to be brought to bear on a class of persons who claimed to be superior to law? King Henry's piety was above suspicion, but he was at all points a sovereign, especially impatient of anarchy. The conduct of too many ecclesiastics, regular and secular alike, was entirely intolerable, and a natural impatience was spreading through the country, with which the king perhaps showed early symptoms of sympathizing. Archbishop Theobald, at any rate, was

uneasy at the part which he might take, and thought that he needed some one at his side to guide him in salutary courses. At Theobald's instance, in the second year of Henry's reign, Becket became chancellor of England, being then thirty-seven years old.

In his new dignity he seemed at first likely to disappoint the archbishop's expectations of him. Some of his biographers, indeed, claim as his perpetual merit that he opposed the *bestias curiæ*, or court wild beasts, as churchmen call the anti-clerical party. John of Salisbury, on the other hand, describes him as a magnificent trifier, a scorner of law and the clergy, and given to scurrilous jesting at laymen's parties.\* At any rate, except in the arbitrariness of his character, he showed no features of the Becket of Catholic tradition.

Omnipotent as Wolsey after him, he was no less magnificent in his outward bearing. His dress was gorgeous, his retinue of knights as splendid as the king's. His hospitalities were boundless. His expenditure was enormous. How the means for it were supplied is uncertain. The revenue was wholly in his hands. The king was often on the Continent, and at such times the chancellor governed everything. He retained his church benefices — the archdeaconry of Canterbury certainly, and probably the rest. Vast sums fell irregularly into Chancery from wardships and vacant sees and abbeys. All these Becket received, and never accounted for the whole of them. Whatever might be the explanation, the wealthiest peer in England did not maintain a more costly household, or appear in public with a more princely surrounding.

Of his administration his adoring and admiring biographer, the monk Grim, who was present at his martyrdom, draws a more than unfavorable picture, and even charges him with cruelty and ferocity. "The persons that he slew," says Grim, "the persons that he robbed of their property, no one can enumerate. Attended by a large company of knights, he would assail whole communities, destroy cities and towns, villages and farms, and, without remorse or pity, would give them to devouring flames." †

\* "Dum magnificus erat nugator in curiâ, dum legit videbatur contemptor et cleri, dum scurriles cum potentioribus sectabatur ineptias, magnus habebatur clarus erat et acceptus omnibus." — John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1166.

† "Quantis autem necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret? Validâ namque stipatus militum manu civitates aggressus est.



Such words give a new aspect to the demand afterwards made that he should answer for his proceedings as chancellor, and lend a new meaning to his unwillingness to reply. At this period the only virtue which Grim allows him to have preserved unsullied was his chastity.

In foreign politics he was meanwhile as much engaged as ever. The anomalous relations of the king with Lewis the Seventh, whose vassal he was for his Continental dominions, while he was his superior in power, were breaking continually into quarrels, and sometimes into war. The anxiety of Henry, however, was always to keep the peace, if possible. In 1157 Becket was sent to Paris to negotiate an alliance between the Princess Margaret, Lewis's daughter, and Henry's eldest son. The prince was then seven years old, the little lady was three. Three years later they were actually married, two cardinals, Henry of Pisa and William of Pavia, coming as legates from the pope to be present on the august occasion. France and England had been at that time drawn together by a special danger which threatened Christendom. In 1159 Pope Adrian died. Alexander the Third was chosen to succeed him with the usual formalities, but the election was challenged by Frederic Barbarossa, who set up an antipope. The Catholic Church was split in two. Frederic invaded Italy, Alexander was driven out of Rome and took shelter in France at Sens. Henry and Lewis gave him their united support, and forgot their own quarrels in the common cause. Henry, it was universally admitted, was heartily in earnest for Pope Alexander. The pope, on his part, professed a willingness and an anxiety to be of corresponding service to Henry. The king considered the moment a favorable one for taking in hand the reform of the clergy, not as against the Holy See, but with the Holy See in active co-operation with him. On this side he anticipated no difficulty if he could find a proper instrument at home, and that instrument he considered himself to possess in his chancellor. Where the problem was to reconcile the rights of the clergy with the law of the land, it would be convenient, even essential, that the chancellorship and the primacy should be combined in the same person. Barbarossa was finding the value of such a combination in Germany, where, with the Archbishop of Cologne for a chancellor of the empire,

he was carrying out an ecclesiastical revolution.

It is not conceivable that on a subject of such vast importance the king should have never taken the trouble to ascertain Becket's views. The condition of the clergy was a pressing and practical perplexity. Becket was his confidential minister, the one person whose advice he most sought in any difficulty, and on whose judgment he most relied. Becket, in all probability, must have led the king to believe that he agreed with him. There can be no doubt whatever that he must have allowed the king to form his plans without having advised him against them, and without having cautioned him that from himself there was to be looked for nothing but opposition. The king, in fact, expected no opposition. So far as he had known Becket hitherto, he had known him as a statesman and a man of the world. If Becket had ever in this capacity expressed views unfavorable to the king's intentions, he would not have failed to remind him of it in their subsequent controversy. That he was unable to appeal for such a purpose to the king's recollection must be taken as a proof that he never did express unfavorable views. If we are not to suppose that he was deliberately insincere, we may believe that he changed his opinion in consequence of the German schism. But even so an honorable man would have given his master warning of the alteration, and it is certain that he did not. He did, we are told, feel some scruples. The ecclesiastical conscience had not wholly destroyed the human conscience, and the king had been a generous master to him. But his difficulties were set aside by the casuistries of a Roman legate. Archbishop Theobald died when the two cardinals were in Normandy for the marriage of Prince Henry and the princess Margaret. There was a year of delay before the choice was finally made. Becket asked the advice of Cardinal Henry of Pisa. Cardinal Henry told him that it was for the interest of the Church that he should accept the archbishopric, and that he need not communicate convictions which would interfere with his appointment. They probably both felt that, if Becket declined, the king would find some other prelate who would be more pliant in his hands. Thus at last the decision was arrived at. The empress Matilda warned her son against Becket's dangerous character, but the warning was in vain. The king pressed the archbishopric on Becket, and Becket accepted it. The chief justice

*Delevit urbes et oppida; villas et prædia absque miserationis intuitu voraci consumpsit incendio.*" ("Materials for the History of Thomas Becket," vol. ii., pp. 364-5.)

Richard de Luci went over with three bishops to Canterbury in the spring of 1162 to gain the consent of the chapter; the chapter yielded not without reluctance. The clergy of the province gave their acquiescence at a council held afterwards at Westminster, but with astonishment, misgiving, and secret complaints. Becket at this time was not even a priest, and was known only to the world as an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister. The consent was given, however. The thing was done. On the 2nd of June (1162) Becket received his priest's orders from the Bishop of Rochester. On the 3rd he was consecrated in his own cathedral.

J. A. FROUDE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
PAULINE.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XVII.

LITTLE THINGS PUT TOGETHER.

*Les absens ont toujours tort.*

THE day of departure came at length, and, with a throb of delight, Pauline hailed it as a day of release.

Much, of course, was said about intercourse for the future; rides and drives were planned, and invitations were properly given and accepted.

This would, however, tone down with time; nothing definite was fixed upon; and she had, at all events, the satisfaction of hoping that she might never again be compelled to pass so long a period under the same roof with people whose tastes and feelings were so out of harmony with her own.

For Charlotte alone could she entertain some regard. Charlotte was sincere, and Charlotte had been kind to her.

Minnie was too entirely the reflection of those around her at the moment, to be worth notice; Dot was her mother's child; and that mother was — Mrs. Jermyn.

Of Mr. Jermyn, she could only feel that he had been unfortunate in his choice of a wife, but that, for no reason, was he entitled to be fortunate.

He was inferior in person and in manners, whilst his attainments were purely professional. He wore a civil smile, made a deferential bow, and said the rudest things without being in the least aware he was doing so.

The near neighborhood of such connections, Pauline decided, must ever be a drawback to the Grange.

Had they been mere acquaintances, the distance — four miles — would have been sufficient to prevent too frequent intrusion; but it was evident that in the present instance it was to be accounted little of.

Mrs. Wyndham's relations must be considered, in a manner, hers. She must be subject, as her aunt would be, to early calls, interruptions at odd hours, and the other penalties of unceremoniousness between two families. There would be incessant notes, arrangements for meeting, and for going into public in company. She foresaw, with a blush of mortification, that she might have again to follow Mrs. Jermyn into a room, and wait for her carriage on Mr. Jermyn's arm.

Charlotte would kiss her, pull her aside, and whisper; Mrs. Jermyn would tap her with her fan, and beckon her up, to know with whom she had been talking.

All this she had smarted under already; and the chance of its recurrence was the only alloy in the pleasure with which she seated herself by her aunt's side, and looked back upon the cluster of faces around the hall-door.

"Well, they have been very good and kind," commented Mrs. Wyndham, as the carriage rolled away, amid the vociferous "Good-byes" of the party on the doorstep. "And whatever little faults we might find, Pauline, we will keep to ourselves. We have shared their hospitality, we have partaken of their 'salt,' you know; that will be sufficient for you; for me, they are relations of my dear husband, and in that light alone I will look upon them."

Pauline was astonished and rebuked.

"They are gone!" cried Charlotte, coming back to the drawing room. "Gone! And good luck go with them! She is not a bad sort of girl, that Pauline. I have forgiven her defrauding me of Little Fennel, and Dolly, and all her other sins; she has expiated them by going to live with Aunt Camilla!"

Mrs. Jermyn, who had been airily waving her hand and sending kisses after the retreating carriage, smiled no more directly it was out of sight, and replied to her daughter's tirade in a natural and cross voice. "Expiated! Nonsense! I don't know what you mean. The girl has fallen on her feet, if ever any one did."

"Humph!" said Charlotte. "That is the sort of fall in which one breaks the



legs. When I fall on my feet, may all my bones be whole!"

"Going to a charming place like the Grange," continued her mother. "And Aunt Camilla making so much of her already! Quite as if she were her own daughter!"

"That's what I said," observed her husband with complacency. "I told them they would be taken for mother and daughter wherever they went."

"Did you say it to Camilla? or to Pauline?"

"To both. I said it to them as they were going away."

"Just what she would dislike of all things," muttered Mrs. Jermyn, under her breath.

"Dislike it? Why should she dislike it? You said yourself this minute, that she treated her like a daughter."

"And here is Charlotte thinks it would be a hardship to be so treated," replied his wife, aware that it would be useless to enter into explanations, and returning to the main point. "With every luxury at her command, a poor homeless girl —"

"You would not like it yourself, mamma. At least, I daresay *you* would, but *I* should not. And as for Pauline, she hates it like poison."

"So she *says*."

"Says? No; she is not likely to say a thing like that. I could not even tempt her to much smaller confidences. But any one with half an eye can see it for themselves. You must, mamma, if you did not choose to be blind."

"But, oh," continued Charlotte, amusement lighting up her countenance, "what a pair they are! How could you, even *you*, mamma, say that they suited one another? There they sat last night on the sofa, side by side. Aunt Camilla was smirking and smiling, and trying to get Pauline to tell her she was young and pretty. *You* tell her so, mamma, every hour in the day; but Pauline — you have no idea how well she did it, or rather did *not* do it. She kept the little aunt in perfect good-humor, and yet she never told a single fib! Says Aunt Camilla, 'My dear, what a pretty hat! What a becoming hat! You look like an old picture — exactly like an old picture! One of the La Sartres come to life again! *Our* ancestors, you know, Pauline. The resemblance is quite remarkable — *quite*.' And so on. Says Pauline, in her slow, soft voice, 'I am glad you like it, Aunt Camilla.' Evidently she would have worn a pie-dish on her head with equal content-

ment. But this did not suit the aunt at all, for the upshot of it was, that she wanted to be told it would become *her*. You must know that although part of her great and sudden attachment to Pauline, consists in the belief that she is about to introduce to the world another Gunning, she has by no means made up her mind to sink gracefully into the background herself. Indeed she means to shine all the more, 'with the mild magic of reflected light.'"

"I daresay Pauline was very rude and unkind about it. Young people never seem to think that older ones can have any feeling on such subjects at all."

"They went off together arm in arm afterwards, so I don't think the feelings can have been lacerated to any great extent," said Charlotte. "My belief is, that they will shake together, in spite of everything, and Aunt Camilla will claim her half of every young man who finds his way over to the Grange."

"There is one young man who will find his way there, and that ere long, or I am mistaken," observed Mrs. Jermyn.

"One *little* man would be more to the purpose, if you mean Little Fennel," replied Charlotte. "Minnie," as her sister entered, "mamma thinks Little Fennel was hit hard. And so I daresay he was, for though I was his first love, I have never pretended to be his only one. He is not constant; 'pon my word, now, he isn't. But then one can't be expected to be constant, when there's no return, can one?"

"Oh, don't begin in that stupid way," said Minnie; "there's no fun in it. What were you going to say?"

"To say? When?"

"When I came in. You were going to tell me something —"

"About Little Fennel. I was going to tell you that mamma said he —"

"I never mentioned Mr. Fennel, Charlotte."

"Oh, did you not? Who was it, then? Dolly? I knew it was all up with Dolly directly I saw him come into the room; but he was not allowed to usurp her, I can tell you. As for the beauty herself, I don't think she wished to be troubled with either of them."

"Nor was I thinking of either of them," said her mother.

"No? Well, I have come to an end of my guesses; you must tell me."

"I think I know," said the quieter Minnie. "Mr. Blundell?"

"Mr. Blundell! What are you both

dreaming of?" cried Charlotte, as her mother's smile showed that the right name had been spoken. "What put him into your heads? Because she did not like to hear him spoken against behind his back? You don't know that girl at all. She has not the wits to stand up for herself, but she would not let any one else be attacked, and keep quiet. It *is* a shame, too. I hate to hear the absent maligned, and given no chance of telling their version of the story; it seems so mean. You might have known it was just the very thing to make Pauline fire up."

"It *seemed* to be, indeed."

"I call that unfair," exclaimed Charlotte, still further roused to generosity of feeling by her mother's sneer. "Now you are turning upon her, mamma. She did not say a word that she might not have said for anybody — not a single word. And as for poor Ralph Blundell, I always feel inclined to take his part, for the very same reason. I believe the only cause of all the outcry against both the brothers was, that they were better born and better looking than the rest of their neighbors, and that they looked down upon the whole of us."

"They could not well look down on Sir John and Lady Finch," said her mother, angrily.

"Oh, Sir John is an old-fashioned old stick, who wants everybody to be as fusty and musty as he is himself. He will have some trouble in cutting Dolly's pretty curls to his straitlaced pattern. Dolly hankers after the fun at Blundellsaye."

"His father will be very foolish if he gives in to him," retorted her mother. "No son of mine should consort with Ralph Blundell, if I could help it."

"My dear mother, for two reasons your determination will never be put to the test. Firstly, because you have no son; and secondly, because, if you had a hundred, Monseigneur Ralph would never deign to take notice of one of them."

"Do be quiet for a single minute, Charlotte," said Minnie. "You talk on, and on, and no one else can get in a word. Mamma, what made you say that about Pauline?"

"What made you guess what I was going to say?"

"Oh," replied Minnie astutely, "because I had heard you say it before."

"To whom?"

"To Aunt Camilla. I heard you hinting about him. I wanted to know how you took up the idea at first."

"Little things put together," replied her

mother, rather hastily, as a little thing in the shape of Dot entered. "Nothing in particular, I assure you. Now we have been idling here long enough. Come, Dot, and hold this skein of worsted for me."

She was not to be entrapped into further communications; and with an uneasy sensation of something wrong, she was aware, for the first time, that she would prefer none being made by any one else.

Charlotte's burst of indignation she could not face.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SIR JOHN FINCH.

He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only."

It may have been observed that Mrs. Jermyn, whenever she had an opportunity of introducing the name of Sir John and Lady Finch into her conversation, did not fail to take advantage of it.

As usually happens in such cases, where the acquaintanceship is assumed, on one side, to be especially close, her real knowledge of them was slight.

She had no true perception into the character or habits of either; but she had their visiting-cards on her table, she could describe the interior of their mansion-house, and she could command a bow when their carriage passed hers in the village.

On this foundation she romanced at large to her less fortunate acquaintance; for the Jermyns, although occasionally admitted to the neighboring country-houses, could not be said to be intimate at any, but lived chiefly in a small world of their own, composed of the occupants of villas and river-side cottages, of which a considerable number clustered round the hamlet at their gates.

By these they were admired, envied, and imitated.

To them would Mrs. Jermyn lay down the law, fearless of correction; and her favorite topic was seldom far from her lips.

Sir John's "little ways" were alluded to, and his "old-fashioned foibles" apologized for, in a way that, could he have heard it, would have brought some of them strongly to the front.

Lady Finch's "unfortunate shyness" was likewise tenderly dealt with. She was really more to be pitied than any one else. It wore off entirely, *entirely*, when

alone with her friends. People called her proud, but such an appellation was, she need hardly assure them, *altogether undeserved*. She was a sweet woman.

Even in allowing such little shortcomings, Mrs. Jermyn would appear to have a struggle with herself. She could not but be partial, be blind to anything amiss in such friends. Their interests, she owned, were hers. She called on all to participate in their anxieties, demanded elation for their successes, mournfully claimed sympathy for their bereavements.

Titbits of gossip concerning their "kind neighbors at the Hall" must always, she felt, have a superior interest to any other subject, for the little coterie of which she had constituted herself the queen.

"Nice quiet folks, like ourselves," she would thus describe them. "Such stay-at-homes! Sir John never *can* be brought to go anywhere. Lady Finch assures me she exhausts herself in vain. 'Do, dear Mrs. Jermyn, try *your* persuasive powers,' she said to me the other night — we were dining there, you know; she began to me directly after dinner about it: 'Sir John may listen to *you*,' she was good enough to say. She, poor thing, is quite tired of the Hall, and would like to have a few weeks abroad. I sympathized with her entirely. It is hard on a wife, and such a *devoted* wife too, not to be *considered* more. Men, however, never *are* considerate. Sir John, dear good man, is a most excellent husband, to be sure, but he is like the rest in that respect. *My* persuasive powers indeed!" bridling. "What could I say to that? I could only reply, 'Indeed, my dear Lady Finch, I am not vain enough to imagine that where *your* persuasive powers have failed, *mine* would succeed.' She laughed at me, but we understand each other perfectly. Sir John is always most agreeable, most *attentive*; but I hope I know better than to *misinterpret* that politeness which is one of the distinguishing marks of people of rank. Poor dear Mrs. Wyndham is perhaps a *little* apt to take such civilities as *personal* distinctions. My sister-in-law is a most *amiable* creature, but (to confidential ears) wanting, without doubt, in discretion, in *judgment*. She will, however, be the greatest possible addition to the neighborhood, and *we* will take care that she is not suffered to make herself ridiculous."

On this point the orator would become diffuse, not to say prosy; for although the glory of the Grange had become in a manner dimmed by the residence of Pauline

therein, when not in her actual presence, Mrs. Jermyn still enjoyed much satisfaction from recounting details of the *ménage*, and enumerating the servants, the horses, the carriages, and the visitors of Mrs. Wyndham.

The Finches had called, of course. They had called among the very *first*. So thoughtful — so like themselves.

Mrs. Jermyn, however, did not know to whom she was ascribing honor.

Dolly Finch had not only instigated his parents to the visit, but he had accompanied them.

He had been loud in his praises afterwards. What charming people they were! What a delightful house it was to go to! Mrs. Wyndham so friendly, so easy! Such a nice, well-mannered woman!

"Why are there not more like her?" cried the young man, enthusiastically. "Usually if there is one thing in the world I hate more than another, it is to make a call. You give up your afternoon, and you ride four or five miles, and you have to get down and open half-a-dozen gates if you go up by a side entrance — besides the nuisance of the door-bell at the end — and all you get for your pains is a pair of cold fingers, and a seat on the ottoman, in the worst part of the whole room to get away from."

"Humph!" returned his father, drily. "It seems to me there was another part of the room, very far from the ottoman, which you found still worse to get away from to-day. I found no difficulty in getting away from the ottoman, but I thought you were never coming out of that *corner*. And as for the house, it is all one abominable draught. I have been shivering ever since I came out of it."

"You were shivering before you went, sir; you complained of it this morning. You have caught cold, standing about in the farmyard yesterday."

"It was not the farmyard; there was nothing in the farmyard to give me cold. It was those hot, unwholesome rooms —"

"Unwholesome? They were delicious. The scent of the flowers —"

"I tell you it was *that* made me ill; I know it was. Nasty, sickly atmosphere — enough to poison any human being! And every time the door opened, a gale blew along the ground, and froze one's feet till they were like stones. I would not live in that house if I were paid for it."

Dolly differed from him entirely. He liked the place and everything about it.

His mother agreed with him. Yes.

Mrs. Wyndham was agreeable — certainly agreeable, kind, and friendly. Good-looking too.

Dolly thought her uncommonly good-looking. A little bit made up, you know, but what of that? Miss La Sarte is not made up, at all events. She is — ah — rather handsome, is she not?

Not rather — very. A lovely girl. So graceful, so retiring! Such a contrast to those awkward Miss Jermyns! Lady Finch protests that she cannot imagine how they come to belong to the same race.

Hereupon Dolly grows quite excited. There is no relationship, none of any sort. Mrs. Wyndham had made a low sort of marriage, and had got a lot of money, and her husband was dead, and there was no more to be said about it. But with Miss La Sarte, the Jermyns have nothing to do; Miss La Sarte belongs to a good old family.

He is so intelligible, and so deeply in earnest, that Sir John's two grey eyebrows come to the front, and make a dead point.

Beauty, birth, and money? He thinks it might do.

He will not say more of the discomforts he has undergone; and if that invitation Mrs. Wyndham talked about should come, it must certainly be accepted, even if he should slip out of the engagement afterwards.

There proved to be some cause for the latter provision.

The next day he sat in his great arm-chair by the fire, in all the dignity of sickness.

Slippers encased his feet, a dressing-gown buttoned to his chin, and a shawl overspread his shoulders. His grey locks of hair, instead of curling crisply round each temple as was their wont, were brushed straight. They had not been plunged into water that morning, nor had his beard been trimmed. He was really unwell, and unnaturally docile and meek.

By midday Lady Finch sent for the doctor.

He allowed that she had done right. Perhaps the doctor could do him some little good. He was ill — he was exceedingly ill. Headache, and a nasty depression. He didn't know where. Everywhere. Then he closed his hand and beat his breast sorrowfully, "Pain, pain, pain!"

"I told you you had got a cold, sir," said Dolly, smiling, but not undutifully. "You never would have made such a fuss about those rooms, if there had not been something the matter with you. You don't care what a room is like, as a rule."

"I dare say you are right," mildly rejoined the invalid. "This attack was coming upon me, and that must have been why I felt out of sorts altogether; I ought never to have been out of doors; I know I ought not. What the doctor will say to me —"

"Oh, you'll be all right again in a day or two. You have only to take some gruel, and that sort of thing. What's this?" as a servant entered with a tray.

"Your soup, Sir John," said the man, arranging it by his side.

"My soup? Eh? I didn't order any soup. What am I to do with it? Who sent it?" demanded his master, eyeing the basin, but without ill-will. "I don't know that I want that soup," he continued, irresolutely.

"The best thing in the world for a cold," said Dolly. "And uncommonly good it smells, too. Heigh-ho! I wish it was dinner-time."

"Do you? Perhaps I may take a little; a mouthful or two. What made you say it was good? I don't know that it's good. I don't like eating soup at this hour; it is just some of Custard's nonsense, sending it," breaking some bread into the bowl as he spoke.

"Don't have it, if you don't want it," said Dolly, whose appetite had been sharpened by a long ride in the cold air. "If you are going to send it down again, give it to me. I'll soon make short work of it."

His evident partiality was as stimulating as a good sauce; more so, indeed, to Sir John, who hated sauces, as he hated everything that was not solid, substantial, and John Bull to the core.

"Oh, I suppose I had better take it," replied he, lifting a spoonful with an air of resignation. "When one is weak and ill as I am, it sets one up a little. I wonder that Dr. Tyndall has not come yet! He should not have been so long in coming, when I sent for him. Did he know it was for *me*, Anne?" to his wife, who entered.

"Oh, how comfortable you look, my dear!" cried she, disregarding him. "I am so glad to see you can enjoy your soup. Custard told me she had ordered it for you."

"Humph! I'm playing with it a little." Sir John hung his head, and almost blushed for the relish he had evinced.

"I knew it was that Custard," he continued. "As if I am to be cured by anything *she* can do! If I were on my death-bed she would concoct some trash of a jelly, and imagine nothing more could be

needed! The only person who might do me some little good is Dr. Tyndall, and he keeps away. Send for a doctor, and you have as good a chance of getting a policeman when he's wanted."

"He has sent a message just now, to say that he had been called away, but will look in here this evening," said Lady Finch.

"*This evening!* That's not when I want him. Am I to wait all that time to know what is the matter with me? Till this evening, indeed! Till he has been round the parish, and attended to every whipper-snapper in it. And how am I to tell what to do for myself, or what to send for, or — or anything? Dr. Tyndall can have no idea how ill I am. That fool of a Thomas has given the wrong message —"

"Thomas was out with me," observed Dolly.

"William, then. One of them. He has been idling away his time in the ale-house —"

"He has not had time to idle, if he has been to Hexley and back."

"I tell you he has. He has made a mess of it somehow. Who saw him? Who received the answer?"

Lady Finch vouched for the authenticity of the answer. She had met the butler on his way to deliver it, and had cross-examined him. The groom, who had ridden to Hexley, had met the doctor's gig leaving the village, and had received the message from Dr. Tyndall's own lips.

"And what does 'this evening' mean, I should like to know?" muttered the invalid, relapsing into testiness. "It may mean any time. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock. It is too bad" (with rising sharpness) "of Dr. Tyndall to put me off with 'this evening.'"

Eight o'clock Lady Finch pronounced to be the fated hour. Dr. Tyndall was rarely out after eight o'clock. He probably intended to take Finch Hall on his way home.

Sir John humphed, grunted, and fretted as he listened to her.

Three hours still to wait! Three mortal hours, in which there was nothing to be done but sit, sit, sit, and listen to the clock ticking! He did not want any more of the newspaper. He never went to sleep at that hour. He spurned every overture made to him.

"Three hours! And I haven't eaten a thing to-day! You needn't laugh," — to Dolly. "I tell you I have not. Nothing but that abominable soup; and why I took

it I can't think. Messes at all hours of the day are enough to give one a fever. I feel much worse than I did, I can assure you. I wish I had thrown that soup out of the window."

"You do not look well, indeed," sympathized his wife.

"*Well?* I tell you I'm *very ill*. I can't get any one of you to understand how ill I am. If a proper account had been sent of me by William, that doctor could never have had the face to put me off with 'this evening.'"

"Oh, come, sir," said Dolly, "you are getting round, or you would not be so lively. You were altogether too mild and tearful just now; I was growing really alarmed. You must be a long way better —"

"I tell you I'm *not* better!"

Dolly spread his hands, and pulled a face.

"I'm *not* better," continued his father, angrily. "You are just making a fool of me. None of you have any feeling."

"Dolly, be quiet," said his mother. "Your father is very uncomfortable and feverish."

"Uncomfortable! Is that all you call it?"

"I said feverish, dear. And since you dislike so much waiting for Dr. Tyndall, let us send over to R. for Dr. Bell. Thomas can ride over at once. Shall I ring?"

"No, no." He would not have Dr. Bell; he disliked strangers; and, twenty to one, Dr. Bell would be off on some wild-goose-chase too. It was not worth while sending, for he should not see him if he came. Dr. Tyndall understood his constitution. It was too bad of Dr. Tyndall not to have obeyed his summons sooner; but still he would wait for Dr. Tyndall, and none other would he have.

The suggestion had done its part, however. It had given him something to think and speak about. He was now willing to lie back in his chair again, and pat his hands softly together, and discuss the probable cause of the doctor's delay.

Was there any one ill in the neighborhood? Had he been sent for, to any distance? Had he gone to London?

The groom attested that he had not gone to London. He had driven off in the opposite direction: he had no luggage, and — Sir John was in the act of listening, and the butler was in the act of delivering the message, when the door-bell rang, with a sharp, authoritative demand.

"Dr. Tyndall's ring, Sir John," said the

man; with a smile; and in a few moments afterwards, Dr. Tyndall walked in.

Finding that he should have to be out again that night, he had come, on second thoughts, to Finch Hall first. He was sorry to hear that Sir John was unwell. What was the matter? Cold? Bilious attack?

The patient gave himself little airs.

Well, no. He did not think he was bilious. His liver might perhaps be a little affected. Dr. Tyndall would remember how very ill he had been from his liver some years before. He thought he felt something of the same sort this time, only worse. What were the exact symptoms of liver complaint?

The doctor restrained his countenance, and mentioned several.

"And I have no appetite," continued the invalid. "I thought I had a little just now, but it's gone. They gave me some nasty soup, that took it all away again."

"You took the soup?"

"I took it — yes, a little. I wish now I had let it alone. You don't approve of such rubbish I am sure, Dr. Tyndall? These women," contemptuously, "they have no sense; they are made up of fiddle-faddle crotchets."

At the end of a quarter of an hour he was more composed; he had been dictated to, sympathized with, and prescribed for.

All was going on satisfactorily, when, as ill luck would have it, the visitor rose.

"You are not going yet!" cried Sir John, from the depths of his armchair. "You have hardly come in! Do you mean to say you can't sit down for five minutes?" He was hurt, and a sense of desertion stole over him. "Can't you stay and have some dinner?" he continued, almost plaintively. "Let your carriage go, and we will send you home."

But Dr. Tyndall arrested the order.

It must be owned that he had a certain pleasure in saying "No;" that he felt all the importance of being hurried from one great house to another, as he announced that "home" was not his destination; he had been summoned to Blundellsaye.

It was this visit which he had feared would detain him until the evening. He had been actually on his way there, when Sir John's messenger overtook him, and it was not until after it was too late to recall the man, that it had occurred to him to alter the arrangement.

Sir John inquired, still with something of the peevishness of an injured man, which of the madcaps had sent for him.

The doctor was unable to say. In fact — with a little irritability — no proper message had been despatched.

He had met the drag, with a party in it, near the station, and a footman had jumped down and run after him, with a request that he would go up to the house at once.

Not having the pleasure of Mr. Ralph Blundell's acquaintance, he had not looked into the carriage. Some one had bawled out to the man that they would be late for the train, and they had rattled off before he could understand clearly what was required of him.

Nevertheless, he must go, and with a motion of his hand he put aside further entreaties. They had to yield; and a dull evening, unenlivened by his cheerful chat, was endured by all.

It was late ere the doctor left Blundellsaye that night, and he was there again sometimes on the following morning. On his way he was overtaken by Mrs. Jermyn and her daughter, who were driving over to spend a few days at the Grange. The ladies pulled up, and he was consulted about Dot's second teeth, and the illness of a servant.

Then the waggonette took the lead, for the day was raw, and the doctor had enclosed himself in his brougham, which could not keep pace with the lighter vehicle. Also, he had halts to make, at one house and another. He made his bow, and they drove on.

"You have *indeed* been well received, my dear Camilla," began Mrs. Jermyn after luncheon, during which full accounts of the past fortnight's doings had been given and hearkened to. "You are now fairly established as one of *ourselves*. But I said how it would be. It is the *siege*, you know, the siege that was prognosticated."

"Come along with me," said Charlotte to Pauline. "Mamma and Aunt Camilla like to palaver to each other with nobody by, to listen or interfere with them. They will '*dear*,' and '*quite*,' and '*so*,' as happily as possible, for the next two hours. Now tell me all you have got to tell. What have you been about since you came? How do you get on together? And has she sent for the hat, yet?"

Pauline could not choose but smile.

"You have no idea how kind she is, Charlotte; nor how little silly she can be, when — when we are quite alone."

"When mamma is not with her? Eh? I daresay. And so you are not absolutely bored to death, yet? You poor soul! I do pity you. And what says the Little

Fennel to it all? And did Dolly come with the Finches?"

"Dolly? Oh yes," said Pauline, dreamily. "I wonder who is ill, in this direction? Aunt Camilla allows Dr. Tyndall to drive through the grounds, as he used to do before she came, if he has to go that way; and this is the second time he has passed up the Long Avenue to-day."

"I can tell you," said Charlotte, with an odd look in her face. "Mamma would say you would not thank me, but of course that's nonsense. Only I know," she added, looking, with an assumption of entire carelessness, the other way, "that it is not pleasant hearing of anything happening to—to one's brother's friends. Mr. Blundell has got typhoid fever."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE DOCTOR'S CARRIAGE.

For it is with feelings as with waters,  
The shallow murmur, and the deep are dumb.

"MAMMA, you were wrong altogether!" cried Charlotte, afterwards. "She did not care a straw. She said, 'Indeed! I am sorry,' and then walked to her wardrobe, and took out her shawl, as composedly as I should have done. I forestalled you with the intelligence, in case the effect might be too much for your tender heart; but I might have saved myself the trouble. Mr. Blundell has no chief mourner—at present, at all events. Are you going out?"

"No, indeed! not on such a day. It would bring my neuralgia back again directly. I shall stay with your aunt, and you can take a walk with Pauline."

"We are going to drive," said Charlotte. "Aunt Camilla wants some shopping done in Hexley, and we are going in the pony-carriage. There it is coming out of the stables. What a smart little turn-out! Look, mamma! that is surely a new kind of carriage; I don't think I have seen one like it before."

"Who is going to drive?"

"Pauline, of course. This is *her* carriage. Aunt Camilla never goes out in it."

"It is quite absurd the way your aunt spoils Pauline," cried Mrs. Jermyn. "I hear she is getting down an Erard grand piano on purpose for her. And she is to have masters in the spring. It is really quite—quite ridiculous. A poor dependent girl! an absolute pauper! Most unsuitable, when she may have to earn her own bread——"

"Not she!"

"You can't tell; it is quite possible.

Accustoming her to all this luxury is no kindness. It—oh, come in, come in, my dear," in answer to a tap at the door. "Come in, Pauline; so you and Charlotte are going to have a little drive together. If you want Charlotte to drive, she is not at all nervous, and perhaps rather more accustomed to ponies than you are——"

"Would Charlotte like to drive?" said Pauline.

"Of course she would," said Charlotte, readily—"and so would Pauline; so you drive one way and I the other, and we shall both be happy. As for my being accustomed to ponies," she confided on their way down-stairs, "that is one of mamma's little flights. I have never driven anything in my life but our old Tommy, who can by no means be started, unless some one runs in front of him all the way down the drive. But as I dearly love to handle the reins, and as you have got such a sweet little rat of a thing to take along, I can't find it in my heart to refuse the polite invitation. We look picturesque, don't we? you in your scarlet shawl, and I in my blue cloak? Something nice and bright to look at on this deplorable day. Don't you wear gloves?"

"Of course," said Pauline, absently.

"Where are they then? Why, I declare you thought they were on your hands! Your wits are wool-gathering, I think, or you are dreaming of some one far away. 'Over the hills and far away.' Let me see! Who can it be?"

"You had better drive first, Charlotte. Roger is apt to pull, coming home."

"Then you must wake up if you are going to hold him in, my dear. Where is the button for this apron?" Lower, "We don't need a man, do we?"

"Not when there are two of us. I have one when I go alone. What are you waiting for?"

"He has gone for umbrellas. Not that there is the slightest chance of rain, but, however, they do no harm. Now, shall I set off?"

They had not started many minutes when Pauline uttered a low ejaculation.

"What is it?" inquired Charlotte.

"The doctor's carriage coming back. Don't you think—we might——"

"What?"

"Nothing. Don't drive quite so fast, Charlotte. Don't let us be in his way. Let him overtake us while the road is broad enough for his brougham to pass. It takes up some room."

"We need not be in his way," said Charlotte. "We could run away from his



old rumble-tumble easily. I can hardly hold the pony in, as it is. Get on, Roger."

"Give me the reins. I forgot that he had been in the stables the whole of yesterday. Of course he is too fresh for you."

She attempted to take them, but Charlotte laughed, and held them fast.

"No, no—none of that. If he pulls when he is coming home, and if he is too fresh for me when he is going out, I sha'n't get much driving between the two. Hie, Roger! That is the proper pace to take. There, you see, the carriage is not even in sight behind us."

Pauline said not a word.

A few minutes later they came in sight of the lodge.

"Oh, I wonder how the baby is to-day!" cried Miss La Sarte. "There is such a dear little baby here, Charlotte—only a week old; and I am to be godmother. I must look after my baby. It was not quite well when I was down on Tuesday. Stop, and let me ask how it is."

"We can ask when we come back," said Charlotte. "Would that not do as well, as the gate is open now?"

"Oh, you can pull up just outside," said Pauline, readily. "There is plenty of room beyond for the carriage to pass. Besides, now that I think of it, we might need to call in the doctor; it would be a pity to lose the opportunity, when he is actually passing the door. I will ask him to wait one moment till I see."

The idea, which, in all truth, had only that moment flashed upon her, made Pauline look almost bright.

"Just stop for a moment, Charlotte, and I will jump down."

"Why should you jump down? Call to some one to come out. There must be some woman or girl to look after the house. There! Oh! Will you come here for a moment?" calling herself to a girl who ran hastily out, perceiving she might be wanted.

"How is the baby?" inquired the other lady.

"Oh, baby is as well as can be, miss, mother says. It was that bottle as you sent down, that did her all the good. She has never had no return of nothink."

"And the pain is quite gone?"

"Oh yes, miss. She is asleep, now. I have got her in the kitchen, to let mother have a bit of sleep too. Would you please to come in?"

"No, no—not to-day; not if there is no need. But there is Dr. Tyndall, you see, close behind us. You are *sure* your

mother would not like him just to see the baby?"

"Oh, he couldn't see nothink, miss. And mother said yesterday as no baby could be better than she is now, and —"

"Then we had better go on," said Miss Jermyn, raising the reins, "or we shall be in the way again. How heavy the roads are this afternoon! If I had taken Tommy out, he would have crawled at a foot's pace; but this plucky little creature minds nothing. Look, Pauline! Is not that a fine lurid light upon Blundellsaye? Ah, poor Ralph Blundell! Who would have thought this was to be the end of him!"

Trot, trot, trot, along the muddy highway, and the doctor's brougham still rolls behind.

He had not turned, as Pauline had feared he would, in the opposite direction. He was going, as they were, to the village.

"Where shall we stop first?" inquired Charlotte.

"At the chemist's," boldly rejoined her companion. "Drive straight there."

"The chemist's? That is at the other end. We shall have to clatter all down the street first. Never mind, I like it. On such an afternoon it is something even to go to a chemist's; shopping in Hexley is absolute dissipation. What a splendid road this is! I like a great, broad road, with walls on each side, and not a hill anywhere to check our speed. I do like to go fast. My heart sinks at the sight of our long rising ground outside the hamlet. We are expected to get out and walk up, in hot weather. Oh, Pauline, look at the river! How like a sheet of glass it lies! And those unearthly phantoms rising out of the mist—are those the poplars? What a ghostly landscape! And to crown it all, that passing-bell."

"That *passing-bell*!"

"It is not one, you know; it only sounds like it. It is for afternoon service."

"Afternoon service!" repeated Pauline, turning two helpless eyes on her companion. "What afternoon service?"

"You are rather addle-pated to-day, my dear; excuse the polite remark. We always have afternoon services in Advent, and so I suppose have you. Yes, I know they have, at Hexley."

"Yes, certainly, I remember."

"And now for the chemist's. Caudle? Is not that the man? We send over to him now and then, as mamma thinks his



medicines are fresher than our little man's at Pipton. Softly over the bridge, Roger. *Now*, Pauline, look at the poplars. Look over your shoulder. I say! there's that old pill-box close to our heels again! It may pass now, for aught I care. There he goes, and gone to our chemist too! What is to be done? We must go somewhere else. To the library?"

"No, no—never mind the carriage," said Pauline, sharply. "What does it matter? We can pull up behind it. We cannot expect to have the shops all to ourselves."

"But he will keep you such a long time," remonstrated Charlotte. "He will have all sorts of prescriptions to be made up, and potions to be mixed. Caudle cannot attend to you both."

"I sha'n't keep him a moment," Pauline put her hand upon the reins. "No need to draw in, I can get out here."

And, scarcely waiting till the wheels stopped, she jumped out, and disappeared into the shop, Dr. Tyndall himself holding the door open for her.

She had caught him at last.

"How do you do?"

But the doctor drew back.

"I think, Miss La Sarte, I won't come very near you, if you please. I have just come from a fever patient; and although it is not an infectious kind—still—allow me to wait outside while you are being attended to."

"Pray don't," said the poor girl, desperately. But he had closed the door.

Her purchase was made in a moment—a box of lozenges—and she came out again.

"Is your patient very ill, Dr. Tyndall?" putting the change given by the shopman into her purse, with great deliberation.

"Typhoid fever," said he, concisely.

"Mr. Blundell, is it not?"

"Yes, Mr. Ralph Blundell. He *is* very ill, Miss La Sarte.

She closed the purse, and looked him full in the face.

"I used to know Mr. Blundell; he was a friend of my brother, who would be sorry—tell me," said she, suddenly, with a catch of her breath, "have you given up hope?"

"Given up hope? By no means. We shall make a fight of it, I can tell you; but—ah—" with an unavoidable inflection of enjoyment, "it is a bad case. You know Mr. Ralph? He has not led the best kind of life to bring him through a fever. He has been fast, you know—fast. And he is not as young as he once

was, and every year tells. Added to all this the stupid fellow has been going about for the last fortnight with the fever upon him, and without permitting anything to be done for it. I was not sent for till last night. I ought to have been with him ten days ago. This is a growing, creeping mischief; and of course, at the first, it is not unusual for people to be wholly unaware of their state; but such neglect as this I never met with before. It was shameful, monstrous; and so I told them. They ought to have sent in spite of him. A sick man's orders ought to be looked upon as so much waste breath. However, all that *can* be done now—Allow me to hand you in."

She was not going to get in, she would walk to the next shop. She detained him, however, for a few moments, under a pretext so plausible, that it was spoken fearlessly, eagerly.

"Dr. Tyndall, you will have to go often to Blundellsaye, of course. Shall I tell our lodge-keeper to leave the gates open at night? My aunt would be vexed if you had to go round by the road; but unless I give orders, you may find some difficulty in rousing anybody. They wait up, on the evenings that we go out."

"Thank you—thank you. Yes, I may have to go through at all hours, and it saves my horses a good mile and a half taking that short cut. I am detaining you; Miss Jermyn is making signs."

"Shall I say you will pass through to-night?" With her back turned on Charlotte she could affect not to perceive the signs. For this once, Charlotte should not balk her.

"To-night? Well, no; I think not to-night," replied the doctor, thoughtfully. "I have been already there twice, and we have got a good nurse. The crisis will not be yet. The thing is to keep him quiet and keep up his strength. He will have need of it all by-and-by. Mrs. Wyndham quite well?"

"Quite, thank you. She is not out to-day."

"Ah! Not a day for her either. But you young ladies mind nothing—I see you out in all weathers. I tell my daughter I wish she would take a lesson. Good morning."

He turned from her rather hastily. Two horsemen, whose appearance seemed to indicate that they were returning from a fruitless run, were dejectedly traversing the village at a foot's pace.

To one of these the doctor signalled; and having made his bow to Miss La

Sarte, he ran out into the street. The elder of the pair reined up, Major Soames, who vied with Dr. Tyndall in his spring flower-beds; and they now held an animated discussion on the possibility of obtaining some Dutch tulip-roots which the doctor had an inkling were to be had cheap.

"They did excellently with the Thomsons last year," he said. "You never saw a finer show. How is your soil for tulips?"

"Good, moderately good. But I mean to improve it. I fancy it is, if anything, too light. Did Thomson have a good show? What were the varieties?"

"Chiefly Couleur Pouceau; magnificent blossoms. Oh, Mr. Finch, will you kindly say to Sir John —"

But Dolly had passed on, and drawn up beside the pavement; at the moment, he was bending from his horse in close conversation with a lady who stood upon it.

Dr. Tyndall looked blankly round, and plunged anew into the congenial dialogue. His message to Sir John was not half so important to him as the culture of his tulips.

Meanwhile Dolly, with a happy face, was doing his best.

"Good morning," he said, cheerily; "do you patronize Caudle's?"

"For lozenges. Will you have some?" Miss La Sarte fumbled with the string of her pocket. "Will you have one, Charlotte?"

Charlotte put out her hand, keeping her eye on Roger all the while.

Then the box was held up, and Dolly was a long time over his selection.

"You are sure they won't burn?" he said. "My mother gets hold of some of those long red things that look awfully good in the box, and they are the greatest shams. You take a handful, and when you have had them in your mouth half a minute, the tears are running down your cheeks. By the way, my governor is ill. I think I'll take him some."

He made no motion of going in search of them, however. He dallied with his reins, patted his horse's neck, and thought of something more to say.

"Coming to the Hunt ball, Miss La Sarte?"

She was not sure; her aunt had spoken of it.

She must come; it was to be one of the best they had had for many years. He was beginning to expatiate, when she interrupted him in a motherly fashion.

"Do you know that you are very hoarse? Have you caught cold too?"

"I have got what the doctor calls 'a throat,'" replied he.

"And what are you doing for it?"

"Oh, nothing. I shall dance it off to-morrow at R. You are not going there, of course? With us it is a call of duty; we are always let in for it."

"You seem to me to have a very good excuse; but you are coming up to us to-night? Go and ask Dr. Tyndall's leave, or we sha'n't receive you."

"Eh?" said Dolly, opening his eyes.

"There he is! go and speak to him," continued Pauline, excitedly. "When there are so many dangerous complaints going about you ought to take care. He will tell you himself how ill some of his patients are. A sore throat ought not to be trifled with."

"I'll do it, to please you."

His face beamed. "Only, whatever he says, you know, you'll see me to-night all the same."

Pauline turned to go.

"Nice little pony," observed Dolly, still keeping alongside.

"He will trot as fast as your horse will," said Charlotte, who had with difficulty kept the creature quiet for so long.

"Well, I dare say," replied the horseman. "Are you going home, now? Let us have a trotting match."

Major Soames has wheeled off as he speaks, and the little doctor is pattering back over the stones. Miss La Sarte turns round involuntarily, and sees the shop-door open and close after him. Then she replies to Dolly's suggestion imperiously.

"No, no; we have a thousand things to do first, and we have no more time to waste. Charlotte, please go on to the library, take this list, and get the books changed. They are under the seat. I will walk there, when I have handed this note in at that red house over there. Good-bye, Mr. Finch. Pray" (with an effort at archness), "pray don't forget your promise."

"Eh? my promise?" said Dolly, stupidly.

"He is in there," continued Pauline, wishing Charlotte were not by, that she might speak more plainly. "We are not going to have you" (Charlotte moved on) "following poor Mr. Blundell's example. *Ask how he is.*"

The words had the ring of a command. They were spoken — she had determined that they should be spoken. Though terrified at her own audacity, she waited

not for any answer, but walked with rapid steps across the street.

Once on the other side, however, she paused and glanced back. Dr. Tyndall stood by Dolly, and she was so far content.

"What did he say to you?" she inquired in the evening.

"Eh? What about?" said he.

"Your cold, of course."

"Oh, my cold is gone; that brown thing cured it. You must give me another after dinner, though, if they are all as good. The doctor was telling me about poor Ralph Blundell."

So she had hoped, and for this she had manœuvred. Her woman's wit had prompted her to hold him in parley until the other was at liberty, and then, with her Parthian shot, she had flown.

"I rode up at once to ask after him," continued Dolly; "that was how I came to miss you, I suppose. I thought Miss Jermyn and I were to have had that match we spoke about."

"Miss Jermyn would have been delighted," said Charlotte, overhearing him. "And she would have backed Roger for anything you liked to name. You have no idea of the pace we took on the way home."

He laughed. "Come, it would be rather a joke; we'll have it. Will you put him into training? And when shall it come off?"

They were wandering from the point, and Pauline sighed for patience—that weary patience which may indeed help to bear, but which is itself almost intolerable to be borne.

She was appealed to by the disputants.

Would she not stand up for Roger, her own Roger, the best little Roger in the world? Charlotte was in her element, equal to any repartee, conversant with every sporting term. She was vaunting in extravagant terms the pony's beauty, swiftness, and amiability of temper; and Dolly, who lived more in the stable than in the house, was entering, *con amore*, into the discussion.

He was surprised but not displeased at the lukewarmness of Pauline.

"Hang it! I'm not clever, and that sort of thing," thought the poor boy. "I can get on very well with girls that chaff and talk humbug; but when that won't go down I don't know what to say. I don't like them any the better for it; this one is worth a hundred of all the rest put together: and I hope that *my* Lady Finch—if ever there is one—won't go in for horses, and that. And slang's odious."

The last observation was called forth by the use of some cant term which Charlotte had recently picked up. It was one which, in all probability, half the ladies in the county would have used, and which, up to the present time, would have been passed by, unnoticed, by Dolly. But at the moment it assailed his ears, two great, pure, penetrating eyes were turned upon him, and then and there his heart fell down dead before them.

## CHAPTER XX.

"CRIES AS IF HER HEART WOULD BREAK."

It seemed to Pauline that they fell to talking about Blundell quite naturally after this.

"I rode over to Blundellsaye, as I told you," said Dolly. "Of course I did not go in—there would have been no good in that; but I just paid him the attention," he added, with a little air of pomposity, "becoming the future head of the house."

"Would he hear that you had been there?"

"Oh, of course. Well, I don't know."

"Is he so ill, then?"

"They think he is rather in for it."

"I am awfully sorry for poor Blundell," broke out Dolly, after a pause. There had been another controversy at the Hall—he was full of his own opinion, and burning to confide it to impartial ears.

"The people here are such a prejudiced lot," he continued; "you wouldn't believe the way they go on about him. They have got hold of the idea that because he plays rather high, and bets a little, and—that sort of thing—that he is all that's bad. The one half of them cut him. My governor won't have him at the house. Now, *I* don't go in with it at all. He has lots of money, and why shouldn't he do what he likes with his own? Everybody says he is as straightforward and honorable as a fellow can be; and he's the best-hearted and kindest one you can find, if he's only let alone. They say he has a temper, and that; but who cares for a temper? *That's* not what people mind. It's just because he has got a bad name—and my governor's at the bottom of it."

"Is he?" said she, faintly.

"Oh, by Jove! yes. You ought to have heard how he went on just now, when he was told where I had been. Of course he wasn't going to say anything to *me*," said the young man, with immense dignity; "it was my mother who told me afterwards. Of course he would never attempt to interfere with what I choose to do," continued

Dolly, secretly cherishing the remembrance of that *amende honorable* which had been made after the first battle; "of course he knows better than that. But he would as soon think of riding into the river as going over himself. My mother quite goes in with me."

"Does she?" cried Pauline.

"She thinks it's a shame — just as I do. My mother hates to hear people run down for nothing; and when I tell her what hard lines it is for Blundell, she quite understands."

As indeed she did, for no one was more son-ridden than was Lady Finch. Her daughters had married almost immediately upon their emancipation from the school-room; and Dolly was her youngest, her spoilt darling, her Benjamin. To him she fondly deferred on all occasions; with him she took counsel on matters whereon most wives dutifully seek advice from their lords. He dictated to her, his principal subject, with perfect ease and engaging frankness; she admired, applauded, and echoed the words.

Pauline, with a great burst of gratitude for the womanly tenderness, and more, for the womanly powers of discernment which she fancied had been revealed, turned to her companion.

"I honor your mother," she said.

"Oh, well, she is awfully good," replied he, rather astonished. "By the way, she wants to know when you are coming over to see her. You were to look at some flowers, or something, weren't you?"

"Yes, certainly. We will arrange with my aunt before you go. But what I meant was, about — about what you were saying just now. It is such a cruel thing to take up false reports, especially when they are, as they nearly always are, ill-natured and —"

"Oh, you mean about Blundell," said Dolly, shrewdly. "Yes, that's what I say. It's all for nothing. Well, I won't exactly say for *nothing*. He was an awfully wild fellow, as a young fellow; but fellows change, you know. People hark back to what he was years ago, and bring it all up against him now."

"But he may have changed since then."

"That's what I say. Of course he may."

"Do you think," said Pauline, "he has?"

"Well, I don't know. I daresay. I don't know much about him. You see, when he left — that's about two years ago — I was at Oxford; and so, of course, I wasn't much down here, for we were

always off somewhere in the summer, and at Christmas I had a lot of places to go to. My mother used to make a fuss to have me at home, so I always came down for some part of the time, and we used to meet them, — there were two of them then, you know — there was a brother who was drowned afterwards. They were always out with the hounds, and that was pretty much all we ever saw of them. They were always civil, and it's disagreeable not to be on good terms with your neighbors. By the way, how conveniently you are placed here for people dropping in. You musn't be surprised," with a little nervous, exploring laugh, "to see me sometimes. I am often passing."

"We shall always be glad," replied Pauline, conventionally. "My aunt is rather fond of having people dropping in."

"She won't turn me away, then? Please ask her not, for I'm coming soon. I shall ride over to Blundellsaye every day this week."

No one could have been kinder than Pauline was to Dolly, after this.

She thought him the nicest, the brightest, the handsomest of boys. She smiled upon him, chatted with him, humored him in a thousand unconsciously attractive ways.

She reminded him of his promise. Would he be sure to fulfil it? Would he come in to amuse them when he passed that way?

They were often very dull, very stupid. They wanted waking up. People ought to see more of each other, to hear more about each other, to — to avoid being wrapt up in their own interests.

The words were words of wisdom, but they were curiously at variance with the look of the girl who spoke them. The restless eye, the agitated air struck Dolly, and, alas! he misinterpreted their meaning.

Come? Of course he would come. Was he likely to forget? He would come the very next day.

Miss La Sarte met him in the porch. "And how is Mr. Blundell?"

He had forgotten to inquire. He had meant to go up that very afternoon. By Jove, he had! and he had forgotten. "You see," he explained apologetically, "when you asked me here it all went out of my head."

Here was a blow. That visit on which she had been counting suddenly changed into a penance, her envoy into an ordinary mortal. Worse than all, it was *her* request, *her* renewed invitation, *that*, with

which she had sought to strengthen her hold upon him, which had wrought the mischief.

Perforce she had to entertain her guest, had to listen to his prattle, force herself to find topics, and make the weary moments pass.

She had brought it upon herself; she would not complain—in fact, she could not.

Mrs. Wyndham was greatly pleased with the young man, and surveyed her niece, on his departure, with new complacency.

"You look extremely well to-day, my love. Of late you have been pale—rather, if anything, too pale; but this afternoon your cheeks have quite a color. It is well that there is no one by to suggest a *reason*, is it not, my dear? Charlotte, you know,—Charlotte, who is so *quick-sighted*, and makes such very—such *odd* remarks at times; and my sister-in-law—it is just as well they were not here. I pressed them to stay, I did *indeed*; but they expect some friends to-night. Who they were, I did not hear; did you? Some of their own little set, I fancy, or Selina would have been sure to say. But, as it turned out, nothing could have been more lucky."

If one of Pauline's emissaries turned out faithless, others served her better.

At the lodge, daily inquiries were made when the doctor passed through, and the answers were reported word for word. They were simple, and invariably the same. "No change." On the seventh day she herself contrived to meet the carriage in the avenue.

"A few grapes for Mrs. Tyndall, and my aunt hopes she is better? They are very poor ones, but the best we have."

"Thank you—thank you; very kind, I'm sure. Mrs. Tyndall is getting on well, and no fresh attack. I wish I could say as much for the patient I have just left."

"Mr. Blundell? How is he?"

"It is life or death to-day, Miss La Sarte. I shall tell you to-morrow how he is, or there will be nothing more to tell. Good morning."

She crept slowly home.

"Pauline, my love, I really *cannot* allow you to walk back and forward in that damp avenue a whole afternoon. I was watching you from my room, and wondering if you would *ever* come in. I thought of sending to you. Wetherell could have taken the grapes, or you could have left

them at the lodge. Did you meet the carriage?"

She had met the carriage.

"And he seemed pleased? And how is Mrs. Tyndall?"

"He seemed very much pleased, and Mrs. Tyndall is better."

"But you must not do it again, my love. In this weather there is *nothing* worse for one than moping up and down in a damp, woody place like that. You look quite white. You have got a chill already."

No, no—she had no chill; she was well—quite well.

"Then do keep more to the open ground in future," persisted her aunt. "And now there are one or two little things that I want you to do for me. Quite little matters; they won't take you many minutes. There is this head-dress—it is frightful, positively *frightful*! Just look at that feather! Imagine it sticking out above my ear like that! And Wetherell can't see it. She has unpicked it twice already, and each time it is made up worse than before. A single touch would put it to rights. Any one with a grain of taste could do it. I could, myself, only I want to lie down and take a little rest this afternoon, that I may be fresh for the evening. You don't care for needlework, I know, but this only needs *taste*, and your taste, Pauline, is always good. That is why I have come to you. As to the work, it will be *nothing*, as you see. Just to unpick this ruffle—it is far too full—and lay it on flat; and a touch is wanted at the side. There is something wrong, something heavy-looking about it altogether. I can't wear a mountain on my head, can I? It would look ridiculous above my little face."

"Then, these notes. That one is an invitation: that's easy; we'll go. But this is rather tiresome, because it is about a servant who left me sometime ago, and I don't know *what* character to give her. She did not suit *me*, but then she was excellent in her way. I should be sorry if she did not get the place; but I don't think she ought to have applied to me, so long afterwards."

"Just let them know that, dear Pauline, and make up the best sort of character you can. Quite *honest*, you know, and *sober*; and be sure you say she *had* a kitchen-maid."

"Then this wool: I want it matched at Helbronn's. Dear me! where is the wool? It was in my hand two minutes ago, and I have been nowhere but in the drawing-room and conservatory! Just

find it, love, and say I will have two skeins more, or whatever you think is wanted to finish my cushion. You know the cushion? It is in the work-basket, if you would like to take a peep at it.

"And, Pauline, one thing more. I am so glad I remembered: the plants — the plants for the dining-room table; would you choose them yourself this time? Burrows sent in such a shabby set last dinner-party we had, that I was quite vexed. When one *has* the plants, you know — good plants — it is ridiculous. I am particularly anxious about the dinner-table looking well. By the way, what do you wear to-night, my love?"

"To-night?" moaned the poor girl.

"Yes, to-night. Make yourself very bright and pretty, for there will be many eyes on the watch. Your amber crape? It would blend with my satin nicely; and you would have the head-dress ready in time. Shall it be the crape?"

Was it luxury such as this that Mrs. Jermyn had pictured?

The head-dress is finished; the notes have been written; and the plants changed.

And "You dear, good creature!" cries the aunt, "you shall do one more thing for me, and then you must run to dress, for it is getting near the time. It is only to find my keys, Pauline, for where they are gone I *cannot* imagine. They were in my hand a little while ago, and I *must* have them if I am to wear my pearls to-night. Have you any pearls, love? If you have, put them on. Let us be as like each other as a fair and a dark person *can* be. Ah! I am many years older than you, Pauline — I am indeed. But then, you know, we blondes never look our ages as you brunettes do. We cannot look old if we would. As Colonel Grafton said to me — oh, you clever child, you have found the keys already! Now you shall see my pearls. But what a long face you have got to-night, my dear! I know: you want to be off to your own toilet. Run away then, and try to be down before any one comes."

But the guests are already at the door.

Mrs. Wyndham shrieks, "It is not time! It is not nearly half past seven! It is a mistake!"

Some one must have arrived by accident. Wetherell must fly, and find out who it is. "Fly, good Wetherell, fly!"

It is Sir John and Lady Finch; and neither Sir John nor his watch knows what it is to go wrong in the matter of punctuality.

Nor, indeed, does Sir John's cook dare go wrong, either. It is as much as her place is worth, to have the dinner two minutes behind the hour, by the great clock in the hall.

Her master arranges his walk up and down the long drawing-room, so as to bring him to the door the moment the gong has ceased to sound; then there is just time left for him to swoop off his lady, and reach it again, as it is opened for their exit.

Mrs. Wyndham knows nothing of this; but she does know that the Finches are not people to be treated uncourteously. She must get down somehow, before Lady Finch's wraps are disentangled, and she has joined her gentlemen in the hall.

"And I must go down by myself," cries the hostess, fretfully. "I did hope you would have been ready, Pauline, though it is not your fault, poor dear. But I am not half dressed, and I *do* so dislike to be hurried. One moment, child — do look: is this ribbon becoming? or shall I wear the pearls alone? Untie the ribbon, Wetherell, quick! Now, clasp the pearls! No, I don't like that; I think I will have the ribbon. Run off, dear, run off, and be down as soon as ever you can!"

The party is assembled ere Pauline is ready.

Accordingly, every eye is fixed upon her as she slowly enters, in her clouds of amber, the fairest, finest, saddest-hearted woman present.

Oh, what a mockery is this glistening raiment, and the flash of these lustrous gems!

How ghastly in her eyes is this brilliantly-lit-up saloon, with its rustle, and chatter, and mirth!

He may be dying as she speaks! He may be dying as she walks along the floor! He may be dying as she takes her place at the table!

Any one of these trivial moments of her life may be to him that supreme moment of existence when the soul passes into the visible presence of its Maker!

Do you think that she can eat, and drink, and smile, and laugh, with this before her eyes?

Miss La Sarte is tired, very tired; she is not hungry; her head aches. Some one says, suddenly, "Poor Blundell's gone by this time, I suppose!" and the room becomes unbearably hot.

She escapes, and rushing to her chamber, alone and in the dark, cries as if her heart would break.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TWENTY YEARS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

THE marvellous way in which Africa has been explored during the last twenty years is scarcely less extraordinary than the sublying fact, that a continent so great and possessing such immense resources should have been reserved, as a *terra incognita* in its central regions, for the travellers of our own generation. Within a century and a half almost the whole of North America has been explored, swept over and occupied by the expanding races of northern Europe; South America has been occupied, in great part, by offshoots of the Latin race; and yet Africa, with not greatly inferior possibilities of development, has been reserved for its own singular people and for a few adventurous explorers. It is not difficult, however, to explain how such, in the circumstances, should have been the case. The great deserts of the northern portion of Africa, its unhealthy coast-line, and thick tropical vegetation on both sides of the equator, and on both sides of the continent, together with the scanty vegetation and the Kaffir tribes of its long southern horn, presented most formidable obstacles to even an acquaintance with its elevated, temperate, and productive central regions. A quarter of a century ago our maps of Africa were almost an entire blank from ten degrees of north latitude to the tropic of Capricorn, with the exception of the coast-line, the valley of the Niger, and the central northern region. In some of our maps traces remained of older knowledge and more recent Portuguese exploration. Livingstone's Lake Nyassa appeared as "Nassa," and Tanganyika occupied an enormous, but quite indefinite space as "Lake Uniamesi;" but these maps were exceptions rather than the rule, and the most important parts of Central Africa were either left entirely blank, or were filled up with great deserts, *montes lunæ*, and figures of lions and dragons.

There was, no doubt, plenty of ancient knowledge to have taught us better. Ptolemy appears to have known a good deal about the geography of Central Africa; and even the unadventurous Hindu had contrived to get a rough idea of the great African lake region; but somehow or other all this older information had fallen back out of sight. A better fate might have been expected for the Portuguese explorations, which had advanced very far into the interior of Africa, and to points which it has been an achievement,

on the part of Livingstone and Cameron, to reach within the last few years; but these explorations commanded no general attention, and scarcely affected the general European knowledge of the continent. If you spoke about African exploration, the minds of the listeners at once reverted to the journeys of Bruce and Park, which had become sort of household words, though in a very different way. Bruce was scarcely believed in as a narrator of facts; but he was accepted as a sort of gigantic liar, whose achievements in that way were worthy of respect. An old Scotch lady who knew him well assured us that even in the society in which he was welcome, his African stories were never believed, though the credibility of them has since been abundantly established. Park's quiet, beautiful pictures of Africa met with a different reception, and were unhesitatingly accepted, and became so popular in their abbreviated form, that few visitors to Scotland drive up the valley of the Yarrow without looking with kindly interest upon the cottage where he was born. Bruce's discoveries were the more important, because he had traced up the Blue Nile to its fountains among the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the White Nile, the real Upper Nile, remained entirely unknown; and the progress of exploration for many years after Park's time was confined to points in the great west shoulder of Africa accessible from the Mediterranean coast or from the coast of Guinea.

Such a state of matters was incompatible with our modern energy and means for exploration. Some time before twenty years ago the unknown regions of Africa began again to attract attention, and various attacks were made upon them from various quarters. The most important of these was, unquestionably, the expedition subsidized by the British government, of Richardson, Overweg, and Barth, which started from Tripoli in 1849. The two former of these travellers did not live to return, and an affecting account has been given of Richardson, when he was dying, lying on the sand and calling on his far-distant wife. Dr. Barth's five ponderous volumes recording the results of this expedition are probably the dullest narrative of a great journey which has ever been presented to the world. Without going conscientiously through them, it is difficult to realize how absolutely leaden they are, and what their effect might be upon even the strongest mind. As to heaviness they almost rise to a kind of sublimity; but the



journey they describe was a very wonderful one, extending over twenty-four degrees of latitude from north to south, and including a visit to the dangerous and then almost fabulous city of Timbuctoo, and to Kano, the great commercial emporium of north-central Africa. Timbuctoo had been visited before by Park, and again by Major Laing; but neither of these travellers lived to describe it, being murdered on their way back. Lake Tchad had been reached before by Clapperton and Denham, but Dr. Barth examined it thoroughly, and by coming on it from the north, he thus struck the route of explorers from the south-west; while also, on an excursion into the province of Bagirmi to the south-east of Lake Tchad, he approached Darfur, and thus nearly struck the route of explorers like Werne starting from the Nile valley. It was an enormous journey this which Dr. Barth accomplished, and it threw much light on Africa, but not beneath the twelfth degree of north latitude. He established the important fact that the whole of Central Africa lying between the western border of Bagirmi and Timbuctoo was neither desert nor mountainous, but an elevated fertile plain affording many products; but he did not touch the most important and interesting region.

Voyages which have been made up the Niger and its eastern continuations the Chadda and Binue, by Allen, Laird, Oldfield, and Baikie, had discovered a waterway towards the heart of north-central Africa, but nothing more was accomplished in that direction. Elsewhere on the west coast the pestiferous forests and wild tribes confined our knowledge to an extremely narrow coast-line except where some great river afforded an inlet, and in the southern regions where adventurous unscientific Portuguese traders had pushed far into the interior. The valley of the Congo especially had attracted notice, and about 1816 Captain Tuckey had passed up it some way beyond the great Yellala Falls, or in all about two hundred miles from the coast; but there had been no further travel in that direction, and our settlements on the west of Africa were much more devoted to, and fitted for, a coast trade than interior exploration.

In other directions, however, there were indications of progress in African travel. The Nile, instead of the Niger and the Congo, began once more to excite the attention of geographers. Bruce had, indeed, discovered the source of the Blue Nile; but the source and course of the more important White Nile remained

quite unknown. More than one expedition was sent out by Mehemet Ali and his successors for the exploration of that river, but they did not advance far enough to solve, or even to throw light upon, the great problem; and, being to a large extent slave-hunting expeditions, they rather complicated matters, and did not improve the prospects of future travellers. No less than three Egyptian expeditions were sent up about the year 1840; and Roman Catholic missionaries established themselves in 1849 at Gondokoro, about five degrees from the equator, or in north latitude  $4^{\circ} 54m. 5sec.$ , and nearly about half that distance from the northern end of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. Quite a large number of private travellers — such as Brun, Malzac, Rollet, Miani, and Werne — took advantage of the Egyptian advances to try to push up to the sources of the White Nile; but their advance to any important point was prevented, owing to the nature of the country, the martial character of the native tribes, the animosity excited by the Egyptians, and the unsettled state caused by slave-hunting which the Egyptians set in motion, and which extended far beyond the points which they themselves held. Captain Speke, in the last chapter of his "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," has given a graphic description of the brutal conduct of the Egyptians at their advanced posts in the upper Nile valley, and so has Colonel Grant. Something must be allowed to the martial and savage character of the negroes in that part of Africa; but Speke managed to pass through them, and so did Sir Samuel and Lady Baker afterwards; and it is chiefly owing to the Egyptians that this door into the lake region remained absolutely closed, and that it is even now again closed, notwithstanding all the humane efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and of Colonel Gordon, when in the employ of the khedive, to arrange that northern frontier. It is worthy of special notice, however, that the lake region was approached so closely from that quarter long ago, without being reached, and, indeed, without the lakes being even heard of except by Brun. The observations of these travellers may not have been always accurate; but there seems no reason to doubt that Herr Kloblecher, of the Gondokoro Mission, M. d'Arnaud, in the Egyptian employ, Werne, and Miani, got in this direction nearly to the third degree of north latitude, or about two hundred and twenty miles distant from the Victoria, and about ninety from the



Albert Nyanza, but they discovered nothing beyond the uninteresting points they attained. Speke, indeed, at the Geographical Society, spoke of them as having got within fifty miles of the lakes; but that is only a rough way of stating how nearly they approached to his own discoveries, and is evidently not intended to be a geographical statement of the distance.

The source of the Nile was destined to be reached from an entirely different quarter—from the then almost unknown east coast; but there, and also from the southward, a good deal of preparatory exploration went on before the commencement of the grand season of African travel. Especial notice in this respect is due to the work of Dr. Krapf, and his associates, the Rev. Messrs. Rebmann and Erhardt, of what has been called the Mombas Mission—a name which, for our general purpose, quite sufficiently indicates its locality. These reverend pioneers have hardly had sufficient justice done them by secular travellers: but there is no doubt that they did a good deal to prepare the way for the grand achievements which were to follow their humbler efforts, especially in preparing grammars and dictionaries of the African dialects; in learning the modes of travel and exchange; in proving personally that it was not impossible to advance into the interior some way from the coast; in discovering the snow mountains, Kenia and Kilimandjaro; in collecting a vast mass of information in regard to the interior; and in spreading amongst East Africans an idea of the white man, as just and humane, and very different from the Arab and half-caste slave-hunters. Commander Cameron found a knowledge of Kisahueli sufficient to take him across the African continent; but it was Dr. Krapf who reduced that language (besides several other African dialects) to grammar and dictionary; and we need not say how arduous such a task is, with a purely spoken language and the aid of savages only. Dr. Krapf established himself near Mombas, on the east coast, about four degrees south of the equator, so far back as 1844, and he and his associates made long journeys into the interior. Unfortunately, their geographical knowledge was not sufficient for original scientific observations, and their maps required not a little correction; but still they made a beginning, and, from native accounts, gave us information as to the existence of "Lake Uniamesi" or Tanganyika, which, however, they set down as of altogether gigantic proportions. Commander Cam-

eron has got great credit for his courage and the amount of physical sufferings he endured—though in these respects he cannot, and (we doubt not) would not himself, claim any superiority to the great African explorers; but Dr. Krapf had one experience, which was really more frightful than anything which Cameron or any of the other African travellers had to endure except M. Maizan. On his second journey to Ukumbani, he was attacked by robbers, lost all he had, was separated from his attendants and guides, and travelled homewards alone and unarmed for some days till he reached a friendly tribe, concealing himself during the day, walking by night and subsisting on such raw grain and fruits as he could stealthily pick up. Fancy a poor old German missionary doing this in a country not only occupied by wild savages, but intersected by muddy watercourses full of crocodiles and hippopotami, and covered with forests and thick jungle full of lions, rhinoceroses, elephants, wild buffaloes, leopards, and hyenas! This was really enough to have turned any man mad; but "praise and thanks be to God" was the excellent Dr. Krapf's response for this crowning mercy and manifestation of the divine favor; and he was particularly pleased to find that though his gun was broken so as to be useless for firing, yet the barrels of it could be turned into water-bottles by corking their muzzles "with bits of rag cut off my trousers," and that the water tasted delicious "in spite of the gunpowder flavor imparted to it by the barrels."

Mombas is the best port for starting for the snowy mountains of eastern Africa; but Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, is the point of departure for the lakes, and an attempt was made in 1845 to enter that then wholly unknown region, by M. Maizan, a young French naval officer, who had made great preparations for the journey. He only succeeded in penetrating three days' march from the coast, and met with a dreadful fate, being seized by an African chief Mazungera, tied up to a tree and disjointed, despite his groans and cries. Maizan had given no cause for this hideous barbarity, and he appears not even to have had arms about him when he was seized. The event was ascribed chiefly to the jealousy of the Arab traders, who worked upon the ignorance and superstitions of the Africans, and to the fact that the unfortunate Frenchman injudiciously carried articles with him such as a gilt knob to his tent-pole, which were supposed to be of enormous value. His

death was certainly not an encouragement to future travellers; but it was a most useful warning, and so went some way to secure the opening up of the lake regions. Especially it taught the necessity of conciliating the Arabs, and of the traveller always having a revolver handy. Reckless as the savage sometimes is of his own life, he will never attempt to seize a European who has a revolver in hand. African travel is sometimes thoughtlessly spoken of as if it were a very light and safe thing, which almost any one might undertake; but events such as this which befell M. Maizan point to a very different conclusion. In East Africa alone, since the death of Maizan, we have had the murder of Dr. Roscher, who made an independent discovery of Lake Nyassa nearly about the same time that Livingstone first visited it, and who was killed on his way back to the coast; the murder of Von der Decken and his companions, who had long been travelling in the country between the coast and the great snowy mountains; the murder of Mr. Thornton, the sportsman; the suicide of Dr. Dillon, Commander Cameron's companion, from the delirium of intolerable disease; the deaths of Dr. Livingstone and his nephew Mr. Moffat, from disease; the loss of about half-a-dozen members of the University Mission on the river Shiré; and the deaths, from whatever cause, of several Europeans who accompanied Mr. Stanley into Africa. Well might Colonel Chaillé Long speak of Africa's poisoned arrows and its poisoned air, and exclaim, when he started from Cairo as the chief of Colonel Gordon's staff, "Central Africa, with all its seductive fields of allurements to the adventurous, could not but be regarded as a bourne from which but few travellers returned,—a path of glory which led but to the grave," and by an extremely unpleasant route.

While these perilous and only partially successful attempts upon Central Africa were being made from the east coast, one of the greatest of African travellers was slowly advancing from the south, and preparing himself for his great work. In the employment of the London Missionary Society, Livingstone established himself, soon after his leaving England in 1840, in central southern Africa, about the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude, with general instructions from his society to pay special attention to the regions lying to the north. These instructions he acted upon fully, both in letter and in spirit. He had none of the brilliant dash or the prodigious

knowledge of some other explorers; but though he advanced slowly, he did so with marvellous persistence, ingratiating himself with the natives, and losing no opportunity of acquiring the scientific and other knowledge which is required in an explorative traveller. To the last this was Dr. Livingstone's style of travel; he always moved slowly, allowing his reputation to precede him, familiarizing himself with native customs, and creeping, as it were, from point to point. Cautiously pursuing this course, he in time achieved grand results; and probably no other African traveller (unless, perhaps, Mungo Park) ever so loved the uncomely and unfortunate people of the dark continent. It stands to their credit that they seem instinctively to have felt and appreciated this affection. No other great African traveller has gone over such an extent of ground with such slender means, with so little defence, and meeting with so little dangerous opposition. When provoked beyond endurance, he reminded himself that "our grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden:" but the only occasions on which he even threatened with his revolver were when, on one of his earlier journeys, a chief called Kanaka attempted to take one of his attendants as a slave; and when, on one of his last journeys, he witnessed a brutal massacre by Arab slaveholders of unoffending villagers including women and children. Yet his courage was of the highest order; and Mr. Stanley was led to conclude from his demeanor when they were threatened with an attack, that he had literally no fear.

Commander Cameron has mentioned that when he reached the west coast his health was drunk, "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west"—and this is literally true; but long before his day Livingstone had succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from west to east, which was quite as difficult an achievement. Starting from St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, a considerable way north from Benguella, where Cameron came out, Livingstone came out at the mouth of the Zambesi on the east coast, a considerable way farther south than Bagomayo, where Cameron went in. We shall afterwards point out where the lines of these two journeys intersect, and compare them with each other; but meanwhile it is well to note that, so far back as the years 1855-56, Livingstone did cross the African continent within the tropic of Capricorn; that at one point of his jour-

ney, far in the interior, he approached within a few degrees of the equator; and that his missionary travels and researches, which were published in 1857, threw a flood of light upon the whole interior of the continent of Africa. It is almost unnecessary to say that we do not refer to this matter in order to detract in the slightest from the great achievement of Commander Cameron; but only in order to point out what the great lines of African exploration have been, and what are really the achievements which will stand the test of time, and obtain such immortal honor as human civilization has it in its power to bestow.

It may thus be seen, to sum up generally, how our knowledge of Central Africa stood twenty years ago, when the great period of exploration began. The knowledge of the Greeks, the older Arabs, and the Hindus had been lost sight of. The unscientific journeys of the Portuguese traders had attracted no attention, and established no interesting or important facts. Explorations from the west coast had ceased. Barth had penetrated from the north to within twelve degrees of the equator, and established the existence of an immense fertile zone lying beyond the great desert of the Sahara. Explorations up the White Nile had nearly approached the lake region of Central Africa, but had entirely failed to reach it, or even to collect knowledge of its existence. Explorations, attended with great danger and difficulty, had begun on the east coast; and Livingstone had advanced far from the south, gaining much knowledge of the interior of Africa, which at the time was commonly supposed to be occupied by great deserts.

The great era of modern African travel commenced with the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa by Captain Richard Burton and Captain Hanning Speke. They started from the coast of Africa opposite Zanzibar, and discovered the great lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, the latter being more especially the discovery of Captain Speke, who made a solitary excursion to it, while his companion remained at Kazeh in Unyanyembe, collecting information and making preparations for their return journey. It was a great exploration, looking alike at the results gained and the tremendous difficulties in the way. As to the splendor of the results, we have only to remember that the head-waters of both the Nile and the Congo were discovered on this expedition, for it was on it that Speke first visited Lake

Victoria Nyanza; and notwithstanding Mr. Stanley's curious theory, there can be little doubt that Lake Tanganyika is the great head-water of the Congo, though Lake Bangweolo has also some claim to the distinction. We have already briefly indicated how great were the obstacles to entering Africa from the east coast — how speedy and dreadful was the fate of M. Maizan, who first attempted to penetrate the interior from Bagomayo; and, if time allowed, it might be easy to show how enormous was the force of the slave-holding, slave-hunting, commercial, and other interests opposed to any exploration of Africa from this quarter. And yet the most formidable source of opposition afforded the only possible highway from this, then the only feasible, direction into the heart of Africa. The sovereignty of Zanzibar was an offshoot from that of the imaum of Muscat; and the Arabs of Zanzibar knew about the great lakes, the paths to them, and the means of conveyance. Slave-dealers and slave-hunters as they all were, they were not all wholly corrupt, wholly vile. In the purer Arabs there was something left of the loftier feelings of the deserts of Arabia — of that now almost lost influence which contested with Charles Martel the battle of Tours, and enlightened the thick ecclesiastical gloom of the early Middle Ages of Europe with some knowledge of the elements of physical science.

At the time we write of there was only one European who could have turned this Arab element to account in breaking through what, at that time, appeared to be the impenetrable shell of Central Africa. This was Captain Richard Burton, who had not only wandered frequently in Sind in native disguise, but had even visited Medineh and Mecca, the sacred cities of Mohammedanism, disguised as a native-born Oriental Islamite, and was thoroughly acquainted with the language, character, and customs of the Arabs, besides possessing a quite exceptional capacity for acquiring languages, and, as Mr. Winwood Reade has remarked, an unusual combination of a most powerful brain and body. Commander Cameron — who, even at this day, had such painful experience of the route to Tanganyika, on which he lost two of his European companions, and nearly perished himself — has said that Burton's "Lake Regions of Central Africa" is "a work which, for minuteness of detail, must ever stand foremost among books of descriptive geography;" and Mr. Stanley well speaks of him as "the

illustrious Burton." Captain Burton has the merit of having seen that Central Africa could be best approached from the east coast, and of accomplishing that, with Speke's aid, in spite of most formidable difficulties.

But the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa was not the only result of Burton's expedition of 1857-59. He has, unquestionably, the glory of having discovered the lake region, in so far as it was a discovery of modern times, and not a mere re-echo of ancient knowledge, and of the unscientific travels of Arab and Portuguese slave-hunters; just as Speke has the glory of being the modern discoverer of the source of the Nile. The Egyptian expeditions, and the efforts of private travellers up the Nile valley, had entirely failed to reach this lake region, or even to bring word of it. Dr. Livingstone did not discover Lake Nyassa until the end of 1858; and Dr. Roscher, who had proceeded almost directly to it from the east coast, discovered it a little after. The Mombas missionaries got extremely vague accounts of the lake region; but they did not even approach it, being cut off from it, even at their furthest points of exploration (which were not very far in the interior) by great snowy mountains.

Speke's journey in 1858 from Kazeh to Lake Victoria Nyanza, opened up an entirely new district of Africa, and, succeeded as it was by his longer exploration in company with Captain, now Colonel, Grant, finally resolved the problem of the sources of the Nile. On reaching this new lake, it flashed upon him, almost by inspiration, that he had reached the great source of the Nile; but the inspiration was that of a geographer and traveller who understood the country over which he had passed, and saw that he was on a new watershed. The mere journey itself proved that he possessed explorative powers of the highest order, and that, though deficient in some respects, he was able, like Dryden's Alexander, to conquer men if not their languages. His powers in these respects were displayed in a still more splendid manner, when, in his great journey of 1860-61-63, in company with Grant, he returned to Lake Victoria Nyanza, travelled round its western shore, saw the White Nile issuing from its northern extremity, learned of the existence of Lake Albert Nyanza under the name of the Luta Nsige, and pursued the valley of the Nile until he triumphantly emerged at Gondokoro, after having passed through a vast extent of new country, and man-

aged to deal with some of the most powerful and dangerous princes to be found in all Africa. Indeed, had Speke not possessed the most extraordinary powers for dealing with savages and managing his attendants, he could never have made that great journey; and though he was far from being good at expressing his reasons for the faith that was in him, he had an immense power of forming right conclusions; and, in this case, these conclusions have all been firmly established by later exploration. Victoria Nyanza is one immense lake, and not a series of small lakes and overflowed swamps, as at one time there was some reason to suspect. Mr. Stanley's extensive voyages upon Victoria Nyanza have set that question at rest, though it is true there are separate small lakes in its immediate vicinity. Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir, the head-water, of the Nile, though the river from it enters the northern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, which Speke first in a manner discovered, and which Baker first visited, and though the small lake Alexandra, which Mr. Stanley claims to have discovered, is a feeder of the great Victoria. There is now no manner of doubt that Lake Victoria Nyanza is an enormous lake, the largest in Africa, and the great source and head-water of the Nile; but, as regards Speke, that is only the verification of a special great discovery, and proof of his truthfulness as a traveller and of his wonderful geographical judgment and instinct. Even had it turned out otherwise, if Tanganyika or Bangweolo had turned out to be the head-water of the Nile, Captain Speke would still have had the great glory of having been the first to pass from East Africa near the equator to the sources of the Nile, and from thence down its valley into Egypt, or from the southern to the northern hemisphere within the watershed of the Nile. We could not desire all the great African travellers to be exactly like one another, and in order that they should differ, it is necessarily implied that the one should have powers and advantages which the other does not possess, or, to put it otherwise, that the one shall have defects which the other has not. The discoverer of the source of the Nile was very different from his great compeers; he had greater dash and simple direct power than any of them: and no finer proof can be found of the impression which he made in Central Africa, than the fact that every one who has since gone up to Lake Victoria Nyanza — Baker,

Linant, Long, and Stanley—has been welcomed by the savage chiefs on the ground of being "Specky's brother."

In his discovery of the source of the Nile, Speke had a most able coadjutor in Captain James Augustus Grant, an Indian officer of genuine and unpretentious character, but singularly well fitted for the work of exploration which devolved upon him. His reputation, in that respect, may not have had full justice done to it by a portion of the public, owing to the generous manner in which he has kept himself in the background, giving Speke all the praise of having discovered the source of the Nile; but his own share in the enterprise was no small one. During a large portion of this arduous journey he was separated from his companion, having to bring up a separate portion of the expedition, being laid up by severe illness, or being sent on in front while Speke made a detour. Even when entirely lame he managed to push on alone, and showed great tact in managing the savage and greedy chiefs with whom he had to deal. His "Walk across Africa," in which he has recorded his personal experiences of this great journey, is a most interesting volume, full of information as to the new and strange people whose countries he traversed; and as to the botany and meteorology of these countries it is especially valuable, giving us an intelligible account of the products of Central Africa, and the modes of living of the people. In that respect he is superior to every other African traveller. In reading his unpretending but most valuable pages, we are enabled really to understand the life of the people whom he describes, the character of their country, and the conditions of their existence.

The great supplement to Captain Speke's discoveries was afforded by Sir Samuel Baker, who, along with his heroic wife, in 1863 moved up the Upper Nile route which Speke had just descended, though not altogether on the same line; passed safely through the territories of several savage chiefs; struck the great lake Luta Nsige, which he named Albert Nyanza; coasted along it for sixty miles, and discovered that the Nile issuing from Victoria Nyanza falls into it, close to its northern extremity, and issues out of it towards the north. This was a great gain to African geography, and explained some curious matters which Speke did not see his way to understand, but upon which he was careful to avoid premature theorizing. Baker's journey was also very interesting

as proving that, under certain protecting conditions, even a European lady might penetrate into the centre of Africa. His succeeding journeys, when he was made a pasha, and appointed governor of the Upper Nile province of Egypt, have added little to our geographical knowledge of Africa, though a good deal to our ethnological. They have aided in dispelling some illusions both as to the exalted character of the savage negro and as to the real meaning and effects of the philanthropic efforts of the Egyptian government to occupy and civilize new provinces. Some discredit and great distrust were brought upon Sir Samuel Baker by his doings as an Egyptian pasha; but the apparently similar results of Colonel Gordon's pashaship show that the blame rests not so much directly upon the man as upon the position in which the man places himself.

Meanwhile, Livingstone had not been idle. The account of his travels, published in 1857, had brought him so much repute in England, that in 1858 he returned to the Zambesi as her Majesty's consul to the Portuguese province there. Ample funds had been placed at his disposal for further exploration, a river steamboat, and European associates. In this way Livingstone did not distinguish himself so much as he had done before, and did afterwards, as a solitary traveller. Perhaps he expected too much from his companions, who could hardly be expected to equal him in explorative and African enthusiasm; perhaps they were not well selected for the particular purpose. But in the end of 1858 the veteran traveller, striking to the north of the Zambesi, discovered the minor lake Shirwa, and from that proceeded a few miles farther north to the great lake Nyassa, which had not been visited except by Portuguese traders. As we have mentioned, Dr. Roscher, a German *savant* who had for some time been working away as an explorer in East Africa, made an independent discovery of Nyassa very shortly after this, starting from the coast nearly opposite Zanzibar, thus pursuing a very difficult and dangerous course; but, unfortunately, he was murdered on his return journey, and the narrative of his exploration has been almost entirely lost. Colonel Grant, before starting on his great journey, had the satisfaction of witnessing, and almost directing, the execution of two of Roscher's murderers.

These discoveries of Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone completed, speak-

ing generally, our knowledge of the great African lakes which drain into the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. They had also disclosed the existence of Lake Tanganyika, which, there is every probability, is the head-water of the Congo, which drains into the Atlantic, and is part of a lacustrine region that lies between the watersheds of the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, and which, considering where its outlet is, lies wonderfully close to the east coast of Africa. There remained to be accomplished the further examination of this central lake region, which has since been achieved by Dr. Livingstone and Commander Cameron.

The interest thus excited in Africa led to some small explorations on the west coast, interesting enough in themselves, but of no great importance, and throwing little or no light on the interior of the continent. M. Paul du Chaillu examined regions not far from the coast, between the equator and the Congo, which were chiefly remarkable as being the habitat of the gorilla, which was supposed at one time to supply the missing link between man and the monkey. Captain Burton availed himself of his position as British consul at Fernando Po, to run over the whole west coast of Africa, touching off its peculiarities, and those of its people, in various books, with his extraordinary knowledge, and in his usual sardonic manner. He explored the Cameroons Mountain, went to Abeokuta, was commissioner to Dahomey, visited the gorilla country, ascended the Congo up to the Yellala Falls, and gathered an immense mass of interesting information in regard to West Africa, but seems to have made no attempt to attack the interior of the continent from that side. Mr. Winwood Reade, also, paid two visits to western Africa, and presented the English public with many very curious facts and graphic descriptions. Sir Garnet Wolseley's little war, and advance upon Coomassie, also did something to direct attention to that part of the world. The advance, however, in regard to West Africa, was not so much in the way of new exploration as in that of bringing the skill of trained observers and accomplished *littérateurs* to bear on the fauna of the country, including the aboriginal negro. Hitherto it can hardly be said that the centre of Africa has been reached from the portion of the west coast most contiguous to it. There has been no exploration to speak of from that line, so great are the difficulties, and chiefly the climatic difficulties, though it

is evident that the most formidable of these latter extend only a short way inland. It is only south of the Congo that we come upon a coast-land which does not present almost impenetrable forests and a deadly miasma. Livingstone and the Portuguese who entered, or rather approached, Central Africa from the west coast, had always to avoid the climatic, though not the geographic, tropical region, until they got far inland upon the elevated central plateau.

In pointing out what had now been achieved, we have rather anticipated not so much actual results as the verification of these results. There still remained a reasonable doubt as to whether Tanganyika might not be the head source of the Nile; as to whether, on the contrary, it drained into Lake Nyassa; as to whether it drained anywhere at all; and, in general, as to the whole water-system of Central Africa. In order to solve these problems and continue his great system (for such it might be called) Dr. Livingstone again entered Africa, and this time alone, in 1866. His funds were rather inadequate for his purpose, and would have been wholly inadequate but for £1000 which were subscribed for him, at the last moment, by the citizens of Bombay, from which place he proceeded to the east coast of Africa. From this — his last and grandest exploration, which extended over nearly seven years — Dr. Livingstone was fated never to return; but it was a splendid achievement, and promises eventually to be of incalculable importance to Africa.

Dr. Livingstone started by a new route for Lake Nyassa, leaving the east coast a little north of the mouth of the Rovuma River, and about the tenth parallel of south latitude; and he desired to have at once struck the north end of Lake Nyassa; but the state of the country, desolated by slave-hunting carried on under the indirect (though, no doubt, as regards the home government, the unconscious) support of Portuguese authority, found him drawn towards the south, and compelled him to turn on his old tracks and go round the south end of Nyassa. This was a great disappointment to him; but it led him into regions where his explorative powers could be turned to better account than if he had at once struck the north end of Nyassa, turned immediately on Tanganyika, and followed out his intense desire of examining the sources of the Nile, which had already been determined sufficiently for all immediate purposes. The result of this detour was that Livingstone struck upon



Lake Bangweolo, or Bemba, the river Luabala, and the great lacustrine region which lies to the west of Tanganyika, and along with that lake constitute the head-waters of the Congo—the great highway into the centre of Africa. We need say little about the further journeyings of this great traveller, of the vast extent of unknown regions which he explored, of the uncertainty which for so long hung over his fate, of his relief by Mr. Stanley when his fortunes were at the lowest, and when, supposing himself to have been forgotten and forsaken by the civilized world, he seems to have quietly made up his mind to sit still and die in Ujiji. What a wonderful lifting of the clouds, what a wonderful change in the dreary, sad outlook it must have been, when Mr. Stanley burst in upon him with news that he was still valued, still cared for, and that American enterprise had come to aid and encourage him! On this occasion even the fighting reporter becomes pious, recognizes the hand of an overruling Providence, and almost rivals the simple Suabian theology of Dr. Krapf.

A hundred chances might have prevented Mr. Stanley from meeting Dr. Livingstone: he had no idea where Livingstone was until he almost stumbled upon him; he went straight on blindly, merely following (with certain necessary detours) the route, which had been twice traversed before, from the coast to Lake Tanganyika; yet he went direct to his aim like an arrow from its bow, which, however, was only an incidental achievement, and is hardly a warrant for his wandering about Africa for unnumbered years, groping into the creeks of lakes and civilizing the negroes by means of explosive shells.

While we can sympathize with Livingstone when he was relieved by Mr. Stanley, and with Stanley when he relieved Livingstone, we cannot but feel regret that the great, calm, unpretending African traveller did not, in his last days, know the full value of his explorations. Livingstone had not even the consolation of Moses of seeing the promised land toward which he had wandered and endured for thirty years. In these his last explorations the idea occupied his mind that he was discovering the ultimate sources of the Nile, the Fountains of Herodotus, and, in general, something new and decisive in regard to the old "father of floods." It will be in the recollection of all how painful to him was the suspicion that he might be really working at the sources of the Congo, and not at those of "the glorious old Nile;" and the homely way in which he

expressed his dislike at the idea of running the risk of becoming "black man's meat" for anything less, geographically speaking, than the sources of the Nile. It was, no doubt, one of those illusions which keep men up to their work, and so was one of those tricks of nature which Schopenhauer has so severely stigmatized; but it was hardly to be expected in so good and sensible a man. However, there it was; and in the painful state of uncertainty which thus arose Livingstone died, on the southern shore of his own lake, Bangweolo, his last thoughts and prayers being for the dark continent which he so much loved. What a consolation would it have been for him had he perceived that his discovery of the sources of the Congo was really a far more important matter than anything he could have done in regard to the sources of the Nile, and was the commencement of opening up a highway for civilization into the heart of Africa!

While Livingstone was thus completing his great life-work, another intrepid explorer was working towards the sources of the Congo, and visiting an entirely new region of Africa. Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, the German botanist, supported by the Berlin "Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels," turned his attention to the equatorial districts traversed by the western affluents of the Upper Nile. Werne and others had done something in that direction; but Schweinfurth, in his expedition of 1868-70, advanced far beyond these travellers, and entered upon what, in every sense, was entirely virgin ground. Keeping always to the westward of the Nile, and advancing beyond the watershed of its tributaries to rivers which either join the Congo or drain into Lake Tchad, he got to a parallel of latitude nearly corresponding with the northern end of Lake Albert Nyanza. He was well entitled to call the record of his travels "The Heart of Africa," because he really reached the heart of the African continent as no one has done either before or since. In the before unknown kingdom of Monbuttoo, which was his farthest point of exploration, Schweinfurth was to the west of the great lake system of Central Africa, and thus advanced into that vast unknown region which lies directly between it and the west coast. He was fortunate in hitting upon a region and a time when he had the aid of Egyptian traders suiting themselves to the necessities and wants of African chiefs, without everything having been thrown into confusion by the conquering ambition of the Egyptian government on

the one hand, and its attempt, on the other, to meet the European demand for putting down the slave-trade. Something, also, may be granted to Dr. Schweinfurth's reputation as a botanist, which was a particularly harmless one, and was very gratifying to the *quidnuncs* of that portion of Africa who are not less bent than the similar class of men in civilized countries to find a satisfactory explanation of anything which appears to them extraordinary. Dr. Schweinfurth's habit of going into the jungle, examining leaves, and pulling up plants, while his negro attendants took every opportunity of having a sleep, was very naturally explained by the supposition (as he had come from vegetationless regions, of which the negroes had some idea from the few of their number who had seen the sandy deserts of Nubia) that he was an enormous and abnormal "eater of leaves." The Niam-Niam, and the strange Negro-Semitic people of Monbuttoo, could quite sympathize with this weakness. They themselves were cannibals, and were quite conscious that their weakness in that respect was looked upon with a pardonable disgust by the Egyptian traders, by the Nubian soldiers, and by some surrounding tribes accompanying these traders. Even Munza, the aristocratic and really self-contained king of Monbuttoo, who, according to rumor, required a young child every day to supply him with tender food, acknowledged that he kept anthropophagism in the background when he was visited by Dr. Schweinfurth. Colonel Long also mentions that, when he made a later visit to the Niam-Niam, which Schweinfurth passed through on his way to Monbuttoo, his Niam-Niam auxiliaries, after a battle with an opposing tribe, had the delicacy to encamp some distance off in order to carry out their culinary operations. It may thus be understood how Dr. Schweinfurth's supposed weakness for the vegetable kingdom was quite a passport of protection for him. It was an abnormal appetite to be sympathized with; and probably was largely availed of by all his attendants for his protection and for their own.

Though they are cannibals, like the Fans of the west coast, whom they greatly resemble, the Niam-Niam and the people of Monbuttoo appear to be out of sight of the most civilized and humane of the primitive savage tribes of Africa; and this goes to support the idea that cannibalism, like slavery, is one of the means which lead up to civilization. It can easily be understood how anthropophagism may

give an exceptional advantage to a savage or semi-savage tribe, by increasing the supply of cheap food and by decreasing the number of unproductive people. It is interesting to notice that among the Niam-Niam and Monbuttoos, human fat seems to occupy a place very similar to that which *Gänsefett* does in German cookery; and that persons who find themselves getting corpulent in that region become uneasy and alarmed for their own safety, which must be a very powerful incentive to keeping up muscular vigor with consequent health and strength. This is very horrible to contemplate: but modern scientific observation has to do with facts, not fictions; and there are many things much more revolting and much more dreadful involved in the basis and conditions of sentient existence in so far as we are acquainted with it.

Geographically, Dr. Schweinfurth did not determine the most important problem which he had to deal with — namely, whether the rivers he came across drained into the Congo or into Lake Tchad. One of them at least, supposed to be the Welle, was a very large stream. It flowed westward, and, there could be little doubt, took its rise in the Blue Mountains, rising to the west of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. In his explorations, Dr. Schweinfurth approached Barth's explorations from the north-west; and though his book is interesting, it is, unfortunately, rather heavy, confused, not very well put together, far too long, and is wanting in that subordination of particulars to generals which even the ordinary German scientific mind is usually so well able to supply.

We may now turn to the explorations in the lake regions which have been lately made from the Nile valley by Colonel Gordon's officers, in the employ of the khedive of Egypt. In 1874, Colonel Chaillé Long, the chief of Gordon's staff, advanced from Gondokoro to Lake Victoria Nyanza, paying a visit to King Mtesa, whom Speke first introduced to the civilized world. Colonel Long suffered much from climate, as well as from the savage opposition of native tribes, and he writes of the country and of its people in the most condemnatory manner; but he does not seem to have had a sufficient *entourage*, and he too pointedly brings out the moral that Central Africa is a place fitted only for native Egyptian troops. On by far the greater part of his short excursion Dr. Schweinfurth enjoyed perfect health, and Speke and Grant did not find the rainy climate of the lake regions to be at



all so bad as it has been represented by Colonel Long. The contributions to geography afforded by the latter traveller are, that he personally determined a very small portion of the Nile's course between the great lakes and Gondokoro — the portion between Urondogani and Mrooli — which neither Speke nor Baker had gone over; and that he discovered, on that line, an insignificant body of water, about twenty miles long, which he has called Lake Ibrahim, which is about north latitude  $1^{\circ} 30m.$ , and which, he seems to think, gives him a claim to be considered one of the discoverers of the Nile sources. He claims to have been the first explorer of the whole portion of the Nile between Urondogani and Kamma Falls; but Speke had gone over the part between Mrooli and the Falls. Colonel Long also made an excursion to the west of the Nile into the country of the Niam-Niam; but he has added little to the information which Schweinfurth had given us before in regard to these (for Africa) really refined cannibals. The most extraordinary thing about his expedition is, that in summing up his results he claims as one of them ("Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People," p. 306) that "M'Tsé (Mtesa), king of Uganda, had been visited, and the proud African monarch made a willing subject; and his country, rich in ivory, and populous, created the southern limit of Egypt." But when we turn to his account of his interviews with the king we find nothing whatever to justify such a conclusion, but something quite the contrary. He says nothing whatever of having broached the subject of submission to Egypt to King Mtesa; and the probability is, that had he done so he would have been immediately beheaded. According even to his own account, the speech he made (in Arabic) to Mtesa (p. 106) was as follows: "O M'Tsé, great king of Africa, I have come in the name of the great sultan at Cairo to present you his gracious salutations. The world has heard of a great African king, and my august sovereign, in sending me to him, wishes me thus to express his kindly friendship and interest for one for whom he wishes only continued health and greatness." This is quite incompatible with the assumption of having added this particular king to the list of Egyptian tributaries; and it is absurd to suppose that a powerful and proud African potentate, who had never bowed to a superior, would consent to, or for a moment entertain, such a proposal, made by a half-dead Egyptian officer, accompanied by a couple

of soldiers. Yet it is noticeable that for this achievement the khedive paid Colonel Long the most flattering compliments, and gave him promotion and decorations.

Another expedition to Lake Victoria Nyanza was made in 1875 by M. Ernest Linant, also one of Gordon's officers, who met Mr. Stanley at the court of Mtesa, and brought back letters from that traveller; but he does not seem himself to have obtained any new geographical results, and on his return he was massacred, along with thirty-six soldiers, actually within sight of Colonel Gordon's headquarters, and new capital of the province, at Bedden, only fifteen miles distant from Gondokoro, which does not say much for the progress which had then been made in pacifying the country. After punishing the tribe guilty of this act, Colonel Gordon himself advanced as far as Mrooli, and attacked the chief Keba Rega, who had always shown himself hostile to the Egyptians. The result of this was that — as officially stated by Cherif Pasha, the Egyptian foreign minister — a rival of Keba Rega "*a été appelé à lui succéder comme représentant du gouvernement du khédive.*" Keba Rega is better known as Kamrasi, who behaved so badly to Speke, and wanted Lady Baker to be left with him; so it is gratifying to learn that he has at last been cast out on the cold world: but this does not justify the assumption that Mtesa is a vassal, and that the whole lake region has been annexed by a power itself tributary, insolvent, which manages its old territory so ill, and which uses one or two high-class Englishmen, such as Baker and Gordon, as mere warming-pans for itself and its negroid officers. Military posts have also been established by Colonel Gordon (though apparently not personally) at Urondogani, at a spot not far from the Ripon Falls and Lake Victoria Nyanza, and at Makungo, on the shore of Lake Albert Nyanza, near the mouth of the Somerset River. Certainly Colonel Gordon has not been idle; and Cherif Pasha, in his summing up of the results which Gordon has achieved, goes on to make the following remarkable statement: "*Ainsi est accomplie l'annexion à l'Égypte de tous les territoires sis autour des grands lacs Victoria et Albert, qui, avec leur affluents et le fleuve Somerset, ouvrent à la navigation un vaste champ d'explorations que Gordon Pasha prépare jusqu'à présent.*" This is one of the most gigantic annexations on record, even though the most of it as yet has been done only by stroke of pen. If some nations

are now afraid to annex the smallest portion of territory, it is evident that some other nations can still do huge conveyances of that kind. Colonel Gordon has left that portion of "Egyptian" territory, and, so far as we are aware, there are no Englishmen now employed by Egypt in and near that African lake region which Englishmen have discovered, and which, it would even seem, Englishmen have conquered. The Romans were advised not to attempt the Ethiopic portion of the Nile valley, and they drew back from the enterprise: but it has been undertaken in our day by "the great sultan at Cairo."

Signor Gessi, another of Gordon's agents, succeeded last year in achieving a performance of the same kind in regard to Albert Nyanza. He got up to that lake with a small steamer and two iron life-boats, and established a so-called military station at Makungo, as we have already mentioned. On this occasion, according to Colonel Gordon's telegram to the Geographical Society, they hoisted the Egyptian flag "on the banks of Lake Albert, in the presence of the officers, soldiers, and natives; and all the assemblage prayed for long life and continued victory for his Highness the Khedive, and the princes his sons, *and all those regions and their inhabitants came under the rule of the khedival government.*" This style of announcement is quite Scriptural in its brevity, reminding one of the dealings of Israel with the Canaanites; and there is a fine largeness of grasp in the phrase "all those regions and their inhabitants."

Signor Gessi, however, did something for geography in this region which he so summarily annexed. He managed, in his iron life-boats (we do not hear anything about the steamer), to reach the northern end of Albert Nyanza, and determined it to be a lake one hundred and ninety miles in length, with an average breadth of fifty miles, but was not able to make an entire circuit of the shore. At the south end the water is very shallow, and the lake is succeeded by great forests. On the west there are high mountains and great forests, presenting almost impenetrable obstacles to travellers. On the east a river empties itself into the lake; but its current is so strong that navigation of it would be dangerous. There is not much new information here; but Baker's accounts are confirmed as well as a little added to, and it is interesting to notice that, as Colonel Gordon remarks, "Speke, from native report, put Lake Albert in nearly the same position, and about the

same size, as Gessi found it." The rapid river coming from the east is rather a curious phenomenon, for it cannot be the Somerset Nile which is referred to.

We must not altogether pass over the independent travels, for they can hardly as yet be called fresh explorations, of Mr. Henry Stanley. That gentleman's discovery of Livingstone brought him so much *éclat* with a large portion of the public that he was sent back into Central Africa, supported by the combined funds of a New York and a London newspaper. He was thus enabled to take an English-built boat from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, and he made a detailed survey of that lake, fully supporting Speke's estimate of its magnitude and importance. M. Linant met him at the court of Mtesa, in Uganda, where he was very well received by that king, whom he claims to have half converted to Christianity. Mr. Stanley's own Christianity appears to be of a rather martial order. On his journey to Lake Victoria, and when navigating that great inland sea, he had many severe conflicts with the natives, killing and wounding great numbers of them by aid of our modern firearms. Even according to his own showing (and he is not likely to be an unfavorable reporter of his own conduct) he exercised quite unnecessary severity in dealing with the people of the country, and has done almost as much as the Egyptians to make the neighborhood of Victoria Nyanza most dangerous for future travellers.

Mr. Stanley, like Colonel Long with Lake Ibrahim, also claims to be a discoverer of the sources of the Nile. He has discovered an "Alexandra Nile," and a small lake on a higher level than the great Victoria Nyanza, which smaller body of water he proposes to call Lake Alexandra, in honor of the Princess of Wales. We know about the Blue Nile and the White Nile, and even the Somerset Nile and the Giraffe Nile may be allowed to pass; but the line must be drawn somewhere, otherwise we shall have as many Niles as there are streams running into the Nyanza lakes. This "Alexandra Nile" was crossed by Speke and Grant when they were journeying round Lake Victoria, and they call it the Kitangule; but it did not seem to strike them as a very important though a noticeable river. Mr. Stanley does not appear even to have reached this new lake; and it is from native information and "the lie of the country" that he sets it down in his rough map, which was received in this country a

few weeks ago, as about forty miles long and thirty in breadth. This is far too sensational geography, and the name of the Kitangule river and lake had better be retained, after the example of the first discoverers of the river.

It was expected that, after his examination of the above-mentioned lake, Mr. Stanley, who was at Mtesa's in 1875, would have taken his boat over to the Albert Nyanza and explored that partially unknown lake. This was clearly the most interesting field of exploration before him, and it was even said that he was going to push his perilous way from that latter lake into the unknown regions lying to the west of it, to determine the course of the Congo, and to emerge triumphantly at the west coast. Instead of doing so, however, Mr. Stanley, for reasons which do not appear, returned to his old friend, Lake Tanganyika, which he had already partially navigated in company with Dr. Livingstone, and which is already better known to us than any of the other great African lakes, thanks to the explorations of Burton and Speke, Livingstone and Commander Cameron. Here the bold navigator, from his letters just received, claims to have made another great discovery, and one even more wonderful than that of Lake Alexandra; but we shall deal with that in connection with Commander Cameron's discoveries.

Leaving Mr. Stanley to continue his travels, and just noticing the ascent, in 1871, by the Rev. Mr. New of the Mombas Mission, of the great mountain Kilimandjaro, which had before been reached (though not ascended to the snow-line) by Baron von der Decken, we now come to the last great African exploration—that of Commander Cameron. This great journey has been fully described in Cameron's work which has just been published, entitled "Across Africa;" and, alike from the extent, danger, and novelty of the journey and the results achieved, it gives him a place among the greater African explorers, such as Bruce, Park, Barth, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone.

The circumstances in which Commander Cameron started were peculiar, and must be in the remembrance of many readers. The first Livingstone Search Expedition from England was sent out in 1872 under the command of Lieutenant Dawson, and proved a great disappointment; for, ere it had well started from the east coast of Africa, Mr. Stanley met it with the news that he had already seen and relieved Dr. Livingstone; and owing

to some misrepresentation of Livingstone's wishes, or some misconception of them, Lieutenant Dawson withdrew from any attempt to carry out the object of the expedition, and his example was afterwards followed by its succeeding leaders, Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New. This was extremely unfortunate and provoking, because Dr. Livingstone continued to be in need of aid, as his failing health, and his death soon after, abundantly proved; and because the expedition had been fitted out in a very thorough manner at great expense. To repair this *fiasco* a second expedition was despatched from London in the end of 1872, under Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Navy, who was a novice in inland African travel, but who had acclimatized himself by three years of surveying work on the east coast of Africa, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Kisahueli language, which, of all the African dialects, is the most useful to the traveller moving to the centre of the continent from the east coast, and which Livingstone had found of essential service almost wherever he went. Cameron was accompanied from the outset by an old friend, Dr. W. E. Dillon, R. N.; and he was afterwards joined, as volunteers, by Lieutenant Murphy, R. N., and Mr. Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone, who had sold off his inheritance in Natal, and intended to devote all he possessed to the assistance of his great relative.

Starting from Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, on the usual route for Lake Tanganyika, this expedition met with even more than the usual difficulties and climatic dangers, and soon was deprived of three out of its four Englishmen. Poor Moffat died of fever close to the coast, almost at the same time as his uncle expired by Lake Bangweolo. The expenses of the route were found to have so greatly increased beyond what they were when Burton and Speke first traversed it, that Cameron could get only twenty natives for a *doti* where Burton got sixty-four. Lieutenant Cameron had the advantage of having with him the experienced "Bombay," a Seedy who had been in responsible positions on all the three preceding expeditions into the lake region from the east coast; but we are sorry to observe that this distinguished traveller had not improved with years and renown. Burton had given him the highest character for honesty, even saying in his sardonic way, of a distinguished British officer and consul, that "Bombay's honest black face appeared beautiful by comparison." Speke

and Grant found him very useful on their great journey, and bestowed on him high praise, though they also pointed out his defects; but Stanley suffered some loss from relying on his trustworthiness, and Cameron found him all but useless, and was much provoked by his indifference and insolence. Something of the same falling off is often visible in Alpine guides, English butlers, and many other classes of people who are not negroes; nor is it only in Africa that the not unreasonable idea prevails that when a man becomes unfit for the work which has gained his reputation, his experience and past labors should elevate him into an easier position.

On reaching his first great stage in Unyanyembe, about four hundred and fifty miles from the coast, Lieutenant Cameron was most kindly received by Said ibn Salim, the governor of the Arab settlement, who had accompanied Burton, and Speke and Grant, on a portion of their journeys, and who, we are glad to learn, "cherished an affectionate memory for his former masters, and was very kind to us for their sakes; not only lending the house, but giving us a supply of milk morning and evening, and constantly sending presents of fowls, eggs, and goats." In this unhealthy place they were detained for several months, owing to the difficulty of obtaining porters, and from the direct route to Ujiji being closed by Mirambo, a native chief, who had formerly been a great friend of the Arab traders, and had shown much generosity in giving them credit when in difficulties, but had been turned into a bitter enemy by their repudiation of their engagements. Commander Cameron writes of this chief as if he were a new phenomenon; but Mr. Stanley had before described the position of Mirambo, and the unsettled state into which he had thrown the country. By aiding the Arabs in fighting Mirambo, Stanley committed a great and uncalled-for mistake. It identified white travellers with Arab crimes. The Arabs, or half-castes, whom he joined for this purpose, deserted him at a critical moment, occasioned the death of some of his people, and nearly caused him to lose his own life.

The sufferings endured by all the members of the expedition in this region show that previous accounts of the effects of its fever were not at all exaggerated; and they had also the misery of being nearly blinded by ophthalmia. When in this wretched condition, a letter arrived from Livingstone's servant, Jacob Wainwright, announcing the doctor's death, and that

he and Chumah and Susi were close at hand with the dead body. A few days after the body arrived, and it remained to be determined what was to be done with the expedition. Lieutenant Murphy resigned his position, and announced his determination of returning to the east coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was completed. Dillon was desirous to go on; but he was so ill that he also resolved to return. Cameron at this time was nearly blind with ophthalmia, almost unable to walk from pains in his back; and fever, which was still hanging about him, had reduced him to a skeleton, and to a weight little over seven stone. Nevertheless, in these desperate circumstances, he determined to go on, in order to secure a box of books which Livingstone had left at Ujiji and had referred to anxiously with his dying breath, and also to follow up the great traveller's explorations. It was a heroic determination, and was justified by the splendid result. He had a terrible warning immediately after starting; but even that did not deter him. He had only started when he learned that Dillon had destroyed himself; and he made the next march in an almost unconscious state. Strong must have been the internal impulse which drove him across Africa.

For the next two years Cameron was alone, so far as Europeans were concerned, and for the most part upon entirely new ground. On reaching Tanganyika he set to work to sail round that mysterious lake, and did so round its larger half — that is to say, from Ujiji, on its east coast and on the fifth parallel of south latitude, to the southern end of the lake, and up the west coast to a point not far from opposite Ujiji. Burton and Speke had left that portion of the lake almost unexamined, and Livingstone had gone round the greater portion of it, but chiefly by land, so that Cameron's was really the first survey of the larger part of the lake upon the lake itself.

Of much interesting information which Cameron gathered in regard to Tanganyika, we shall only refer to his discovery of its outlet. This question as to an outlet had caused a great deal of curious surmise. When Burton and Speke visited its northern end they came to the conclusion that the river Lusize was an affluent, but they could not sufficiently determine the point; and afterwards Burton inclined to the opinion that it was an effluent, and connected Tanganyika with the Nile. That idea was disproved by the examina-

tion of the Rusize in 1871; but then Livingstone found that the streams ran into it at the south end also, so that it had no connection with Lake Nyanza. No stream, it was well known, issued from its eastern side, towards the Indian Ocean; and Livingstone sought, entirely without success, to find any effluent on its western side. Hence he inclined to the opinion that there must be a subterranean outlet for this immense lake, connecting it with the Lualaba River and series of lakes, which he believed to be the headquarters of the Nile, but which there is now scarcely a doubt are those of the Congo. It is no wonder Livingstone came to this conclusion about a subterranean outlet; and it is still far from improbable that there may be such an outlet among its limestone rocks, notwithstanding Cameron's discovery and Mr. Stanley's ingenious but absurd supposition that Tanganyika is a lake which has not yet got filled up. Livingstone's objection to the notion that this lake has no outlet is, that if such a body of deep water were relieved only by evaporation, the deposit of saline matter in it would long since have made it a salt lake — there being no other instance in the world of a large, deep, fresh-water lake without an outlet, and there is a great deal of saline matter in the country round it. Lake Tchad indeed, there is reason to believe, has no outlet, and it is fresh water; but then it is not so much a deep-water lake as an immense shallow lagoon, held within bounds by the surface which it exposes to evaporation, and kept fresh by the absorption of the ground, which is a kind of outlet. In the extremely salt Dead Sea, it is worthy of notice that the amount of river-water poured into it is extremely small. But whether a subterranean outlet exists or not, Livingstone detected the part of the coast where there might be a subterranean exit in Tanganyika. Commander Cameron saw that there was a break in the mountains of the western shore where such an outlet was likely to be, and, from such examination as he was able to bestow upon it, came to the conclusion that the Lukuga River was that outlet. Livingstone had noticed the same break, and had suggested that the Logumba River, which appears to be the same as Cameron's Lukuga, or at least is close to it, was an outlet; and he also opined that there might be some outlets farther north on the same coast. Unfortunately, Commander Cameron's examination of the Lukuga was not an altogether conclusive one. This part of the coast

was between, and some distance from, the great trade-routes to the west, so that the Arabs knew nothing about it or about the river. A local chief declared that his people often travelled for more than a month along its banks until it fell into the Lualaba; but local chiefs appear to say anything on such points. The African traveller cannot always pursue the exact path he wishes, though he may continue in the direction, and Cameron was prevented from descending (or ascending) this river; but he went four or five miles into it, until progress was rendered impossible by dense masses of *floating* vegetation. There was neither open water nor solid land; but he found in this large river, six hundred yards broad and three fathoms deep, an outward current from the lake of one knot and a half, sufficient to drive his boat well into the edge of the vegetation; and on various points of his journey afterwards, he obtained corroborative evidence that this Lukuga River flows into the Lualaba.

So far everything seems quite clear and satisfactory; but Mr. Stanley suddenly appears at this outlet, laboring under the painful burden that something new and extraordinary must be found to justify his wandering about in Africa for years with unlimited funds. His discovery is, that Lake Tanganyika has not yet been filled up, that it is a young and rising lake, and that Cameron "was both right and wrong," — the Lukuga is not an outlet of the lake, but it is going to be, when Tanganyika has risen up to the height of its great destiny. We must give Mr. Stanley credit for his ingenuity in this matter, and all the more that it will be exceedingly difficult to prove that he is not right in his wonderful supposition. However satisfactorily it may be proved afterwards that Tanganyika has an outlet in the Lukuga, it will still remain open for Mr. Stanley to assert that it had no such outlet up to the period of his great discovery; and really there is some reason for being thankful that so ingenious a mind should have been relegated to the (comparatively) uninteresting and innocuous region of African geography. It is alarming to contemplate what might have been the results had it been let loose on the more practically important affairs of European or American politics!

But, to look at the matter scientifically, there are many reasons for supposing that Commander Cameron is right in regard to this subject. We should much more readily trust the observations and judgment of

a practical and scientific sailor in regard to whether the Lukuga is an affluent or an effluent, than those of a wandering American reporter. The supposition that Lake Tanganyika has not yet filled up to its level is wholly incompatible with our knowledge of that lake and of the geology of Central Africa. Had its basin been a creation of post-tertiary times, it might possibly (though by no means probably) be now in process of being filled up to the brim. But Tanganyika dates far back in the geological ages—to a period represented not by hundreds of thousands but millions, and perhaps hundreds of millions, of years. The rainfall upon it is itself enormous. Besides the rainfall, there are the rivers which run into it, and of these Cameron says ("Across Africa," ii. 304), "I found no less than *ninety-six rivers*, besides torrents and springs, flowing into the portion of the lake which I surveyed." The drainage of an immense rainy area flows into Tanganyika, and the country round it "was like a huge sponge full of water." Commander Cameron further came to the conclusion that this lake was "fed by springs in its bed in addition to the numerous rivers and torrents." Considering these facts, it is extremely difficult to believe that Tanganyika is a lake in process of being filled up. The enormous rainfall and flow of streams into it could hardly be arrested to any extent by evaporation under skies so often cloudy, and would serve to fill up the basin in a few centuries. It is hardly credible that such excellent geologists as Livingstone and Burton could have examined the shores of Tanganyika without perceiving traces of its chasm having been recently formed if such had been the case. Sir Samuel Baker says ("Albert Nyanza," ii. 317) that Central Africa is composed of granitic and sandstone rocks, which do not appear to have been submerged, or to have undergone any volcanic or aqueous changes, and have been affected only by time "working through countless ages, . . . no geological change having occurred in ages long anterior to man." One of the greatest of geologists, Sir Roderick Murchison, said, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society of the 23d May 1864,—

In former addresses I suggested that the interior mass and central portions of Africa, constituting a great plateau, occupied by lakes and marshes, from which the waters escaped by cracks or depressions in the subtending older rocks, had been in that position during an enormously long period. I have recently

been enabled, through the apposite discovery of Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, not only to fortify my conjecture of 1852, but greatly to extend the inferences concerning the long period of time during which the central parts of Africa have remained in their present condition.

One of the chief grounds for this conclusion is the absence of all eruptive rocks which could have been thrown up since the tertiary rocks began to form.

Had Mr. Stanley taken these considerations into account, or had he possessed more knowledge of science, he would probably have never brought forward his fanciful hypothesis. What seems to have misled him was the fact that the volume of water in Tanganyika has been increasing of late years. This had been observed by both Livingstone and Cameron; but they had too much knowledge and judgment to jump to the conclusion that Tanganyika was a lake not yet filled up. The inhabitants on its shores date this increase from after the visits of white men, and ascribe it to these visits. There is also evidence that Tanganyika has been before at a much higher level. In brief, its level alters considerably, and the cause is not far to seek. Subterranean passages (sometimes blocked up by falling pieces of rock) may have something to do with it; but another cause is much more apparent. The vast masses of floating vegetation which there are in this, as in other Central African lakes, are quite sufficient to choke up the outlets either periodically or for long irregular seasons.\*

Unable, from various circumstances, to trace down the Lukuga River, Commander Cameron moved westward from Tanganyika to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba River, the farthest point which Livingstone had reached in his last great explorations. His desire was to float down this river to the Congo as it is already known to us, and so emerge on the west coast of Africa, but scarcity of means and local difficulties prevented him from carrying out this design. The disappointment was exceedingly great to our traveller; and it is so to his readers also; because before him, and almost inviting his footsteps, lay the immense unknown regions lying between Nyangwe and the western sea, including the mysterious Lake Sankorra and

\* Colonel Long says of Lake Ibrahim, "The almost tranquil lake is only relieved of its heavy pressure of water when the vegetable matter decays, is annually loosened, and bearing upon its bosom the *Pistia stratiotes*, and detached islands of papyrus, rushes down and past Karuma Falls into the Lake Albert, and thence to the north."



the great valley of the Congo. There was no help for it; but the interest of the journey which Cameron might have achieved, had circumstances been more favorable, detracts from the interest of that which it remained for him to achieve, and where he had to descend so far to the south as to cross the previous lines of exploration.

Nyangwe had been visited before by Livingstone; and from thence Cameron had to strike almost directly south to Lake Kassali, between the eighth and ninth parallels of south latitude. All this was entirely new ground; but, having after this to strike still further south, though now also in a westerly direction, he crossed the line of exploration of Dr. Lacerda in 1798, and of Livingstone's early journey across Africa. Lacerda went up from the east coast as far as Kabebe, a place about S. lat. 8°, and long. 23°, and lying between Cameron's route and the great valley of the Congo and the Lake Sankorra. Livingstone, again, in his journeys of 1855-56, crossed Cameron's route at Katema about 12° 30m. S. lat., and 21° long., and went as far north as Kabango, about nine degrees south of the equator. We also notice that in 1796 Pereira reached a point on the twelfth degree of south latitude, and the twenty-fourth of east longitude. Hence, as an exploration, Cameron's journey is not so new as some might think; but still, from Nyangwe it was over almost entirely new ground, though crossed at points by Livingstone's and Lacerda's routes. His laborious determination of positions by astronomical observations has been of immense service to our knowledge of Africa. He has also determined the heights along his route, so as to be able to present in his map a most interesting section of the country, displaying at a glance the elevations from sea to sea. He has exposed the villanies of the slave-trade, still carried on by negroid Portuguese; and he managed so well with the natives as to open, not shut, the way for future travellers. And though the literary excellences of his narrative are not of a very striking character, yet they are charming in their way, the details being very clearly presented, and there being throughout an unobtrusive tinge of humor and almost poetic feeling.

We have now indicated the great explorations which have penetrated and lit up the darkness of the African continent. A very fair general idea has been obtained of what that continent is, of what it is capable of being made, and of the people

by whom it is occupied at present. The most important facts which all this discovery has brought to light are the existence in Central Africa of great lakes and great navigable rivers, and innumerable smaller rivers, many of which are also navigable — the existence of a fertile soil and of an elevated region, with, in many parts, a temperate climate. These facts obviously point out the existence of a vast region in Central Africa where, by means of the introduction and judicious employment of the members of the more civilized races of the world, there may be a new field for the development of humanity. As to the people of these regions, much is to be hoped for. It is quite clear, from the accounts of all the great travellers, that the more we get away from the miasmatic swamps of the coast-lands, and from the absolutely ruinous effects of slave-hunting — whether Arab, Portuguese, or Egyptian — the more do we find a half-savage, but also half-civilized, people, with many fine and attractive qualities. The truth seems to lie between Dr. Livingstone's extreme affection for them, and Colonel Long's horror of their naked deformities. It seems clear that in the African (speaking generally) there are qualities of much promise. He has a larger, more exuberant *physique* than any other of the savage or semi-civilized races. His inconsequence and fancifulness are those of the undeveloped human being, and are not stereotyped in his nature as in that of the ordinary Hindu. If we take his stage of development into account, we find a remarkable amount of common sense. In this respect he approaches the Chinaman; but he has more affection and sentiment. He has not that hardness of nature which gives such a metallic sound to the Chinese voice, and that square-skulled immobility which prevents the Chinaman, even under the most favorable circumstances, from amalgamating with other races, or departing from the lines of his own stereotyped civilization. There is good hope that the African may improve vastly under more favorable circumstances than those in which, hitherto, he has been imbedded.

The history of that dark continent, so far as known to us, presents an awful retrospect, and one all the more dreadful when we take into account the kindly and affectionate qualities of so many of its primitive people, to which Mungo Park, Livingstone, Grant, Schweinfurth, and Cameron have borne witness. It is inexpressibly sad to think of the unnumbered

ages through which these poor dark savages have continued, scarcely advancing beyond the elements of art and science and even of language: from within, destroying and devouring one another, willingly offering their throats to the knives of sorcerers, or paving the deep grave-pit of some bloody monarch with the living trembling bodies of a hundred of his young wives: from without, hunted down and destroyed or captured by aid of the weapons of civilization, until every man's hand is turned against his brother, and terror reigns over vast regions. The bounty of nature has provided for them such abundance that they continue to exist despite all the cruel conditions of that existence. But they are arrested at a position, not so much between heaven and earth, as between earth and hell. There is an old touch, a tertiary or pre-tertiary touch about them, affiliating them with the ancient hippopotamus and the crocodile; but there is also a touch of a sensitiveness and of an affection as keen as any to which the more civilized races have attained. This has exposed them to a torture which the crocodile and the hippopotamus do not know; but it has been insufficient to elevate them to a platform of order and happiness. Surely here is a case where the introduction of European civilization would be most justifiable, and might well repay the cost. But if that is to be done at all, it should be done effectually, — not as in India, to the great loss of the agents of civilization, and in the fostering of a weak native conceit, in itself incapable of developing or even retaining the benefits which have been conferred upon the country, — not as in America, to the extermination of the aborigines. In the interests of England, the African continent might be made really to correct the balance of the Old World, and enable us to keep in front of such expanding nations as Germany and Russia. Then, perhaps, it might be given us, in the evening of our days, to wander meditatively on the shore of Tanganyika, that mighty Ulleswater of Africa, or of Lake Nyassa, its softer Windermere. It does not seem at all likely at present that England will undertake such a work, but Germany has of late displayed some distinct symptoms of being inclined to do so. But however that may be, it is to Englishmen belongs the glory of having first penetrated into the centre of tropical Africa, and of having achieved there a series of grand individual explorations which has no parallel in the history of the human race.

From The Examiner.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

(continued.)

WHAT the result of this mission of theirs was need not be stated at present. Enough that Balfour and his wife, having spent the best part of the afternoon with these neighboring friends of theirs, went home to dine by themselves in the evening. And Balfour had been looking forward during this past fortnight to the delight of having his wife all to himself again; and he had pictured the still little room, her seated at the piano, perhaps, or perhaps both seated at the fire, and all troubles and annoyances hunted out into the cold winter night. This was the new plan. When he looked at her — at the true, sweet, serious, trusting eyes, and at the calm, pensive, guileless forehead — he began to wonder how he could ever, in his selfish imaginations, have thought of having her become a sort of appanage of himself in his public life. Would he wish her to become a shifting and dexterous wire-puller, paying court to this man, flattering another, patronizing a third, all to further her husband's interests? That, at all events, was not what he wished her to be now. He admired her for her courageous protest against that suggested scheme for the bribing of Englebury. Not for a hundred seats in Parliament would he have his wife make interested professions of friendship for such people as the Chorleys. The proper place for the high-souled young matron was the head of her own table, or a seat by the fire in her own drawing-room; and it was there that he hoped to gain rest, and sweet encouragement, and a happy forgetfulness of all the vulgar strife of the outside world.

"Sylvia," he said, suddenly, at dinner, "why do you look so depressed? What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, rousing herself, and making an effort — not very successful — to talk about this American trip. Then she relapsed into silence again; and the dinner was not a cheerful feast.

"Are you tired?" he asked again. "Perhaps you had better go and lie down for a while."

No, she was not tired. Nor did she go, as was her wont after dinner, into the next room and begin to play a few of the airs



and pieces that he liked. She sat down by the fire, opposite him. Her face was troubled; and her eyes distant and sad.

"Come, Sylvia," he said, as he lit his pipe, "you are vexed about something. What is it? What is the trouble?"

"I am not vexed, really. It is no matter," she again answered.

Well, as his motto was "Live, and let live," he was not bound to goad her into confidences she was unwilling to make; and as the enforced silence of the room was a rather painful and lugubrious business, he thought he might as well have a look at one or two of the papers he had brought down. He went and fetched his bag. He sat down with his back to the light; and was soon deep in some report as to the water supply of London.

Happening to look up, however, he found that his wife was silently crying. Then he impatiently threw the book on the table, and demanded to know the cause. Perhaps there was some roughness in his voice; but, at all events, she suddenly flung herself down before him, buried her face in his knees, and burst into a fit of wild sobbing, in which she made her stammering confession. It was all about her father. She could not bear to see him suffering this terrible anxiety. It was killing him. She was sure the man who had come down in the train had something to do with these pecuniary troubles, and it was dreadful to her to think that she and her husband had all they could desire, while her father was driven to despair. All this and more she sobbed out like a penitent child.

Balfour put his hand gently on her soft brown hair.

"Is that all, Sylvia?" he said. "If it is only money your father wants, he can have that. I will ask him."

She rose — her eyes still streaming with tears — and kissed him twice. And then she grew gayer in spirit, and went and played some music for him, while he smoked his pipe. But as he smoked, he thought; and his thoughts were rather bitter about a man who, wanting money, had not the courage to ask for it, but had degraded his daughter into the position of being a beggar for it. And as Mr. Balfour was a business-like person, though he had not been trained up to commerce, he determined to ascertain exactly how Lord Willowby's affairs stood, before proffering him this promised help.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

THERE was a brisk fire burning in the breakfast-room at the Lilacs; and the frosty December sunlight, streaming through the window, touched the white table-cloth with a ruddy and cheerful glow. A man of about thirty, tall, stalwart-looking, with a huge brown moustache, and a partially cropped beard, light-blue eyes, and a healthy complexion, stood on the hearthrug, with his hands complacently fixed in his pocket. This was Count — or rather, as he had dropped his courtesy title since settling down in England, Mr. — Von Rosen, who had served as lieutenant in the Franco-German war, and had subsequently fallen in love with, and married, a young English lady, who had persuaded him to make England his home. He was a young man of superfluous energy, of great good humor, and good spirits, who made himself a nuisance to the neighborhood in which he lived by the fashion in which he insisted on other people joining him in his industrious idleness. For example, he had on this very morning, at seven o'clock, sent a letter to Mr. Hugh Balfour, of whose arrival at the Lilacs he had only heard on the previous night, urging him to join a certain shooting party. Lady Sylvia was to drive over with them; and spend the day with two ladies whom she knew. He himself would call at nine. And so he stood here, with his hands in his pocket, apparently quite contented, but nevertheless wondering why English people should be so late with their breakfast.

"Ah," said he, with his face brightening, as Balfour entered the room. "You are ready to go? But I have to beg your pardon very much — my man says you were not awake when he brought the letter — it was stupid of him to send it to your room —"

"On the contrary," said Balfour — as he mechanically took up a handful of letters that were lying on the table — "I have to beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. I thought I would put on my shooting-boots before coming down, Lady Sylvia will be here presently; come, what do you say to having some breakfast with us?"

He was scanning the outside of the various envelopes with something of an absent air. There was nothing meditative about the German ex-lieutenant. He had once or twice allowed his highly practical gaze to fall on a certain game-pie.

"A second breakfast?" said he. "Yes,

perhaps it is better. My first breakfast was at six. And in these short days, it is foolishness to waste time at the luncheon. Oh yes, I will have some breakfast. And in the mean time why do you not read your letters?"

"Well, the fact is," said Balfour, "my wife thinks I should have a clear holiday down here; and I have been wondering whether it is any use —"

But quite mechanically, while he was speaking, he had opened one of the letters, and he paused in his speech as he read its contents.

"By Jove," said he, partly to himself and partly to his companion, "they must be pretty certain that I shall be in the next Parliament, or they would not offer to put this in my hands. Perhaps they don't know that I am sure to be kicked out of Ballinascreen."

At this moment Lady Sylvia entered the room; and that young lady went up to the German lieutenant in the most winning and gracious way, for he was a great friend of hers, and thanked him very prettily for the trouble he had taken about this invitation.

"Trouble?" he said, with a laugh. "No, no. It is a good drive over to Mr. Lefevre's, and I shall have nice company. And you will find him such a fine fellow — such a good, fine fellow, if you will meet him some night at our house, Lady Sylvia; and your husband will see, when we begin the shooting, that there is no selfishness in him at all — he will prefer that his friends have more shooting than himself, and his keepers they know that too — and my wife, she says if you will be so good as to stay with her all the day, we will come back that way in the afternoon — and it is better still, a great deal better, if you and Mr. Balfour will stay to dine with us."

Lady Sylvia was very pleased and grateful. Apart from her personal liking for these friends of hers, she was glad to find her husband taking to the amusements and interests of this country life. She said that Mr. Von Rosen's plan would be very agreeable to her if it suited her husband; and then she turned to him. He was still regarding that letter.

"What do you say, Hugh?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered, as if startled out of some reverie. "That is very kind of you, Von Rosen. It would be a delightful day. The fact is, however, I am not quite sure that I ought to go, though nothing would give me greater pleasure, as I have just got an offer here that is

rather flattering to a young member who has not done much work in the House — it is rather an important measure they propose to put into my hands — well, I suppose I shall only be a sort of junior counsel to Lord —, but at least I could get up his case for him. Well, now, I must see these two men at once. Sylvia," he continued, turning to his wife, "if I asked these two friends of mine to run down here to-morrow to dinner, I suppose you could put them up for the night?"

All the glad light had gone from her face. They had sat down at the table by this time; and before answering him she asked Mr. Von Rosen whether he would not help himself to something or other that was near him. Then she said, in a somewhat precise fashion, —

"I think it would look rather singular to ask two strangers down here for a single night at the present time."

"Why singular?" said he, with a stare.

"So near Christmas," she continued, in the same proud and cold way, "people are supposed to have made up their family parties. It is scarcely a time to invite strangers."

"Oh, well," said he, with a good-natured laugh, "I did not mean to offend you. I dare say you are right; an evening devoted to talking about this bill would not have been lively for you. However, I must see my two patrons — and that at once; Von Rosen, would you mind saying to Mr. Lefevre how much I thank him for his friendly offer? I fear I must let you have your drive over by yourself."

It was by the merest accident that he happened to notice his wife's face. When he saw the look of pain and disappointment that passed over it, he did not quite know what he had done to produce that feeling, but he altered his determination in a second.

"By the way," said he, "I might as well go up to London to-morrow. Yes; that will be better. I will telegraph to them to dine with me at the club; and to-day I can give up to your first-rate little arrangement. Come, Von Rosen, you have not finished already?"

"I do not wish to waste time," said that inveterate idler. "The daylight is very short now. You have finished, too?"

And so they set out; Lady Sylvia having promised to go over to Mrs. Von Rosen during the day, and remain until the evening. As they drove off in the dog-cart, Balfour seemed rather preoccupied. When he remarked, "Things have come to a bonny cripus!" what was his com-

panion to make of that absurd phrase? Von Rosen did not know the story of the small boy in northern parts who was found bitterly sobbing, and digging his knuckles into his eyes; and who, on being asked what was the matter, replied, in language which has to be softened for southern ears, "Things have come to a bonny cripus; I only called my father an old fool, and he went and kicked me behind." It was the introductory phrase of this insulted boy that Balfour used. "Things have come to a bonny cripus," said he.

They drove along the crisp and crackling road. The hoarfrost on the hedges was beginning to melt; the sunlight had draped the bare twigs in a million of rainbow jewels. The copper-colored sun shone over the black woods and the dank green fields.

"Women are strange creatures," said Balfour again; and this was a more intelligible remark.

"Why do you say that?" asked the simple lieutenant, who had noticed nothing at breakfast beyond the coffee and the game-pie.

"I do believe," said Balfour, with a smile which was not altogether a glad one, "that my wife is beginning positively to hate everybody and everything connected with Parliament and politics; and that is a lively look-out for me. You know I can't go on staying down here. And yet I shouldn't wonder if, when Parliament meets, she refused to go up to London."

"No, no, no," said the lieutenant, "there you are very wrong. It is not reasonable — not at all reasonable. She may like the country better; but it is not reasonable. That is what I tell my wife now — she declares she will not go to live in America for a year and leave her children — and I say to her, 'You will think again about that. It is a great trouble that you will leave your children — it will be a great sorrow for a time; but what will you think of yourself after, if you do not do what is right for them? When they grow up, when they want money, what will you think if you have thrust away all that property — and only for a single year's absence?'"

"And has your wife proved reasonable; has she consented to go?" asked Balfour.

Von Rosen shrugged his shoulders.

"No — not yet. But I will not argue with her. I will leave her to think. Oh, you do not know what a woman will do, if she thinks it is for the good of her children. At present, it is all 'Oh, never, never! Leave my darling little girl, so that she won't know me when I come

back? Not for all the money in America!' Well, that is natural too, though it is foolishness. You would not like to have your wife with too hard a heart. And I say to her, 'Yes, I will not ask you. We are not so very poor that you must suffer great pain. If you will give up the American property, give it up, and no more to be said.' But I know. She is reasoning with herself now. She will go."

"Do you think she will," said Balfour, thoughtfully. "Do you think she will give up so much of her own feeling if she thinks it right?"

"Know?" said the tall young German, with one of his hearty laughs. "Yes, I know that very well. Oh, there is no one so sensible as my wife — not any one that I know anywhere — if you can show her what is right. But if you ask me what I think of her uncle, that will cause so much trouble all for his nonsense, then I think he was a most wretched fellow, a most wretched and pitiful fellow." . . .

Here occurred an unintelligible growl, whether in German or English phraseology his companion could not say; but doubtless the muttered words were not polite. Another man would probably have given additional force to this expression of feeling by twitching at the reins; but Von Rosen never vented his rage on a horse.

They had a capital day's sport, although Balfour, who was evidently thinking of anything in the world rather than pheasants, rabbits, and hares, shot very badly indeed. Their luncheon was brought to them at a farmhouse, the mistress of the farm giving them the use of her sacred parlor, in which all the curiosities of ornament and natural history contributed by three generations were religiously stored. They got back to Von Rosen's house about six; just in time for a cup of tea and a chat before dressing for an early country dinner.

Surely, one or two of us who were sitting round the table that evening must have thought, surely these two young people ought to have been happy enough, if outward circumstances have anything to do with content of mind. There was he, in the prime of youthful manhood, with strength written in every outline of the bony frame, and in every lineament of the firm, resolute, and sufficiently handsome head, rich beyond the possibilities of care, and having before him all the hopefulness and stimulus of a distinguished public career; she, young, high-born, and beautiful, with those serious and shy eyes that

went straight to the heart of the person she addressed and secured her friends everywhere, also beyond the reach of sordid cares, and most evidently regarded by her husband with all affection and admiration. What trouble, other than mere imaginary nonsense, could enter into these linked lives? Well, there was present at this dinner that Cassandra of married life who was mentioned in the first chapter of this highly moral and instructive tale; and she would have answered these questions quickly enough. She would have assumed — for she knew nothing positive about the matter — that these two were now beginning to encounter the bitter disillusionizing experience of post-nuptial life. The husband was beginning to recognize the fact that his wife was not quite the glorious creature he had imagined her to be; he was looking back with a wistful regret to the perfectly false ideal of her he had formed before marriage; while she, having dreamed that she was marrying a lover, and having woken up to find she had only married a husband, was suffering untold and secret misery because she found her husband's heart transferred from her real self to that old ideal picture of herself which he had drawn in the dream-like past. This was what she would have said. This was what she was always preaching to us. And we generally found it best in our neighborhood to give her Most Gracious Majesty her own way; so that this theory, as regarded the conjugal relations of nearly everybody we knew, was supposed to be strictly accurate. At least, nobody had the temerity to question it.

"Lady Sylvia," said this very person, "why don't you ever go up to London? Mr. Balfour must think he is a bachelor again when he is all by himself in Piccadilly."

"I don't like London much," said Lady Sylvia, with great composure. "Besides, my husband is chiefly there on business matters; and I should only be in the way."

"But you take a great interest in politics," observed this monitress, who doubtless considered that she was administering some wholesome discipline.

"My wife may take some interest in politics," said Balfour, "but she has no great love for politicians. I confess they are not picturesque or interesting persons, as a rule. I am afraid their worldly wisdom — their callousness — is a trifle shocking."

"Well, at all events," said our Most Gracious Lady, for she was determined

to put in a little bit of remonstrance, though she would gravely have rebuked anybody else for daring to do so, "you have not much political work to distract your attention at present — Parliament not sitting, and all that excitement about a dissolution having passed away."

"My dear Mrs. —," said he, with a laugh, "now is the worst time of all; for a good many of us don't know whether we shall be in the next Parliament, and we are trying what we can do to make our calling and election sure. It is a disagreeable business; but necessary. Tomorrow, for example, I am going to town to see two gentlemen about a bill they propose I should introduce; but I shall have to ask them first what is the betting about my being able to get into Parliament at all. My present constituents have proved very ungrateful, after the unfailing attention and courtesy I have lavished upon them."

Here the German ex-soldier burst into a great roar of laughter, as if there was anything amusing in a young man's throwing contumely on a number of persons who had done him the honor of returning him to the House of Commons.

But after all it was not our business at this little dinner-party to speculate on the hidden griefs that might accompany the outward good fortune of these two young people. We had more palpable trouble near at hand, as was revealed by an odd little accident that evening. Our hostess had a great affection for two boisterous young lads, who were the sons of the august little woman just referred to; and she had invited them to come into the dining-room after dessert. Surely a mother ought to teach these brats not to make remarks on what does not concern them? Now, as we were talking in an aimless fashion about the Ashantee War, the recent elections and what not, a sudden sound outside stilled us into silence. It was the children of the church choir who had come up to sing us a Christmas carol; and the sound of their voices, outside in the still night, recalled many a vivid recollection and awoke some strange fancies about the coming year. What were most of us thinking of then? This young ass of a boy all at once says, "Oh, Auntie Bell, where will you be next Christmas? And do they sing Christmas carols far away in America?" And Auntie Bell, being taken rather aback, said she did not know, and smiled; but the smile was not a glad one, for we knew that sudden tears had started to the soft and kindly eyes. We

were not quite so happy as we went home that night. And when some one remarked to the mother of those boys — but there, it is no use remonstrating with women.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A CONFESSION.

ON the morning of his departure for London Balfour would take no notice of the marked disfavor with which Lady Sylvia regarded his setting out. It was hard on the poor child, no doubt, that he should leave her in the midst of these few Christmas holidays; and all for the sake of some trumpery Parliamentary business. He might have remonstrated with her, it is true; might have reminded her that she knew what his life must be when she married him; might have recalled her own professions of extreme interest in public affairs; might have asked her if a single day's absence — which he had tried to avert by a proposal which she had rejected — was, after all, such a desperate business. But no. He had no wish to gain an argumentative victory over his beautiful young wife. He would allow her to cherish that consolatory sense of having been wronged. Nay more; since she had plainly chosen to live in a world apart from his, he would make her life there as happy as possible. And so, as he kissed her in bidding her good-by, he said, —

"By the way, Sylvia, I might as well go round by the Hall, and see your father. If he is in all that trouble — this is Christmas-time you know — perhaps he will let me help him."

Well, she did look a little grateful.

"And I shall be down as soon as I can to-morrow forenoon," he added.

But as he drove away from the Lilacs in the direction of Willowby Hall, he did not at all feel so amiably disposed towards his wife's father; whom he conjectured — and conjectured quite wrongly — to have been secretly soliciting this help from Lady Sylvia. But at all events, Balfour said to himself, the relations between himself and his wife were of more importance than his opinion of Lord Willowby. The sacrifice of a few thousand pounds was not of much concern to him; it was of great concern to him that his wife should not remain unhappy if this matter of money could restore her usual cheerfulness.

When he reached the Hall, he found that Major and Mrs. Blythe had left the day before, but would return for Christmas. Lord Willowby was smoking an

after-breakfast cigarette in the library. He looked surprised when Balfour entered; his son-in-law had not often paid him a visit unaccompanied by Lady Sylvia.

"The fact is," said Balfour, coming straight to the point, "Sylvia is rather distressed at present because she imagines you are in some trouble about business matters. She thinks I ought to ask you about it, and see if I can help you. Well, I don't like interfering in any one's affairs, especially when I have not been solicited to interfere; but really, you know, if I can be of any service to you —"

"Ah! the good girl — the dear girl!" said Lord Willowby, with that effusiveness of tone that his daughter had learned to love as the only true expression of affection. "I can see it all! Her tender instinct told her who that man was whom you drove over the day before yesterday — she recognized my despair, my shame, at being so beset by a leech, a blood-sucker, a miserable wretch who has no more sense of honor —"

And at this point Lord Willowby thought fit to get into a hot and indignant rage, which in no measure imposed on his son-in-law. Balfour waited patiently until the outburst was over. Perhaps he may have been employing his leisure considering how a man could be beset by a leech; but inadvertently he looked out of window at his horses, and then he thought of his train.

"And, indeed, Balfour," said his lordship, altering his tone and appealing in a personal and plaintive way to his son-in-law, "how could I speak to you about these matters? All your life you have been too well off to know anything about the shifts that other men have sometimes to adopt."

"My dear Lord Willowby," said Balfour with a smile, "I am afraid it is those very shifts that have led you into your present troubles."

"If you only knew — if you only knew," said the other, shaking his head. "But there; as my dear girl is anxious, I may as well make a clean breast of it. Will you sit down?"

Balfour sat down; he was thinking more of the train than of his father-in-law's affairs.

"Do you know," said Lord Willowby, with something of a pathetic air, "that you are about the last man in the world to whom I should like to reveal the cause of my present anxieties? You are — you will forgive me for saying so — apt to be harsh in your judgments; you do not know what temptations poverty puts be-

fore you. But my dear girl must plead for me."

Balfour, who did not at all like this abject tone, merely waited in mute attention. If this revelation was to be protracted, he would have to take a later train.

"About a year and a half ago," said his lordship, letting his eyes rest vaguely on the arm of Balfour's easy-chair, "things had gone very badly with me, and I was easily induced into joining a speculation, or rather a series of speculations on the Stock Exchange, which had been projected by several friends of mine who had been with me in other undertakings. They were rich men, and could have borne their previous losses; I was a poor man, and—and in short, desperate. Moreover, they were all business men, one or two of them merchants whose names are known all over the world; and I had a fair right to trust to their prudence—had I not?"

"Prudence is not of much avail in gambling," said Balfour. "However, how did you succeed?"

"Our operations, which they conducted, mind you, were certainly on a large scale—an enormous scale. If they had come out successfully, I should never have touched a company, or a share, or a bond for the rest of my life. But instead of that, everything went against us; while one or two of us could have borne the loss, others of us must have been simply ruined. Well, it occurred to one or two of these persons—I must beg you to believe, Balfour, that the suggestion did not come from me—that we might induce our broker, by promises of what we should do for him afterwards, to assume the responsibility of these purchases and become bankrupt——"

A sudden look of wonder—merely of wonder, not yet of indignation—leapt to the younger man's face.

"My dear fellow," pleaded Lord Willowby, who had been watching for this look, "don't be too rash in condemning us—in condemning me, at all events. I assure you I at once opposed this plan when it was suggested. But they had a great many reasons to advance against mine. It was making one man bankrupt instead of several. Then on whom would the losses fall? Why, on the jobbers; who are the real gamblers of the Stock Exchange, and who can easily suffer a few losses when pitted against their enormous gains——"

"But how was it possible?" exclaimed Balfour, who had not yet recovered from

his amazement. "Surely the jobbers could have appealed to the man's books, in which all your names would have been found!"

"I assure you, Balfour," said his lordship, with a look of earnest sincerity, "that so much was I opposed to the scheme that I don't know how that difficulty was avoided. Perhaps he had a new set of books prepared, and burned the old ones. Perhaps he had from the outset been induced to enter his own name as the purchaser of the various stocks."

"But that would have been worse and worse—a downright conspiracy to swindle from the very beginning! Why, Lord Willowby, you don't mean to say that you allowed yourself to be associated with such a—well, perhaps I had better not give it a name!"

"My dear Balfour," said his lordship, returning to his pathetic tone, "it is well for you that you have never suffered from the temptations of poverty. I feared your judgment of my conduct would be harsh. You see, you don't think of the extenuating circumstances. I knew nothing of this plan when I went into the copartnership of speculation—I cannot even say that it existed. Very well: when my partners came to me and showed me a scheme that would save them from ruin, was I openly to denounce and betray them merely because my own conscience did not exactly approve of the means they were adopting?"

"To condone a felony, even with the purest and highest motives," said Balfour; and with that Lord Willowby suddenly rose from his chair. That single phrase had touched him into reality.

"Look here, Balfour——" said he, angrily.

But the younger man went on with great calmness, to explain that he had probably been too hasty in using these words before hearing the whole story. He begged Lord Willowby to regard him, Balfour, as one of the public: what would the public, knowing nothing of Lord Willowby's private character, think of the whole transaction? And then he prayed to be allowed to know how the affair had ended.

"I wish it *was* ended," said Lord Willowby, subsiding into his chair again, and into his customary gloomy expression. "This man appears to consider us as being quite at his mercy. They have given him more money than ever they promised; yet he is not satisfied. He knows quite



well that the jobbers suspected what was the cause of his bankruptcy, though they could do nothing to him; now he threatens to disclose the whole business, and set them on us. He says he is ruined as far as is practicable; and that if we don't give him enough to retire on, and live at his ease, he will ruin every one of us in public reputation. Now do you see how the case stands?"

He saw very clearly. He saw that he dared not explain to his wife the story he had been told; and he knew she would never be satisfied until he had advanced money in order to hush up a gigantic fraud. What he thought of this dilemma can easily be surmised; what he said about it was simply nothing at all.

"And why should he come at me?" said Lord Willowby, in an injured way. "I have no money. When he was down here the day before yesterday he used the plainest threats. But what can I do?"

"Prosecute him for attempting to obtain money by threats."

"But then the whole story would come out."

"Why not — if you can clear yourself of all complicity in the matter?"

Sure'y this was plain, obvious good sense. But Lord Willowby had always taken this young man to be a person of poor imagination, limited sympathies, and cold, practical ways. It was all very well for him to think that the case lay in a nutshell. He knew better. He had a sentiment of honor. He would not betray his companions. In order to revenge himself on this wretched worm of a blood-sucker, would he stoop to become an informer, and damage the fair reputations of friends of his who had done their best to retrieve his fallen fortunes?

He did not frankly say all this; but he hinted at something of it.

"Your generosity," said Balfour, apparently with no intention of sarcasm, "may be very noble; but let us see exactly what it may lead to. What does this man propose to do, if he is not paid sufficient money?"

"Oh, he threatens everything — to bring an action against us — to give the jobbers information which will enable them to bring an action — and so forth."

"Then your friends, at all events, will have to pay a large sum; and both you and they will be ruined in character. That is so — isn't it?"

"I don't know about character," said this poor hunted creature. "I think I could make some defence about that."

"I don't think your defence would affect the public verdict," said this blunt-spoken son-in-law.

"Well, be it so!" said his lordship in desperation. "Let us say that the general voice of business-men — who, of course, never employ any stratagems to get out of predicaments in their own affairs — will say that we conspired to commit a fraud. Is that plain enough language? And now perhaps you will say that the threat is not a sufficiently serious one?"

"I will say nothing of the kind," said Balfour, quietly. "The whole case seems much more serious than any one could have imagined. Of course if you believe you could clear yourself, I say again, as I said before, bring an action against the man, and have the whole thing out, whoever suffers. If you are disinclined to take that course —"

"Well, suppose I am?"

"In that case," said Balfour, rising, "will you give me a day or two to think over the affair?"

"Certainly; as many as you like," said Lord Willowby, who had never expected much from the generosity of this son-in-law of his.

And so Balfour got into his trap again, and drove on to the station. Nothing that had happened to him since his marriage had disturbed him so much as the revelation of this story. He had always had a certain nameless, indefinable dislike to Lord Willowby; but he had never suspected him capable of conduct calculated to bring dishonor on the family name. And oddly enough, in this emergency, his greatest apprehension was that he might not be able to conceal the almost inevitable public scandal from Lady Sylvia. She had always loved her father. She had believed in his redundant expressions of affection. In the event of this great scandal coming to her ears, would she not indignantly repudiate it, and challenge her husband to repudiate it also?

That evening, by appointment, Balfour's two friends dined with him at his club; and they had a more or less discursive chat over the bill which it was proposed he should introduce in the case of his being re-seated at the following general election. Strangely enough, he did not enter into this talk with any particular zest. He seemed abstracted and absorbed; several times he vaguely assented to an opinion which he found it necessary to dispute directly afterwards. For what the member of Ballinascroon was really saying to himself was this: "To-morrow I go down

again to the country. My wife will want to know what I am going to do about her father's affairs. I shall be thrown a good deal during the next few days into the society of Lord Willowby and his brother. And on Christmas-day I shall have the singular felicity of dining in the company of two of the most promising scoundrels in this country."

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
GENIUS AND VANITY.

THE critic who aims at the highest triumph of his art, the revelation to the world of unrecognized genius, must often feel a disagreeable qualm. May he not be puffing a charlatan, instead of heralding the advent of a great man? The doubt is still more perplexing when the genius to be proclaimed is his own, and the responsibility correspondingly greater. And hence arises a problem which has often occurred to me when reading about two eminent men of the last generation.

Wordsworth and Haydon were friends. Each sympathized with the aims of the other. Wordsworth wished to reform poetry as Haydon wished to reform painting. Each of them endeavored to breathe a loftier spirit into the devotees of his favorite art. Each of them persevered heroically in spite of the most depressing reception. The enthusiasm which animated Haydon was not less elevated above the ends of a commonplace selfishness than that which animated Wordsworth. If the painter was undeniably vain, the poet pushed vanity to the verge of the sublime. One, however, failed where the other succeeded. Poor Haydon's life-long exertions were not, one may hope, entirely thrown away; but his most cherished ambition came to naught. He produced no work which might entitle the English school to rank amongst the great schools of the world. Wordsworth, on the contrary, breathed new life even into the rich and vigorous growth of English poetry; he set his mark upon a generation; and enjoyed, before he died, the profound homage of the best and purest minds of the succeeding generation.

Haydon, then, made a fatal mistake, whereas Wordsworth's daring was justified by the result. That is clearly a reason for pity in the one case and congratulation in the other. But is it a reason—as it is certainly a common pretext—for pronouncing a different moral judgment

upon the two men? Is success to be the sole test of virtue in this as in so many other cases? When a hero burns his ships, scorns the counsels of cool common sense, plucks the flower safety from the nettle danger, and ends by winning an empire in defiance of all calculation, we are ready with our hosannahs. But, if he fails, should we therefore stone him? If Columbus had met with a little more adverse weather, his courage would not have prevented the failure of his enterprise. Had our Arctic voyagers chanced upon a better route, they might have reached the pole without expending more devotion. The hero is the man who dares to run a risk; who is not deterred, because an element of the radically unknowable enters into his calculations. If he knew more than others he would be a wiser, but not a better, man than his fellows. He would be playing the great game with loaded dice. His insight, not his daring, would deserve our wonder. But he who risks life and fame upon an uncertainty deserves equal credit, for his intrinsic merit is the same, whether the cards turn up for him or against him. Our life is little but a wandering in a trackless desert. We throw out exploring parties in every direction. Ten die of starvation and misery; one hits upon the right path. Too often we praise the man already rewarded by fortune, and attribute his good luck to some mysterious power of intuitive judgment. But, if we were just, we should bestow equal praise and more sympathy upon the luckless ones whose steps led them to the barren places, and whose failures, it may be, served as warning beacons to their more favored successors.

Why not apply this rule to the pioneers of intellectual or artistic progress? Hundreds of men have wasted lives of energetic endeavor in following delusive paths in that great labyrinth of human knowledge, where the clue is so hard to find, and where at every stage so many paths hold out equal promise. We, enlightened by slow experience, or by wider knowledge, can see that these wanderings were predestined to failure. But why not honor equally the high faith which scorned meaner aims, and was unchilled by the indifference of the vulgar? Is devotion to knowledge so common a quality that we can afford to despise it unless it bears fruit in appreciable results? We often laugh at the poor would-be philosophers who waste years in trying to discover perpetual motion, or to square the circle. They are, we may be sure, grossly igno-



rant, and, in all likelihood, intolerably arrogant. They must be ignorant of other men's work, or blind to the vast improbability that they should be right, and all the great intellects of the world hopelessly wrong. Yet, even in this case, pity as much as scorn may be due to the ignorance; and the arrogance itself is but the ugly side or the exaggerated development of the quality which, more than any other, is necessary for intellectual progress. We have never a sufficient supply of originality and intellectual daring. We always need more men able to cast aside the traditional spectacles, to see for themselves and once more test the dogmas which our indolence tempts us to accept with too easy a faith. Such courage is good, even when misguided. Find men who will dare, and all is possible. Let obedience to authority be installed as the first intellectual virtue, and knowledge will be petrified into Chinese finality. And, if even such eccentricity deserves that contempt should be tempered with mercy, may we not rightfully honor many others who have thrown away their lives, like poor Casaubon in "Middlemarch," in labors fruitless because accidentally misdirected? It is a great misfortune, but it is not a vice, to be an anachronism.

But what are we to say to that great army of martyrs, amongst whom poor Haydon is to be reckoned—the epic poets, the rivals of Shakespeare, the would-be eclipsers of Raphael or Phidias—the men whose efforts to sing or to paint have supplied the world with mountains of waste-paper, and spoiled acres of good canvas? One of the most pathetic of Balzac's minor stories describes the fate of a poor painter, who had labored for years at a picture destined to create a new era in art. All his hopes in life, his love and his ambition, were involved in its success. No one had been admitted to the room in which he labored with unremitted devotion. At last, the day came when the favored person stood before the curtain which concealed the masterpiece. The painter drew it aside, slowly and solemnly, and revealed a meaningless confusion of chaotic coloring. The artist's mind was of course unhinged; but his melancholy story is a symbol of the fate of many men still outside Bedlam. Any one who has seen the darker side of the literary and artistic worlds can match Balzac's hero with numerous instances of similar self-delusion. The pictures are not often mere blotches of color; the poems frequently obey the laws of grammar, and

even of metre; but, for all good purposes, the artist might as well have thrown his brush at the canvas, or the author taken his words at random from the dictionary. And what should be our feelings? Contempt or pity or admiration for the devotion, combined with compassion for the error? Should we honor, say, a Chatterton who is a martyr to his ambition, because the poems unrecognized during his lifetime turned out really to have something in them (though, after all, not very much!) and despise the numerous Chattertons who have hopelessly failed, because there was nothing in them at all? The moral quality was the same. The difference was that one man judged his powers rightly, whilst the hundreds judge of their powers wrongly. But this is an error to which almost every man is liable. Our squarers of the circle are silly, because they can appeal to a court which is practically infallible. A hundred professors of mathematics are ready not only to tell them that they are wrong, but to explain to them how and why they are wrong. But the poet can appeal to no such court. If he is not appreciated, it may be that he is in advance, not in rear of his time. A century hence, his work may be winning recognition, and his descendants be ridiculing the blindness of their ancestors. Why, then, should he not persevere, and trust his work to time? Do we not, in any case, owe to him the tribute of admiration for a devotion, of which it is premature to pronounce that it was directed to a mistaken object?

The easiest answer is that a false estimate of our own merits is in fact immoral. Vanity is weakness which we can all condemn unreservedly, because we all feel that we are free from it ourselves, and recognize its existence throughout the rest of the species. The appointed chastisement of vanity is ridicule. Therefore we are right in laughing at the man who thinks himself to be a Milton when he is merely a Satan Montgomery. The victim may reply that we are begging the question, and that what we call his vanity will hereafter be called consciousness of genius. And, in truth, the dilemma is in one sense insoluble. Critics are fallible; cliques are fallible. The outside public is so fallible as to be generally wrong; no literary court is infallible except that to which the best minds of all ages are admitted as judges, and in which many of our most dogmatic utterances would look foolish enough. Yet we must take our chance. Judges must sentence prisoners, though

now and then they may condemn an innocent person. Critics must laugh at charlatans, though they may now and then mistake a man of genius for a fool. But there is a more fundamental difficulty. Granting that a man's confidence in his own powers really implies vanity, are we therefore justified in condemning him? Is vanity a vice at all? Is it not in any case a vice so universal that none of us have a right to cast the first stone? Nay, if we lay aside the conventional attitude of mind, in which our little cut-and-dried maxims pass for legitimate currency, ought we not rather to call vanity a virtue, or at lowest a desirable quality? Listen to the ordinary moralizing of the pulpit and the moral essayist, and we, of course, must condemn vanity, as on the same showing we condemn many of the most essential qualities by which the world is carried on. There is a sense — nobody denies it — in which these commonplaces have a sound, if a rather obvious, meaning. But all maxims that have been much used by preachers — lay or clerical — become so strained and perverted in the process that, like worn-out muskets, they are apt to produce very random shooting. Who that has looked at the world for himself can deny that vanity may be reckoned amongst the most enviable of possessions? It deserves, even more than the original object of the panegyric, the praise which Sancho bestowed upon sleep. Vanity does indeed wrap a man up like a cloak. It bestows its blessings freely upon the poet striving against general misappreciation; it enables the poor loser in the great battle of life to make himself happy with some trifling success; it softens the bitter pangs of disappointment and gives fresh strength for new struggles; it prevents resentment and facilitates the intercourse of society; it can make any man contented with his lot and lets the poor drudge in the kitchen think without envy of the statesman in the parlor. Who would not be tempted to frequent irritation if he could enjoy that gift for which the poet so foolishly prayed, the gift of seeing himself as others saw him, and recognize his infinitesimal importance in the eyes of his fellows? It is because of the tender illusions of vanity that a man can accept the petty sphere of his own activity for the wider circle of the world, and shut out the annihilating image of the vast forces beyond. It is the safeguard against a depressing fatalism. Vanity has as many virtues as the vaunted panaceas of medical quackery; and were it not for that softening oil, the wheels of

life would grate harsh music too discordant for mortal ears.

Yet in singing the praises of vanity we become aware of a certain vagueness of outline about this Protean goddess. She can take many shapes; and changes so rapidly and completely that we are unable to fix any definite portrait upon our canvas. Sometimes there is a scowl upon her features, and sometimes a complacent smile. She can pass herself off in the likeness of her conventional opposite, humility, or ape the gestures of pride, or be undistinguishable from mere sullen egotism. All our definitions of the passions have this provoking vagueness, because, in truth, we do not know what are the ultimate elements of character. We cannot find chemical formulæ for human nature, or say how many atoms of spiritual oxygen or hydrogen must be combined to form a definite product. Our efforts at analysis break down at every instant. Every new light thrown by new circumstances brings out previously unsuspected aspects of bewildering complexity. Every new character seems to require a new category for its description. There seem to be as many species of men as there are individuals. Our complacent little formulæ may guide our conduct with tolerable accuracy; but, when we confront theory with the infinite variety of facts, we recognize the futility of any claim to scientific accuracy. We class men as good or bad, humble or vain; and when looking at exceptional cases, or dealing only with large classes and average results, our words have a kind of meaning. The saint and the sinner, Saint John and Judas Iscariot, may be distinguished easily enough. But between the extremes we may interpose any number of terms, varying so strangely, in so many directions, and combining so many apparent contradictions, that our lines of demarcation become hopelessly blurred and confused. Our compartments may be most logically subdivided, but no real being will quite fit into any one of them. The inferior classes multiply on our lands; they cross, blend, overlap and confuse each other till we admit them to be useless. We can seldom apply a rule to a dozen cases without finding twelve exceptions. The qualifications to our statements become so numerous that the statements are practically worthless. The poet can create characters; the man of science cannot define them or assign their composition.

Thus the condemnation of vanity collapses when we try to answer the plain question, what is vanity? Try to define

accurately the various cognate terms, vanity, conceit, pride, egotism, and their numerous allies, to mark out accurately their points of resemblance and contrast, and then test your conclusions by appropriate examples. Take a few cases at random. Here is Miss Martineau, for example, who says in her autobiography that all the distinguished men of her time were vain — and she does not add that the limits of time or sex are a necessary part of the assertion. But was she not vain herself? No, for she formed a singularly modest and sound estimate of her own abilities. But again, yes, for she certainly seems to have considered that to one person at least Miss Martineau was incomparably the most interesting person in the universe, that coming generations would be profoundly interested in the analysis of her character and the genesis of her works; and also that the merits of her contemporaries might be accurately gauged by the extent to which they did or did not sympathize with Harriet Martineau. Is not egotism of this kind mere vanity disguised by a superficial air of impartiality? Take the vanity, again, which is revealed so curiously in the recently published letters of Balzac. Here it becomes a force which leads a man to reckon himself amongst the four greatest heroes of his age and goes far to make him what he supposes himself to be. It develops a kind of monomania leading to utter absorption in his own affairs, in his literary ambition, and, above all, in calculations as to the number of francs into which his genius can be coined. Was it a strength or a weakness? Contrast it with the vanity — for many people will call it vanity — of his contemporary Doudan. Doudan's letters reveal to us a man of that admirable fineness of intellect so conspicuous in the best French writers, which may be defined as the sublimated essence of common sense. But his exquisite sensibility was pushed to such a point as to destroy his fertility, and but for his letters his name would have been known to his fellows only through a passing allusion of Ste.-Beuve. Shall we say that Balzac's vanity led him to produce the "*Comédie Humaine*," and Doudan's humility made him produce — nothing? Then vanity is so far a good and humility a bad thing. Or shall we say that this excessive sensibility is but vanity disguised? — that a man who trembles before criticism thinks too much of his own importance? The theory is a common one and enables us verbally to condemn vanity in all forms; but it implicitly admits, too, that vanity

may produce diametrically opposite results and at times co-operate hand-in-hand with humility.

Infuse vanity into such a man as Goldsmith, and it adds a childlike charm to his character; it gives a tinge of delightful humor to his writing, and enables his friends to love him the more heartily because they have a right also to pay themselves by a little kindly contempt. Make a Byron vain, and half his magnificent force of mind will be wasted by silly efforts to attract the notice of his contemporaries by attacking their best feelings and affecting (a superfluous task!) vices which he does not possess. The vanity of a Wordsworth enables him to treat with profound disdain the sneers of Edinburgh reviewers, and the dull indifference of the mass of readers; but it encourages him also to become a literary sloven, to spoil noble thought by grovelling language, and to subside into supine obstructiveness. Conversely, the vanity of a Pope makes him suffer unspeakable tortures from the stings of critics compared to whom Jeffrey was a giant, condescend to the meanest artifices to catch the applause of his contemporaries, and hunger and thirst for the food which Wordsworth rejected with contempt. But it also enables him to become within his own limits the most exquisite of artists in words; to increase in skill as he increased in years; and to coin phrases for a distant posterity even out of the most trifling ebullition of passing spite. The vanity of a Milton excites something approaching to awe. The vanity of a Congreve excites our rightful contempt. Vanity seems to be at once the source of the greatest weaknesses, and of the greatest achievements. To write a history of vanity would be to write the history of the greatest men of our race; for soldiers and statesmen have been as vain as poets and artists. Chatham was vain; Wolfe was vain; Nelson was childishly vain; and the great Napoleon was as vain as the vainest. Must not our condemnation of the quality undergo some modification before we can lay it down as an absolute principle?

If, to set aside some ambiguities, we declare that man to be vain, who, for whatever reason, overestimates his own merit or importance in the world, we shall naturally infer that vanity is so far bad as it implies an error. A man is the better for knowing the truth, in this as in all other cases. But we may still ask whether the error is of such a nature as to deserve moral disapproval. We do not blame a man because

he gives the wrong answer to one of those problems which have tasked the ingenuity of countless thinkers of the highest ability. The difficulty of discovering the truth about one individual, especially about our own individuality, is as great as the difficulty of discovering the truth about a general problem of philosophy and theology. The moralist who, in this latter case, admits that sincerity is no guarantee against error, orders men to be candid, but cannot order them to arrive at right conclusions. A mistake in judgment is not wicked, precisely because mistakes are the necessary consequence of candid examination by our imperfect reason. Sincerity, not infallibility, is our moral duty. Similarly, it is right to judge of ourselves as fairly as we can; but the difficulties which beset the task of at once seating ourselves on the bench and taking our place at the bar are so great, that the least prejudiced of self-critics will often blunder. The sanguine observer will differ from the melancholy; the man of quick sympathies will be more apt to be affected for good or evil by his neighbor's judgment, than the man whose affections may be stronger though less mobile; the excitable man will be led into one extreme or the other more easily than the phlegmatic; a vivid imagination predisposes us to accept a set of tests different from that which would commend themselves to the severe logician; and, moreover, a man's judgment of his own character will vary from day to day, like his judgment of all other matters, according to the state of his liver or his banker's balance. All these — and many other — difficulties are so inevitable, that we must look with compassion upon a wrong estimate so long as it is not palpably due to some irrelevant cause. Only when a man is vain for some bad reason — because he has a longer purse or a more uncommon disease than his neighbors — and cases of far more eccentric judgment are not uncommon — he is admitting evidence which he clearly ought to have excluded. The errors of the judge in this case imply not only fallibility but corruption; he has taken a bribe from some of his passions, and he deserves some of the indignation due to such unworthy leanings.

I am, you say, capable of being a great poet; my talents shall not be lost to the world; I will brave poverty, anxiety, contempt; my fellow-creatures may repent their indifference, and render a tardy homage over my grave or to my declining years. Brave words! but words as easy

to the fool, the knave, and the charlatan as to the neglected martyr of the race. Is your first judgment beyond all suspicion — not only of error but of sincerity? Are you not biassed by some baser motive, when you pronounce yourself to be one of the elect? If you really hold that your wretched dribble of mechanical metre is equal to the mighty harmony of a Milton, you must be wanting in ear for the music of verse; if you take your tinsel-decked platitudes for the passionate utterance of a great intellect, stirred to its depth by the sadness of the world's tragedies, you are probably deficient in philosophical insight; if you cannot see the difference between your conception of the world as a gigantic pot-house, or a magnified stock-exchange, and that which represents in their full force the purifying and ennobling passions, it is probable that there is a gap or two in your morality. Making all allowances for the difficulty of self-judgment, there remains a strong presumption that the man who takes a daub — even a daub of his own manufacture — for a true masterpiece, is deficient in the power of sharing, as well as in the power of uttering, the loftiest thoughts. You cannot put colors on canvas because you cannot see them in nature. Your artistic standard is low because you are incapable of the high emotions which it is the true function of the best art to express, and the full utterance of which is the one true test of artistic excellence. You appeal to vulgar tastes because you are wanting in innate refinement. Is it due to other bad qualities if you take size for sublimity, contortion for force, intricacy for subtlety; if brutality appears to you to be strength of feeling, and sensuality to be masculine vigor. If you succeed, you are a charlatan; and if you fail, your failure is deserved. Your vanity is the index, not of the inevitable illusion of self-contemplation, but of a mean, or narrow, or degraded nature.

Such a verdict would be inevitable, if the power of representing, were always proportioned to the power of feeling, emotions; if productivity and receptivity were but opposite forms of the same power. Notoriously this is not the case. Silence may sometimes indicate a defect of the organs of speech, not an absence of thought. Many a man enjoys nature heartily, who cannot put together two lines of description; and yet he may fancy himself to be eloquent, because he naturally infers that the clumsy phrases which express his own sentiment must express the sentiments of others. Molière's old

woman is a typical case. Thousands can enjoy for one who can create, or even assign intelligible reasons for his judgment. Unluckily, many such old women fancy that their appreciation of their Molière entitles them to write comedies. The weakness is an amiable one. We ought to pity those poor dumb poets who have music in their souls, and strive in vain to embody it in artistic shape. So long as they do not insist upon our reading their verses, we will tolerate and even love them. Sincere devotion to art is perhaps most touching in those to whom art never makes any return of praise and success. But it is the more necessary to distinguish clearly between these victims of an innocent delusion and those whose delusion implies incapacity, not only to produce but to enjoy. One class worships at the true shrine, though its offerings are poor; the other grovels before an ugly idol, because it is dead to the true instinct of veneration, and admires the reflection of its own base passions.

How shall we tell whether the vanity of an artist be of the noxious or innocent kind? The most applicable test is perhaps to be found in the nature of the alleged motive. When a man says or insinuates that his primary object is the good of the world, we may reasonably set him down as a humbug. The transparency of the pretext is too obvious; and the implied belief that his final success is really a result in which the world at large can be seriously interested, indicates a vanity too gigantic to be quite innocent. In truth, there are two and only two excuses which can be accepted as a sufficient justification for adding to the masses of existing literature. One is that you want money; the other that you cannot help it. Johnson went so far as to say that any man must be a fool who wrote for anything but money. The statement is a little too sweeping; but we must admit — when it is genuine — the plea of necessity. Writing, at all events, is an honest trade provided that the author does not lie or flatter base passions. It is rather difficult for a professional author to comply with that proviso; but, so long as he supplies good wholesome food, sells his wares for what they are worth, and pretends to no higher motive, he is an innocent and even useful member of society. He may rank with other honest tradesmen, and is at least as well employed in selling his literary talents to publishers as a lawyer in selling his rhetorical powers to attorneys.

The best work, indeed, is probably as-

cribable to loftier motives. It has been accomplished not under pressure of want, but because an active mind, dominated by new thoughts, or set on fire by an imaginative impulse, is constrained to utter itself in some way to the world. It must speak or burst; action of some kind is an imperative necessity; and it is a question of circumstance and character whether the impulse spends itself in producing philosophy, or poetry, or art, or practical activity. The spontaneity characteristic of such work is the quality which determines whether a poem is to live or to die; it is the discriminating mark between the manufactured article and the genuine organic growth. The test, of course, covers that other variety of literature — including much of the very highest — in which the writing is considered not as an end, but a means; where the polished style and strict order are the symptoms of an intense desire to accomplish some ulterior object — to strike down a pestilent fallacy, to encourage the supporters of a good cause, to disseminate ideas which may lift mankind to a higher social order. In such cases a man may be excused if he is eager for some testimony of success. The degree of attention which he excites is the measure of the work which he has done. He looks for praise as the artillery officer looks for the cloud of dust which shows that his shot has struck home at the right point of the hostile lines. Unluckily, there are many people who seem to be content so long as they can make the dust fly without reference to the means adopted or to the purpose contemplated.

This is, in fact, the motive which is excluded by our suggested tests. The affected desire to do good to the world means really a desire that the world may sing our praises. The love of praise as praise, the simple appetite for incense, as thick and stupefying as may be, is the really bad symptom, as it is the bane of our modern literature. This is the true mark of the charlatan, and the natural fruit of that kind of vanity which deserves all the contempt that can be poured upon it. No stings can be too severe which help to kill down the noxious swarm of parasites which find their natural food in the fulsome stream of adulation. For, unluckily for us, there was never a time when this weakness was so prevalent, because there never was a time when the power of advertising, and therefore of winning notoriety without attaining excellence, was so enormous. The evil tends to corrupt the highest and most sensitive natures. A man can

scarcely keep his head, when the voice of real sympathy is drowned by the chorus of insincere jubilation. By an anachronism — which has too many parallels — we are still employed in denouncing an excess which has long been supplanted by its contrary. We abuse the severe critics who quench youthful genius. The true evil is different. The really mischievous persons are those appreciative and generous critics who force all eminent writers to live, whether they wish it or not, in an atmosphere so thick with the fumes of incense as to be enervating to the strongest constitutions. A clique is notoriously bad; with our customary twaddle about generous criticism, we are going far to make the whole literary world into one gigantic clique. Youthful genius is no longer crushed — it is puffed into imbecility. We long for some of the bracing air of the old slashing criticism, which, if it caused much useless pain, did at least promote the growth of tough fibres instead of fatty degeneration of tissue.

But, leaving this aside, let us assume that a man's vanity is harmless and his ambition pure. He really thinks that he can bestow upon his fellow-men gifts of truth and beauty. He fancies, to put the case distinctly, that he can produce a new "Hamlet." He sees that he must choose between his bread-and-butter and his literary ambition. Which course deserves our approval? Shall we praise him for daring greatly or for listening to the voice of respectability? If we prefer the more venturesome course, we must, of course, admire the Haydons, and many men without Haydon's talent, who have been martyrs to their courage. If not, we prefer Philistia to Bohemia, and sympathize with the numerous parents who have condemned Pegasus to harness. There are, it is to be observed, two distinct problems. First, we may ask whether it is better to pay your bills or to produce a "Hamlet"? Secondly, as nobody can be certain that his work is really a "Hamlet," we must ask whether it is better to pay or take the chance of producing what may possibly turn out to be a "Hamlet"?

Most people will answer the first question with little hesitation. Better, they will say, that Shakespeare's butchers, bakers, and landlady should have gone unpaid, though want of payment had meant starvation; better that the debt should have gone on accumulating at compound interest from that day to the present, than that "Hamlet" should have been burked. What would be the loss of a few trades-

men compared to the loss of one of the few imperishable monuments of human genius? The two things are not comparable. A man who could pronounce against "Hamlet" would be capable of breaking up Westminster Abbey to mend the Thames embankment. But is this so very clear? Are we perfectly certain that our valuation is just? Assuming that "Hamlet" deserves all the praises it has received from Shakespeare's most slavish idolaters, I confess that I should still have certain twinges of doubt. What, after all, is the worth of any creation of human genius? What is the proportion between the value of a work of art and the artist's ordinary discharge of his daily duties? What — for that seems to be the real question — is the value to the world of its greatest men? What is the value of a Shakespeare, as measured against the value of an honest grocer?

We cannot adjust the proportion to a nicety, nor even with approximate accuracy. The right point would doubtless lie somewhere between the extravagance of the hero-worshipper and the deprecatory view of that kind of spiritual democracy which holds that the individual is nothing and the multitude everything. But it is equally clear that the average opinion has been hitherto deflected from the true line by the enthusiast far more than by the cynic. The more we know, the more clearly we realize the vastness of the debt which even the greatest owe to their obscure contemporaries. Every advance of criticism diminishes the share of glory due to the great man, and increases the merit of his co-operators. History sees everywhere, not the work of a solitary legislator, but processes implying the slow growth of many generations. The scattered stars of the firmament are but bright points in vast nebulae revealed by closer observation. In art, the importance of the social medium, relatively to the single performer, assumes ever greater proportions. But what is this but to diminish the extravagant value attributed to single performances? Their intrinsic excellence may not be lessened, but we must lower our estimate of their importance as self-originated and creative forces. "Hamlet" may be incomparably superior to "The Maid's Tragedy" or "The Duchess of Malfi"; but we must admit that Shakespeare was but a co-operator with Fletcher and Webster. The general character of the period would not have been greatly altered had Shakespeare died of the measles; though it would have left behind



it a less superlative relic. The disregard of the second-rate performers has fallen in with the tendency to adulate success. What passes for criticism of great men has become a mere competition in extravagance. Each man tries to raise a loftier cloud of incense, and grovel more profoundly in the dust. He wins a cheap praise of generosity and generality by tacitly depressing the mass, in order to give a more imposing air to the pinnacle on which he erects his solitary hero.

Without speaking, however, of those monstrous accumulations of hyperbolic panegyrics, which form the monuments of our great men, we should rather alter our view of the importance than of the excellence of the supreme poets and thinkers. Let them tower above their fellows as much as you please. Say, if you will, that the powers implied by the greatest achievements are different in kind, as well as degree, from those possessed by their humbler brethren. Still it will remain true, first that the greatest of men is but the organ through which thoughts and feelings common to thousands and millions of his fellows find their fullest expression. He is not an isolated phenomenon dropped into the world from without, but the finest of flowers, which appears when the soil and the atmosphere are fully prepared for his development. Cut the flower down and it could not be replaced; but its disappearance would have but a minor influence upon the conditions to which it was due. The same conceptions of the world and of man's place in it would mould the thoughts of the time, though they would be less sharply impressed and less obvious to their successors. And, in the next place, a man's influence upon his own contemporaries is that which is incomparably the most important. We are what we are because Shakespeare's contemporaries were what they were; and doubtless Shakespeare's influence in forming them must count for something. But we are not what we are because we read Shakespeare's plays. Of course we derive a good deal of pleasure from them. They influence our literature—very often for evil—and they supply us with innumerable quotations and imaginative symbols. But their effect upon the race is almost a vanishing quantity. For, first, not one man in a hundred reads them; secondly, of those who read, few understand; and, finally, of those who understand, few can count the influence of any particular author as amongst the forces which have really moulded their lives. Do half a

dozen men in a generation really trace any great spiritual change to the power of any one writer—especially of a distant period? This is indeed a point upon which we wilfully deceive ourselves, and doubtless the implied assertion may at first sight be denied. But let any man examine frankly what are the forces which have really moulded his nature. He has been profoundly affected by his family, by his school, by his profession; by the religious faith in which he has been educated; by the moral standard accepted around him; and sometimes by the artistic tastes and intellectual biasses which are prevalent in his day. But how many men can say frankly, after real self-examination, that their characters have been altered or their views of life materially modified by reading any author, whatever his fame, who died even a century ago? So far as he affected the development of the thoughts and history of his race, he has, of course, affected the development of all subsequent time. But I speak of the direct influence—of the difference between our character as it actually is, and that which it would have been if we had not read a particular book of a past century. A few literary persons will, of course, attribute great weight to such readings, and literary people generally speak as if they were the whole world. They are really, I fancy, a superficial ornament, counting almost for zero in the great forces which really move mankind. But, of course, this is a sentiment not to be indulged even in private.

If, however, there be any share of truth in these statements, they naturally limit our estimate of the value even of the greatest works. Every man has an influence, powerful in proportion to his character, upon his own circle. That will be exerted, whether he wishes it or not, and whether he puts his thoughts in print or expresses them in life. His influence as a writer reaches and affects—often very deeply—a wide circle of congenial minds, who are prepared to receive his teaching. Beyond that circle, again, he has a vague influence upon people who may bear his name and think it becoming to have some opinion about him. But this last influence, if it deserves the name, is one which no wise man should desire, and which has but a small and uncertain effect. Why should I care whether a number of ignorant people clatter about my name or not, when of me, as I really am, they are radically incapable of knowing anything whatever? Yet the knowledge which an indifferent contemporary has of a Shakespeare is

probably as vivid and as influential as the knowledge of any but the very finest critics in the later generations, when the writer's language is already growing dim, and his thoughts are embodied in unfamiliar images. Even of great men it may be true that their influence either upon their children, their friends, or their dependents is far more important than that which they exercise by direct communication with distant ages. The most powerful voice becomes faint as it spreads into ever-widening spheres. It then becomes but the ghost of a real utterance—a faint murmur of half-forgotten meaning, loud enough to be heard in the study, but not to guide men amidst the rough shocks of vivid present experience. My relations to my butcher and baker belong to the inner sphere, where my influence is still potent; and my dealings with them may be more effectual than my dealings with posterity, though bearing upon smaller matters.

But you cannot be certain that you are a Shakespeare, or even distantly akin to Shakespeare. The difficulty of judging ourselves, which makes error venial, makes dogmatism madness. Nobody has a right to say positively that he has drawn the one prize out of the many million blanks. The English writers of past centuries, whose books are still alive for any but professed students, may be counted on the fingers. Granting that you have talents and even genius, the probability that you will be added to the sacred band, instead of perishing with the unknown rank and file, is almost infinitesimal. The lad who runs away to sea in hopes of becoming an admiral or a Captain Cook, is scarcely making a less judicious venture. Genius is rare enough, and it is the rare exception when even genius bears its perfect fruit. The Shakespeare is not merely the man of greater power than his neighbors, but that particular man of great powers who appeared when the times were ripe and circumstances propitious. To stake your happiness on the chance that you are an exceptional being under exceptional circumstances, is, to say the least, daring to the verge of rashness. But, if I do not, the world will lose its chance of another great poet! Make yourself easy; the world will get on perfectly well. Nobody is so great in politics, but that society could struggle along its path of development without him; nor so great in song, but that somehow the emotions of the world will find some channel of utterance. Death—to our ignorance

at least—is like a dark power stalking through the world, striking left and right at random, crushing the happy and leaving the miserable, and destroying the genius as well as the fool. But his blow never strikes an individual with whom we could not dispense. Thought will continue to push along every line of development. The disappearance of one inquirer only transfers to another the discoveries which are held to confer immortality; the social problem is being worked out by unconsciously co-operating millions, and they will find a leader to replace the old one; if one man is removed, posterity will have to inscribe the name of the immortal Jones in its pantheon instead of honoring the immortal Smith; the problem may be solved a day later or a day sooner, and there may be some differences in the terms of the answer; but the answer will be found, and must be the same in essence. The great man puts the clock on; he does not determine the direction of its movement. And it is equally true that when thoughts are fermenting in the mind of age, and new aspects of nature become conspicuous, and new emotional phases diminish utterance, people will be found to provide the imaginative symbols fitted for the embodiment; and the man who does, at last will be regarded as the creator instead of the product. At any rate, it is quite needless for any man to fret himself about the fate of the universe. There are within this realm five hundred, probably five thousand as good as he, and those will do best who leave the world and their fame to take their chance, and aim only at doing the work which lies next to hand.

Leave the universe alone. When a regard for the interests of things in general is not hypocritical, it is the very madness of arrogance. Here, as in so many cases, it is the law, though it is an apparent paradox, that a man contributes to an end most effectually by putting any direct reference to the end out of his mind. Here, indeed, is a plainer, if not more powerful, consideration. Is not the supposed act of heroism a folly in any case? It requires courage to neglect one's bread-and-butter in order to win glory; but what if the neglect of bread-and-butter be the shortest way to wreck your genius as well as your prospects? Good work, as a rule, is only done by people who have paid their bills. Why was Shakespeare so far ahead of all contemporary dramatists? Because Shakespeare had the good sense to make money, and was therefore able to



command the market, and write his later works without undue pressure. Others could only write in a tavern, or to get out of a creditor's clutches. Shakespeare's mind was at ease by the consciousness of his comfortable investments at Stratford. "Hamlet" was written because Shakespeare was solvent. Pope was able to polish his verses because he judiciously made himself independent by his "Homer." Wordsworth, like Haydon, wished to shake the world; but unlike Haydon, he recognized and acted upon the truth that the first condition of such power is personal independence. Live for art, if you will; but first be sure that you have not to live by your art, otherwise the only harvest that you can reap will be that of the first reckless ebullitions, when the responsibility of life does not weigh upon the buoyancy of youth. Some good work has come out of Bohemia; but any one who sojourns permanently in that seductive region is sure to lose his vigor as well as his money, and produces in the end mere scraps and outlines and rough indications of what he might have done. When we are asked to consider how much may have been crushed in poets condemned to writing ledgers, we can only reply by pointing out how much has certainly been lost by poets who have run to seed in spunging-houses. From the days of Marlowe to those of the unhappy Edgar Poe, we have innumerable warnings that genius runs to waste when it does not condescend to be respectable.

We have fallen upon a very commonplace and humble moral. It is none the worse for that, and certainly not the less often overlooked. The truth which it is really important to enforce more than ever is the simple one, that all really good and permanent work is the expression, not of a single mood of passionate excitement or prurient desire for enjoyment, but of a mind fully developed, strengthened by conflict with the world, and enriched by reflection and experience. The first condition of such a development is independence of spirit, which is seldom obtainable without independence of pocket. The first, though not the loftiest, duty of man is to pay his way; though it must, of course, be added, that limitation of wants, rather than increase of means, is the legitimate mode of securing that object. If, like Wordsworth, you think that you can be a great man by living upon bread and water, you are certainly right in not aiming at the vulgar prizes of money and preferment. But a career is honorable even if it fails; and we may safely honor the

man who limits himself to a modest livelihood in order to devote himself to great work. The evil is that most men want to have both advantages; to live splendidly, and yet to stake their means of living upon literary fame; to gain the praise of the world as well as the praise of posterity; and, in short, to set about a campaign which can only be justified by success without counting the cost beforehand. That is why so many men of genius run to seed, and so many men of no genius fancy that they are acting nobly when they neglect their ordinary duties in search for glory, and fancy that the greatness of their ambition is an apology for the imperfection of their work.

---

From The Spectator.

#### A GREAT SEA-WAVE.

THE great sea-wave which, after the recent earthquake at Peru, swept across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands, affords fresh illustration of the vital energy which still pervades the frame of our earth. If those theories be sound according to which each planet during its extreme youth is as a sun glowing with fiery heat, and in extreme old age is, like our moon, cold (save where the sun's rays pour upon it) even to its very centre, we should regard the various portions of the middle age of a planet as indicating more or less of vitality according as the signs of internal heat and activity were greater or less. Assuredly, thus viewing our earth, we have no reason to accept the melancholy doctrine that she is approaching the stage of planetary decrepitude. She still shows signs of intense vitality, not indeed that all parts of her surface are moved at this present time by what Humboldt called "the reaction of her interior." In this respect, doubtless, changes slowly take place, the region of disturbance at one time becoming after many centuries a region of rest, and *vice versa*. But regarding the earth as a whole, we find reason for believing that she still has abundant life in her. The astronomer who should perceive, even with the aid of the most powerful telescope, the signs of any change in another planet (Mars, for example, our nearest neighbor among the superior planets), the progress of the change being actually discernible as he watched, would certainly conclude that that planet was moved by mighty internal forces. Now it is not too much to say, though at first it may per-

haps seem so, that the mighty sea-wave which, on May 10, rushed in upon the shores of the group of Sandwich Islands, would have been discernible from Venus, supposing an observer there had been watching the earth with a telescope as powerful as the best yet made on this earth. The wave was caused, as we know, by a tremendous subterranean disturbance in Peru a few hours earlier. Here, at least, was the centre of subterranean action, for a land wave also travelled from that region along the Pacific coast of Mexico, and was felt at the Sandwich Isles, where the Kilanea volcano was set in motion almost at the same time that the sea-wave came in. But there can be no doubt whatever that, as in the case of the great Peruvian earthquake of August, 1868, the sea-wave had its origin not in the local subterranean disturbances, but in the great upheaval by which Iquique and other places were destroyed. We shall, no doubt, hear before long, as in that case, of the arrival of the great wave at the Samoa Isles, at the Japanese Archipelago, on the shores of New Zealand, Australia, and so forth. Now, the great circular wave which spread on May 10 last from the Peruvian shore as a centre athwart the entire Pacific was probably not felt by a single ship in the open sea, any more than the still vaster wave of the 13th and 14th of August, 1868, and for the same reason. With a height of some fifteen feet (or thirty feet vertical difference between crest and hollow), the wave had yet so gentle a slope that, though it rushed at the rate of three or four hundred miles an hour across the Pacific, the rise and fall of a ship upon its surface would be altogether imperceptible. The great sea-wave, as Mallet long since pointed out, consists, in the deep ocean, of "a long, low swell of enormous volume, having an equal slope before and behind, and that so gentle that it might pass under a ship without being noticed." And we are told, in fact, by a modern writer, that during the rush of the great sea-wave across the Pacific on August 13-14, 1868, though where the wave reached island shores it seemed as though the land were first sinking bodily into the ocean and then rising bodily out of it, "there was not one among the hundreds of vessels which were sailing upon the Pacific when it was traversed by the sea-wave in which any unusual motion was perceived."

How, then, it may be asked, can we suppose that a wave which was not perceived by those actually sailing upon the ocean traversed by it, could have been visible

with suitable telescopic power from a distant planet? The very circumstance which rendered the rise and fall of ships upon the sea-waves of 1868 and of last May imperceptible, assures us that the progress of the wave would so have been visible. Besides its enormous range in length, for when it struck the Sandwich Isles its crest must have formed the arc of a great curve, having for radius the distance of sixty-three hundred miles, separating that group from Peru, the wave had great breadth, otherwise, its height being about thirty feet, the rapid advance of the wave would have caused a rapid rise and fall, instead of a slow motion only discernible along shore-lines. Probably the distance from valley to valley, on either side of the mighty crest of the wave, was not less than two hundred miles in the open sea. So far as mere dimensions, then, are concerned, the great wave would certainly have been visible from a planet placed as Venus is, when most favorably situated for observing the earth. To show this, it is only necessary to point out that Venus is then much nearer to us than Mars ever is, that the entire diameter of Mars is but about forty-five hundred miles, while the radius of the great wave, when it reached the Sandwich Isles, was fully six thousand miles, and that its probable breadth of two hundred miles very far exceeds the breadth of many of the well-known markings upon the planet Mars.

But it may be asked how the wave would become discernible at all, viewed, as it were, from above. How should an observer in Venus know that the highest part of the wave was thirty feet or so nearer to him than the hollow of the valleys on either side of it? The way in which the wave would become visible corresponds in some degree to the way in which those strange radiations which extend from several of the lunar craters are visible, though they have very little elevation, cast no perceptible shadows, and are many of them undiscernible when other lunar features are clearly seen, and become discernible only when those other features are scarcely visible at all. Under the sun's rays, the two opposite faces of the advancing waves would be differently illuminated. One face, a hundred miles broad, be it remembered, would catch the light more fully than the ocean as yet undisturbed, while the other would catch the light less fully. Thus the mighty arc of the wave would appear as a double arc, one-half of its breadth being bright, the other (relatively) dark. We do not say

that the wave would be a very striking or obvious feature of the earth's disc as seen from Venus, but that it would be discernible under the same telescopic power which the Herschels, Lassell, Rosse, and others have applied to the celestial objects as seen from the earth, we have little doubt. If so, since not only would it be perceived as a new feature, but also its motion across the Pacific be traceable, and the transience of the phenomenon quickly recognized, it would afford observers on that planet the clearest evidence of the activity of subterranean forces within our earth. Those among the observers living on Venus who were not content merely to observe, but exercised also their reasoning faculties to determine the meaning of what they saw, would perceive that on or about August 13-14, 1868, and again on May 10 last, tremendous throes had shaken some portion of the southern half of that long double continent lying north and south which they have long since recognized on our globe; that the waters of the ocean had thus been mightily disturbed; and that a great wave, or rather a succession of several great waves, had swept across the largest of the terrestrial oceans. They would be able even, by noting the velocity and variations of velocity of the great wave, to determine the depth of the Pacific Ocean, and the manner according to which the depth varies in the neighborhood of different island groups. It is not altogether impossible, indeed, that what we have here described may actually have occurred, though on neither of the occasions when the Pacific has of late been swept by a sea-wave was Venus very suitably placed for observing our planet.

Apart from thoughts such as these, there is much in a phenomenon like this great sea-wave well worth considering. When we recognize in the subterranean forces of our earth an energy competent to disturb the entire surface of the Pacific, we perceive how vain are the fears of those who imagine that the earth's Vulcanian energies are very nearly exhausted. There is nothing to show that at any time of which geology affords evidence throes more mighty than those which have shaken Peru and Chili within the last half-century have disturbed any portion of the earth's frame. In former times indeed, when geologists were accustomed to regard the processes of an entire era as completed in a single throe, men might well believe that the earth had sunk into relative quiescence. But now that close study has enabled them to separate the effects of one process from

those of another, to recognize — not in full perhaps, but in great degree — the influence of time as an important factor in geological development, they are able to make a juster comparison between past and present disturbances. The result is, that, although we cannot doubt that the earth is parting with the heat which is the source of its Vulcanian energies, we find every reason to believe that the loss of energy is taking place so slowly that the diminution during many generations is altogether imperceptible. As a modern writer has remarked, when we see that while mountain ranges were being upheaved or valleys depressed to their present position, race after race and type after type lived out on the earth the long lives which belong to races and to types, we recognize the great work which the earth's subterranean forces are still engaged upon. Even now continents are being slowly depressed or upheaved, even now mountain ranges are being raised to a different level, table-lands are being formed, great valleys are being gradually scooped out, old shore-lines shift their place, old soundings vary, the sea advances in one place and retires in another; on every side, nature's plastic hand is still at work, modelling and remodelling the earth, and making it constantly a fit abode for those who dwell upon it.

---

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### NORTH-COUNTRY FISHERMEN.

IF contrasts go far to make life pleasant, the North-country fisherman has no cause to complain. Day after day you may see him lounging listlessly in thick blue jersey and sou'wester hat, with hands plunged in the pockets of the woolly pantaloons, that are thrust in their turn into the well-oiled boots. But we must hasten to add that on these occasions he is thrown back upon idleness in spite of himself. A rattling gale is blowing on shore; the laden steam-vessels of the northern coal-fleet are lying storm-bound in the mouths of the rivers; the waves are rolling landwards in tumbling banks of foaming water, and breaking in sheets of spray over the reefs on that rugged coast. Then the fisherman compromises with the elements. He does not sit solitary in his cottage, moping over the fire; but though he exposes himself in the open, he is as careful to be sheltered from the blast as if he were afraid of its taking the bloom off his delicate complex-

ion. Nothing can well be more ludicrous than these groups of sturdy men, with figures that seem half as broad as they are long, stepping the quarterdeck under the lee of some shed that allows them about a couple of strides either way. Now and again one of them who constitutes himself the look-out will show his head cautiously round the corner and take a circular observation seaward, drawing back the moment the duty is discharged. To be sure, there is nothing in the world to note. The odds are, with the wind in that quarter, that it may go on blowing great guns for days; and when the wind has fallen it must be many hours more before the waves follow its example. That stolid resignation to the inevitable is a triumph of patience, and savors in some degree of Mohammedan fatalism. For all the time the bread-winning is in suspense, and no one has a better notion of the worth of a day's wage than these unemotional victims of uncontrollable circumstances. But, thanks to strong tobacco and short pipes, they tide over the interval in seeming contentment; and even when the long-looked-for time comes at last they are not flurried out of their constitutional deliberation. The wind, that had been whistling through the chimney-pots more fitfully, sank fairly down with the sun; and the whole of the village is afoot at daybreak, with everything carefully prepared beforehand. The lines are knotted and coiled, the supplies of bait laid in, and the boats all ready for launching. One after another they are hoisted upon wheels, and run down the shelving beach by dozens of willing arms. The crews tumble in, three or four men and a boy. The heavy oars are out, and away they labor through the winding channel among the half-submerged rocks. It is no easy navigation even now, for the groundswell is chafing in the passage which confines it, and were the weather-worn planks dashed against the jagged points the broad-bottomed boat would shiver like a walnut-shell. But strength and skill run the gauntlet safely, and one by one they are tossing in the offing. It is a pretty sight to any one looking down from the bluffs, the scattering of the little fishing fleet. The sun has been getting the better of the breaking mist; he is shining brilliantly on the white-crested waves, and gilding the brown

patches of seaweed. The damp on the dark rocks, with their fluttering fringes of weed, makes them glisten like polished ebony. The flocks of white-breasted seagulls are stooping and screaming overhead, or gathering clamorously on the spits of sand in search of materials for a voracious breakfast. The broad black boats are dancing and disappearing like so many corks, in a way that would be terribly trying to unseasoned diaphragms. But a day like that, supposing the take to be successful, is one of the white-letter days in the fisherman's calendar. He strips his tarpaulin coat and over-jersey, and he goes about his work luxuriously in the pleasant warmth.

That is literally the sunny side of his life; but then comes the reverse. We do not speak of habitual exposure to wet and cold, for to that he is comparatively insensible, or he endures it in the way of his business. But there is always the chance of a surprise which may be fatal, or which, at all events, may cost him his nets or lines. Though tolerably well read in the signs of the weather, he is very far from infallible. Besides, he cannot always be shirking the risks he apprehends, and it is not his way to sin on the side of over-caution. The wind shifts round suddenly, or a storm blows up from the land. Then his return is cut off as effectually as if the beach were sealed by a shoal of torpedoes. Many of the fishing hamlets, like the one we have described, are only to be approached through such a labyrinth of reefs as we have noticed. In a gale off the shore, the passage is impracticable, for even steering in after dark in favorable weather you must take the bearings by the lights that are run up to landmarks. If the worst come to the worst, there is nothing for it but to run, keeping the boat before the wind and trusting in Providence. The men must do their best to give a berth to the dangerous shore where their wives and families are anxiously expecting them; and if they can keep the boat afloat by skilful steering and indefatigable baling, and if they can support sinking nature on their scanty stores, they drive past harbors that offer them no refuge, till they are drifted at last on the dunes of the Dutch coast or to an anchorage in one of the northern estuaries.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1726. — July 14, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. PEDIGREES AND PEDIGREE-MAKERS. By Edward A. Freeman, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	67
II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Mac Donald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part XX., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	85
III. VOLTAIRE IN THE NETHERLANDS. From the Dutch of Jhr. C. A. van Sypesteyn, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	97
IV. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part VII., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	105
V. MORDECAI: A PROTEST AGAINST THE CRITICS. By a Jew, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	112
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XX., . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , . . . . .	121
VII. POPULAR ERRORS, . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , . . . . .	124
VIII. LITTLE TORTURES, . . . . .	<i>Liberal Review</i> , . . . . .	126
IX. WILLIAM CAXTON, . . . . .	<i>Fireside</i> , . . . . .	127
X. A NEW STIMULANT — PITURY, . . . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . . . .	128

## POETRY.

THISBE, . . . . .	66	To VICTOR HUGO. By Alfred Tennyson, . . . . .	66
A HOPE, . . . . .	66		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## THISBE.

## I.

SHE lives in the smoky city,  
Low down by the railway line;  
But she asks for no man's pity,  
Nor cares for verse of mine.

## 2.

She's moving hither and thither,  
And often her work is hard;  
But sometimes in fine weather  
She rests a bit in the yard.

## 3.

With the empty pail behind her,  
She leans her arms on the wall,  
And hopes that there he'll find her,  
Her lover, strong and tall.

## 4.

Up in the air above her,  
The great trains outward go;  
And many a lass and her lover  
May journey to Jericho.

## 5.

But when he stoops from his doorway,  
And leans his arms on the wall,  
The world would be in a poor way  
If that were not best of all.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

## A HOPE.

## I.

SLOWLY we gather and with pain  
From many toils a scanty gain;  
We strive to know, but scant our powers,  
And short the time and strait the bounds,  
And ever-unsurmounted towers  
The mortal barrier that surrounds  
Our being; and the body still,  
Imperious slave, betrays the will.  
Slowly we gather and with pain, —  
But quick the scattering again;  
Whether it chance the failing brain  
Lets slip the treasure it hath won  
Through weary days, or sudden blow  
Lays the unshattered fabric low,  
And all our doing is undone.

## II.

Slowly a nation builds its life  
From barbarous chaos into law  
And kindly social ties and awe  
Of powers divine. For civil strife  
Still opens wide within the walls  
The yawning gulf that will not close  
Until the noblest victim falls;  
Or, fierce without, the shock of foes  
In one wild hour of blood o'erthrows  
The labor of the patient years;

And when at last the work appears  
Complete in stately strength to stand,  
Riot with parricidal blow,  
Or mad ambition's traitor hand,  
Fierce clutching at the tyrant's crown,  
In headlong ruin lays it low,  
Or brute battalions tread it down,  
Or ease and luxury and sin,  
Fell cankers sown of peace, devour,  
Till trappings of imperial power  
Hide but the living death within.

## III.

But doubtless growth repairs decay,  
And still the great world grows to more,  
Though men and nations pass away.  
But what if at the source of day  
Some cosmic change exhaust the store  
Which feeds the myriad forms of life?  
What if some unimagined strife  
Should raise so high the solar fire,  
That all this solid earthly frame  
Should in as brief a space expire  
As raindrops in a furnace-flame?

## IV.

Yet, if our faith is not the scheme  
Of priestly cunning, nor a dream  
Which with some fair illusion caught  
Our ungrown manhood's childish thought;  
If Christmas tells us true, "To-day  
The Child Divine in Bethlehem lay;"  
If He is Man who, past the ken  
Of Science in her widest range,  
Orders the law of ceaseless change,  
Content we know that lives of men  
Pass as the leaves of spring away, —  
That time will bring its final day  
To the great world itself, secure  
The Eternal Manhood shall endure.

Spectator.

ALFRED CHURCH.

## TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in poesy, Victor in romance,  
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,  
French of the French, and lord of human  
tears;  
Child-lover; bard whose fame-lit laurels glance  
Darkening the wreaths of all that would ad-  
vance,  
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;  
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years —  
As yet unbroken, stormy voice of France!  
Who dost not love our England — so they say;  
I know not — England, France, all man to be  
Will make one people ere man's race be run:  
And I, desiring that diviner day,  
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy  
To younger England in the boy my son.  
Nineteenth Century. ALFRED TENNYSON.

From The Contemporary Review.  
PEDIGREES AND PEDIGREE-MAKERS.

"*Stemmata quid faciunt?*" was the well-known question of the Roman satirist, a question which has offended many whose one ground for self-complacency would be taken away if the answer were to be the sweeping negative doctrine that all pedigrees go for nothing. But when Juvenal said or implied that pedigrees went for nothing, he was thinking of pedigrees which really were pedigrees. His doctrine was that it did not matter what forefathers a man had, that what did matter was what the man was himself. This doctrine is one which is true and which is not true, according as we admit or reject the belief that the question what a man is at all depends on the question who his forefathers were. In some cases it is quite certain that what a man is himself does depend to some extent upon who his forefathers were. It made a difference at Rome whether a man's forefathers were Fabii or Claudii. There was a likelihood, amounting almost to a moral certainty, that a Fabius would be one kind of man, and that a Claudius would be quite another kind of man. In such cases the pedigree did matter; it was a thoroughly practical thing. But all this went on the assumption that the pedigree was at least true, that its stages could be really made out, either by natural descent or by legal adoption. And, whatever we say as to the god or hero with whom the pedigree commonly started, the stages within historical times were doubtless for the most part genuine. But when we turn over an English peerage, or a book of English pedigrees of any kind, we are tempted to put Juvenal's question in another sense. "*Stemmata quid faciunt?*" What are pedigrees worth? when stage after stage, not in mythical but in recorded ages, not among gods and heroes, but among men who ought to be real, is purely mythical—if indeed mythical is not too respectable a name for what must be in many cases the work of deliberate invention. I turn over a peerage or other book of genealogy, and I find that, when a pedigree professes to be traced back to the times of which I know most in detail, it is all but invariably

false. As a rule, it is not only false, but impossible. There is, as a rule, no need to turn to authorities to confute the tale. In the eyes of any one who knows the times in which the tale is placed, the tale confutes itself. When a pedigree goes back as far as the eleventh century, in a vast majority of cases there is not only no authority for the alleged facts, but there could be no authority. The names, the descriptions, the titles, are for the most part such as were altogether unknown at the time when they are supposed to have been borne. The historical circumstances, when any are introduced, are for the most part, not merely fictions, but exactly that kind of fiction which is, in its beginning, deliberate and interested falsehood.

In so saying, there is no reason to blame the present representatives of the families concerned. There is at least no reason to blame them for anything more serious than failing to examine tales which they have heard from their childhood, and which it is a kind of point of family honor to believe. On those who edit the volumes in which the tales appear one might be inclined to be harsher. What, for instance, can be the state of mind of Sir Bernard Burke? Does he know, or does he not know, the manifest falsehood of the tales which he reprints year after year? He may, one is tempted to say, be reasonably called on for a more critical examination than we can ask from people who simply send him the stories which they have been taught to believe about their own families. If he says that he is not responsible for them, that he simply puts into his book what is sent to him without examining into its truth, if he says that the responsibility for the truth or falsehood of the stories rests with those who send them to him, he shows a very imperfect notion of the duties of authorship or editorship, even in its lowest form. No man can have a right to publish, without contradiction or comment, as alleged fact and not as avowed fiction, a number of stories which are false on the face of them. The readers of the book accept the stories on the faith of the author or editor. If they think about the matter at all, they hold that it is his business to examine and



verify the statements which are sent to him. Indeed Sir Bernard Burke himself tells us, in his "Prefatory Notice" prefixed to the the thirty-second edition of his "Peerage and Baronetage," that he has "again subjected its pages to searching revision and extensive amendment." Here then Sir Bernard Burke distinctly takes on himself, what reason would have laid upon him even if he had not taken it upon himself, namely, responsibility for his own book. It is the Ulster king-at-arms, not the unknown persons who send him the accounts of this or that family, whom we must in fairness blame for the monstrous fictions which appear as the early history of so many families. We have no right to expect much historical criticism from the man who sends in the account of his own family which has for some generations, perhaps for some centuries, passed current as the history of that family. He very naturally accepts it as he finds it, without examination of any kind. It would indeed be a kind of heroic sacrifice on behalf of truth, if he did critically examine what his father and grandfather and great-grandfather have handed down as something which tends to the honor of the family. He is in no way blameworthy simply for believing the fable in the first instance. He becomes blameworthy only if he sticks to the fable after it has been clearly shown to him that it is a fable. But a harsher measure must be dealt to the editor who year after year puts forth these monstrous fictions, without contradiction, commonly without qualification or hesitation of any kind. For it is practically no qualification to bring a story in with some such formula as "it is said" or "tradition affirms." Readers, especially readers of books of this class, need to be told in very plain words that the stories are false, that in most cases they must be false, that they carry their own confutation with them. Nothing short of this clear warning will make the mass of people see the real state of the case; and this warning Sir Bernard Burke never gives them. The fault therefore lies wholly with those who invented the tales in past times, and with those who spread them abroad now without giving any help towards contra-

dicting them. From Sir Bernard Burke we have a right to except historical criticism, and we do not get it. He subjects his pages to searching revision and extensive amendment. But such is the abiding life of the fables that they live through all revision and all amendment. The battle lies therefore with those who actively put forth fables when it is their business to put forth truths. The peer or baronet or esquire who does nothing worse than passively accept what his forefathers accepted before him need be the object of no quarrel at all. It is only when he has been often rebuked and still hardens his neck that he can be set down as a conscious accomplice of the Ulster king-at-arms.

In pointing out some of the strange fictions which disfigure the pages of our peerages and other books of pedigrees, I shall keep myself strictly to those pedigrees which touch the English history of those times of which I believe myself to have some minute knowledge. I leave the Scots and the Britons to settle their own forefathers; nor do I stop to examine pedigrees of much later date. And I do this, not only because I am most at home in a particular period, but because the period in which I am most at home happens to be the period where it is most needful unsparingly to wield the critical hatchet against the thick growth of genealogical falsehood. Several special causes of falsehood affect the genealogical history of the eleventh and twelfth centuries which do not affect either earlier or later times. It is only a very eccentric genealogist here and there who insists on carrying back his detailed pedigree into times before the eleventh century. As a rule, the inventors of pedigrees did not know enough or care enough about those ages to invent any fictions about them. There are plenty of fables in vogue about those ages; but they are seldom genealogical fables, and, when they are, they are easily exposed. With later times, the nearer we get to modern days, the means of detection become easier, and the danger of invention therefore becomes greater. If a pedigree is satisfied to start in Stewart or Tudor times, it is safe to believe it, unless there is some special reason to dis-

believe it. If it goes back to the fifteenth, fourteenth, or thirteenth century, this or that stage may be doubtful, but the thing as a whole has a fair chance of being genuine. But when a pedigree goes back to the eleventh century or to the early part of the twelfth, things are altogether changed. Some pedigrees which go back to that time are undoubtedly true. Some, whether true or false, are at least not palpably false; they could not be refuted by the general historian who does not specially give himself to genealogical or local study. But these certain and probable pedigrees are quite exceptional. The mass of pedigrees which go back to those times are, by the man who knows those times, at once cast aside as false on the face of them. They need no examination; their very statement shows that they are impossible. When a man says either that his forefathers came in with the Conqueror, or that his forefathers lived at this or that place before the coming of the Conqueror, it may so happen that the pedigree is true, but there is a strong presumption in favor of its falsehood.

There are some obvious special reasons why this age is specially open above all others to the inroads of genealogical falsehood. I have already hinted at the two motives which specially tell this way. The time of the Norman Conquest is the time to which it became fashionable for people to trace up their pedigrees. To be of the blood of the invaders of England was thought to be something creditable. Some people undoubtedly came of such blood, and could prove that they came of it. And of course there must have been many others who did come of it who could not in the same way prove the fact. It thus became a point of honor with most families to think themselves descended from the companions of the Norman Conqueror. Those who had no real pedigrees to prove it invented false pedigrees, which in a few generations did just as well. Now we should bear in mind that, in some states of the human mind, invention of this kind bears a somewhat different moral character from what it would bear among ourselves. It is really part of the *mythopæic* process which Mr.

Grote expounded long ago. It belongs to a state of mind when the distinction between truth and falsehood in historical matters was not very accurately drawn. It was taken for granted as a matter of honest belief, that the family must have sprung from some companion of the Conqueror, just as it was taken for granted that every patrician *gens* at Athens must have sprung from some god or hero. It was taken for granted, just as it was taken for granted that every nation and every city must have been called after the name of some personal founder. In all these cases, the dishonesty, so far as there is any, consisted in the particular name chosen. That there must have been some founder of the received class was a matter of honest superstition. And, in choosing a forefather who should have fought in William's army, any little accidental circumstance of name, place, or incident was naturally seized on as proof. A number of little chances might guide a man, either in attaching his pedigree to some real person or in inventing an imaginary person as his forefather. When the forefather was chosen, exploits grew around him. When I say grew, I know perfectly well that what we call the growth of a story is really the result of the action of a number of human wills. The convenient metaphor must not delude us into thinking that a story really grows of itself, as a tree grows. But in some states of the human mind, the acts of the human will by which this or that touch is added to a story are acts which are barely conscious acts; they are very far from implying that guilty consciousness of falsehood which they would imply in an age when the distinction between historical truth and historical falsehood is fully understood. We may then fairly say that the story grows. There must have been some forefather. The vagueness of a nameless forefather was unpleasant; a name for him was lighted on or invented. The forefather must have performed some exploits. The vagueness of exploits without statement of time, place, or circumstance was unpleasant. Particular exploits were devised; almost any chance hint would suggest one kind of exploit

rather than another. And all this was done, if with no clear belief in the truth of the story, yet with no clear conviction of its falsehood. The legend of the family is something like the legend of the saint. It either was true or it ought to have been true. In both cases there may have been sheer, conscious, guilty, invention; but there is no need to suppose sheer, conscious, guilty, invention in every case either of family legends or of saintly legends. In a crowd of cases of both kinds the story comes of a state of mind which does not wilfully sin against historical truth, but which has not yet learned that there is such a thing as historical truth. It comes of a state of mind which at all events has not yet learned that historical truth has anything to do with the matter of family or saintly legends.

In this way there arose endless stories, how this and that family was descended from this and that real or imaginary companion of the Conqueror, and how the real or imaginary hero did such and such — commonly imaginary — exploits. The family tree was drawn out according to the eternal fitness of the case. In the mind of the pedigree-maker the family tree is a very venerable thing. In the mind of the historian it goes for nothing. Descents may be proved; but they must be proved by something very different from the family tree or the family legend. They must be proved by evidence which was meant to prove something else. There is, we will say, a deed, whatever may be its object — a sale of lands, a purchase of lands, a grant of lands, the enfranchisement of a villain, or anything else — which is done, say by John of Sutton, with the consent of his wife Agnes and his son Richard. There is another deed done by Richard of Sutton with the consent of his mother Agnes and his son William. Here is real evidence for three stages of the pedigree. Even if the deeds should chance to be forgeries, as many deeds are, they would still be evidence. For the object of the forger would not be to prove steps in the pedigree, but to make good some claim or other. He would have no motive for falsifying the pedigree, and if he made any mistake in it, the mistake would be purely accidental.\*

\* It must be remembered that there are deeds which seem to have been forged on purpose to make out false pedigrees. But I am speaking of deeds of the ordinary kinds, such as one finds in the cartularies of monasteries, which, whether genuine or spurious, whether the claims which they meant to assert were good or bad, were not written to prove a pedigree. In either case the witness to genealogy is incidental, and has the value of incidental witness.

So, if a man is mentioned in a Pipe-roll or any other public document, and his son is mentioned in the same or another Pipe-roll, there is real evidence for the pedigree. So again, there may be the statements of credible chroniclers, whose story may lead them to mention that such and such a man was the son or grandson of such or such another man. All these are different forms of real evidence; and, the less the writer of the document was thinking of proving the pedigree, the further his statement goes towards proving it. There undoubtedly are people who can prove by real evidence of this kind that they are descended from companions of the Conqueror. But the family tree does not prove it; the family tradition does not prove it; the "Battle Abbey Roll" does not prove it. In genealogical books we sometimes see this last source of falsehood seriously referred to. But it is only the pedigree-maker who will ever refer to it. The historian will pass by such transparent fiction without a word of notice. With the true Roll of Winchester before him, he need not stop to trouble himself for a moment with any of the endless forms of the false Roll of Battle.

In short, if in this particular period we are specially exposed to the assaults of falsehood, we have a weapon such as few other periods supply us with to wield on behalf of truth. It is wonderful how many of the absurd tales which fill the pages of Sir Bernard Burke may be at once cast to the winds by the simple process of turning to Domesday. One is tempted to ask whether the inventors of pedigrees knew that there was any Domesday. Sometimes indeed a pedigree refers to it; sometimes its statements even help to make out a pedigree. But it far more commonly happens that, in order to refute a pedigree, there is nothing to be done but to turn to the proper place in the great Survey. Sometimes it is enough to turn to the Index to the great Survey. When we are told that a certain man came over with the Conqueror, that he did wonderful exploits and was rewarded with grants of land, we can at once put the story to the truest of tests. If anything of the kind ever happened, the record of it would be in Domesday. The Survey would not indeed charge itself with describing the exploits; but if the man was a real man at all, his name, his lands, most likely his title of office, his patronymic or other surname, if he had one, would all be written in the great book. Be he tenant-in-chief or under-tenant, he would alike be there.

Even if he had died or suffered forfeiture before the time of the Survey, he would be there as the former owner. The test is sure; the test is easy; the certain evidence which in earlier or later times can sometimes not be had at all, or which, if it is to be had, can be had only by searching through and comparing endless separate documents, can be had in the days of King William by a process almost as easy as looking out a word in a dictionary. The hatchet to the argument is in this case easily found. It is wonderful, how many and how stately fabrics of falsehood fall away before the touch of the great record. I open Sir Bernard Burke at a venture, and I light upon the following wonderful statements:—

Totilus de Leton, whose name appears in the Domesday Book as a landed proprietor in the co. Salop, was grandfather of

Sir Titus de Leighton, Knight of the Sepulchre, who, on his return from the Holy Land, was a joint-founder of the abbey of Buildwas in Salop. His son,

Sir Richard de Leighton, Knight, led a reconveyance from William Fitz-alan, soon after the Conquest, of the manor of Leighton; and from him descended:—

John Leighton, Esquire, of Stretton, who was thrice High Sheriff of Shropshire in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

Sheriff John and those who come after him are doubtless real people. It is not worth while to search them out. But Totilus and Titus are quite another kind of thing. When are they supposed to have lived? How did they come by their strange names? If Totilus was a landed proprietor in Domesday, how came his grandson to be getting reconveyances soon after the Conquest? Are Totilus and Titus supposed to be Englishmen or Normans? Nomenclature, commonly a safe guide, here fails us, as Totilus and Titus would certainly have had their names all to themselves among the men of either nation. In short, Totilus, and Titus the Knight of the Sepulchre, are both so grotesquely absurd that it is hardly worth while looking for their names in Domesday or its Index. Still it is well to be able to say that no such names are there, and that in Shropshire, where they are quartered, there is not even any name which the most perverse transcriber could have turned into any such form. Hampshire has a *Tostillus*—that is of course a diminutive form of *Tostig*—and Essex has a *Totius*, a Latinized shape of one of our queer English names, *Totig*. But no such near approach as this can be found

in Shropshire. But Richard of Leighton is a perfectly possible man; nay, there is every reason to think that he is a real man. He is a man who might perfectly well be in Domesday; only it is not in Domesday that we find him. He is a real man, and he may be likely enough—local knowledge could settle the point—the forefather of the later Leightons; only, in order to make the pedigree longer, he has been moved to an earlier time than that to which he rightly belongs. Shropshire has among its lordships as entered in Domesday both a *Leton* and a *Lecton*, one or other of which is doubtless the Leton or Leighton of the pedigree. And, what is not very wonderful, Shropshire had also a Richard among its landowners. But the union of Richard and Leighton has produced a person who, as far as the age of Domesday is concerned, is purely imaginary. If the place meant is the *Leton* of Domesday, that was held by Anschitil under Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury. If it be the *Lecton* of Domesday, that was held by Ralph of Mortemer. As far then as Domesday is concerned, Richard might pass away along with Totilus and Titus. Yet Richard of Leighton is a real man, though he has got put out of his place and has been provided with an impossible father and grandfather.\* Those documents with which the general historian is bound to be familiar prove his existence at some time not later than the reign of Edward the First, and they prove also that, though he was not a co-founder of Buildwas abbey, yet he was a benefactor of the house. His name is found twice in the Buildwas documents in the *Monasticon* (v. 357, 358), as himself making a grant to the abbey and as witnessing the grant of another benefactor. The documents come under an *Inspeximus* of 1292, so that the persons mentioned cannot be later than that date; but on the other hand, as Buildwas abbey was not founded till 1135, no one who had a conveyance soon after the Conquest could have been its founder or benefactor. We thus at once get rid of the fiction, and we find our way to the small foundation of truth on which it is piled up. Without any special local knowledge, by evidence which every

\* It is possible that one might go further back than Richard. "Robertus et Alwoldus de Lectona" appear in the Pipe-roll of Henry the First, p. 47. The second of the two names is proof positive of English descent. But they appear, not in Shropshire but in Huntingdonshire, and, as they were excused a payment of five marks "*pro paupertate sua*," it is to be supposed that no one would wish to put them in his pedigree.

student of English history must be able to turn to, we can reform to some extent the mythical Leighton pedigree in Sir Bernard Burke's volume. We have got rid of Totilus, Titus, and the imaginary Richard, and we have found a real Richard instead. We have found that a Leighton family existed in the thirteenth century. Some lord of Leighton, Norman or English as might happen, with a pedigree or without one as might happen, perhaps a descendant, perhaps not, of the Domesday possessor, had, at some time later than Henry the First but earlier than the latter years of Edward the First, taken, like crowds of other people, the name of his lordship as his surname. The Richard of Leighton of the *Inspeximus* may or may not have been the forefather of the sheriff. The general inquirer, with his evidence, can say nothing either way; the answer must come from the man of special local knowledge. But it is plain that, by the time of the sheriff, the family of Leighton had reached that degree of importance which implied that they ought to have had Domesday forefathers. A pedigree was therefore invented; the real Richard was moved back to the times of the Conquest, and his benefaction to Buildwas abbey was enlarged into co-foundership. Titus and Totilus were added by an unlucky play of fancy. Local knowledge might possibly explain why such names were hit upon, whether they are the corruption of any real names of persons or places. General history can only set them aside, as being, in the form in which they appear in the "Peerage and Baronetage," not only imaginary but impossible. But when the story had once been invented and often repeated, it was naturally believed. To believe it would become a point of honor with the family and with its neighbors. Nor need we greatly blame those for believing it to whom it seemed fine to have a Titus and a Totilus among their forefathers. But what shall we say to the Ulster king-at-arms, who must have the means of knowing better, but who reprints all this folly in a thirty-second edition which has gone through searching revision and extensive amendment?

In this case it is by no means clear whether Totilus, Titus, and Richard are supposed to be of English or of Norman birth. The inventor of the legend was perhaps indifferent on that point. The inventors of other legends were more particular; they were commonly, as we have seen, anxious to make out that the patriarch of the family had come in with the

Conqueror. Let us take a remarkably unlucky shot. We are told that

The Bedingfields deduce from the Conquest. The founder of the family, according to the pedigree in the History of Norfolk, was

Ogerus de Puges, a Norman knight, and fellow-soldier of Duke William, who obtained, after the Conquest, the manor of Bedingfield, from which he assumed his surname.

I am not deeply versed in county histories, because I have commonly found that, when there is anything which connects this or that place or this or that family with the general history of England, the local writer most commonly leaves it out altogether, or, if he mentions it at all, mentions it in a purely mythical shape. But in this case a pedigree has been sent to me which I presume is the same as the "pedigree in the History of Norfolk." The pedigree, which starts with Oger, is patched up by a deed of which I have a copy before me, and which is plainly one of the class of deeds which were invented to make out a pedigree. Pedigree and deed together go down before the fact that there was no such person as Oger de Puges, and that Bedingfield had quite another owner. There is no Bedingfield in Norfolk; but Bedingfield in Suffolk appears twice in Domesday, at p. 368 and p. 428*b*. In neither case is any one of the name of Oger set down as either past or present owner. On the other hand, there is a real Oger in Norfolk; but he was not lord of Bedingfield or of anything else. If he was a Norman knight and a fellow-soldier of Duke William, either his services must have been very small, or his master must have been very niggardly in rewarding them. The Oger of Norfolk, who is not distinguished as *de Puges* or by any other surname of any kind, held nothing in chief of the king, but held a small estate of two carucates under William of Warren. The place of this small possession is *Dudelingatuna* — that is doubtless Didlington; and Oger, whatever may have been his nationality, — the name, which survives in *Odger*, is in Domesday Breton rather than either Norman or English, — seems to have been simply one of a number of small owners who had held the land before the Conquest, and who went on holding it under the new lord. Next in the pedigree comes Sir Edmund Bedingfield, who died in 1446, and who is likely enough to have been a real man, as the Sir Henry Bedingfield of the next century undoubtedly was. Here again we

have a family, of whatever origin, who, when they rose to importance, looked about for forefathers in the Conqueror's army, and made this unlucky guess about Oger.

In most of these stories the great object was, as has been already said, to make out that the forefather of the family came in with William the Conqueror. That was the most striking and obvious proof of good birth. But alongside of this feeling there was another, a feeling for which Englishmen must have greater sympathy. On the principle that the longer the pedigree was the nobler it was, if it was something to trace the family back to a companion of the Conqueror, it was something more to trace it back to those who were here before the Conqueror came. Attempts of this kind may have sprung from the mere wish to make the family seem older. But a better feeling may have had a share in them. There may be in them some trace of real, sturdy, English feeling, which thought it after all a finer thing to be an Englishman than to be a Frenchman. But, whatever the motive may have been, it is certain that, in the case of a good many families, an attempt has been made to trace their pedigree up to times before the Conquest. These attempts to trace up to the conquered are not so many as the attempts to trace up to the conquerors; still there are a fair stock of them. In many cases the story may actually be true in a sense. That is, the family may really be descended from persons who did hold lands, perhaps even the same lands, before the Conquest. There is nothing impossible, nothing absurd, in the claim itself; only it is a claim which it must always be very hard to make out. And in the shape in which the claim is commonly put, it is absurd and impossible. There is for instance a Devonshire rime which says that three families — I forget the names of the first two, but all begin with C, and the third is the well-known name of Coplestone\* — were all at home when the Conqueror came. Now

it is quite certain that Coplestone, or anybody else, must have had forefathers of some kind living in the year 1066. People who talk about old families sometimes forget the obvious fact that one family is really as old as another. Every family had some forefathers at any given moment since the beginning of the world. The only difference is that the "old" family knows, or thinks that it knows, who its forefathers were at a particular time. At any rate, as I just said, Coplestone or anybody else had forefathers in 1066; and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, those forefathers are more likely to have been English than either British or Norman. Further it is quite possible, though the case is certainly a rare one, that Coplestone or anybody else might be able to prove who his forefathers who lived in 1066 were, to prove that they were Englishmen recorded in Domesday, and even to prove that he now holds the lands which they held. Such a claim is in no way absurd in itself; the story is perfectly possible; we only ask for the proof. Show us the proof; make out every step by authentic documents; then we will believe. Without such a proof we will not believe. But one thing cannot be proved, because it is impossible on the face of it. The forefather of Coplestone may have been at home in Coplestone's present quarters when the Conqueror came; but it is certain that Coplestone himself, by that name, John or Edward or Richard Coplestone, was not at home there at that time. What is commonly meant by these stories is that the land was held, not — what is perfectly possible — by a forefather of those who afterwards bore the name of Coplestone, but — what is altogether impossible — by a forefather who himself bore the name of Coplestone. Those who invented these stories, and those who believe them, forget that, in the times before the Conquest, there were no hereditary surnames. "Edward at Coplestone" is a perfectly possible personal description of a man at any time; but Edward Coplestone or Edward de Coplestone, as the hereditary surname of a family, is utterly impossible before the Norman Conquest. It is not even likely to be found in any family under the highest nobility till at least two or three generations after the Norman Conquest. This plain fact at once upsets all these stories in the shape which they commonly take. It does not disprove the bare statement that a man is descended from one who held lands before 1066. But it does upset

\* I have since lighted on the other two names in a small paper on "Coplestone Cross and a Charter of Eadgar" by Mr. R. J. King, who, though a Devonshire man, does not fear to upset Devonshire fables. The rime runs —

"Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,  
When the Conqueror came, were found at home."

I cannot answer for Cruwys, whose name certainly has a British look. Crocker would seem to point to the trade of a forefather who had lien among the pots. But, if his descendants ever came to be lifted up on silver wings, the name would doubtless do as well as Plantagenet itself. Mr. King goes minutely into the real history of Coplestone.



all stories which represent a family as such, with a hereditary surname, as holding lands before the Norman Conquest. The tale would grow in this way. If a man could prove, or if he believed on some ground less than absolute proof, or if he simply wished to believe without any ground at all, that he could trace up his descent to those who held his land before the Conquest, he would most likely not know that surnames were unknown in those days, and he would assume that his remote forefather must have borne the same surname as himself. In some of these cases then the story may really be true in substance, though false in form. It may be true, even though it cannot be proved to be true, even in substance. Tradition, in such a case as this, would count for something more than it counts for in the tales which trace pedigrees up to companions of the Conqueror. But most of the stories of this kind can be upset on other grounds. Domesday upsets a great many without going any further. Others contain historical statements which are wrong, and often impossible. And in many cases the process has been simply this. A man bears as his surname one of the ancient English names which have gone out of use as Christian names. He finds in early English history some one who bears that name as a Christian name. He first mistakes the Christian name for a surname, and fancies that the ancient worthy bore the same surname, perhaps an unusual one, as himself. Having got thus far, it would be almost impossible for any man to keep himself back from the next step, to refrain from claiming the ancient worthy as a forefather.

A most grotesque instance of this kind is found only a few pages on after the pedigree of Leighton. But the myth of Leighton is fairly beaten by the myth of Levinge. There is a kind of perverse simplicity about this last legend which makes it specially charming. Here it follows:—

The family of Levinge is one of great antiquity, and traces back its pedigree to Saxon times. The Archbishop of Canterbury who crowned CANUTE was Leovingus, and, in 1803 [*sic*], another Livingus was Bishop of Worcester. At the Domesday survey, it is stated that the nephew of the last-named prelate held six lordships in Derbyshire and two in Notts.

Passing down to a modern epoch, we come to

Thomas Levinge, Esq. of Baddesley Ensore,

co. Warwick, living in 1434, who was ancestor of

Thomas Levinge, Esq. (elder brother of Mr. Serjeant Levinge, M.P. and recorder of Derby *temp.* JAMES I.), who purchased the manor of Parwick, co. Derby, 1561.

Now we may be sure that the serjeant-at-law and the purchaser of the manor of Parwick are perfectly well-ascertained men. Nor is there any particular reason to boggle at the esquire of two centuries earlier, though the gap between the two Thomases is certainly a little suspicious. Here again local knowledge would doubtless easily solve the question one way or the other. But we may be quite sure that the Thomas of the fifteenth century is the earliest Levinge of whom anything is known. Otherwise the pedigree-maker would never have hit on such a rash expedient as laying violent hands on the two eleventh-century bishops. Both are real and well-known men; the second is one of the worthies of English history, the patriot prelate who stood by Godwine, as his successor Walter of Cantelupe stood by Simon. Only what is there to connect them with the house of Levinge rather than with the house of Snooks? Simply that the hapless pedigree-maker, in his ignorance of the ways of the eleventh century, took their Christian name for a surname. There is exactly as much sense to connect the modern family of Levinge with either of those bishops as there is to connect any family called Edwards or Edmunds with any of the kings who bore their names. Only Edward and Edmund are still names in common use, and it does not occur to every man who bears either of these as a surname to think that he must come of the stock of Eadward the Unconquered or Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds. But Leofing, Lyfing, Living—the spellings are of course endless—never was a common Christian name at any time, and it has gone out of use for ages. The pedigree-maker therefore did not understand that it was a Christian name at all. He thought that Bishop Lyfing was the same formula as Bishop Smith or Bishop Brown, not the same formula as Bishop John or Bishop Peter. He thought that two bishops of the same name must be of the same family, and that the modern bearer of the same name must be of the same family too. And the thing becomes all the funnier, because, after all, there is a certain faint likelihood that it may be true. The use of an uncommon Christian name by two persons about the same time,



though no proof, is a certain faint presumption, of kindred between them. It is just enough to make us think of looking to see whether there was any kindred. Again, the first man who bore the name Leofing—in any of its forms—as a surname must have been the son of a man who bore it as a Christian name. And the name is more likely to have kept in use among the kinsfolk of those who bore it in earlier times, especially among the kinsfolk of a man so famous as the Bishop of Worcester in Devonshire and Cornwall. There is then just this amount of likelihood in the story, just this amount of likelihood to connect Squire Levinge in the fifteenth century with Bishop Lyfing in the eleventh. But we may be quite sure this is not what the pedigree-maker had in his head. He was not thinking of a faint likelihood in the form of a Christian name; he thought that he had got proof positive in the form of a surname. He was, we may suspect, a contemporary of the serjeant-at-law and the second Squire Thomas. In the days of the first Squire Thomas, people were not likely to be thinking of establishing kindred with bishops of the days of Cnut.

As for the nephew of Bishop Lyfing who at the time of the Domesday Survey held six lordships in Derbyshire and two in Notts, it is too much to expect that any one should read through all the entries in those two shires to see whether anybody can be found bearing any such description. Those who expect their statements to be verified should put them in such a shape that they may be verified without needless trouble. They should give us either the names of the lordships or the name of the bishop's nephew. I can only say that I do not remember any person so described, and that none such is to be found in the Index. If, as one is tempted to suspect, the nephew of Bishop Lyfing was supposed to bear his uncle's name, such an one is certainly not to be found.

Another point here suggests itself. Why did the pedigree-maker provide Bishop Lyfing only with a nephew? Why did he not give him a son? Clearly because, for several centuries, no bishop could have ventured to acknowledge a son. But this was not the feeling of Lyfing's age or of the age next after him. There is no evidence that Lyfing himself was married; but several bishops of his time were, and it is perfectly possible that Lyfing may have left legitimate posterity. But the pedigree-maker did not know this;

he accordingly framed his story according to the ideas of ages with which he was more familiar.

After all, absurd as it is in itself to mistake the Christian name for a surname and to build a pedigree on the mistake, still the pedigree-maker erred in good company. It is not at all clear whether the "young Siward" of Shakespeare means Siward's own son Osbeorn or his sister's son Siward. But it looks very much as if Shakespeare took Siward for a surname, and thought that the son of old Siward must be "young Siward." In the case of Macbeth, he certainly did so; otherwise that much calumniated woman Gruach Queen of Scots, who appears in real history simply as a benefactress of certain churches, could never have been turned into Lady Macbeth. In the ears of a contemporary, for Gruach to be called Lady Macbeth would have sounded as odd as for Gytha to be called Lady Godwine. But I am not at all clear that there are not people who would call her so. I cannot say that I have seen it with my own eyes, but I have been told by a trustworthy person, that there is a book in which the son of Godwine and Gytha appears as "Harold, Earl Godwin." The sainted queen of Scots, not Gruach, is not uncommonly spoken of as "Margaret Atheling," as if Ætheling were the surname of the family.

In all these stories the pedigree-maker's power of invention did not go beyond mere invention of names, or the putting of real names in their wrong places. But there are pedigrees which take a much more daring flight, and which bring in large pieces of professed history which are nothing in the world but sheer invention. Take for instance the pedigree of the house of Stourton:—

This noble family, which derives its surname from the town of Stourton, co. Wilts, was of considerable rank antecedently to the Conquest; for we find at that period one of its members, Botolph Stourton, the most active in gallantly disputing every inch of ground with the foreigner, and finally obtaining from the duke his own terms. Having broken down the sea-walls of the Severn, and guarded the passes by land, Botolph entered Glastonbury when that victorious Norman had made his appearance in the West; and, thus protected, compelled William to grant whatsoever he demanded. From this patriotic and gallant soldier lineally descended

such and such people without dates, till we come to a John de Stourton, who is placed in the time of Edward the Third,

and who is likely enough to be a real man.

Now if we did not know that a pedigree-maker will do anything, it would really be past belief that anybody could have ventured on such monstrous fiction as this. It would have been more respectable to trace the house of Stourton to Jack the Giant-Killer or Jack and the bean-stalk, for they have at least a received legendary being, while Botolph Stourton and his exploits are invented of set purpose to swell the supposed credit of a family whose real beginnings seem to be in the fourteenth century. Here again we see the delusion of the surname. It was supposed that there could be before the Conquest a family of Stourton, one of whom was called Botolph, as another perhaps might be called John or Thomas. But the whole thing is fiction. There is nothing of the kind anywhere in history or in legend. We have a *Gesta Herewardi*, mythical enough to be sure in part; but we have no *Gesta Botolphi*. Yet the exploits of Botolph greatly surpass the exploits of Hereward. But within the mass of legend which has grown around the name of Hereward there is a kernel of truth in his story. Domesday knows him; the Chronicles know him, but Botolph Stourton or any other Botolph is not to be found there. If William granted to Botolph whatever he demanded, it was clearly not land that he demanded, least of all the lands of Stourton. At page 72 of Domesday we find Stourton in Wiltshire plainly enough; but its lord is not any Botolph; its actual holder is not any Botolph; its former owner is not any Botolph. Of the two lordships in Wiltshire held by Walscin of Douay, one of them has the fatal entry: "*Radulfus tenet de W. Stortone. Aluu-acre tenuit T.R.E.*" So Botolph Stourton vanishes from Stourton, and he equally vanishes from every other spot; for not a man of the name appears in Domesday as holding or having held a rood of land anywhere. The tale is sheer invention; it is mere falsehood, which might at any time be confuted by the simple process of turning to Domesday. Yet even here we may mark how the true history has some influence even on the wildest tales. The inventor of the story had most likely heard or read that William really met with no small resistance in the west, just as in the north, long after south-eastern England was conquered. He had heard something of the sieges of Exeter and Montacute, and he thought that it would be fine to connect the family whose praises he was

singing with a warfare so honorable to the western lands. With a little pains, a little study of Domesday and the authentic history, he might have put together a story which, if not true, might have been at least possible. But he set to work without a thought of bringing his tale into harmony with the great record from which there is no appeal. When the pedigree was invented, Domesday was doubtless still in manuscript; but is it possible that there is no copy of those precious volumes in the library of the Ulster king-at-arms?

In the last specimen we have seen the pedigree-maker try his hand at history; sometimes he makes a dash at etymology. Let us take the following from the pedigree of the Earl of Dysart:—

The very ancient family of Tollemache claims Saxon descent, and the name is said to be a corruption of the word "tollmack," tolling of the bell; the Tollemaches having flourished with the greatest honor, in the co. of Suffolk, since the first arrival of the Saxons in England, a period of more than thirteen centuries.

Tollemache, Lord of Bentley, in Suffolk, and Stoke-Tollemache, co. Oxford, lived in the ninth century; and upon the old manor-house at Bentley appeared the following inscription:—

Before the Normans into England came,  
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my name.

This whole account is somewhat remarkable on the face of it. In what language "tollmack" means "tolling of the bell" is not explained. Nor is it easy to see the connection of cause and effect between tolling of the bell and flourishing with the greatest honor since the first arrival of the Saxons in England. Again, if by "the first arrival of the Saxons in England" is meant the first settlement of the Saxons in Britain, it is cruel, especially when a pedigree is concerned, to cut down the date of the settlement, and therefore of the pedigree, from fourteen centuries to thirteen. On the other hand, it is not at all clear how the first Saxon settlement in Sussex could have led to anybody flourishing in Suffolk. The only chance is that the house of Tollemache may have been one of those small unrecorded Anglian tribes which seem to have come over one by one, and to have grown into the *South-Folk* and *North-Folk* of East Anglia. Then again, as Sir Bernard Burke tells the story, it would almost seem as if the Tollemache of the ninth century had been possessed of a prophetic spirit in two ways. He knew that the Normans would come some time; so he made it his

business to write up in advance that he was at Bentley before they came. And, that he might be quite sure of being understood in ages that were to come, he wrote his verses in a form of English which certainly could not have been understood by any man of his own age. It is needless to say that all this flourishing and bell-tolling is pure fiction. It so happens that something can be made out about the history of Bentley, not quite so early as the arrival of the Saxons, but as far back as the reign of Eadgar. There are places of the name in Hampshire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire, as well as in Suffolk. But it is to the Suffolk Bentley that Kemble refers the will printed in *Codex Diplomaticus*, iv. 287. There a lady named Leofgifu leaves land at Bentley to Ælfward, Bishop of London, thus fixing the date to the reign of Edward the Confessor. She had a steward at Bentley of the name of Ælfwig. In the two earlier documents, one of Eadgar's reign and the other of Cnut's (*Codex Diplomaticus*, vi. 37, 176), I do not know whether the Bentley spoken of is Bentley in Suffolk or not. Either local knowledge or a searching examination of the signatures would doubtless settle the point; but it is hardly worth while, as, among the many persons mentioned in them, there is no one who can by any kind of shift be twisted into a Tollemache tolling a bell. Bentley in Suffolk is mentioned three times in *Domesday*, ii. 287, 287b, 295b. It passed through the hands of such well-known people as Earl Gyrth and Ralph the Staller; but alas! there is no sign of Tollemache, of his bell or of his verses.

From this purely imaginary being in the ninth century the pedigree leaps, without any intermediate steps, to a real man:—

Hugh de Tollemache subscribed the charter *sans date* (about the reign of King Stephen), made by John de St. John to Eve, the first abbess of Godstow, in Oxfordshire.

Now Hugo Talmache — nearly the same spelling of the name which is to be found in Macaulay — does appear as a witness to a charter of John of St. John in favor of Godstow in the *Monasticon*, iv. 363. But, as a pedigree-maker must bring in something grotesque at every stage, the abbess Editha or Ediva, in modern form Edith, is cut short into *Eve*. Hugo Talmache appears again in company with John of St. John in the Pipe-roll of Henry the First, p. 3. I cannot explain the name. As it has no *de*, it would seem not to be a local name. In the time of Henry the

First the name Hugh is still a very strong presumption of Norman descent, though it is no longer the absolute proof which it is in the time of *Domesday*. No one appears in *Domesday* by the name of Tollemache in any form; but there is a Hugh who holds lands at Stoke in Oxfordshire, partly of Walter Giffard, partly of Roger of Ivry. He may well be either the Hugh of the Pipe-roll and of the Godstow charter, or his father. More than this, the whole Gloucester part of Hugh's history, all about his wife and his son, seems to be quite trustworthy. And we again in the Gloucester cartulary (i. 331) find the gifts of Hugh Talmache confirmed by Thomas of St. John. We may therefore strike out from the Tollemache pedigree everything before Hugh, and professed genealogists and local antiquaries may find out the exact nature of the relation between Hugh and the house of St. John. These last are real people, though one would like to know the authority for the statement that "William de St. John came into England with the Conqueror, as grand master of the artillery, and supervisor of the wagons and carriages."

Thus far we have had to deal with fictions against which we have nothing to say but that they are fictions; they show no further perversion of the moral sense. If Tollemache had tolled a bell in the ninth century, the act would at least have been harmless; and if Botolph Stourton had withstood the Conqueror in the valiant way which the legend speaks of, it would have been greatly to his honor. But it is hard to understand why any man should have gone out of his way, first of all to invent imaginary forefathers for himself, and then, when he had invented them, to take away their characters. When one is inventing falsehoods about a family, it is as easy to invent falsehoods to its credit as falsehoods to its dishonor. Whoever invented the pedigree of Earl Fitzwilliam was of another way of thinking. He had the strange fancy of wishing to be descended from a traitor. We there read:—

Sir William Fitz-Godrick, cousin to King Edward the Confessor, left a son and heir,

Sir William Fitzwilliam, who being ambassador at the court of William Duke of Normandy, attended that prince in his victorious expedition against England, as marshal of the army A.D. 1066: and for his valor at the battle of Hastings the Conqueror presented him with a scarf from his own arm. This Sir William was father of

Sir William Fitzwilliam, Knight, who married Eleanor, daughter and heir of Sir John

Elmley, of Elmley and Sprotburgh, which lordships continued with the Fitzwilliams until the reign of Henry VIII., when they were carried, by coheirs, to Suthill and Copley.

It is perhaps needless to say that all this is a pure fable; but one really stands aghast at the utterly shameless nature of the fable. Sir William Fitzwilliam is supposed to be an English ambassador at the court of Normandy. The inventor of the fable had so little knowledge as not to see that the Sir, the first William, the Fitz, and the second William, was, each of them by itself, as much proof as could be needed that a man of whose name they formed any part could not have been an Englishman of the days of Eadward the Confessor. Furthermore it would seem that the inventor thought it honorable for an ambassador sent to a foreign prince to join that prince in an invasion of his own country, and to bear arms in battle against his own sovereign. As for the scarf from William's own arm, we need hardly look in the Bayeux tapestry to prove that the duke who knew so well how to wield his mace of iron did not cumber his arms with any frippery of scarves on the day of the great battle.

It is almost refining too much; but it is worth while to mark that this imaginary traitor is described as the grandson of Godric. The choice of the name is lucky; there was a traitor Godric in the fight at Maldon, and his doings are set forth in the song which records that fight. Those who like traitors for their forefathers may, if they think good, make choice of him.

Can there be a wilder fable than this? Yes; there is one a good deal wilder, which Sir Bernard Burke repeats without a shadow of doubt, in the pedigree of Bertie Earl of Lindsey. This astonishing house, whose name "in olden deeds" seems to be spelled in many ways — as is also the case "in olden deeds" with the name of Smith, Brown, or any other — "were a very ancient house, deriving descent from a family of free barons of Bertisland in Prussia." For some centuries past a *Freiherr von Bertisland* would not be an impossible being; but in what age of the world would any one guess that these free barons lived who were the forefathers of Bertie of Kent? "They first landed in England in company with the Saxons." Mark the dignity of the race. The Berties, it would seem, were altogether on a level with their companions the Saxons, and they must have quite overshadowed the Angles and Jutes. Shame on the chroniclers, shame on the

earliest poets whose songs have been preserved to us by Henry of Huntingdon, who are so full of the deeds of the Saxons on their first landing, but who, from some mean jealousy, have left out all mention of the Berties. Mark too the unexpected element in our national being; the Prussian race, extinct in its own land, still flourishes among us in Kent and in Lincolnshire. Unhappily however from the fifth century to the eleventh we have no mention of this remarkable stock. It even may be that, in the course of those ages, they dropped the venerable speech of their own land, and took up with the vastly younger dialects of Angles and Saxons. In the eleventh century however the Prussian stock put forth a remarkable shoot in the form of Leopold Bertie. The student of nomenclature might amuse himself by the question whether Leopold Bertie or Bill Snooks would be the more impossible forefather at the time. By the eleventh century however the Berties, whether they remembered their Prussian or not, had learned a little French, perhaps from the Lady Emma or some one in her train. By some astounding forestalling of language, fortification, and everything else, this Leopold Bertie in the time of Æthelred was not only "Constable of Dover Castle," but had a private castle at "Bertiested, now Bersted." (The old form of Bersted happens to be *Berhamstede*, but of course that does not matter.) Leopold then fell into a violent dispute with a body of men described as "the Augustine monks of Canterbury." This formula may point to some confusion in the mind of the pedigree-maker between the abbey of Saint Augustine and Austin canons or Austin friars. The dispute is about tithes; the Augustine monks endeavor to enforce their demands by force of arms; a fray ensues, in which Leopold's son is slain. "The king giving Leopold no satisfaction, he solicited Sweyn, king of the Danes, and induced him to invade England." Then "the Danes join Leopold's forces in Kent;" the siege of Canterbury and the captivity of Ælfheah follow. On the death of Sweyn, "Burbach Bertie, the only surviving son of Leopold, conscious of his father's actions, flees to France." A descendant comes back in the twelfth century and recovers Bersted. In the time of Henry the Fifth, "Hieronymus Bertie" is excommunicated for trying to kill a monk who "in a sermon uttered assertions injurious to his ancestor Leopold." He undergoes great penances, one of them being of a most

singular kind. Besides paying two thousand crowns of gold—how boundless must have been the wealth of Bersted in the fifteenth century!—"to the monastery of the monk whom he had assailed," "he further, in proof of his repentance, rebuilt at his own expense the north part of the temple belonging to the same monastery, and his armorial bearings, three battering-rams and a shattered castle, were placed there on one of the *pillows*." It is said that the monks of Saint Alban's, being straitened for room in the dormitory, once made up a dozen beds in the rood-loft. Perhaps some strange chance of the same kind may account for the presence of pillows in the north part of this mysterious "temple."

On the whole, this is perhaps the most monstrous of all our fictions. Tollemache and his bell are fairly beaten. He cannot compare with the free barons who came from Prussia in company with the Saxons. But how strange the choice of forefathers! Where a man might, with so little trouble, have made himself out to be the descendant of one of the heroes of Maldon or Assandun, why invent a traitor? Or, if a traitor was wanted, why not at once fasten the parentage upon Eadric?

In these stories there seems to be a deliberate preference for traitors; in another we find a sublime indifference between an imaginary traitor and a real hero. This is to be seen in the pedigree of the family of Wake. It stands thus in Sir Bernard Burke:—

The Wakes are mentioned by Brompton as in the immediate train of the Conqueror; but it is the opinion of antiquaries that the individual of the name of Wake recorded in the roll of Battle Abbey, was one of those who, being weary of Harold's rule, fled into Normandy, and invited Duke William; hence the family is supposed to have been of importance prior to the Conquest. The celebrated Archbishop Wake, mentioned below, wrote a history of the Wake family, in which he ascribes to Hereward le Wake the feat of having successfully opposed and finally made terms with William the Conqueror. As Augustine also mentions Wakes in Normandy, it is probable that there were two parties in the family at that time. An historical novel has been written on the feats of Hereward, in harassing the Normans and defending the abbey of Brun after the Conquest. His tomb is still, or was to be seen, not many years ago, in Lincolnshire. From

Baldwin Lord Wake, founder of the abbey of Brun, who died 1156, descended, through a long line of eminent ancestors, Richard Wake, Esq.—

who seemingly lived in the sixteenth century.

A good many odd questions are here started. The reference to Brompton—so called—proves to be one of those ridiculous French riming lists of names, which pedigree-makers so greatly respect, and of which historians think so little. But one would really like to know who the antiquaries were who took for granted that there were some persons who, "being weary of Harold's rule fled into Normandy and invited Duke William." One might have thought that the nine months of little stillness were hardly long enough to bring about much weariness of Harold's rule. And surely, if there had been such people, it would hardly have been left for the antiquaries of the Wake family to find out their existence. We could hardly expect the Peterborough Chronicler to be very full on the subject; but we may be sure that, if such people had been heard of in the eleventh century, William of Poitiers would have been delighted to tell us something about them. And who is Augustine? As it can hardly be either of the saints of that name, we can only guess that it may be a familiar way of speaking of Augustine Thierry. Then what is the historical novel? Does it mean that written by the late Mr. Kingsley? Or is it the earlier Latin novel headed "*Gesta Herewardi Saxonis*"? Or is it the false Ingulf himself? Then again, if the abbey of Brun was founded by a man who died in 1156, it is hard to understand how it could have been defended by Hereward about ninety years earlier. The history of Bourne priory is rather scanty; but it does appear from the documents in the Monasticon that its founder, Baldwin Fitz-Gilbert, had a daughter who figures as "Emma Wac," and her husband and son as Hugh and Baldwin Wac; and without searching into pedigrees, everybody knows that the name of Wake does here and there appear in English history. So we may well believe that it is possible to trace the descent of the Wake family up to this Hugh and Emma. These are matters primarily for the genealogist; they only secondarily touch the historian. But it does very directly touch the historian, when pedigree-makers not only lay their hands on one of our national heroes in form of Hereward, but when they further go on calmly to assume that William was invited into England by English traitors. The odd thing is that, to Sir Bernard Burke or to those who sent him the Wake story, a traitor and a hero seem to be ex-

actly the same. Whether a man fought for England or betrayed England, it is all one. In either case he was a forefather a long while ago who did something; and a forefather a long while ago who did something, whether what he did was good or bad, is commonly quite enough to satisfy family vanity. But those with whom family vanity goes for nothing, but with whom the honor of their country and the truth of its history goes for much, will not lightly forgive the base slander on the Englishmen of the eleventh century which is implied in this trumpery piece of genealogical fiction. Nor can the historian calmly look on while Hereward becomes the sport of pedigree-makers. His authentic history is short, but he has an authentic history. It is to be looked for not in Broughton, not in historical novels old or new, not in "Augustine," whether Thierry or any other, not even in the family history by Archbishop Wake, but in the few unerring notices in Domesday and the Chronicles. Casting pedigrees and legends aside, Hereward remains as the man whose heart failed him not when all other men's hearts failed them, as the man whom the English Chronicle speaks of in the same formulæ by which it speaks of Ælfred. But as for connecting him with the family of Wake or any other existing family, there is not a scrap of evidence for it. With regard to Wakes the only point is that, though the surname of *le Wake* is not given to Hereward in any authentic writing, it is given him in writings which are not of yesterday. This may or may not point to an early claim of the Wake family to descend from him. In no case does it prove such descent. Still those who gave him the name must have been led to give him the name for some cause or other, and one would like to know what that cause was.

After these astounding performances, which it would be hard for any pedigree-maker to outdo, pedigrees some of which seem to pick out a traitor by choice, while others seem to be sublimely indifferent between a traitor and a hero, there is a certain comfort in turning to another fable, equally groundless, but which shows a better moral sense in those who invented it. This is the fable which is quoted to prove "the stupendous antiquity" of the family of Ashburnham. Sir Bernard Burke gives two pedigrees of Ashburnham in the "Peerage and Baronetage," and they both seem to go back to the sixteenth, or perhaps the fifteenth century. This was not long enough ago; so somebody

invented an "early progenitor" who is thus described:—

Bertram Ashburnham, a Baron of Kent, was Constable of Dover Castle, A.D. 1066; which Bertram was beheaded by William the Conqueror, because he did so valiantly defend the same against the Duke of Normandy.

Here again we have pure fiction, and impossible fiction. Bertram Ashburnham, baron and constable, proves his imaginary character by every word of his description. Dover Castle was not valiantly defended by any one against the Duke of Normandy, and most assuredly William the Great never beheaded any man for defending any place valiantly against him. The slander on the Conqueror may well raise our indignation. But the Ashburnham fable is at least better than the Fitzwilliam fable. The crime is imaginary; but it is at least understood to be a crime, and it is attributed to a stranger and not to a countryman.

From all these people who so freely devise for themselves imaginary and impossible forefathers, we turn to a yet more amazing class, those who seem anxious to get rid of real forefathers to whom they have a thorough right. A pedigree of this kind is that of Lord Sudeley. As given by Sir Bernard Burke, the pedigree begins with "John de Sudeley, Lord of Sudeley and Toddington, A.D. 1140." It is no business of mine to test the accuracy of the steps by which the pedigree is traced up to John of Sudeley. All that concerns me is the fact that, if it can be traced up to John of Sudeley, it can be traced up a great deal further. It can be traced, not among everyday people, but among the great ones of the earth on both sides of the sea. John of Sudeley might boast of fathers who were princes, and of grandmothers through whom he might trace up to Woden himself. John of Sudeley was son of Harold of Ewias, who was son of Ralph Earl of Hereford, who was son of Drogo Count of Mantes and of Godgifu daughter of King Æthelred and his queen Emma. Let French antiquaries trace back the descent of the house of Mantes. But many pedigrees are allowed to go through grandmothers, and in this case the grandmothers take the pedigree up to Rolf and Cerdic. Every step of this magnificent descent is absolutely certain; yet Sir Bernard Burke, or those from whom he got his story, puts John of Sudeley at the beginning of the tree, as if he had come of him-



self, as if he had had no right to trace up to counts, dukes, kings, heroes, the gods of Asgard themselves. Can the cause of the omission be because Ralph of Hereford ran away from the Welshmen? To have described him as beating the Welshmen, instead of running away from them, would have been so small a liberty compared with the liberties which pedigree-makers take every day that it might almost have been forgiven.

Take another pedigree, that of Berkeley. This is one to the early stages of which my own work has led me to give some attention. I trust that I have shown\* that there is every probability that Robert Fitz-Harding, the patriarch of the House of Berkeley, was son of a Harding whose name often occurs in Domesday and elsewhere, and grandson of Eadnoth the Staller, a man who, whether it be thought to his credit or otherwise, having been a great officer under Edward and Harold, passed after the Conquest into the service of William. Eadnoth and Harding are perfectly well-ascertained men, and there is no other Harding to whom we can so readily assign the otherwise unknown parentage of Robert Fitz-Harding. But while other people have been so anxious to devise for themselves imaginary English forefathers, the Berkeleys seem anxious to get rid of their real English forefathers. By Sir Bernard Burke all that we are told of the father of Robert Fitz-Harding, in other words of Harding, is that he was one of the companions of William the Conqueror. This is pure fiction; no such Harding can be found; still it is something for Sir Bernard Burke to have foreborne to put in some of the grosser absurdities of the local antiquaries. Those who call Harding "Mayor of Bristol" say what is in one sense likely enough, though I do not know that there is any proof, and I cannot say off-hand whether Bristol had a mayor so early. But the favorite thing is to call him a son of "the King of Denmark." Sometimes he is mayor of Bristol, follower of the Conqueror, and son of the king of Denmark, all at once. It is amusing to ask a Gloucestershire antiquary what king of Denmark he means. You soon find that one king of Denmark is the same to him as another. The grotesque absurdity of William being accompanied by a son of the only possible king of Denmark, Sven Estrithsson, the cousin and ally of Harold, never comes into their heads.

\* See History of the Norman Conquest, iv., pp. 755, 758. Ed. 2.

Take again another case where a real pedigree is not made the most of. The pedigree of D'Oyly is traced up in Sir Bernard Burke, though with a good many gaps, to the founder of Oxford Castle. Robert of Oily or OUILLY, and his nephew of the same name, are men of the first importance in the local history of Oxford. Themselves, their wives, their sons and stepsons, the castle, the abbey, the churches, the bridges, of their making, stand out very prominently for several generations. And men who are of this first-rate importance in local history do not fail to be of some importance in general history. But the pedigree does not bring in either the elder or the younger Robert by name. Their particular doings all seem to go to the general credit of "the family." The entry stands thus:—

This family, one of great eminence both in England and France, came to England at the period of the Conquest, and obtained the dignity of feudal Baron of Hocknorton, in Oxfordshire, and hereditary constable of Oxford Castle (*anno* 1067), from William the Conqueror.

Hence the pedigree runs about *per saltum* to people in the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

One does not see why OUILLY should be moved from Normandy into France. Nor does one see why, of all the endless possessions of Robert of OUILLY, Hocknorton should be picked out specially to give him "the dignity of feudal Baron." But a good deal might have been said of the acts of the family during the wars of Stephen and Matilda. And we can never forgive those who have so little sense of a good story as to leave out the tale, which the grave Monasticon does not shrink from telling, about Edith and the chatterpies, and the foundation of Osney.

So it goes with pedigrees. The pedigree-maker in "The Spectator," who blotted out the weaver who was burned for his religion, who kept the knight who was hanged for treason, and who added "Esquire" to all those forefathers who had no particular description, is typical of his class. One family thinks Englishmen more creditable than Normans, and so invents English forefathers which history does not give them. Another family thinks Normans more creditable than Englishmen, and so gets rid of the English forefathers which history does give them. Another, with a stranger taste than all, gets rid of Englishmen, Danes, Normans, Frenchmen, all at a blow, and is



satisfied to begin its pedigree in the twelfth century, when it might with a perfectly good conscience have begun it in the fifth.

There is another class of pedigree-makers who either are wise in their generation, or else have been greatly favored by good luck. These are those whose tales are just as unlikely, often just as impossible, in themselves as those that we have just gone through, but who provide for themselves a means of escape by taking shelter in those parts of the kingdom where we cannot at once apply the infallible touchstone of Domesday. It is well known that a considerable part of what is now northern England is not entered in Domesday. Part of it, it would seem, was left out because it was so wasted as not to be worth surveying. Part of it was left out for the still better reason that it did not form part of the kingdom of England. The former region takes in Northumberland in the modern sense and the bishopric of Durham. The second takes in those parts of the modern counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland which, till late ecclesiastical changes, formed the diocese of Carlisle, a district which was not added to England till the time of William Rufus. Within this last district the pedigree-makers can be refuted only in a general way. When we are told that such and such a man's forefather received a grant from William within this district, if the forefather is an altogether impossible man, we can reject him on the ground of his general impossibility. If he is an otherwise possible man, we can only say that he may have had a grant from William somewhere else, and that we will look in Domesday to see whether he had. Or again, he may have had lands in Old Cumberland by a grant from some of the old rulers before the land became English, or from some of the later kings after it became English. The former proposition would be hard to prove or to disprove. The latter could be commonly tested by local knowledge. But one thing at least is certain, that no man had a grant from William in Old Cumberland, because William never held Old Cumberland to grant anything there to anybody. Thus when we are told, under the pedigree of the Earl of Bessborough, that "this family takes its surname from the lordship of Ponsonby, in Cumberland, which its patriarch acquired with other considerable estates at the time of the Conquest," we may say with perfect safety that, whenever this patriarch—of whom his tribe does

not seem to know enough to give him a name—may have acquired its estates, it was not at the time of the Conquest. When we get into Northumberland and Durham, the conditions are somewhat changed. When a man says either that his forefather received a grant from William in those parts, or that his forefather held lands there before William came, we cannot meet him either with the usual Domesday argument or with the special Cumbrian argument. If the forefather, Norman or English, is a possible man, open to no *a priori* objection, the general historian cannot of himself say that it is not so. He must leave the story to be confirmed or upset by those who have local knowledge. Take for instance the pedigree of the house of Lumley. I am told by those who know the history of the bishopric better than I do that it is really possible to trace up the descent of this family to Ligulf or Liulf, whose story is told at large by Florence of Worcester and Simeon of Durham, and whose murder led to the famous slaughter of Bishop Walcher at Gateshead. I accept the pedigree on this showing. But I turn to Sir Bernard Burke, and I find that, even where there is a perfectly plain story, where there is nothing to do but to copy from the historians of the time, the pedigree-maker cannot put his hand upon it without spoiling every detail. Ligulf, or his softened form Liulf, gets spelled in various grotesque ways, "Liulph," "Lyulph," and what not—people of this kind seem to think that the more needless letters are stuck into a name, the more venerable it looks. Then Ligulf, the Englishman, is provided with an impossible and Norman-sounding father, Osbert de Lumley; his wife's father is turned from Ealdred into Alfred; his wife's mother Ælfgifu—in Latin form Elfgiva—daughter of King Æthelred, is turned into "Edgina," and the unready king himself is promoted to a feminine form in the shape of "Etheldred." The murderer, perhaps from a creditable feeling, is not allowed to keep his name any more than the rest. Leobwine, in the hands of Sir Bernard Burke, takes the grotesque shape of *Leoferiso*. One is again driven to ask, has the Ulster king-at-arms no books, or, if he has any books, does he never look at them, that he goes on printing this hideous nonsense in thirty-two editions? All is alike to Sir Bernard Burke; whether it be the mere form of a name, or whether it be the great and broad facts of English history, it is all the same in his pages. Impossible men

with impossible names, bearing impossible titles and offices, do impossible acts in impossible places at impossible times. Such is history when it falls into the hands of pedigree-makers, even when they subject their pages to searching revision and extensive amendment.

In short we have nothing to do but to turn over the pages of Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," and almost every step we come to somebody who had a forefather settled in such a place before the Conquest or at the Conquest, whose name Domesday knows not. Of the one class there is St. Leger, Viscount Doneraile, whose name in the days of the Conqueror was written "Sent Legere." "Sir Robert Sent Legere, Knt.," all except his "Sir" and his "Knight," has so natural an air that one looks to see whether he is in Domesday. The search is vain; but "according to a tradition in the family," he was the person who supported the Conqueror with his arm when he quitted his ship to land in Sussex. As another tradition, at least better than that of "the family," makes the Conqueror stumble as he landed, it would seem that Sir Robert's arm was but a frail support. Nevertheless he "overcame a *pagan Dane* (!) who inhabited the manor of Ulcombe, in Kent, and fixed his abode there." Of the other type we have Lofthouse of Lofthouse, forefather of the Marquesses of Ely—forefather too seemingly of an Archbishop of Dublin of somewhat doubtful reputation—who was, we are told, great in Yorkshire as early as the time of Ælfred. What happened to him during the Danish invasion we are not told. But when we turn to Domesday, we find Lofthouse held by three nameless thegns, of whose forefathers and descendants there is nothing to be said. We may turn over a few more pages, and we light on the singular fact that a family named Morres in Ireland, dissatisfied with a very respectable name which might have reminded them of the Theban legion, thought proper in the last century to change it into *Montmorency*, and to give out that a branch of the house of the first Christian baron followed the banner of the Norman, and received from him a grant of land in the principality of Wales. The part of the island was well chosen; for, in the nature of things, only a very small part of what we call Wales could appear in Domesday. But there is an index of persons as well as an index of places, and the name of Montmorency may be looked for in vain in any part of the great Survey. This

story is worth some notice, because it is one of the very few cases where the faith even of Sir Bernard Burke gives way. He had stood a good deal; but even he must draw the line somewhere, and the change of Morres into Montmorency was too much for him. When he comes to this monstrous fable, we do for once hear, "this family claims," "it is said," "presumed descent," and the like, showing that there is somewhere a last pound which breaks the back even of an Ulster king-at-arms. But Sir Bernard Burke's faith regains its usual robustness when he reaches the pedigree of Temple, with its imaginary descent from Leofric Earl of the Mercians. The Montmorency fable itself, though more daring, is hardly more easily refuted. The children of Earl Leofric are well known, and most certainly no man, not even Peter Temple who lived in the time of Edward the Sixth, can claim to spring of him in the main line.\*

Such are a few of the best specimens of the different classes of absurd tales into which history has been perverted by family vanity. One family or its flatterers pervert in one way, another perverts in another way; but all who have the unlucky fancy of not being satisfied with real, or at least with possible, forefathers, pervert in one way or another. But it is only right to say that this unlucky fancy has by no means spread itself over the whole peerage and baronetage of England. In turning over the pages of Sir Bernard Burke, if we light on much wild nonsense, we also light on much sound sense. We come to many who claim long pedigrees because they have a real right to them. We come to many who, seeing that destiny has given them only short pedigrees, have not felt any call to make them longer by dint of falsehood. When a man is bold enough to begin his pedigree in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, still more when he is bold enough to begin it in the nineteenth, lovers of truth will respect him as a fellow-lover of truth. At the same time a little curiosity

\* I believe that I have got together all that can be found out of the family of Leofric at vol. ii., p. 368, of the "History of the Norman Conquest." But there is something amusing in Sir Bernard Burke's description of him as "Leofric, Earl of Chester (erroneously styled Earl of Leicester)." The error lies in degrading the great Earl of the Mercians into a mere local earl, sometimes of Chester, sometimes of Coventry. Sir Bernard Burke might understand the difference, if the lord lieutenant of Ireland were to be called lord lieutenant of Cork. But supposing Leofric to have been a mere Earl of Chester, there would have been no error whatever, in the language of his own day, in calling him Earl of Leicester. For *Legeceaster, civitas legionum*, most commonly means the city which we now call Chester.

is raised to know whether an Ulster king-at-arms does not look down on such honest men with scorn. It would have been so easy to invent a few names, to devise a few exploits, and to stick in at random some one who, according to taste, either came in with the Conqueror or was here before the Conqueror. One respects two baronets of the name of Smith, who do not claim a single forefather so much as a hundred years back. One hardly extends the same feeling to another, who perverts the great Teutonic name into "Smijth," who fathers the grotesque misspelling on the great Sir Thomas Smith of Elizabeth's reign — a man who had too much sense for such folly — and who finally makes the "Smijth" so created, though without any mention of the intermediate stages, "a descendant from Sir Roger de Clarendon, Knight, natural son of the Black Prince."

Of tales like these I have perhaps got together enough. I have got together enough to show what pedigree-making is like, enough to show that the family tree, the family tradition, the roll of Battle Abbey, are simply so many forms of sheer falsehood. Let no man believe a pedigree which goes further back than the last three or four centuries, unless he has the means of testing it by the touchstone of true history. It is something that the particular time which pedigree-makers have chosen for the display of their wildest pranks is the time when it is easier than at any other time to refute them by the easy process of turning to the great Survey. Let no man believe him who says that his forefathers, bearing his name, were seated at such and such a place before the Conquest. Here there is no need to turn to the Survey; the impossible fiction refutes itself. And let no man believe him who says that his forefather received such and such land from the Conqueror, until he has looked in the Survey to see whether it be so. The assertion is not impossible, like the other; but in a vast number of cases it turns out to be no less false. Men are wiser if, in the absence of authentic records, they are satisfied with the certain fact that they must have had some forefathers in the eleventh century, and with the hope, which may be cherished till it is disproved, that those forefathers were neither Norman invaders nor English traitors. He may believe, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that he comes of the blood of some one who fought and died for England. But he must be satisfied with the reasonable hope; he cannot assert it as a fact which can be proved.

If men read their history aright, the point of honor would be, not to make out that they are the descendants of the invaders, not that they are the descendants of those who kept their lands by submission to the invaders, but that they are the descendants of the men who gave their lives for their country, and whose sons lost their lands because they were the sons of patriots.

One word more, let no one deem that, because a false pedigree is a thing to be eschewed and scouted, therefore a true pedigree is a thing to be despised. A true pedigree, be it long or short, is a fact; and, like any other fact, it is to be respected. To those to whom it belongs it is a possession; and, like any other possession, it is to be respected. It is only the false imitation of the true which is to be despised. The inheritance of a really great name is a great inheritance, an inheritance which should be matter, not of pride but of responsibility. It was something to be a Fabius or a Valerius; it is something to be an Erlach or a Reding. But in truth the inheritance of a great name is an inheritance which can be had in its fulness only in a commonwealth. Where a king can ennoble, where the ancient name can be overshadowed by some new-fangled title, changing perhaps in each generation, the magic of immemorial descent is lost. A man runs up the stages from baron to duke, and at each stage something of the feeling of antiquity is lost. But Quintus Fabius Maximus, bearing the name of his fathers and sent to do the work of his fathers, might be said to have lived on from generation to generation. In the pure democracy of Schwyz, Rudolf Reding commanded at Morgarten; Aloys Reding commanded four hundred and eighty-three years later, when the sham democrats of Paris came to overthrow the true democracy of the mountains. Under a monarchy, the glorious and abiding name might have been forgotten in endless changes of title. Instead of a memory living fresh in the minds of men, one might have had to turn to a peerage to find out whether the later hero was or was not a descendant of the earlier. There is no country which offers such strong temptations to fiction in the way of pedigree as our own. No other country in Europe has any event in its history which exactly answers to our Norman Conquest, an event which calls forth two veins of sentiment, the desire to trace up the pedigree to the conquerors and the desire to trace up the pedigree to something older than

the conquerors. Between these two contending feelings, our English genealogies have become a mass of fables. At Rome and at Sparta, at Venice and at Bern, there were doubtless temptations to genealogical fictions of other kinds. Most pedigrees in all times and places have some mythical stages at the beginning. The Greek king was bound to trace his descent up to Zeus; the Teutonic king was bound to trace his descent up to Woden. Every age and country had some temptation of the kind; but there was none anywhere that so completely sapped every principle of truth as the necessity which is laid on an old family in England, either to have come in with the Conqueror or else to be older than the Conquest. All the more honor then to those, and there are not a few, who withstand the temptation, and who claim no forefathers save those to whom they can prove a right. We may pass by the imaginary claims on either side, and suppose that the men whose descendants have a regard for truth now were themselves men of loyalty and patriotism in past ages. When a man has the moral courage to send Sir Bernard Burke a pedigree which stretches only over three or four generations, there is the more reason to believe that if he could name his forefathers in the twentieth generation, he would find them to have been men of whom he need not be ashamed.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

---

### THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
"MALCOLM," ETC.

#### CHAPTER LXI.

#### THOUGHTS.

WHEN Malcolm took Kelpie to her stall the night of the arrival of Lady Bellair and her nephew, he was rushed upon by Demon, and nearly prostrated between his immoderate welcome and the startled rearing of the mare. The hound had arrived a couple of hours before, while Malcolm was out. He wondered he had not seen him with the carriage he had passed, never suspecting he had had another conductress, or dreaming what his presence there signified for him.

I have not said much concerning Malcolm's feelings with regard to Lady Clementina, but all this time the sense of her

existence had been like an atmosphere surrounding and pervading his thought. He saw in her the promise of all he could desire to see in woman. His love was not of the blind-little-boy sort, but of a deeper, more exacting, keen-eyed kind, that sees faults where even a true mother will not, so jealous is it of the perfection of the beloved. But one thing was plain, even to this seraphic dragon that dwelt sleepless in him—and there was eternal content in the thought—that such a woman, once started on the right way, would soon leave fault and weakness behind her, and become as one of the grand women of old, whose religion was simply what religion is—life, neither more nor less than life. She would be a saint without knowing it, the only grand kind of sainthood. Whoever can think of religion as an addition to life, however glorious—a starry crown, say, set upon the head of humanity—is not yet the least in the kingdom of heaven. Whoever thinks of life as a something that could be without religion is in deathly ignorance of both. Life and religion are one, or neither is anything: I will not say neither is growing to be anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor medicine of being. It is life essential. To think otherwise is as if a man should pride himself on his honesty or his parental kindness, or hold up his head amongst men because he never killed one: were he less than honest or kind or free from blood, he would yet think something of himself. The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above, not essential to it, is not yet a man.

If I say, then, that Malcolm was always thinking about Lady Clementina when he was not thinking about something he *had* to think about, have I not said nearly enough on the matter? Should I ever dream of attempting to set forth what love is in such a man for such a woman? There are comparatively few that have more than the glimmer of a notion of what love means. God only knows how grandly, how passionately, yet how calmly, how divinely, the man and the woman he has made might, may, shall love each other. One thing only I will dare to say—that the love that belonged to Malcolm's nature was one through the very nerves of which the love of God must rise and flow and return as its essential life. If any man think that such a love could no longer be the love of the man for the woman, he

knows his own nature; and that of the woman he pretends or thinks he adores, but in the darkest of glasses.

Malcolm's lowly idea of himself did not at all interfere with his loving Clementina, for at first his love was entirely dissociated from any thought of hers. When the idea, the mere idea, of her loving him presented itself, from whatever quarter suggested, he turned from it with shame and self-reproof: the thought was in its own nature too unfit. That splendor regard him! From a social point of view there was of course little presumption in it. The Marquis of Lossie bore a name that might pair itself with any in the land; but Malcolm did not yet feel that the title made much difference to the fisherman. He was what he was, and that was something very lowly indeed. Yet the thought would at times dawn up from somewhere in the infinite matrix of thought that perhaps if he went to college and graduated and dressed like a gentleman, and did everything as gentlemen do—in short, claimed his rank and lived as a marquis should, as well as a fisherman might—then—then—was it not, might it not, be within the bounds of possibility—just within them—that the great-hearted, generous, liberty-loving Lady Clementina, groom as he had been, *menial* as he had heard himself called, and as, ere yet he knew his birth, he had laughed to hear, knowing that his service was true—that she, who despised nothing human, would be neither disgusted nor contemptuous nor wrathful if, from a great way off, at an awful remove of humility and worship, he were to wake in her a surmise that he dared feel toward her as he had never felt and never could feel toward any other? For would it not be altogether counter to the principles he had so often heard her announce and defend to despise him because he had earned his bread by doing honorable work—work hearty and up to the worth of his wages? Was she one to say and not see, to opine and not believe? or was she one to hold and not practice—to believe for the heart, and not for the hand—to say *I go*, and not go—*I love*, and not help? If such she were, then there were for him no further searchings of the heart upon her account: he could but hold up her name in the common prayer for all men, only praying besides not to dream about her when he slept.

At length, such thoughts rising again and again, and ever accompanied by such reflections concerning the truth of her character, and by the growing certainty

that her convictions were the souls of actions to be born of them, his daring of belief in her strengthened until he began to think that perhaps it would be neither his early history nor his defective education nor his clumsiness that would prevent her from listening to such words where-with he burned to throw open the gates of his world and pray her to enter and sit upon its loftiest throne—its loftiest throne but one. And with the thought he felt as if he must run to her, calling aloud that he was the Marquis of Lossie, and throw himself at her feet.

But the wheels of his thought-chariot, self-moved, were rushing, and here was no goal at which to halt or turn; for, feeling thus, where was his faith in her principles? how now was he treating the truth of her nature? where now were his convictions of the genuineness of her professions? Where were those principles, that truth, those professions, if after all she would listen to a marquis and would not listen to a groom? To suppose such a thing was to wrong her grievously. To herald his suit with his rank would be to insult her, declaring that he regarded her theories of humanity as wordy froth. And what a chance of proving her truth would he not deprive her of if, as he approached her, he called on the marquis to supplement the man! But what, then, was the man, fisherman or marquis, to dare *even himself* to such a glory as the Lady Clementina? This much of a man, at least, answered his waking dignity, that he could not condescend to be accepted as Malcolm, Marquis of Lossie, knowing he would have been rejected as Malcolm MacPhail, fisherman and groom. Accepted as marquis, he would forever be haunted with the *channering* question whether she would have accepted him as groom. And if in his pain he were one day to utter it, and she in her honesty were to confess she would not, must she not then fall prone from her pedestal in his imagination? Could he then, in love for the woman herself, condescend as marquis to marry one who *might* not have married him as any something else he could honestly have been under the all-enlightening sun? Ah, but again, was that fair to her yet? Might she not see in the marquis the truth and worth which the blinding falsehoods of society prevented her from seeing in the groom? Might not a lady—he tried to think of a lady in the abstract—might not a lady in marrying a marquis—a lady to whom from her own position a marquis was just a man on the level—marry in

him the man he was, and not the marquis he seemed? Most certainly, he answered: he must not be unfair. Not the less, however, did he shrink from the thought of taking her prisoner under the shield of his marquise, beclouding her nobility, and depriving her of the rare chance of shining forth as the sun in the splendor of womanly truth. No: he would choose the greater risk of losing her for the chance of winning her greater.

So far Malcolm got with his theories, but the moment he began to think in the least practically he recoiled altogether from the presumption. Under no circumstances could he ever have the courage to approach Lady Clementina with a thought of himself in his mind. How could he have dared even raise her imagined eidolon for his thoughts to deal withal? She had never shown him personal favor. He could not tell whether she had listened to what he had tried to lay before her. He did not know that she had gone to hear his master: Florimel had never referred to their visit to Hope Chapel. His surprise would have equalled his delight at the news that she had already become as a daughter to the schoolmaster.

And what had been Clementina's thoughts since learning that Florimel had not run away with her groom? It were hard to say with completeness. Accuracy, however, may not be equally unattainable. Her first feeling was an utterly inarticulate, undefined pleasure that Malcolm was free to be thought about. She was clear next that it would be matter for honest rejoicing if the truest man she had ever met except his master was not going to marry such an unreality as Florimel — one concerning whom, as things had been going of late, it was impossible to say that she was not more likely to turn to evil than to good. Clementina with all her generosity could not help being doubtful of a woman who could make a companion of such a man as Liftore — a man to whom every individual particle of Clementina's nature seemed for itself to object. But she was not yet past befriending.

Then she began to grow more *curious* about Malcolm. She had already much real knowledge of him, gathered both from himself and from Mr. Graham. As to what went to make the man, she knew him, indeed, not thoroughly, but well; and just therefore, she said to herself, there were some points in his history and condition concerning which she had *curiosity*. The principal of these was whether he might not be engaged to some young

woman in his own station of life. It was not merely possible, but was it likely he could have escaped it? In the lower ranks of society men married younger — they had no false aims to prevent them: that implied earlier engagements. On the other hand, was it likely that in a fishing village there would be any choice of girls who could understand him when he talked about Plato and the New Testament? If there were *one*, however, that might be — *worse*? Yes, *worse*: she accepted the word. Neither was it absolutely necessary in a wife that she should understand more of her husband than his heart. Many learned men had had mere housekeepers for wives, and been satisfied — at least never complained. And what did she know about the fishers, men or women? There were none at Westbeach. For anything she knew to the contrary, they might all be philosophers together, and a fitting match for Malcolm might be far more easy to find amongst them than in the society to which she herself belonged, where in truth the philosophical element was rare enough. Then arose in her mind, she could not have told how, the vision, half logical, half pictorial, of a whole family of brave, believing, daring, saving fisherfolk, father, mother, boys and girls, each sacrificing to the rest, each sacrificed to by all, and all devoted to their neighbors. Grand it was and blissful, and the borders of the great sea alone seemed fit place for such beings amphibious of time and eternity. Their very toils and dangers were but additional atmospheres to press their souls together. It was glorious! Why had she been born an earl's daughter, never to look a danger in the face, never to have a chance of a true life — that is, a grand, simple, noble one? Who, then, denied her the chance? Had she *no* power to order her own steps, to determine her own being? Was she nailed to her rank? Or who was there that could part her from it? Was she a prisoner in the dungeons of the house of pride? When the gates of Paradise closed behind Adam and Eve, they had this consolation left, that "the world was all before them where to choose." Was she not a free woman, without even a guardian to trouble her with advice? She had no excuse to act ignobly, but had she any for being unmaidenly? Would it then be — would it be a *very* unmaidenly thing if —? The rest of the sentence did not even take the shape of words. But she answered it, nevertheless, in the words, "Not so unmaidenly as presumptuous."



And, alas! there was little hope that *he* would ever presume to — He was such a modest youth with all his directness and fearlessness. If he had no respect for rank — and that was — yes, she would say the word, *hopeful* — he had, on the other hand, the profoundest respect for the human, and she could not tell how that might in the individual matter operate.

Then she fell a-thinking of the difference between Malcolm and any other servant she had ever known. She hated the *servile*. She knew that it was false as well as low: she had not got so far as to see that it was low through its being false. She knew that most servants, while they spoke with the appearance of respect in presence, altered their tone entirely when beyond the circle of the eye: theirs was eye-service, they were men-pleasers, they were servile. She had overheard her maid speak of her as Lady Clem, and that not without a streak of contempt in the tone. But here was a man who touched no imaginary hat while he stood in the presence of his mistress, neither swore at her in the stable-yard. He looked her straight in the face, and would upon occasion speak, not his *mind*, but the truth to her. Even his slight mistress had the conviction that if one dared in his presence but utter her name lightly, whoever he were, he would have to answer to him for it. What a lovely thing was true service! — absolutely divine! But, alas! such a youth would never, could never, dare offer other than such service. Were she even to encourage him as a maiden might, he would but serve her the better — would but embody his recognition of her favor in fervor of ministering devotion. Was it not a recognized law, however, in the relation of superiors and inferiors, that with regard to such matters, as well as others of no moment, the lady — Ah, but for her to take the initiative would provoke the conclusion — as revolting to her as unavoidable to him — that she judged herself his superior, so greatly his superior as to be absolved from the necessity of behaving to him on the ordinary footing of man and woman. What a ground to start from with a husband! The idea was hateful to her. She tried the argument that such a procedure arrogated merely a superiority in social standing, but it made her recoil from it the more. He was so immeasurably her superior that the poor little advantage on her side vanished like a candle in the sunlight, and she laughed herself to scorn. “Fancy,” she laughed, “a midge, on the strength of having wings,

condescending to offer marriage to a horse!” It would argue the assumption of equality in other and more important things than rank, or at least the confidence that her social superiority not only counterbalanced the difference, but left enough over to her credit to justify her initiative. And what a miserable fiction that money and position had a right to the first move before greatness of living fact — that *having* had the precedence of being! That Malcolm should imagine such *her* judgment! No, let all go — let himself go rather! And then he might not choose to accept her munificent offer! Or worse, far worse, what if he should be tempted by rank and wealth, and, accepting her, be shorn of his glory and proved of the ordinary human type after all? A thousand times rather would she see the bright particular star blazing unreachable above her. What! would she carry it about a cinder in her pocket? And yet if he *could* be “turned to a coal,” why should she go on worshipping him? Alas! the offer itself was the only test severe enough to try him withal, and if he proved a cinder she would by the very use of the test be bound to love, honor, and obey her cinder. She could not well reject him for accepting her, neither could she marry him if he rose grandly superior to her temptations. No! he could be nothing to her nearer than the bright particular star.

Thus went the thoughts to and fro in the minds of each. Neither could see the way. Both feared the risk of loss: neither could hope greatly for gain.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### THE DUNE.

HAVING put Kelpie up, and fed and bedded her, Malcolm took his way to the Seaton, full of busily anxious thought. Things had taken a bad turn, and he was worse off for counsel than before. The enemy was in the house with his sister, and he had no longer any chance of judging how matters were going, as now he never rode out with her. But at least he could haunt the house. He would run, therefore, to his grandfather, and tell him that he was going to occupy his old quarters at the house that night.

Returning directly, and passing, as had been his custom, through the kitchen to ascend the small corkscrew stair the servants generally used, he encountered Mrs. Courthope, who told him that her ladyship had given orders that her maid, who had come with Lady Bellair, should have his



room. He was at once convinced that Florimel had done so with the intention of banishing him from the house, for there were dozens of rooms vacant, and many of them more suitable. It was a hard blow. How he wished for Mr. Graham to consult! And yet Mr. Graham was not of much use where any sort of plotting was wanting. He asked Mrs. Courthope to let him have another room, but she looked so doubtful that he withdrew his request and went back to his grandfather.

It was Saturday, and not many of the boats would go fishing. Among the rest, Findlay's would not leave the harbor till Sunday was over, and therefore Malcolm was free. But he could not rest, and would go line-fishing. "Daddy," he said, "I'm gaein oot to catch a haddick or sae to oor denner the morn. Ye micht jist sit doon upo' ane o' the Boar's Taes an' tak a play o' yer pipes. I'll hear ye fine, an' it'll du me guid."

The Boar's Toes were two or three small rocks that rose out of the sand near the end of the dune. Duncan agreed right willingly, and Malcolm, borrowing some lines and taking the Psyche's dinghy, rowed out into the bay.

The sun was down, the moon was up, and he had caught more fish than he wanted. His grandfather had got tired and gone home, and the fountain of his anxious thoughts began to flow more rapidly. He must go ashore. He must go up to the house: who could tell what might not be going on there? He drew in his line, purposing to take the best of the fish to Miss Horn and some to Mrs. Courthope, as in the old days.

The Psyche still lay on the sands, and he was rowing the dinghy toward her, when, looking round to direct his course, he thought he caught a glimpse of some one seated on the slope of the dune. Yes, there was some one there, sure enough. The old times rushed back on his memory: could it be Florimel? Alas! it was not likely she would now be wandering about alone. But if it were! Then for one endeavor more to rouse her slumbering conscience! He would call up all the associations of the last few months she had spent in the place, and, with the spirit of her father, as it were, hovering over her, conjure her, in his name, to break with Liftore.

He rowed swiftly to the Psyche, beached and drew up the dinghy, and climbed the dune. Plainly enough, it was a lady who sat there. It might be one from the upper

town enjoying the lovely night: it *might* be Florimel, but how could she have got away, or wished to get away, from her newly-arrived guests? The voices of several groups of walkers came from the high-road behind the dune, but there was no other figure to be seen all along the sands. He drew nearer. The lady did not move. If it were Florimel, would she not know him as he came, and would she wait for him?

He drew nearer still. His heart gave a great throb. Could it be, or was the moon weaving some hallucination in his troubled brain? If it was a phantom, it was that of Lady Clementina: if but modelled of the filmy vapors of the moonlight, and the artist his own brain, the phantom was welcome as joy. His spirit seemed to soar aloft in the yellow air and hang hovering over and around her, while his body stood rooted to the spot, like one who fears, by moving nigher, to lose the lovely vision of a mirage. She sat motionless, her gaze on the sea. Malcolm bethought himself that she could not know him in his fisher-dress, and must take him for some rude fisherman staring at her. He must go at once, or approach and address her. He came forward at once. "My lady!" he said.

She did not start, neither did she speak. She did not even turn her face. She rose first, then turned and held out her hand. Three steps more and he had it in his, and his eyes looked straight into hers. Neither spoke. The moon shone full on Clementina's face. There was no illumination fitter for that face than the moonlight, and to Malcolm it was lovelier than ever. Nor was it any wonder it should seem so to him, for certainly never had the eyes in it rested on his with such a lovely and trusting light in them. A moment she stood, then slowly sank again upon the sand and drew her skirts about her with a dumb show of invitation. The place where she sat was a little terraced hollow in the slope, forming a convenient seat. Malcolm saw, but could not believe she actually made room for him to sit beside her — alone with her in the universe. It was too much: he dared not believe it. And now, by one of those wondrous duplications which are not always at least born of the fancy, the same scene in which he had found Florimel thus seated on the slope of the dune appeared to be passing again through Malcolm's consciousness, only instead of Florimel was Clementina, and instead of the sun was the moon. And creature of the sunlight as Florimel was, bright and gay and

beautiful, she paled into a creature of the cloud beside this maiden of the moonlight, tall and stately, silent and soft and grand.

Again she made a movement. This time he could not doubt her invitation. It was as if her soul made room in her unseen world for him to enter and sit beside her. But who could enter heaven in his work-day garments?

"Won't you sit by me, Malcolm?" seeing his more than hesitation, she said at last, with a slight tremble in the voice that was music itself in his ears.

"I have been catching fish, my lady," he answered, "and my clothes must be unpleasant. I will sit here."

He went a little lower on the slope and laid himself down, leaning on his elbow.

"Do fresh-water fishes smell the same as the sea-fishes, Malcolm?" she asked.

"Indeed I am not certain, my lady. Why?"

"Because if they do — You remember what you said to me as we passed the saw-mill in the wood?"

It was by silence Malcolm showed he did remember.

"Does not this night remind you of that one at Wastbeach when we came upon you singing?" said Clementina.

"It *is* like it, my lady — now. But, a little ago, before I saw you, I was thinking of that night, and thinking how different this was."

Again a moon-filled silence fell, and once more it was the lady who broke it. "Do you know who are at the house?" she asked.

"I do, my lady," he replied.

"I had not been there more than an hour or two," she went on, "when they arrived. I suppose Florimel — Lady Lossie — thought I would not come if she told me she expected them."

"And would you have come, my lady?"

"I cannot endure the earl."

"Neither can I. But then I know more about him than your ladyship does, and I am miserable for my mistress."

It stung Clementina as if her heart had taken a beat backward. But her voice was steadier than it had yet been as she returned, "Why should you be miserable for Lady Lossie?"

"I would die rather than see her marry that wretch," he answered.

Again her blood stung her in the left side. "You do not want her to marry, then?" she said.

"I do," answered Malcolm, emphatically, "but not that fellow."

"Whom, then, if I may ask?" ventured Clementina trembling.

But Malcolm was silent. He did not feel it would be right to say.

Clementina turned sick at heart. "I have heard there is something dangerous about the moonlight," she said, "I think it does not suit me to-night. I will go — home."

Malcolm sprang to his feet and offered his hand. She did not take it, but rose more lightly, though more slowly, than he. "How did you come from the park, my lady?" he asked.

"By a gate over there," she answered, pointing. "I wandered out after dinner, and the sea drew me."

"If your ladyship will allow me, I will take you a much nearer way back," he said.

"Do, then," she returned.

He thought she spoke a little sadly, and set it down to her having to go back to her fellow-guests. What if she should leave to-morrow morning? he thought. He could never then be sure she had really been with him that night. He must sometimes think it then a dream. But oh what a dream! He could thank God for it all his life if he should never dream so again.

They walked across the grassy sand toward the tunnel in silence, he pondering what he could say that might comfort her and keep her from going so soon.

"My lady never takes me out with her now," he said at length. He was going to add that if she pleased he could wait upon her with Kelpie and show her the country. But then he saw that if she were not with Florimel, his sister would be riding everywhere alone with Liftore. Therefore he stopped short.

"And you feel forsaken — deserted?" returned Clementina, sadly still.

"Rather, my lady."

They had reached the tunnel. It looked very black when he opened the door, but there was just a glimmer through the trees at the other end.

"This is the valley of the shadow of death," she said. "Do I walk straight through?"

"Yes, my lady. You will soon come out in the light again," he said.

"Are there no steps to fall down?" she asked.

"None, my lady. But I will go first, if you wish."

"No, that would but cut off the little light I have," she said. "Come beside me."

They passed through in silence, save for the rustle of her dress and the dull echo that haunted their steps. In a few moments they came out among the trees, but both continued silent. The still, thoughtful moon-night seemed to press them close together, but neither knew that the other felt the same.

They reached a point in the road where another step would bring them in sight of the house.

"You cannot go wrong now, my lady," said Malcolm. "If you please I will go no farther."

"Do you not live in the house?" she asked.

"I used to do as I liked, and could be there or with my grandfather. I did mean to be at the house to-night, but my lady has given my room to her maid."

"What! that woman Caley?"

"I suppose so, my lady. I must sleep to-night in the village. If you could, my lady" — he added, after a pause, and faltered, hesitating. She did not help him, but waited. "If you could — if you would not be displeased at my asking you," he resumed — "if you *could* keep my lady from going farther with that — I shall call him names if I go on."

"It is a strange request," Clementina replied after a moment's reflection. "I hardly know, as the guest of Lady Lossie, what answer I ought to make to it. One thing I will say, however, that, though you may know more of the man than I, you can hardly dislike him more. Whether I can interfere is another matter. Honestly, I do not think it would be of any use. But I do not say that I will not. Good-night."

She hurried away, and did not again offer her hand.

Malcolm walked back through the tunnel, his heart singing and making melody. Oh how lovely — how more than lovely, how divinely beautiful — she was! And so kind and friendly! Yet she seemed just the least bit fitful too. Something troubled her, he said to himself. But he little thought that he, and no one else, had spoiled the moonlight for her. He went home to glorious dreams — she to a troubled, half-wakeful night. Not until she had made up her mind to do her utmost to rescue Florimel from Liftore, even if it gave her to Malcolm, did she find a moment's quiet. It was morning then, but she fell fast asleep, slept late and woke refreshed.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

## CONFESSION OF SIN.

MR. CRATHIE was slowly recovering, but still very weak. He did not, after having turned the corner, get well so fast as his medical minister judged he ought, and the reason was plain to Lizzy, dimly perceptible to his wife: he was ill at ease. A man may have more mind and more conscience, and more discomfort in both or either, than his neighbors give him credit for. They may be in the right about him up to a certain point of his history, but then a crisis by them unperceived, perhaps to them inappreciable, arrived, after which the man to all eternity could never be the same as they had known him. Such a change must appear improbable, and save on the theory of a higher operative power is improbable because impossible. But a man who has not created himself can never secure himself against the inroad of the glorious terror of that Goodness which was able to utter him into being, with all its possible wrongs and repentances. The fact that a man has never, up to any point yet, been aware of aught beyond himself cannot shut Him out who is beyond him, when at last he means to enter. Not even the soul-numbing visits of his clerical minister could repress the swell of the slow-mounting dayspring in the soul of the hard, commonplace, business-worshipping man, Hector Crathie. The hireling would talk to him kindly enough, of his illness or the events of the day, especially those of the town and neighborhood, and encourage him with reiterated expression of the hope that ere many days they would enjoy a tumbler together as of old; but as to wrong done, apology to make, forgiveness to be sought or consolation to be found, the dumb dog had not uttered a bark.

The sources of the factor's restless discomfort were now two — the first, that he had lifted his hand to women; the second, the old ground of his quarrel with Malcolm brought up by Lizzy.

All his life, since ever he had had business, Mr. Crathie had prided himself on his honesty, and was therefore in one of the most dangerous moral positions a man could occupy — ruinous even to the honesty itself. Asleep in the mud, he dreamed himself awake on a pedestal. At best, such a man is but perched on a needle-point when he thinketh he standeth. Of him who prided himself on his honor I should expect that one day, in the long run it might be, he would do some vile

thing. Not, probably, within the small circle of illumination around his wretched rushlight; but in the great region beyond it, of what to him is a moral darkness or twilight vague, he may be or may become capable of doing a deed that will stink in the nostrils of the universe; and in his own when he knows it as it is. The honesty in which a man can pride himself must be a small one, for more honesty will never think of itself at all. The limited honesty of the factor clave to the interests of his employers, and let the rights he encountered take care of themselves. Those he dealt with were to him rather as enemies than friends — not enemies to be prayed for, but to be spoiled. Malcolm's doctrine of honesty in horse-dealing was to him ludicrously new. His notion of honesty in that kind was to cheat the buyer for his master if he could, proud to write in his book a large sum against the name of the animal. He would have scorned in his very soul the idea of making a farthing by it himself through any business quirk whatever, but he would not have been the least ashamed if, having sold Kelpie, he had heard — let me say after a week of possession — that she had dashed out her purchaser's brains. He would have been a little shocked, a little sorry perhaps, but nowise ashamed. "By this time," he would have said, "the man ought to have been up to her, and either taken care of himself or *sold her again*" — to dash out another man's brains instead!

That the bastard Malcolm, or the ignorant and indeed fallen fisher-girl Lizzy, should judge differently, nowise troubled him: what could they know about the rights and wrongs of business? The fact which Lizzy sought to bring to bear upon him, that our Lord would not have done such a thing, was to him no argument at all. He said to himself, with the superior smile of arrogated common sense, that "no mere man since the fall" could be expected to do like him; that he was divine, and had not to fight for a living; that he sets us an example that we might see what sinners we were; that religion was one thing, and a very proper thing, but business was another, and a very proper thing also — with customs, and indeed laws, of its own far more determinate, at least definite, than those of religion: and that to mingle the one with the other was not merely absurd — it was irreverent and wrong, and certainly never intended in the Bible, which must surely be common sense. It was *the Bible* always with him

— never *the will of Christ*. But although he could dispose of the question thus satisfactorily, yet, as he lay ill, supine, without any distracting occupation, the thing haunted him. Now, in his father's cottage had lain, much dabbled in of the children, a certain boardless copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," round in the face and hollow in the back, in which, amongst other pictures, was one of the wicket gate. This scripture of his childhood, given by inspiration of God, threw out, in one of his troubled and feverish nights, a dream-bud in the brain of the man. He saw the face of Jesus looking on him over the top of the wicket gate, at which he had been for some time knocking in vain, while the cruel dog barked loud from the enemy's yard. But that face, when at last it came, was full of sorrowful displeasure. And in his heart he knew that it was because of a certain transaction in horse-dealing wherein he had hitherto lauded his own cunning — adroitness, he considered it — and success. One word only he heard from the lips of the Man, "Worker of iniquity!" and woke with a great start. From that moment truths *began* to be facts to him. The beginning of the change was indeed very small, but every beginning is small, and every beginning is a creation. Monad, molecule, protoplasm, whatever word may be attached to it when it becomes appreciable by men — being then, however, many stages, I believe, upon its journey — beginning is an irrepressible fact; and, however far from good or humble even after many days, the man here began to grow good and humble. His dull, unimaginative nature, a perfect lumber-room of the world and its rusting affairs, had received a gift in a dream — a truth from the lips of the Lord, remodelled in the brain and heart of the tinker of Elstow, and sent forth in his wondrous parable to be pictured and printed, and lie in old Hector Crathie's cottage, that it might enter and lie in young Hector Crathie's brain until he grew old and had done wrong enough to heed it, when it rose upon him in a dream, and had its way. Henceforth the claims of his neighbor began to reveal themselves, and his mind to breed conscientious doubts and scruples, with which, struggle as he might against it, a certain respect for Malcolm would keep coming and mingling, a feeling which grew with its returns, until, by slow changes, he began at length to regard him as the minister of God's vengeance for his punishment, and perhaps salvation — who could tell?

Lizzy's nightly ministrations had not been resumed, but she often called, and was a good deal with him; for Mrs. Crathie had learned to like the humble, helpful girl still better when she found she had taken no offence at being deprived of her post of honor by his bedside. One day, when Malcolm was seated, mending a net, among the thin grass and great red daisies of the links by the bank of the burn where it crossed the sands from the Lossie grounds to the sea, Lizzy came up to him and said, "The factor wad like to see ye, Ma'colm, as sune's ye can gang till 'im."

She waited no reply. Malcolm rose and went.

At the factor's the door was opened by Mrs. Crathie herself, who, looking mysterious, led him to the dining-room, where she plunged at once into business, doing her best to keep down all manifestation of the profound resentment she cherished against him. Her manner was confidential, almost coaxing. "Ye see, Ma'colm," she said, as if pursuing instead of commencing a conversation, "he's some sore about the little *fracass* between him an' you. Jest make your apoalogies till 'im, an' tell 'im you had a drop too much, and you're soary for misbehavin' yerself to wann sae much your shuperrior. Tell 'im that, Ma'colm, an' there's a half-croon to ye."

She wished much to speak English, and I have tried to represent the thing she did speak, which was neither honest Scotch nor anything like English. Alas! the good, pithy, old Anglo-Saxon dialect is fast perishing, and a jargon of corrupt English taking its place!

"But, mem," said Malcolm, taking no notice either of the coin or the words that accompanied the offer of it, "I canna lee: I wasna in drink, an' I'm no sorry."

"Hoot!" returned Mrs. Crathie, blurt-ing out her Scotch fast enough now, "I s' warran' ye can lee weel eneuch when ye hae occasion. Tak yer siller an' du as I tell ye."

"Wad ye hae me damned, mem?"

Mrs. Crathie gave a cry and held up her hands. She was too well accustomed to imprecations from the lips of her husband for any but an affected horror, but regarding the honest word as a bad one, she assumed an air of injury. "Wad ye daur to sweir afore a ledy," she exclaimed, shaking her uplifted hands in pretence of ghasted astonishment.

"If Mr. Crathie wishes to see me, ma'am," rejoined Malcolm, taking up the

shield of English, "I am ready. If not, please allow me to go."

The same moment the bell whose rope was at the head of the factor's bed rang violently, and Mrs. Crathie's importance collapsed. "Come this w'y," she said, and turning led him up the stair to the room where her husband lay.

Entering, Malcolm stood astonished at the change he saw upon the strong man of rubicund countenance, and his heart filled with compassion. The factor was sitting up in bed, looking very white and worn and troubled. Even his nose had grown thin and white. He held out his hand to him, and said to his wife, "Tak the door to ye, Mistress Crathie," indicating which side he wished it closed from.

"Ye was some sair upo' me, Ma'colm," he went on, grasping the youth's hand.

"I doobt I was *ower* sair," said Malcolm, who could hardly speak for a lump in his throat.

"Weel, I deserved it. But eh, Ma'colm! I canna believe it was me: it bude to be the drink."

"It *was* the drink," rejoined Malcolm; "an' eh, sir, afore ye rise frae that bed sweir to the great God 'at ye'll never drink nae mair drams, nor onything 'ayont ae tum'ler at a sittin'."

"I sweir 't, I sweir 't, Ma'colm!" cried the factor.

"It's easy to sweir 't noo, sir, but whan ye're up again, it'll be hard to keep yer faith. O Lord!" spoke the youth, breaking out into almost involuntary prayer, "help this man to haud troth wi' Thee! — An' noo, Maister Crathie," he resumed, "I'm yer servan', ready to du onything I can. Forgi'e me, sir, for layin' on ower sair."

"I forgi'e ye wi' a' my hert," returned the factor, inly delighted to have something to forgive.

"I thank ye frae mine," answered Malcolm, and again they shook hands.

"But eh, Ma'colm, my man!" he added, "hoo will I ever shaw my face again?"

"Fine that!" returned Malcolm, eagerly. "Fowk's terrible guid-natur'd whan ye alloo 'at ye're 'i the wrang. I do believe 'at whan a man confesses till 's neebor an' says he's sorry, he thinks mair o' 'im nor afore he did it. Ye see we a' ken we hae dune wrang, but we haena' a' confessed. An' it's a queer thing, but a man 'll think it gran' o' 's neebor to confess, when a' the time there's something he winna repent o' himsel', for fear o' the *shame* o' haein to confess 't. To me, the shame lies in *no* confessin' efter ye ken

ye're wrang. Ye'll see, sir, the fisher-fowk 'll min' what ye say to them a heap better noo."

"Div ye raily think it, Ma'colm?" sighed the factor with a flush.

"I div that, sir. Only whan ye grow better, gien ye'll alloo me to say't, sir, ye maunna lat Sawtan temp' ye to think 'at this same repentin' was but a wakeness o' the flesh, an' no an enlichtenment o' the speerit."

"I s' tie mysel' up till 't," cried the factor eagerly. "Gang an' tell them i' my name 'at I tak back ilka scart o' a nottice I ever gae ane o' them to quit, only we maun hae nae mair stan'in' o' honest fowk 'at comes to bigg herbors till them. Div ye think it wad be weel ta'en gien ye tuik a poun'-nott the piece to the twa women?"

"I wadna du that, sir, gien I was you," answered Malcolm. "For yer ain sake, I wadna to Mistress Mair, for naething wad gar her tak' it: it wad, only affront her; an' for Nancy Tacket's sake, I wadna to her, for as her name so's her natur: she would not only tak it, but she wad lat ye play the same as aften's ye likit for less siller. Ye'll hae mony a chance o' makin' 't up to them baith, ten times ower, afore you an' them pairt, sir."

"I maun lea' the cuntry, Ma'colm."

"'Deed, sir, ye'll du naething o' the kin'. The fishers themsel's wad rise no to lat ye, as they did wi' Blew Peter! As sune's ye're able to be aboot again, ye'll see plain eneuch 'at there's no occasion for onything like that, sir. Portlossie wadna ken 'tsel' wantin' ye. Jist gie me a commission to say to the twa honest women 'at ye're sorry for what ye did, an' that's a' 'at need be said between you an' them, or their men aither."

The result showed that Malcolm was right, for the very next day, instead of looking for gifts from him, the two injured women came to the factor's door—first Annie Mair with the offering of a few fresh eggs, scarce at the season, and after her Nancy Tacket with a great lobster.

#### CHAPTER LXIV.

##### A VISITATION.

MALCOLM'S custom was first, immediately after breakfast, to give Kelpie her airing—and a tremendous amount of air she wanted for the huge animal furnace of her frame and the fiery spirit that kept it alight—then, returning to the Seaton, to change the dress of the groom, in which he always appeared about the house, lest by any chance his mistress should want

him, for that of the fisherman, and help with the nets or the boats, or in whatever was going on. As often as he might he did what seldom a man would—went to the long shed where the women prepared the fish for salting, took a knife and wrought as deftly as any of them, throwing a marvellously rapid succession of cleaned herrings into the preserving brine. It was no wonder he was a favorite with the women. Although, however, the place was malodorous and the work dirty, I cannot claim so much for Malcolm as may at first appear to belong to him, for he had been accustomed to the sight and smell from earliest childhood. Still, as I say, it was work the men would not do. He had such a chivalrous humanity that it was misery to him to see a man or woman at anything scorned except he bore a hand himself. He did it half in love, half in terror of being unjust.

He had gone to Mr. Crathie in his fisher-clothes, thinking it better the sick man should not be reminded of the cause of his illness more forcibly than could not be helped. The nearest way led him past a corner of the house overlooked by one of the drawing-room windows. Clementina saw him pass, and, judging by his garb that he would probably return presently, went out in the hope of meeting him, and as he was going back to his net by the sea-gate he caught sight of her on the opposite side of the burn, accompanied only by a book. He walked through it, climbed the bank and approached her.

It was a hot summer afternoon. The burn ran dark and brown and cool in deep shade, but the sea beyond was glowing in light, and the laburnum blossoms hung like cocoons of sunbeams. No breath of air was stirring; no bird sang; the sun was burning high in the west.

Clementina stood waiting him, like a moon that could hold her own in the face of the sun. "Malcolm," she said, "I have been watching all day, but have not found a single opportunity of speaking to your mistress as you wished. But to tell the truth, I am not sorry, for the more I think about it the less I see what to say. That another does not like a person can have little weight with one who does, and I *know* nothing against him. I wish you would release me from my promise. It is such an ugly thing to speak to one's hostess to the disadvantage of a fellow-guest!"

"I understand," said Malcolm. "It was not a right thing to ask of you. I beg your pardon, my lady, and give you back

your promise, if such you count it. But indeed I do not think you promised."

"Thank you. I would rather be free. Had it been before you left London! Lady Lossie is very kind, but does not seem to put the same confidence in me as formerly. She and Lady Bellair and that man make a trio, and I am left outside. I almost think I ought to go. Even Caley is more of a friend than I am. I cannot get rid of the suspicion that something not right is going on. There seems a bad air about the place. Those two are playing their game with the inexperience of that poor child, your mistress."

"I know that very well, my lady, but I hope yet they will not succeed," said Malcolm.

By this time they were near the tunnel.

"Could you let me through to the shore?" asked Clementina.

"Certainly, my lady. I wish you could see the boats go out. From the Boar's Tail it is a pretty sight. They will all be starting together as soon as the tide turns."

Thereupon Clementina began questioning him about the night-fishing, and Malcolm described its pleasures and dangers, and the pleasures of its dangers, in such fashion that Clementina listened with delight. He dwelt especially on the feeling almost of disembodiment, and existence as pure thought, arising from the all-pervading clarity and fluidity, the suspension and the unceasing motion.

"I wish I could once feel like that," exclaimed Clementina. "Could I not go with you—for one night—just for once, Malcolm?"

"My lady, it would hardly do, I am afraid. If you knew the discomforts that must assail one unaccustomed—I cannot tell—but I doubt if you would go. All the doors to bliss have their defences of swamps and thorny thickets through which alone they can be gained. You would need to be a fisherman's sister—or wife—I fear, my lady, to get through to this one."

Clementina smiled gravely, but did not reply, and Malcolm too was silent, thinking. "Yes," he said at last: "I see how we can manage it. You shall have a boat for your own use, my lady, and——"

"But I want to see just what you see, and to feel, as nearly as I may, what you feel. I don't want a downy, rose-leaf notion of the thing. I want to understand what you fishermen encounter and experience."

"We must make a difference, though,

my lady. Look what clothes, what boots, we fishers must wear to be fit for our work! But you shall have a true idea as far as it reaches, and one that will go a long way towards enabling you to understand the rest. You shall go in a real fishing-boat, with a full crew and all the nets, and you shall catch real herrings; only you shall not be out longer than you please. But there is hardly time to arrange for it to-night, my lady."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes. I have no doubt I can manage it then."

"Oh, thank you!" said Clementina. "It will be a great delight."

"And now," suggested Malcolm, "would you like to go through the village and see some of the cottages, and how the fishers live?"

"If they would not think me inquisitive or intrusive," answered Clementina.

"There is no danger of that," rejoined Malcolm. "If it were my Lady Bellair, to patronize and deal praise and blame, as if what she calls poverty were fault and childishness, and she their spiritual as well as social superior, they might very likely be what she would call rude. She was here once before, and we have some notion of her about the Seaton. I venture to say there is not a woman in it who is not her moral superior, and many of them are her superiors in intellect and true knowledge, if they are not so familiar with London scandal. Mr. Graham says that in the kingdom of heaven every superior is a ruler, for there to rule is to raise, and a man's rank is his power to uplift."

"I would I were in the kingdom of heaven if it be such as you and Mr. Graham take it for!" said Clementina.

"You must be in it, my lady, or you couldn't wish it to be such as it is."

"Can one then be in it, and yet seem to be out of it, Malcolm?"

"So many are out of it that seem to be in it, my lady, that one might well imagine it the other way with some."

"Are you not uncharitable, Malcolm?"

"Our Lord speaks of many coming up to his door confident of admission, whom yet he sends from him. Faith is obedience, not confidence."

"Then I do well to fear."

"Yes, my lady, so long as your fear makes you knock the louder."

"But if I be in, as you say, how can I go on knocking?"

"There are a thousand more doors to knock at after you are in, my lady. No one content to stand just inside the gate



will be inside it long. But it is one thing to be in, and another to be satisfied that we are in. Such a satisfying as comes from our own feelings may, you see from what our Lord says, be a false one. It is one thing to gather the conviction for ourselves, and another to have it from God. What wise man would have it before he gives it? He who does what his Lord tells him is in the kingdom, if every feeling of heart and brain told him he was not. And his Lord will see that he knows it one day. But I do not think, my lady, one can ever be quite sure until the King himself has come in to sup with him, and has let him know that he is altogether one with him."

During the talk of which this is the substance they reached the Seaton, and Malcolm took her to see his grandfather.

"Taal and faer and chentle and coot!" murmured the old man as he held her hand for a moment in his. With a start of suspicion he dropped it, and cried out in alarm, "She'll not pe a Cam'ell, Malcolm?"

"Na, na, daddy—far frae that," answered Malcolm.

"Then my laty will pe right welcome to Tuncan's heart," he replied, and taking her hand again led her to a chair.

When they left she expressed herself charmed with the piper, but when she learned the cause of his peculiar behavior at first she looked grave and found his feeling difficult to understand.

They next visited the Partaness, with whom she was far more amused than puzzled. But her heart was drawn to the young woman who sat in a corner rocking her child in its woodeu cradle and never lifting her eyes from her needle-work: she knew her for the fisher-girl of Malcolm's picture.

From house to house he took her, and where they went they were welcomed. If the man was smoking, he put away his pipe, and the woman left her work and sat down to talk with her. They did the honors of their poor houses in a homely and dignified fashion. Clementina was delighted. But Malcolm told her he had taken her only to the best houses in the place to begin with. The village, though a fair sample of fishing villages, was no ex-sample, he said: there were all kinds of people in it as in every other. It was a class in the big life-school of the world, whose special masters were the sea and the herrings.

"What would you do now if you were lord of the place?" asked Clementina as they were walking by the sea-gate: "I

mean, what would be the first thing you would do?"

"As it would be my business to know my tenants that I might rule them," he answered, "I would first court the society and confidence of the best men among them. I should be in no hurry to make changes, but would talk openly with them, and try to be worthy of their confidence. Of course I would see a little better to their houses, and improve their harbor; and I would build a boat for myself that would show them a better kind; but my main hope for them would be the same as for myself—the knowledge of Him whose is the sea and all its store, who cares for every fish in its bosom, but for the fisher more than many herrings. I would spend my best efforts to make them follow Him whose first servants were the fishermen of Galilee, for with all my heart I believe that that Man holds the secret of life, and that only the man who obeys him can ever come to know the God who is the root and crown of our being, and whom to know is freedom and bliss."

A pause followed.

"But do you not sometimes find it hard to remember God all through your work?" asked Clementina.

"Not very hard, my lady. Sometimes I wake up to find that I have been in an evil mood and forgetting Him, and then life is hard until I get near him again. But it is not my work that makes me forget him. When I go a-fishing, I go to catch God's fish; when I take Kelpie out, I am teaching one of God's wild creatures; when I read the Bible or Shakespeare, I am listening to the word of God, uttered in each after its kind. When the wind blows on my face, what matter that the chymist pulls it to pieces? He cannot hurt it, for his knowledge of it cannot make my feeling of it a folly, so long as he cannot pull that to pieces with his retorts and crucibles: it is to me the wind of him who makes it blow, the sign of something in him, the fit emblem of his Spirit, that breathes into my spirit the breath of life. When Mr. Graham talks to me, it is a prophet come from God that teaches me, as certainly as if his fiery chariot were waiting to carry him back when he had spoken; for the word he utters at once humbles and uplifts my soul, telling it that God is all in all and my God—and the Lord Christ is the truth and the life, and the way home to the Father."

After a little pause, "And when you are talking to a rich, ignorant, proud lady," said Clementina, "what do you feel then?"

"That I would it were my Lady Clementina instead," answered Malcolm with a smile.

She held her peace.

When he left her, Malcolm hurried to Scaurnose and arranged with Blue Peter for his boat and crew the next night. Returning to his grandfather, he found a note waiting him from Mrs. Courthope to the effect that, as Miss Caley, her ladyship's maid, had preferred another room, there was no reason why, if he pleased, he should not reoccupy his own.

From Temple Bar.

#### VOLTAIRE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

FROM THE DUTCH OF JHR. C. A. VAN  
SYPESTEYN.

BEFORE proceeding to collect a few particulars about Voltaire's different journeys to Holland, it will be necessary briefly to describe those circumstances of his life which first induced him to visit that country.

François-Marie Arouet was born at Paris, November 21st, 1694. His father, after having been for many years a notary, was treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts at Paris; his mother, Marguerite d'Aumard, was of an old noble family. It has been said that she possessed a small property in Poitou, from which her second son derived his name, but modern enquirers have been unable to establish its existence, and it appears more probable that the name Voltaire was simply an anagram of his usual signature, Arouet l. J. (le Jeune.) From his early youth he received an excellent education, and neither his father nor his godfather, the Abbé de Châteauneuf, spared anything to develop his extraordinary gifts. The abbé, who was much attached to Ninon de l'Enclos, introduced the youth to her, and he soon became a favorite in her brilliant circle. Though of a weak constitution, his mind was so precocious that he already wrote good poetry at the age of twelve. He was accustomed to take for the subject of his epigrams his elder brother, who was developing into a desperate fanatic, and whom he called "*mon Janséniste de frère*," and these verses gave the Abbé Le Jay occasion to say that he would one day be the standard-bearer of impiety. When the father heard, to his vexation, that his younger son was a poet, he exclaimed: "My sons are two madmen; one in verse, and one in prose." The pleasure-loving

abbé brought his godchild into the company of his friends the Duc de Sully, the Marquis de la Fare, and other gay and witty gentlemen, whose greatest amusement consisted in the so-called *petits soupers*. The life which resulted from this, added to Voltaire's love of poetry, and his dislike to the legal profession, which his father wished him to follow, gave rise to quarrels between them, and ended in his being sent to the Hague, to serve as page in the suite of the French ambassador, then the Marquis de Châteauneuf, elder brother of the abbé.

Voltaire arrived at the Hague in September 1713, at the age of nineteen. He took up his quarters at the French Embassy, a large building situated on the Prinsessegracht (Boschkant)—the site now occupied by the Roman Catholic church—and he very soon made a sensation by his wit, his poetry, and, above all, his love adventures. There lived then at the Hague a Madame Dunoyer, a clever but very singular woman, who had been unhappily married in Paris to a French nobleman and writer, named Dunoyer, and had fled to Holland with her two daughters. Originally a strict Protestant she had even been imprisoned for two years on account of her religion. She abjured it at the time of her marriage, but resumed it in Holland, where she was living in destitute circumstances, principally by the profits of her pen. Her most lucrative publication consisted of certain periodical letters, a pretended correspondence between two journalists, one in France and the other in Holland, which appeared for several years at the Hague and at Amsterdam, under the title of "*La Quintessence des Nouvelles Historiques, Critiques, Politiques, Morales et Galantes*" (principally the latter), and of "*Le Mercure Galant*." It was a doubly profitable speculation, for she was paid not only for what she printed, but also for much that she consented to suppress.

Her youngest daughter, Olympe, who went by the name of Mlle. Pimpette, was a clever, beautiful, and coquettish girl. Young Arouet was soon caught in her nets, and desperately in love. He committed all sorts of follies with a complete indifference to the remarks of the inhabitants of the Hague, and was even on the point of eloping with his beloved Olympe, at whose feet the painter Schlesinger has represented him,\* when the mother, who

\* This picture belonged to Mr. Hoffman's collection, and is now in the possession of the Baroness de Wassenaer, his daughter.

seemed to have other plans with her daughter, and did not wish to bestow her on "a page like Voltaire," put an end to the affair. She complained to the Marquis de Châteauneuf, who was afraid of the writer of the "Lettres Historiques," and specially of the "Mercure Galant," and who soon, by the strong measures he took, showed that he was less indulgent than his brother the abbé had been. He wrote a long letter to the father, ending, "I hope nothing more from your son now: he is twice mad; in love and a poet." Voltaire's departure was immediately decided upon. He wrote in despair to Pimpette that all he had been able to do was to obtain a delay, but he was forbidden to leave his rooms. He complains bitterly about this arrest, and urges her to leave her unnatural mother and follow him to France. Without her portrait he cannot live, nor without her letters to assure him of her eternal love. These sentimental effusions are accompanied with the prosaic recommendation to send the shoemaker with her letters, as if he came to try on a pair of boots.

The shoemaker apparently accomplished his task, but fourteen letters written by Voltaire to Pimpette, November 1713 to February 1714, fell into the hands of Mme. Dunoyer, who, to the astonishment of every one, disregarding the injury they did to her daughter's reputation, published them in the "Lettres Historiques."

The letter received from Olympe called forth an answer, in which he asks her for a rendezvous to go to Scheveningen, where he proposed that they should write letters to her father and uncle, to seek for a retreat in Paris. It appears, however, that these plans did not succeed, that he was unable to leave his rooms, but that Pimpette, disguised as a boy, contrived to obtain an interview with him.

Si vous êtes adorable en cornettes [he afterwards wrote to her], ma foi, vous êtes un aimable cavalier, et notre portier, qui n'est point amoureux de vous, vous a trouvé un très-joli garçon. La première fois que vous viendrez, il vous recevra à merveille. Je crains que vous n'ayez tiré l'épée dans la rue, afin qu'il ne vous manquât plus rien d'un jeune homme; après tout, tout jeune homme que vous êtes, vous êtes sage comme une fille.

The mother discovered the meeting, and again complained to the ambassador, who now gave orders that four lackeys instead of two should watch over the prisoner. Once more Voltaire met his beloved, and we may gather from a letter he wrote her on the 10th of December 1713, that she

received such a reprimand from her mother, that she had to remain ill in bed. He succeeded, however, in sending her letters, full of declarations of love and lamentations over the sad situation of the two lovers, "the one in bed, and the other a prisoner."

On Monday the 13th of December 1713, Voltaire was put in a coach with M. de M. and the ambassador's valet Lefèvre, and proceeded to Rotterdam. There he was taken on board a yacht which lay ready to leave for Ghent. From this vessel he writes to her on the 19th of December:—

Nous avons un beau temps et un bon vent, et par-dessus cela de bon vin, de bons pâtés, de bons jambons et de bons lits. Nous ne sommes que nous deux, M. de M. et moi, dans un grand yacht; il s'occupe à écrire, à manger, à boire et à dormir, et moi à penser à vous. Je ne vous vois point, et je vous jure que je ne m'aperçois pas que je suis dans la compagnie d'un bon pâté et d'un homme d'esprit. Ma chère Pimpette me manque, mais je me flatte qu'elle ne me manquera pas toujours, puisque je ne voyage que pour vous faire voyager vous-même.

On his return to Paris, Thursday the 28th of December 1713, Voltaire found his father extremely angry. A *lettre de cachet* lay ready for him, a will in which he was quite disinherited was drawn up, and the only condition on which the old gentleman would hear of a reconciliation was the departure of his son for an American colony. The latter succeeded, however, in obtaining a delay, provided he would work as clerk with a *procureur*, to which condition he for a short time submitted.

From a few letters of Voltaire to Pimpette at this time, we see that he gave himself great trouble to get her over to Paris with the help of the clergy on the condition that she should change her religion. But for this Pimpette was not at all disposed, and he soon complained of the scarcity of her letters. She speedily consoled herself by other love adventures, and afterwards married an officer in the French army, a Baron de Winterfeld, who in 1736 came to live in Paris (*rue Plâtrière*).

Voltaire met her again several times, and even helped her out of some money difficulties. He mentions her once more in his answer to his enemy La Beaumelle, who had violently attacked his "Siècle de Louis XIV." La Beaumelle had asserted that Cavalier, the head of the Cevennes insurgents, had been the rival of Voltaire, that they had both loved the daughter of Mme. Dunoyer, and that, "as might be

expected, the hero had prevailed over the poet, and the gentle and agreeable physiognomy over the wild and wicked one." \* Voltaire contradicts this as wholly untrue, as he did not know Cavalier till the year 1726, in London, but he admits that Cavalier made the acquaintance of Olympe at the Hague, in 1708 (when he himself was still a schoolboy), and even proposed to her, and was refused. He was at that time colonel in a Dutch regiment, which was partly paid by England. Uffenbach, who knew Cavalier in London, in 1710, also mentions Olympe's beauty, and confirms the account of her relations with Cavalier. It is a curious coincidence that two men distinguished in such very different ways, should both have been attached to this frivolous little coquette.

Voltaire did not remain long with the *procureur* Alain, and he soon became entirely immersed in literature. His verses were often satirical, and more than once brought him into trouble.† It is well known what a favorite he was with women, and how the great ladies of the time sought him. Thus in 1722, he made the acquaintance of a very beautiful widow, the Comtesse de Rüpelmonde, who expressed the wish to see Belgium and Holland. Voltaire was at once ready to accompany her, all the more as he could then arrange in person the publication of his "Henriade" at the Hague. They started together, and lodged for some time in an hôtel at Brussels, where Jean-Baptiste Rousseau was at that time staying. Voltaire visited him. At first they liked each other, but they parted mortal enemies.

On the 7th of October 1722, Voltaire writes a very detailed letter from the Hague to the "Présidente de Bernières" about his adventures in Holland, from which we borrow the following flattering description of the Dutch:—

Je partirai de la Haye lorsque les beaux jours fuiront. Il n'y a rien de plus agréable que la Haye, quand le soleil daigne s'y montrer. On ne voit ici que des prairies, des canaux, des arbres verts; c'est un paradis

terrestre depuis la Haye jusqu'à Amsterdam. J'ai vu avec respect cette ville, qui est le magasin de l'univers. Il y a plus de mille vaisseaux dans le port. De cinq cent mille hommes qui habitent Amsterdam il n'y en a pas un d'oisif, pas un pauvre, pas un petit-maître, pas un insolent.\* Nous rencontrâmes le pensionnaire à pied, sans laquais, au milieu de la populace. On ne voit là personne qui ait de cour à faire. On ne se met point en haie pour voir passer un prince. On ne connaît que le travail et la modestie. Il y a à la Haye plus de magnificence et plus de société par le concours des ambassadeurs. J'y passe ma vie entre le travail et le plaisir, et je vis ainsi à la hollandaise et à la française. Nous avons ici un opéra détestable; mais, en revanche, je vois des ministres calvinistes, des Arminiens, des Sociniens, des rabbins, des Anabaptistes, qui parlent tous à merveille, et qui en vérité ont tous raison.

Not much more is known of this stay of Voltaire in the Netherlands, and we soon see him reappear in the great world of Paris, while Mme. de Rüpelmonde continued to live at Brussels.

In 1726, he was obliged to go to England, under circumstances well calculated to inspire him with a bitter hatred against the French aristocracy. When dining at the house of the Duc de Sully, he happened to differ from some statement of the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, who asked in a contemptuous tone, "Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parle si haut?" "M. le Chevalier," answered Voltaire, "c'est un homme qui ne traîne pas un grand nom, mais qui honore celui qu'il porte;" or, according to another version, "C'est un homme qui est le premier de sa race, comme vous êtes le dernier de la vôtre." Rohan, whose life was very open to censure, got up in a passion and left the house. A few days later, while Voltaire was again dining with the Duc de Sully, he was called from the table, and on coming down-stairs was seized by two lackeys, and beaten with sticks in the presence of Rohan, who was looking on in a carriage, and who is said to have cried out, "Frappez bien fort; mais ménagez la tête, parce qu'il peut encore en sortir quelque chose de bon plus tard." Voltaire informed his host of this affront, but the latter, though an old friend, refused to take his part, for

\* Some curious particulars about Cavalier and Voltaire's interviews with La Beaumelle in 1748, are to be found in an article, "Les Lettres de Mme. de Maintenon," in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* of January 15th, 1869.

† Suspected of having written a very bitter poem against the Duc d'Orléans, he was put in the Bastille in 1717. When he was found to be innocent, he was released in 1718 and received a compensation from the duke. "Monseigneur," Voltaire is supposed to have said, "Je remercie V. A. R. de vouloir bien continuer à se charger de ma nourriture, mais je la prie de ne plus se charger de mon logement."

\* In a pamphlet of the time, "Requête au nom du Roy qui demande une place dans le régiment de la Calotte pour Voltaire son confrère," it is said that in 1722 at Amsterdam, Voltaire received blows from a few enraged Israelites, because, on a visit to their synagogue, he ridiculed their religious ceremonies. That Voltaire's statements are not always accurate, we may infer from his estimate of the population of Amsterdam.

which he was punished by the erasure of the name of his grandfather, the great Sully, from the "Henriade," which was about this time published under the name of the "Ligne." Voltaire was obliged to do himself justice; he challenged Roban, but was immediately arrested by *lettre de cachet*, and carried to the Bastille on the 17th April 1726, and only released on promising to go to England.

During his stay in London, he occupied himself mainly with mathematics, and made himself familiar with the philosophy of Newton, of which he made a more special study afterwards at the Leyden University. He remained three years in London, then returned to Paris, made several journeys, and we find him settled at Leyden in 1736, under the assumed name of Revol, which he dropped when he found the pseudonym was useless. In a letter to the crown prince of Prussia (afterwards Frederick the Great), with whom he had that year entered into an active correspondence, he says that he is in a town where two simple citizens, Boerhaave and 's Gravesande attract from four to five hundred strangers. He further mentions that he is busy arranging an edition of all his works at Amsterdam,\* and offers his services to Frederick, begging him to address the answer to Messrs. Servan et d'Arti, at Amsterdam.

Frederick, who had visited Holland several times, answered in a few days: "Je m'intéresserai toujours vivement à ce qui vous regarde; et la Hollande, pays qui ne m'a jamais déplu, me deviendra une terre sacrée puisqu'elle vous contient."

Voltaire was then very busy writing a work on the philosophy of Newton, and received great assistance from the learned 's Gravesande. Boerhaave, also, was useful to him in an illness: "J'ai été très-malade," he writes to Thieriot on the 17th January 1737; "je suis venu à Leyde, consulter le docteur Boerhaave sur ma santé, et 's Gravesande sur la philosophie de Newton." This contradicts the story that Boerhaave refused to attend Voltaire on the ground "that he would not assist any one who denied his Saviour." In the same letter he adds that he goes from time to time to Amsterdam to his publisher Ledet: "Il ma forcé de loger chez lui, quand je viens à Amsterdam voir comment va la philosophie Newtonienne. Il s'est

avisé de prendre pour enseigne la tête de votre ami Voltaire. La modestie qu'il faut avoir, défend à ma sincérité de vous dire l'excès de considération qu'on a ici pour moi." To the Marquis d'Argens he sends, a few days later, a piece about Dutch manners, called "L'Épître du fils d'un bourgmestre sur la politesse Hollandaise," intended to have been published in the "Lettres Juives" of D'Argens. This, however, did not happen, and unfortunately it is now lost.

Voltaire left Holland for Paris at the end of February 1737, and was soon again settled at the Château de Cirey, with his friend the Marquis du Châtelet. From there he wrote a remarkable letter to Professor 's Gravesande. J.-B. Rousseau had spread the calumny that Voltaire, being driven from France, had gone to the university of Leyden to preach atheism, and had even had a public discussion with 's Gravesande on the existence of God. 's Gravesande had contradicted this in a Dutch newspaper, but Voltaire now complains that the refutation had not penetrated into France, and that the report had reached the highest quarters, and was seriously injuring him. He begs 's Gravesande to address himself to the Cardinal de Fleury, but the professor, while strenuously denying the truth of the report, excused himself from taking this step, on the ground that owing to his retired life, his name was not sufficiently known in France to have any influence; in fact, that he could not suppose people to know that there was at Leyden a man "whose name began with an apostrophe." Voltaire forwarded this letter to the Duc de Richelieu, who showed it to Cardinal de Fleury, and the minister De Maurepas, and it appears to have answered its purpose.

In 1739 Voltaire resolved to visit the Netherlands, with his friend Mme. du Châtelet, principally because her presence was required at Brussels for a lawsuit between her and the Comte de Honsbroek, about an inheritance left her by her uncle, the Marquis de Trichâteau. At Brussels they were received with open arms, and Voltaire and his friend soon became the favorite guests of the D'Arembergs and Chimays. The journey to Holland was given up for the present, and they remained some time at Brussels. Prince Frederick of Prussia had about that time written a remarkable book, "L'Anti-Machiavel," and had submitted the manuscript to the judgment of Voltaire in January 1740. The latter occupied himself at once with the publication of the book,

\* The first edition of Voltaire's collected works came out in 1728, at P. Gosse and Neaulme's, at the Hague. Further editions appeared in 1732 and 1738 at Amsterdam, in 1740 at Paupie's, at the Hague, and in 1741, 1743, and 1764, at Amsterdam.

with which he was greatly pleased. He promised to look over it carefully, write a preface, and, at the prince's request, not to mention the author's name. The correspondence about the publication with the Dutch bookseller Van Duren began the 1st of June 1740, and, according as the manuscript was revised by Voltaire, it was sent from Brussels to the publisher and printed.\* In the mean time King Frederick William had died the 31st of May 1740, and Frederick the Second mounted the throne at the age of twenty-eight. He remained the same friendly correspondent with Voltaire, but wished now that the "Anti-Machiavel" should not be published. Van Duren, however, who had had no difficulty in guessing from Voltaire who the unknown writer was, and who in consequence expected large profits,† was determined not to stop the publication, and Voltaire accordingly thought it necessary to go in person to the Hague, where he arrived on the 17th of June 1740. On the 20th of the same month he tells Frederick of his experiences among the Dutch:—

Un peuple libre et mercenaire  
Végétant dans ce coin de terre,  
Et vivant toujours en bateau,  
Vend aux voyageurs l'air et l'eau,  
Quoique tous deux n'y valent guère.  
Là, plus d'un fripon de libraire  
Débite ce qu'il n'entend pas,  
Comme fait un prêcheur en chaire,  
Vend de l'esprit de tous états,  
Et fait passer en Germanie  
Une cargaison de romans  
Et d'insipides sentiments  
Que toujours la France a fournie.

"That scoundrel of a Jean van Duren," as Voltaire called him, refused, and apparently with good reason, to return the manuscript, which was already half printed, as he now wanted to publish the book to pay its expenses.

What follows gives no favorable idea of Voltaire's honesty and morality in the means he chose to obtain an object —

En effet [he writes] je suis venu à temps; le scélérat avait déjà refusé de rendre une page du manuscrit. Je l'envoyai chercher, je le sondai, je le tournai de tous les sens; il me fit entendre que, maître du manuscrit, il ne s'en

\* Voltaire asked for no honorarium, but stipulated only for four dozen well-bound copies, two dozen of these bound in red morocco to be sent "à la cour d'Allemagne qui vous sera indiquée."

† Voltaire himself was to blame for this. He wrote, among other things, to Van Duren, "Si vous saviez de quelle main est le manuscrit, vous m'auriez une obligation très-singulière, et vous ne tarderiez pas à en profiter." And again, "Si vous ne me répondez pas, trouvez bon que je gratifie un autre de ce présent."

dessaisirait jamais pour quelque avantage que ce pût être, qu'il avait commencé l'impression, qu'il la finirait. Quand je vis que j'avais à faire à un Hollandais qui abusait de la liberté de son pays, et à un libraire qui poussait à l'excès son droit de persécuter les auteurs, ne pouvant ici confier mon secret à personne, ni implorer le secours de l'autorité, je me souvins que Votre Majesté dit, dans un des chapitres de "L'Anti-Machiavel," qu'il est permis d'employer quelque honnête finesse en fait de négociation. Je dis donc à Jean van Duren que je ne venais que pour corriger quelques pages du manuscrit. "Très-volontiers, monsieur," me dit-il, "si vous voulez venir chez moi, je vous le confierai généreusement, feuille à feuille; vous corrigerez ce qu'il vous plaira, enfermé dans ma chambre, en présence de ma famille et de mes garçons." J'acceptai son offre cordiale; j'allai chez lui et je corrigeai en effet quelques feuilles qu'il reprenait à mesure, et qu'il lisait pour voir si je ne le trompais point. Lui ayant inspiré par là un peu moins de défiance, je suis retourné aujourd'hui dans la même prison où il m'a enfermé de même, et ayant obtenu six chapitres à la fois pour les confronter, je les ai raturés de façon, et j'ai écrit dans les interlignes de si horribles galimatias et des coq-à-l'âne si ridicules, que cela ne ressemble plus à un ouvrage. Cela s'appelle faire sauter son vaisseau en l'air pour n'être point pris par l'ennemi. J'étais au désespoir de sacrifier un si bel ouvrage; mais enfin j'obéissais au roi que j'idolâtre, et je vous réponds que j'y allais de bon cœur. Qui est étonné à présent, et confondu? c'est mon vilain. J'espère demain faire avec lui un marché honnête et le forcer à me rendre le tout, manuscrit et imprimé, et je continuerai à rendre compte à Votre Majesté.

A few days later Voltaire writes that with the help of lawyers he is negotiating with Van Duren, and he adds that either the work must be entirely suppressed, or else it must appear in a form worthy of its author, and Frederick replied that the book was not yet worthy of being published, and that it had to be thoroughly recast.

In the mean time Van Duren, who had had all the illegible sentences restored by a French corrector, La Martinière, continued printing, and Frederick reluctantly submits to this publication, and says: "Faites donc rouler la presse puisqu'il le faut, pour punir la scélératesse d'un misérable. Rayez, changez, corrigez et remplacez tous les endroits qu'il vous plaira. Je m'en remets à votre discernement." He was, however, not much pleased with the book afterwards, and complained that it was too much Voltaire's work.

During his three weeks' stay at the Hague, Voltaire made attempts, in the



name of Frederick, to persuade the Leyden professors 's Gravesande and Musschenbroek to enter the Prussian service, promising them great consideration and large emoluments. Neither could be persuaded to leave their country, which is all the more creditable to them, as Voltaire, to the surprise of most people, had at once succeeded with the French savant Maupertuis, the great friend of 's Gravesande. Besides these transactions Voltaire mixed much with politicians at the Hague, and he writes to Frederick that he had heard secret rumors of his coming.

J'ai de plus entendu dire que ce voyage pourrait être utile aux intérêts de Votre Majesté. Tout ce que je sais c'est que si votre humanité vient ici, elle gagnera les cœurs tout Hollandais qu'ils sont. Votre Majesté a déjà ici de grands partisans.

Voltaire returned to Brussels on the 9th of August, and remained until he went to Cleves on the 11th of September 1740, where Frederick met him for the first time, and begged him to take charge of a new edition of the "Anti-Machiavel" at the Hague. He was very reluctant to return to Holland, as appears from a letter which he wrote on the 18th of September to his friend Maupertuis.

Quand nous partîmes tous deux de Clèves, et que vous prîtes à droite et moi à gauche, je crus être au jugement dernier où le bon Dieu sépare ses élus des damnés. Divus Fredericus vous dit, "Asseyez-vous à ma droite dans le paradis de Berlin," et à moi, "Allez, maudit, en Hollande." Je suis dans cet enfer flegmatique, loin du feu divin qui anime les Frédéric, les Maupertuis, les Algarotti. Pour Dieu, faites-moi la charité de quelques étincelles dans les eaux croupissantes où je suis morfondu.

This was written in a moment of bad temper, such as Voltaire frequently indulged in. There are sufficient proofs to show that he had no real dislike to Holland.

Voltaire superintended the new edition at the publisher Paupie's, and had to carry on a lawsuit against Van Duren, who maintained that by the laws of Holland the bookseller who brought the book out first, acquired an exclusive right to sell it.

On the 7th October, Voltaire wrote to the king of Prussia, "J'attends que j'aie bien mis les choses en train pour quitter le champ de bataille, et m'en retourner auprès de mon autre monarque à Bruxelles." This was Madame du Châtelet, who was still occupied with her lawsuit, and for whom Voltaire had asked Fred-

erick's aid. Frederick had answered, "Si je puis, je ferai marcher la tortue de Breda," meaning William IV., Prince of Orange, who then lived chiefly at Breda and at Leeuwarden.

Je suis en attendant [the letter goes on to say] dans votre palais où M. de Raesfeld [the ambassador] m'a donné un appartement sous le bon plaisir de Votre Majesté. Votre palais de la Haye est l'emblème des grandeurs humaines.

Sur des planchés pourris, sous des toits délabrés

Sont des appartements dignes de notre maître ;

Mais malheur aux lambris dorés

Qui n'ont ni porte ni fenêtre !

Je vois dans un grenier les armures antiques,

Les rondaches et les brassards

Et les charnières des cuissarts,

Que portaient aux combats vos aïeux héroïques.

Leurs sabres tout rouillés sont rangés dans ces lieux,

Et les bois vermoulus de leurs lances gothiques,

Sur la terre couchés, sont en poudre comme eux.

Il y a aussi des livres que les rats seuls ont lu depuis cinquante ans, et qui sont couverts des plus larges toiles d'araignées de l'Europe, de peur que les profanes n'en approchent.

Si les pénates de ce palais pouvaient parler, ils vous diraient sans doute : —

Se peut-il que ce roi, que tout le monde admire,

Nous abandonne pour jamais,

Et qu'il néglige son palais

Quand il rétablit son empire ?

The building then used for the Prussian embassy at the Hague was known as the "Oude Hof" or Old Court, and is now the palace of the king of the Netherlands. Built by William Goudt, *receveur-général* of Holland, it passed after his death into different hands, and was at length bought by the States of Holland, in 1595, for the abode of Louise de Coligny, the widow of William the Silent, who lived there till her death. It was then purchased by her son Frederick Henry, who considerably enlarged and restored it. His widow, Amalia van Solms, remained in the same building till her death. At the death, in 1702, of Prince William III., king of England, great disputes arose about his inheritance, specially between his cousin Johan Willem Friso, stadtholder of Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe, whom William had appointed his heir, and Frederick I., king of Prussia, who based his claims on the will of his grandfather, Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange. When these disputes were settled, the king ac-



quired several possessions in the Netherlands, among others the house at Hondsholredijk, and the old court in the Noordeinde. The widow of Prince William IV. of Orange, Princess Anna of England, bought in 1754 all this property—with the exception of Meurs, Lingen, and Montfoort—back from the great Frederick for 700,000 fl., besides 5,000 fl. for furniture.

In consequence of a pressing invitation from the king, Voltaire left the Hague in the beginning of November for Berlin, where he arrived on the 12th or 13th, but we find him again at the Hague on the 27th December. Going from thence in a ship, probably by Antwerp to Brussels, he was delayed by ice and an adverse wind for twelve days on the Zeeland rivers. He dates a letter to Frederick, "Dans un vaisseau sur les côtes de la Zélande, où j'enrage," 31st December 1740, and arrives on the 5th January at Madame du Châtelet's at Brussels. The following years Voltaire spent chiefly at Brussels, though he made occasional excursions to Paris or to the Château de Cirey.

The death of Cardinal de Fleury, in January 1743, made a great change in the court and politics of France. A desire grew up for a closer connection with Prussia, and in order to attain it the minister De Maurepas thought of taking advantage of Voltaire's influence over his royal friend. A secret mission \* to Berlin was entrusted to Voltaire, who left Paris the 14th June 1743, and went by Brussels to the Hague, where he remained till the end of August, and stopped again at the Old Court, of which he gives a description somewhat similar to the former, on 28th June 1743.

Sous vos magnifiques lambris  
Très-dorés autrefois, maintenant très-pourris,  
Emblème et monument des grandeurs de ce monde,

O mon maître, je vous écris  
Navré d'une douleur profonde !  
Je suis dans votre Vieille Cour ;  
Mais je veux une cour nouvelle,  
Une cour où les arts ont fixé leur séjour,  
Une cour où mon roi les suit et les appelle  
Et les protège tour à tour.  
Envoyez-moi Pégase et je pars dès ce jour.

J'attends donc à la Haye, chez M. de Podewills, les ordres de votre humanité et le forspan de Votre Majesté.

Je suis ici chez votre digne et aimable ministre, qui est inconsolable, et qui ne dort

\* A contemporary writes: "Il va à la Haye; il est chargé de brouiller les Etats-Généraux de Hollande avec le roi de Prusse et de faire recommencer la guerre avec l'Autriche." It is said also that he owed this mission to the influence of Madame de Châteauroux..

ni ne mange parce que les Hollandais veulent à trop bon marché la terre d'un grand roi. Il faut pourtant, sire, s'accoutumer à voir les Hollandais aimer l'argent autant que je vous aime.

Quand quitterai-je, hélas, cette humide province,

Pour voir mon héros et mon prince ?

The negotiation mentioned in this letter probably refers to the sale of Frederick's Dutch possessions, which was accomplished in January 1754. Count Podewills was the successor of M. de Raesfeld. Through the favor of the wife of one of the chief members of the State, with whom he was in love, he succeeded in obtaining copies of all the secret resolutions of their High Mightinesses, which Voltaire forwarded to France.

Frederick answers on the 30th of July:

Je vous envoie le passe-port pour des chevaux avec bien de l'empressement. Ce ne seront pas de Pégases, mais ils amèneront Apollon à Berlin, où vous serez reçu à bras ouverts.

Voltaire mixed a great deal in society at the Hague, and had frequent intercourse, among others, with the celebrated poet William van Haren, a deputy of Friesland in the States-General. The latter, with his brother Onno Zwier, had put himself at the head of the party who wanted to force the government of the republic to assist Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary, with troops as well as with money. A large party, and especially those republicans who dreaded the appointment of a stadtholder, objected to this step, on the ground that it would inevitably lead to a war, not only with Prussia, but with France, and also to a revival of the stadtholdership, a prediction which was in fact verified in 1747. Van Haren, by his eloquent speeches, but especially by his poem,\* contributed largely to the resolution of their High Mightinesses to assist Austria with twenty thousand men, commanded by the infantry-general, William Maurice, Count of Nassau-Ouwerkerk. Voltaire learnt all the most secret particulars about the equipping and orders for the troops, and communicated them to the French minister of war, D'Argenson. He was perfectly satisfied with his life at the Hague, as he writes to Thieriot: "Je mène ici une vie délicieuse, dont les agréments ne sont combattus que par le regret que m'inspirent mes amis."

\* He wrote to his cousin Van Grovestius, "J'ai fait lever 20,000 hommes par 3 pièces en vers."

To D'Argenson he gives a more detailed description : —

Il y a ici des hommes très-estimables. La Haye est un séjour délicieux l'été, et la liberté y rend les hivers moins rudes. J'aime à voir les maîtres de l'Etat simples citoyens. Il y a des partis, et il faut bien qu'il y en ait dans une république ; mais l'esprit de parti n'ôte rien à l'amour de la patrie, et je vois de grands hommes opposés à de grands hommes.

Je suis bien aise, pour l'honneur de la poésie, que ce soit un poète qui ait contribué ici à procurer des secours à la reine de Hongrie, et que la trompette de la guerre ait été la très-humble servante de la lyre d'Apollon. Je vois d'un autre côté, avec non moins d'admiration, un des principaux membres de l'Etat dont le système est tout pacifique marcher à pied sans domestiques, habiter une maison faite pour ces consuls romains qui fesaient cuire leurs légumes, dépenser à peine deux mille florins pour sa personne et en donner plus de vingt mille à des familles indigentes ; ces grands exemples échappent à la plupart des voyageurs ; mais, ne vaut-il pas mieux voir de telles curiosités que les processions de Rome, les récolets au Capitole et le miracle de Saint-Janvier ? Des hommes de bien, des hommes de génie, voilà mes miracles. Ce gouvernement-ci vous plairait infiniment, même avec les défauts qui en sont inseparables. Il est tout municipal, et voilà ce que vous aimez. Le Haye d'ailleurs est le pays des nouvelles et des livres ; c'est proprement la ville des ambassadeurs ; leur société est toujours très-utile à qui veut s'instruire. On les voit tous en un jour. On sort, on rentre chez soi ; chaque rue est une promenade ; on peut se montrer, se retirer tant qu'on veut. C'est Fontainebleau, et point de cour à faire.

Voltaire's praises of Van Haren are genuine, and are confirmed by his later letters and by the following poem : —

STANCE A M. VAN HAREN, DEPUTE DES  
ETATS-GENERAUX, 1743.

Demosthène au conseil, et Pindare au Parnasse,

L'auguste vérité marche devant tes pas ;  
Tyrtée a dans ton sein repandu son audace,  
Et tu tiens sa trompette, organe des combats.

Je ne puis t'imiter, mais j'aime ton courage  
Né pour la liberté, tu penses en héros :  
Mais qui naquit sujet ne doit penser qu'en sage,

Et vivre obscurément, s'il veut vivre en repos.

Notre esprit est conforme aux lieux qui l'ont  
vu naître ;

A Rome on est esclave, à Londres citoyen.  
La grandeur d'un Batave est de vivre sans maître ;

Et mon premier devoir est de servir le mien.

Voltaire's friends warned him that it

would have been safer for a Frenchman to make the last lines, if not the whole verse, somewhat less pointed. In consequence of a remonstrance from the Marquis de Fénelon, then ambassador at the Hague, he replaced the two middle lines of the last stanza, by the following : —

Tout état a ses mœurs et tout homme a son lien,

Ta gloire, ta vertu, est de vivre sans maître ;

and put the word "chérir" instead of "servir," in the last line. A Dutchman also had sent Voltaire a number of observations, which the latter answered shortly on the margin, adding : "Style Hollandais : cent paroles pour une."

To M. Thieriot Voltaire writes soon after, on the 16th of August : —

Ne vous meprenez plus sur le nom d'un homme qui sera immortel dans ce pays-ci. Ce n'est point van Hyden, c'est van Haren qu'il s'appelle. Il lui est arrivé la même chose qu'à Homère ; on gagnait sa vie à reciter ses vers aux portes des temples et des villes ; la multitude court après lui quand il va à Amsterdam. On l'a gravé avec cette belle inscription : "Quæ canit ipse fecit." Vous ne sauriez croire combien cette fadaise [the above stanzas] par laquelle j'ai répondu à ses politesses et à ses amities, m'a concilié ici les esprits. On en a imprimé plus de vingt traductions. Il n'est rien tel que l'à propos.

Voltaire's praises of Van Haren seem to have given rise to a wish on the part of France to buy his services ; at least, Voltaire writes to the French minister for foreign affairs : —

A l'égard de M. van Haren, il faut le regarder comme un homme incorruptible, mais il paraît aimer la gloire et les ambassades. Il voulait aller en Turquie ; c'est de là que j'ai pris occasion de lui représenter qu'il trouverait plus d'amis et d'approbateurs à Paris qu'à Constantinople. Cette idée a paru le flatter. On pourrait en faire usage, en cas que les yeux des Hollandais commençassent à s'ouvrir sur la ridicule injustice d'attaquer la France, sous prétexte d'un secours qu'ils ont refusé à la reine de Hongrie quand elle en avait besoin, et qu'ils lui donnent quand elle peut s'en passer. En ce cas, van Haren pouvant avec honneur employer à la conciliation les talents qu'il a consacrés à la discorde, l'espérance d'être nommé ambassadeur en France, malgré l'usage qui l'en exclut, comme Frison, pourrait le flatter et le déterminer à servir la cause de la justice et de la raison.

The reason why Van Haren, whose money matters were in great confusion, wished to go to Constantinople, was that it was then the only place where an ambassador could make a large fortune in a short time ; but he went neither to Con-

stantinople nor to Paris. He was sent in 1748 as ambassador to Brussels, where he died in 1768.

Voltaire left the Hague on the 22nd August 1743, for Berlin, and he does not seem to have kept up any correspondence with Van Haren, or indeed with any other Dutchman, if we except some purely scientific letters to 's Gravesande. He visited the Hague once more in October 1745, but the war soon afterwards broke out, and as far as we have been able to ascertain, he never again made a stay there. One more edition of all his works appeared at Amsterdam in 1764.

We know that Voltaire stayed, in 1713, at the French Embassy, Boschkant, and in 1740 and 1743 at the Old Court in the Noordeinde, but of the place of his residence during his earlier visits to the Hague, in 1722, 1736, and 1737, little or nothing is known, except that he once stayed with Mr. Pailleret, wine-merchant in the Hoogstraat, whose wife spent a great deal of money on her dress. Pailleret asked him for a few lines of remembrance at parting, and Voltaire wrote down the following:—

Que Pailleret aime sa femme, je n'en doute,  
Puisque pour l'habiller il a fait trois banqueroutes.

It will probably always remain a riddle whether or not Voltaire, on leaving Holland, pronounced the famous words, "Adieu canaux, canards, canaille." Some attribute them to Boileau, others to a French banished general, who suffered much from the gout in Holland, and was extremely glad to return to France. It scarcely agrees with the enthusiasm Voltaire was accustomed to express for the character, manners, and customs of the Dutch, but it must not be forgotten that he was very versatile and impressionable by nature, and that he left Holland after a violent quarrel with Dutch booksellers.

---

PAULINE.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Yet think not that he comes below  
The modern average ratio;  
The current coin of fashion's mint,  
The common ballroom-going stint.  
Of trifling cost his stock-in-trade is  
Whose business is to please the ladies,  
Or who to honors may aspire  
Of a town beau or dandy squire.

A YOUNG woman does not fly from the dinner-table, while yet the second course

is circling round, without provoking comment; and many and varied were the interpretations put upon Pauline's behavior.

What a pity that she should be so delicate! What an unfortunate thing nervousness was! The weather was trying. Lady Finch brought forward a headache on her own account; and Mrs. Wyndham, not to be outdone, averred that she had felt unequal to being out of her room the whole afternoon.

To Mr. Fennel, however, was due the happy suggestion of the evening.

It was wholly, entirely, and gloriously his own: and it was acknowledged at once, and by universal consent, to be the most rational explanation that had been given of the unfortunate *contretemps*. No wonder he was proud of it. No wonder he repeated it, with increased faith in his own genius, and glory in his success, when he rode over to the Grange on the following morning, to make the proper inquiries.

Mrs. Wyndham was alone in the drawing-room, and accordingly to her he addressed himself.

"It was the venison now, wasn't it?" said he. "I know lots of ladies can't stand a haunch. It is so—so—not unpleasant, you know, because venison can't be unpleasant. And what a haunch it was! Splendid! But then there is something peculiar, you know, something unlike anything else about a haunch, and it was carried past just the moment before. So, then, I made up my mind it was at the bottom of the mischief."

"It might have been, Mr. Fennel. My dear niece is certainly *excessively* susceptible. So am I; and so are *all* our family. We are quite *foolishly* particular; it really becomes a *misfortune*. I am surprised, I own," apologetically, "that Miss La Sarte was the only sufferer last night. I am most *thankful*, I assure you, that I was too far off to be endangered. With good kind Sir John sitting by my side—the *donor*, you understand; the haunch came from him—it would really have been *awkward*. And over little accidents of this kind, over faintness, one has no manner of control. It is all nerves, you know, *nerves*. There can be nothing disagreeable, nothing in any way offensive, about venison, *park* venison, too," continued the lady, feeling as if she must emphasize the difference; "but unfortunately it is not a question of argument—it is an effect on the imagination too subtle to be analyzed."

This was quite good enough sense for Mr. Fennel, who was willing to be supported in any way agreeable to his companion.

"It is a pity, isn't it?" said he; "because, you see, we can't do without venison, although certainly we might——"

"Oh, fie!" exclaimed she, briskly; "you are not going to say you could do without us poor women? I should never have expected this from *you*, Mr. Fennel! I should not *indeed*!"

He protested, she feigned to be exasperated afresh; he explained, she would misunderstand; he apologized, and she was content.

All this was amusing enough to Mrs. Wyndham, who was never better pleased than when carrying on a nonsensical banter, and who was as confident of her charms as any belle in her first season; but it began shortly to pall on the young man.

He wondered why Miss La Sarte did not appear. He began to look out of the window, tap his boots with his cane, and exhibit other signs of restlessness.

"You are surprised that my niece should choose that walk, I daresay," commented Mrs. Wyndham, who, while following the direction of his eyes, had been indulging in a tirade against damp avenues, dead leaves, and closed-in grounds. "It is a foolish whim, and so I tell her. So many nicer places as there are to be had, it is really odd, and imprudent too. But we women never *are* prudent; that, you know, is proverbial. We leave prudence, like all the sterner virtues, to your sex. Pauline is not to be turned from her own way, when once her heart is set upon it. I told her, warned her; I should not be surprised" (with a bright idea) "if, after all, it was not more of a chill, caught out of doors on such a miserable afternoon as yesterday, than the venison! A chill! I have no doubt about it, now. Foolish girl! And there she is in it again, at this moment!"

"Where?" cried he eagerly, "where?"

"That scarlet dot among the trees. That is her red shawl. Now that the branches are bare, one can see a long way down the walk."

He gasped with dismay.

Did she know he was there? Did she not mean to come in? Worse than all, had she gone out to avoid him?

It certainly appeared so, and yet he could not yield the point without a struggle. He had not passed that way, and as

he had not seen her, it was quite possible that neither had she seen him.

"Really, it is a *foolhardy* thing to do!"

As Mrs. Wyndham spoke, she moved towards the bell, but, divining her purpose, her companion forestalled her, stammering with eagerness.

"Now, do send me," cried he. "It's—it's really awfully bad, you know; and I'll tell her you said so. 'Pon my word I will, and I'll bring her in, too. She can't help coming, if you send for her, can she?"

He was off, ere she could stop him.

"Now, Miss La Sarte, this is *too* bad of you; 'pon my word it is, now! Your aunt is awfully put out about it—she really is; and she sent me to bring you in, you know; and I told her that I would."

"Why should I come in?"

"Because—oh! well, I don't know. I came to bring you, I did indeed. Mrs. Wyndham sent me. But, after all, it's very jolly here," continued the faithless messenger; "and I don't see why we should go in, 'pon my word I don't. Or, we might go to the garden, mightn't we, and then she couldn't mind that, could she?"

"To the garden! What should we do there?"

"What should we do there?" echoed he, with a cheerful laugh. "Ha! ha! ha! What *should* we do there?"

She stared at him.

"That was so good," he continued, adapting his pace to hers, with a comfortable settling-down to companionship. "There's no reason in the world why we should go; and as for your aunt, I daresay she has forgotten all about it by this time. It's ever so much pleasanter out, isn't it? And I think this is the nicest walk I ever saw, 'pon my—— What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I thought I heard some one."

"Did you? Oh no; Mrs. Wyndham would never send again. I am sure she wouldn't; for I told her I would bring you—and so I should, only, you see, you wouldn't come."

Louder came the sound of wheels. Her heart seemed to be beating in her throat, and every limb trembled. She knew—she had known since morning—that there was still something left to hope, to wait for; and wait she would. The carriage, which had passed at an early hour through the grounds, was now returning.

Too soon, too soon, she feared, for any good news; but if the worst had to be learnt, she must hear it then and there.

Oh, what should she do to get rid of her tormentor?

"Can I ask you to take the trouble to go up to the house for me? It is only to tell my aunt that — that — that — (what message could be framed on the spur of the moment?) that, as she dislikes my being here, we will go to the garden or come in."

"Oh! not 'come in,'" pleaded he.

Furthermore, if the young lady was so docile, what need of a forerunner? Quick as thought, she saw, corrected her mistake, and yielded the point.

"We will go to the garden then."

Oh, joy! He turned the corner ere the carriage came in sight, and she stood by the wayside, alone.

She was right, so far. It was Dr. Tyn-dall's brougham; and with a gesture she bade the coachman draw up. But the inside was empty.

"Where is your master?"

"Stopped at Blundellsaye, miss."

"Is he to be there long?" with a gleam of hope.

"To be called for at five, unless he sends word, which is to be left at the lodge."

"How is Mr. Blundell?"

"Not so bad as yesterday, miss."

When Mr. Fennel reappeared, the carriage was out of view, and Pauline met him with a smile.

He could not now provoke her. The few moments of unbroken quiet his absence had procured, had sufficed to compose and soothe; and with a grateful spirit she rose above every trifling annoyance.

Now, she felt, was the opportunity given to atone for previous neglect, and to wipe out, if possible, reminiscences which might have given rise to suspicion.

The reminiscences of her present companion were not, it is true, likely to be troublesome in themselves; but that was, unfortunately, no guarantee that they should not be indirectly mischievous — that they should not be imparted to other more appreciative ears. Daily is the electric spark of intelligence passed through non-conducting lips. They feel not, they discern not, what they touch; but in its naked truth the message is conveyed, and only when it gains its destined point, the shock is felt, the work is done.

On this Pauline ruminated.

"Who has she got hold of now?" said

Mrs. Jermyn, as she and Charlotte came in sight of the pair, having driven over to luncheon. "It is Mr. Fennel, I do believe!"

"It is!" cried Charlotte. "Poor Pauline! Little Fennel in cold blood is rather too much of a good thing. At a ball or dinner-party he is passable, but before two o'clock!"

"Ay, before two o'clock! What can have brought him here before two o'clock? I think Pauline must be a most artful girl. To make an appointment with a young man —"

"Oh, nonsense, mamma! Do you think any human being could be so insane as to make an appointment with Little Fennel? He has come to call, and she has met him, and is taking him up to the house, that is all. Poor little chick! He is as happy as possible. Look at the little head going, and the little shoulders bobbing, and the little arms turned in, and the little toes turned out. What a little piece of absurdity it is, from beginning to end! And how angry it will be with us for coming! Carrying off its Pauline, taking the cream off its little cup of bliss, or, who knows? dashing the cup altogether from its lips! Listen! how merry its little heart is now! Ah! my friend, that laugh died away when you turned and saw *us*! Well, we sha'n't owe you a grudge," cried the good-natured chatterer; "for I'm sure I should have felt just the same if I had stood in your stead. Well, Pauline? How do you do, Mr. Fennel?"

"You are having a nice walk," said Mrs. Jermyn, eyeing them both. She had at least the right to say "walk," until the walk had been disclaimed.

"We are going to the garden," replied Pauline, innocently. "Will you and Charlotte come? Do; you wanted to see the pines, and there are some large ones just coming on."

Wanted to see the pines? Yes; but not to see Pauline showing the pines! — not to be handed out of her carriage in her *own sister-in-law's* grounds, and taken to *her* garden, and treated as a *visitor*, where she had a *right* to be at home! — not to be welcomed and *patronized*, and pulled about hither and thither to suit the young lady's convenience! No indeed!

But for Mr. Fennel's presence, Mrs. Jermyn could hardly have brought herself to accept the invitation.

As it was, she debated; but Charlotte had leaped to the ground, disdaining assistance, and curiosity prompted the offended lady to put pride in her pocket,

and follow. At least she would discover the object of the expedition.

Pines, indeed! A girl without a penny should not presume to talk about pines!

To her astonishment, the girl without a penny walked off with Charlotte, and Mr. Fennel was left to be her escort.

A blind, of course; but she was agreeably disappointed at finding that she could so soon satisfy herself on the points about which she was most inquisitive. No one could now interfere with her.

"I had no idea that gardening was one of your accomplishments, Mr. Fennel?" she began.

Neither had he, but the circumstances were explained. Miss La Sarte had deferred to the wishes of her aunt, who had disliked her frequenting the closed-in paths; she, or he, or somebody, had suggested the garden, and so — and so — that was it. He thought it was pleasant enough anywhere, for his part.

"No doubt," replied the lady, drily; "even without the pines."

"Oh well, you know, I should like to see them awfully, if you would. There's nothing better than a pine, and the one last night was the best I ever tasted. 'Pon my word it was."

"Last night?" murmured Mrs. Jermyn, absently.

"I forgot you were not here. We had an awfully nice little party, only Miss La Sarte was ill. And so I rode over this morning to see how she was. And she was out, you know! It was rather good, wasn't it? Like the dog, you know! Ha! ha! ha! Mother Hubbard's dog, wasn't it? What is the verse?"

"When she came back,  
The dog was a-laughing,"

said Mrs. Jermyn, readily. "Yes, amusing. But it was exactly the sort of thing one might expect" — she checked herself. "The young ladies of the present day are inclined to be a little whimsical, we must acknowledge, Mr. Fennel. Miss La Sarte kept her room?"

He was delighted to explain. Miss La Sarte had not kept her room, but she had retired to it deplorably early. Everybody had agreed as to the cause of her illness.

"And you would not think there could be anything the matter with her this morning, would you?" cried he, eloquently. "She was just as well as she could be when I came. She was walking up and down here in the avenue."

"It is hardly fair of us to rob you of so charming a companion."

"Oh, well, you know, we'll catch them up in the garden. They can't get away from us in the garden. That's the best thing about a garden," continued he, confidentially; "you know where to find people, and that sort of thing. If you are told to look for them in the stables, or the kennels —"

"You would hardly expect to find Miss La Sarte in either place?"

"Oh, you know, Mrs. Jermyn, I was not talking of her, then. You are laughing at me."

He was prepared to be offended, and she hastily apologized. "Only a joke, Mr. Fennel. You, who are so fond of jokes, must not blame me for my little attempt; but," anxious to please, "you must not speak of gardens so disrespectfully, for we have heard great accounts of your own. You do take some interest in it, I suppose?"

"Oh, well, I do, sometimes. But what's the use if I did? My gardener is such a swell that he won't let me touch anything, and if I want a flower for my button-hole he hides it! 'Pon my word he does! I say, 'Oh, come now, Harrison, this is *too* bad! This is past a joke! Where's that white concern gone?' But he won't tell me, you know. He makes believe it is over, or some stupid show of that kind. I say, 'Oh, come now, I know your stingy ways. But just give me *one*. Just *one*. Come now.' But he won't! He is too many for me. I have got to give in to Harrison, whatever he says; because, you know, anything for a quiet life."

"You take prizes at the flower-show, as a reward for your good-nature."

"Did Harrison take a prize? 'Pon my word, I didn't know. He would not tell me, you know; he would never tell *me*. He keeps it dark, all about flower-shows and that sort of thing."

So he twaddled on.

Meantime Charlotte had inquired, "What brought him over at this hour? I don't ask *who* brought him; *that* is apparent. But what excuse had he for coming?"

"We had a party last night, and I was stupid — at least, I don't know how it was, I had to get up and leave the dinner-table. Wasn't it wonderful?" commented Pauline, brightly. "He was bound to come and ask after me."

"You had a party! And why did you not invite us? You cruel creature! You

know we like to come. Why did you not make Aunt Camilla ask us?"

"I am afraid I did not think of it, Charlotte."

"Well, don't forget next time, and I'll forgive you. Now say, quick, who was there, and all about it. Was it a nice one? Did everybody come? And what did you wear?"

"Everybody came. And I suppose it was a nice one."

"And what did you wear?"

"What did I wear? Oh! my amber crape."

"Your amber crape? I don't know it. You were very grand, then? What is it like? And how have I never seen it?"

"I don't know. I wore it at the Tracys, and Aunt Camilla asked me to put it on last night."

"*Asked* you! That is rather good. If you were any other girl in the world—but I don't believe you do care much what you look like. Amber crape! I daresay it looked very beautiful, and that you looked very beautiful in it. There! That is what I would not say to everybody! Come now, Pauline, confess that you had one little gleam of satisfaction in seeing yourself in the mirror. Confess to one, and prove yourself a very woman."

Now, could Pauline confess with truth? The horror of the past night was still upon her—still hung like a black shadow, out of which she had, indeed, stepped into the sunshine, but whose chill touch could never be forgotten.

With a tremulous effort at pleasantry, she rejoined, "Never mind what I say, dear. Tell yourself I did. And next time you may be sure I will."

"Well, young people, we have caught you at last! You cannot shake us off any longer. Pauline, my love, what is this I hear? Mr. Fennel has told me a sad story. You naughty, imprudent creature, what have you been doing? Some one will have to look better after you in future, if this is to be the way. I must really take you under my own wing."

"It was the venison, you know," murmured a voice by her side.

"It was the amber crape," cried Charlotte. "It was the beautiful dress she wore, Mr. Fennel. You know you noticed what a beautiful dress she had on? Well, it was pinched in a little, just a very little, too tight, and it took away her breath. Aren't you sorry, now, that you had admired the dress so much?"

"Well now, I really am, 'pon my word.

I did think it looked stunning, you know. But was it really that? Are you sure, now, that it had nothing to do with the venison?"

"Or that it had anything to do with the dress?"

Mrs. Jermyn was looking at Pauline.

"I am sure of nothing except that it is not worth thinking about. It is gone, and I am ashamed of it. Please say no more."

She opened the inner door of the hot-house as she spoke, and every one had to enter; to look, admire, and be suffocated.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A WELCOME VISITOR.

A PLEASURE was in store for Pauline.

Her brother had been invited by his aunt to spend Christmas at the Grange, and having had the good luck to obtain a few extra holidays, had started off to take them all, as he loved to do, by surprise.

He was in the hall, when the party returned from their stroll, surrounded by portmanteaus, gun-cases, and walking-sticks; and so taken up by paying the fare for his fly, that they were by his side ere he had perceived their approach.

Never was a new interest more opportune.

Pauline, now beginning to suffer from the reaction consequent on the late strain to her nerves, had been unable to play the part she had resolved upon. Bodily and mental powers were alike jaded; and her loss of spirits had affected the others.

Mrs. Jermyn was irritable and suspicious, Mr. Fennel chagrined, and even Charlotte's good-temper had not been proof against the prevailing gloom.

Tom's loud, fresh, hilarious "How d'ye do" was music in the ears of all. With him came in a gust of the outer atmosphere, a reviving influence of ignorance and innocence. He was to talk and be talked to; to ask, and be answered; to usurp the looks, tongues, and attention of the circle.

How had he come? By the Great Western. When? That minute. For how long? Till Monday.

With the frankness of a schoolboy, and the ready adaptation of a man of the world, he was at home in a moment, prepared to sip the honey of the passing hour, to past and future alike indifferent.

He had scarcely, it appeared, as yet begun his new life. He had been visiting at the country villas of the head partners; all had been kind to him, and it was evi-



dent that he had been made much of. He was as ready as ever to take the lead, secure of the approval his gaiety, good looks, and good humor never failed to inspire.

What had they all been about? What was in hand for Christmas? He hoped there were to be a lot of balls? He hoped they were a dancing set? Private theatricals were still better. What house had been chosen for private theatricals? He had passed some very good houses on his way from the station.

The humiliating truth had to be confessed with shame — nobody had thought of private theatricals, and the Hunt Ball was the only one of which there appeared to be the slightest prospect.

With one accord they turned to this, in the disgrace to which their eyes were now opened, and three voices put it forth at once; Mr. Fennel for the sake of the county, Mrs. Wyndham for her own, and Pauline for her brother's.

She could not have his joyous anticipations damped at the outset; and the interposition was in so far satisfactory, that, although it was evident that this was not all he had expected, it was sufficient to prevent utter consternation.

The Hunt Ball? Yes, it was just about the time for one. Was it well done? Was it good? Did the people go?

He was referred to Mr. Fennel, and took the hint; he was sure he should enjoy it immensely.

"I think we may say the people go, certainly," observed Mrs. Jermyn, in her softest tones. "Sir John and Lady Finch invariably attend, and bring a party — a really *charming* party, nice pleasant people, of the kind one does not often meet anywhere else; and the Willoughbys come, although the manor is such a *long* way off, that — that they are hardly, perhaps, *quite* the acquisitions they might be" (in fact, she did not know them). "I believe they are excellent people, but they are too distant for one to keep up anything of acquaintanceship," continued Mrs. Jermyn, skimming the surface of truth, but not troubling the deep waters. "Lord Chorley goes, whenever he is at home, and Mrs. Curzon, who is rather a notable person in her way, is never absent. Her party has already begun to assemble — quite a houseful, I believe — all the married daughters, and their husbands, and such a number of gentlemen!"

"With not a *gentleman* among them!" supplemented Charlotte, *sotto voce*. "Do you know Mrs. Curzon, Pauline?"

"No."

"No loss, I can tell you. Mamma believes in her, because she puts herself forward, and dresses gorgeously, and surrounds herself by a great rabble of people; but, for my part, I think she is the kind of widow that ought to have been burnt in a *suttee*! She would have presided over the whole ceremonial with the utmost enjoyment, and made eyes at the Brahmin who handed her up the pile! Your last sight of her would have been, enthroned aloft in the greatest comfort, waving her fan, and kissing the tips of her fingers to her dear relations among the crowd! What a pity, what a very great pity that the world and Mrs. Curzon have both been defrauded of such a treat!"

Mrs. Jermyn had now turned to Tom. "Of course I have only named *a few*," she said. "There will be plenty of others, as you will see, to say nothing of the present company. The Thomsons, of course, and Major Soames, and the Jacks —"

"Don't know one of them," he remarked. "I don't know a soul about here, except — never mind, you will find me some partners, Pauline. It is the best fun in the world making your way about a room full of strangers, and being able to pick out whom you like, without being obliged to ask the bores."

"If one *can* do so," replied Mrs. Jermyn, not over well pleased at her list having failed to awaken either respect or inquiry. "If one could choose for one's self, it would be naturally pleasant; but such a plan is not always, excuse me, feasible. Sir John and Lady Finch, for instance, are *extremely* strict in the matter of introductions, and make quite a point of no one's being brought up to any of their party who is not — not" — she paused, uncertain how to finish so plainly rude a speech.

With the grudge she owed Pauline, so good an opportunity of rebuking the presumptuous brother had been too tempting; but it was difficult, in the presence of so many, to administer the necessary chastisement.

Was he then to carry matters with a high hand, too? Had Tom no more idea than Pauline to what a low estate they had fallen? She was vexed with herself for the notice she had involuntarily bestowed upon Tom, and longed to retract it; but both the previous condescension and its present withdrawal were lost upon the ungrateful recipient.

Her unfinished sentence, her "not — not," he filled up after his own fashion.

"Not 'all there,'?" he said, merrily, "is that it, ma'am? What a peculiar couple! Are there any little Finches, or are they all hatched and flown?"

"Mr. Finch is —"

"Coming up to the front door."

Mrs. Jermyn began the reply, her daughter finished it.

"Is that Mr. Finch?" said Tom. "He has got a nice little horse. Do you think he will offer me a mount while I am here?"

Unparalleled audacity! Sir John and Lady Finch, *the* people of the neighborhood, to be called "a peculiar couple," their names joked about, and their property coveted!

The angry color gathered on Mrs. Jermyn's cheek, and she glanced round seeking support.

Would Camilla not say a word? Would Pauline not look abashed? Was Charlotte actually *laughing*?

None of them had any sense of propriety. Mr. Fennel had even turned to young La Sarte, and begun a hunting conversation, and Mrs. Wyndham was regarding them both with the complacency of a hostess who sees her guests assimilating properly.

Nor did the entrance of Dolly Finch improve matters.

It was Dolly's way to love and be loved, to look kindly on the world in general, and to hail with rapture anything of a kindred spirit.

This alone would have been sufficient to have insured for Mrs. Wyndham's nephew the warmest reception; but, in Tom, he saw Pauline's brother.

Words cannot paint the satisfaction of his heart.

Due inquiries had hardly been made, he barely allowed himself time to express his pleasure at witnessing the invalid recovered, ere he turned to Tom. So lucky an opportunity could not be made too much of, and, in headlong haste, to take every advantage of it, he bethought him of the very mount on which young La Sarte had been speculating.

In less than five minutes it was placed at his disposal.

As frankly was it accepted.

"With just a 'Thank you,' and no more!" said Mrs. Jermyn afterwards. "Without a scruple about making use of Sir John's *beautiful* horses. Absolutely *forcing* himself on their acquaintance!

Making the appointment! Seeing no *favor* in it, no — no — no anything! The coolness of these young people is really beyond bearing."

This, however, had to be for Charlotte's ears alone, and Charlotte merely replied by a shrug of her shoulders. It was not worth her while to open the eyes of the wilfully blind, even had it been a possibility.

During the visit little could be said, and nothing could be done, to interfere with the arrangements which were harmoniously completed under the indignant lady's very nose.

"You'll come up to breakfast?" said Dolly.

"Thanks. What hour?"

"Ten, sharp. The meet is in the enclosure in front of the house."

"I hope that frosty look in the sky will give way," said Tom. "I don't half like the look of it. How was the scent this morning?"

"I — I wasn't out with them," said Dolly.

He was looking at Pauline as he spoke, and all but Tom knew how to interpret the words.

Tom stared. Not out with them? Wilfully not out? Was it possible, credible? He could hardly believe his ears.

"Got a cold," muttered Dolly in explanation. "Nasty sort of day." Then, with a happy thought, "What will you do for me to-day, Miss La Sarte? You cured me splendidly last week, and I have come back for more of the same stuff."

Such spirit deserved to be rewarded, as it was. He had secured the right to talk to her, and having thus begun, continued boldly.

"Miss La Sarte, you never come to a meet. We are going to have a big party to-morrow. Won't you come to breakfast with your brother, and my mother will drive you to the cover afterwards? She is sure to go."

"An awfully good idea!" cried Tom. "My sister would enjoy nothing more. We'll both come."

"So very kind," murmured Mrs. Jermyn, for him.

She was the only auditor. Mrs. Wyndham was entertaining Mr. Fennel, and Charlotte was occupied with a study of the pair.

"So *exceedingly* kind," continued she, as the party soon after went in to luncheon. "I hope, Pauline, that your brother will really *appreciate* such an offer. I hope

he will understand *why* it was made. It would not be amiss, I think, to give him a word of caution, a hint ——”

“The very thing for the dear boy, is it not?” exulted her sister-in-law in the same breath. “Now there is no need to fear he will be dull. Now we shall feel his visit is really provided for. What could have happened more *à propos*? Mr. Fennel being here, too! Quite a gathering of young men!”

She was in the best of humors; her aside was conveyed in a happy whisper, Mrs. Jermyn’s in a surly undertone; but to neither did Pauline pay heed.

She was planning how to get off the promised engagement. Her head ached, but dare she plead that? Her aunt had not been invited, but could she suggest that? Dolly, alone, had asked *her*. She caught at this.

She caught at it, but to no purpose, her aunt was simply surprised.

“I don’t understand, my dear. Not go because Lady Finch had sent you no invitation? Lady Finch knew nothing of the matter. She has asked you there repeatedly, *repeatedly*. It was not in the least necessary that I should be invited; there was no slight to me, *none*. A young man asks his friend; quite informally—the thought of the moment; and it occurs to him to ask his friend’s sister, also. To be sure you can go. It would be quite proper and suitable, *quite*. A nice, merry meeting, and everybody present; I shall be pleased, *delighted* that you should be seen there, I shall *indeed*. You will wear your black and crimson dress. And, Pauline, I think you had better have the landau.”

Mrs. Wyndham was still engrossed with her subject, when Dolly sauntered up.

“We shall see you to-morrow?” he said, trying hard to conceal his anxiety.

“Thank you, ye-es.”

“You will not disappoint — *me*?” he continued in a low voice, and with a sudden meaning and emphasis. Mrs. Wyndham had discreetly withdrawn, and the moment was his own. “I am sure you wouldn’t, if you only knew. I ought to have said ‘us,’ I suppose, but I was thinking too much of myself. Miss La Sarte ——”

She knew not what she said, but she stopped him.

She began to talk, smile, laugh insanely, and got him quieted somehow.

This was absurd. This could not be allowed. A boy, a mere boy, with whom she had permitted herself to be intimate,

with whom she had felt it safe to be familiar, was suddenly developing into a lover! He ought not to make himself ridiculous, creatures of that age should be thinking of other things than love; football, cricket, and such like, should “fill the measure of his thoughts.”

The girl was absolutely cruel in her contempt.

Poor Dolly’s pretty, fair curls, his blue eyes, with their wistful pertinacious gaze, raised no feeling of pity, or kindness, in her bosom — rather, they excited in it a spring of bitterness and disgust.

Over her memory there rushed the recollection of a look, an eye, the turn of a dark head — was she to blame? She seemed to see before her the man she could have loved, and the man whom she could not love she hated.

---

From Macmillan’s Magazine.

MORDECAI: A PROTEST AGAINST THE CRITICS.

BY A JEW.

*Sephardo.*

Wise books  
For half the truths they hold are honored tombs.  
“Spanish Gypsy,” p. 205.

THE critics have had their say: the recording angels of literature, more sorrowful than angry, have written down “Daniel Deronda” a failure. And there seems to be at least this much of truth in their judgment that one of the parts of which the book is composed has failed to interest or even to reach its audience. For the least observant reader must have noticed that “Daniel Deronda” is made up of two almost unconnected parts, either of which can be read without the other. Every “book” after the first is divided into two parts, whose only claim to be included under the same covers is the common action or inaction of the eponymous hero. One set of characters and interests centres round the fate and fortunes of Gwendolen Harleth, and of this part of the book we can surely say that it has excited as much interest and bitten as deeply into men’s minds as any of the author’s previous studies of female character. Indeed, we would submit that George Eliot’s last portrait of female egotism is in many ways her best: her hand has become more tender, and, because more tender, more true than when she drew such narrow types as Hetty Sorrel and Rosamond Vincy, so unnaturally consistent in their selfishness. The story of Gwendolen

Harleth's purification from egoism is, then, one might say, even a greater success than the former pictures of girlish struggles, and displays the author's distinguishing excellences in undiminished brilliancy. But there is another part of the book with which the English-speaking public and its literary "tasters" have failed to sympathize, and which they have mostly been tempted to omit on reperusal. The tragedy of Mordecai Cohen's missionary labors, on which the author has spent immense labor of invention and research, must be pronounced to have completely failed in reaching and exciting the interest and sympathy of the ordinary reader. Mr. Bagehot has told us that the greatest pain man can feel is the pain of a new idea, and the readers of "Daniel Deronda" have refused painfully to assimilate the new idea of the Mordecai part of the book. This idea we take to be that Judaism stands on the same level as Christianity, perhaps even on a higher level, in point of rationality and capacity to satisfy the wants of the religious consciousness, "the hitherto neglected reality," to use the author's own words (ii. 292), "that Judaism is something still throbbing in human lives, still making for them the only conceivable vesture of the world." The difficulty of accepting this new idea comes out most prominently in the jar most readers must have felt in the omission of any explanation of the easy transition of Deronda from the Christianity in which he was bred to the Judaism in which he had been born.

The present notice proposes to discuss the failure of this unsuccessful part, from the standpoint of one for whom this initial difficulty does not exist, and who has from his childhood seen the world habited in those Hebrew old clothes of which Mr. Carlyle and others have spoken so slightly. And the first thing that it is natural for a Jew to say about "Daniel Deronda" is some expression of gratitude for the wonderful completeness and accuracy with which George Eliot has portrayed the Jewish nature. Hitherto the Jew in English fiction has fared unhappily: being always represented as a monstrosity, most frequently on the side of malevolence and greed, as in Marlowe's Barabbas and Dickens's Fagin, or sometimes, as in Dickens's Riah, still more exasperatingly on the side of impossible benevolence. What we want is truth, not exaggeration, and truth George Eliot has given us with the large justice of the great artist. The gallery of Jewish portraits contained in "Daniel

Deronda" gives in a marvellously full and accurate way all the many sides of our complex national character. The artistic element, with the proper omission of painting and sculpture, in which Jews, though eminent, have not been pre-eminent, is well represented by Klesmer, Mirah, and the Alcharisi. Ezra Cohen is a type of the commonplace Jew, the familiar figure of prosperous mercantile dealing, the best-known trait of Jews to Englishmen; while little Jacob exhibits in a very humorous form the well-known precocity of Jewish children. The affectionate relations of Ezra Cohen and his mother and the tender respect of Mordecai and Mirah for the memory of theirs, point to the exceptional influence of the mother and the home in the inner life of the Jews. Then in Kalonyneos, whom we feel tempted to call the Wandering Jew, we get the nomadic spirit which has worked in Israel from times long previous to the dispersion, while all must join in the scorn the author evidently feels for Pash, the Jew who is no Jew. Yet he is the representative of what might be called the Heine side of Jewry—the wit and cynicism that reached their greatest intensity in the poet of Young Germany. The more temperate Gideon represents, it is to be feared, a large proportion of English Jews, one not ashamed of his race, yet not proud of it, and willing to see the racial and religious distinctions we have fought for so valiantly die out and perish utterly among men. Perhaps the most successful of the minor portraits is that of the black sheep Lapidoth, the Jew with no redeeming love for family, race, or country to preserve him from that sordid egoism (the new name for wickedness) into which he has sunk. His utter unconsciousness of good and evil is powerfully depicted in the masterly analysis of his state of mind before purloining Deronda's ring. To some extent the weird figure of the Alcharisi serves as a sort of companion picture of female renunciation of racial claims, but the struggle between her rebellious will and what old-fashioned folk call the will of God (Professor Clifford would perhaps name it the tribal will) raises her to a tragic height which makes Deronda's mother perhaps the most imposing figure in the book. Deronda himself, by the circumstance of his education, is prevented from typifying any of the social distinctions of a Jew, yet it is not unlikely that his gravity of manner and many-sided sympathy were meant by the author to be taken as hereditary traits.

These, with Ram the bookseller, the English Jew of the pre-emancipation era, and some minor characters, give to the reader a most complete picture of Jews and Jewesses in their habits as they live, of Jews and Jewesses as members of a peculiar people in relation to the Gentile world. To point the moral of human fallibility, besides some minor slips in ceremonial details on which it were ungrateful to dwell,\* we cannot but think (a critic is nothing if not critical) that the author has failed to give in Mirah an adequate type of Jewish girlhood. Mirah is undoubtedly tame; and tameness, for those who know them, is the last infirmity of Jewish girls. Still even here the sad experience of Mirah's youth may be held to have somewhat palliated any want of brightness, and the extra vivacity of Mrs. Cohen junior perhaps supplies the deficiency.

So much for the outer life of Judaism. The English reader will find here no idea so startlingly novel as to raise opposition to its admission, or to disturb his complacent feeling of superiority over Jews in all but a certain practical sagacity (he calls it sharpness or cunning), which must be postulated to explain the "differentia of success" characterizing the Jewish species of commercial dealings. One new fact he may indeed profitably learn: from the large group of Jewish characters in "Daniel Deronda" he may perhaps gather that there are Jews and Jews, that they are not all Lapidoths, nor even all Ezra Cohens, as he has been accustomed to think.

But the new idea of which we have spoken is embodied in the person of Mordecai Cohen, the Jew *par excellence* of the book, the embodiment of the inner life of Judaism. The very fact of this recognition of an inner life, not to speak of the grand personality in which she has typified it, entitles George Eliot to the heart-deep gratitude of all Jews; the more so inasmuch as she has hazarded and at least temporarily lost success for her most elaborated production by endeavoring to battle with the commonplace and conventional ideas about Judaism. The present article aims at striking another blow to convince

the English world of the existence in the present day and for all past time of a spiritual life in Judaism. And we can conceive of no better point of defence for the position than the historic probability of the character of Mordecai, which critics have found so mystic, vague, and impossible.

Those who know anything of the great leaders of spiritual Judaism will recognize in Mordecai all the traits that have characterized them. Saul of Tarsus, Ibn Gebirol (Avicbron), Jehuda Halevi, Ibn Ezra, Maimonides, Spinoza, Mendelssohn, not to mention other still more unfamiliar names, were all men like Mordecai: rich in inward wealth, yet content to earn a scanty livelihood by some handicraft; ardently spiritual, yet keenly alive to the claims of home affection; widely erudite, yet profoundly acquainted with human nature; mystics, yet with much method in their mysticism. The author seems even to have a bolder application of the historic continuity of the Hebraic spirit in view: she evidently wishes Mordecai to be regarded as a "survival" of the prophetic spirit, a kind of Isaiah redivivus. Hence a somewhat unreal effect is produced by his use of a diction similar to what might be expected from a "greater prophet" stepping out of the pages of the Authorized Version. Still it is to be remembered that we almost always see Mordecai in states of intense excitement, when his thought would naturally clothe itself in the forms in which all his literary efforts had been written. He speaks in a sufficiently prosaic and unbiblical style when the subject is prosaic, as to Daniel Deronda at their first meeting (ii. 336): "What are you disposed to give for it?" "I believe Mr. Ram will be satisfied with half-a-crown, sir," remarks sufficiently on the level of nineteenth-century conversation to give Mordecai some community with ordinary folk.

There is yet another quality which Mordecai shares with the sages and prophets of the past: he is a layman. The natural thing for a writer describing "a spiritual destiny embraced eagerly in youth," a representative of the religious life of a nation, would be to describe some young priest ardently striving for the spiritual enlightenment of his flock, some Mr. Tryan, some Savonarola; and it would have been right for all other religions. But in Judaism the inner development of the spirit has been carried on entirely by laymen: the Jewish *summa theologiæ*, "The Guide to the Perplexed" ("Morê

\* *E.g.*, taliths or fringed mantles are not worn on Friday nights (ii. 292-300), the Kaddish, or prayer in honor of the dead, is only said for eleven months, not eleven years (iv. 92), and then only by a son. Mirah seems to be under the same delusion (ii. 306). Before breaking the bread (ii. 356), Cohen should have "made Kiddush," *i.e.*, pronounced a blessing over some sacramental wine. It is doubtful whether Cohen would have paid money and written a pawn-ticket on Sabbath eve, but this may be intentional.

*Nebouchim*”) of Maimonides, was written by a physician. We shall be using more familiar illustrations when we remind the reader that Moses and Ezra, and, above all, the prophets were men from the lay community, not members of an organized priesthood. This may account for that spirit of compromise (writers of the new English call it “adaptation to environment”) which is as marked a characteristic of the religious history of Jews as of the political history of Englishmen. Other religions have had churches, bureaucracies: Judaism has had a synagogue, a representative assembly.

Mordecai shares yet another gift of his predecessors: he is a poet. The fragment in chapter xxxviii. commencing, —

Away from me the garment of forgetfulness,  
Withering the heart,

might well be a translation from a *Piut* of Ibn Gebirol or a *Selicha* of Jehuda Halevi, and makes him a fit *dramatis persona* of that “national tragedy in which the actors have been also the heroes and the poets.”

We do not then speak without knowledge of the history of Jews, post-biblical as well as biblical, when we say that Mordecai Cohen is a lineal successor of those great leaders of spiritual Judaism who have fought in the van in that moral warfare which Judaism has waged and won against the whole world; a fitting companion of that valiant band which has guarded through the ages the ark of the Lord intrusted to Israel’s keeping four thousand years ago; a noble representative of that spirit of resistance that has repulsed the most powerful disintegrating forces ever brought against a nation or a creed. A “nation of shopkeepers” has produced a Milton, a Shelley, a Newman; a “nation of pawnbrokers,” if you will, has given birth to a Jehuda Halevi, a Spinoza, a Mordecai.

To believers in the principle of heredity this would be enough to give to Mordecai that possibility which is sufficient for artistic existence. English critics, however, seem not to believe in hereditary influences: they have unanimously pronounced him an impossibility. They require, it would appear, some more tangible proof of the existence among modern Jews of a character like Mordecai’s than the *à priori* probability afforded by the consideration of the historic continuity of national character. Even this want could be supplied. The present writer was for-

tunate enough to discover\* traces of a Jew who, allowing for the idealization which is the privilege of the artist, might well stand for the prototype of Mordecai. In the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1, 1866, Mr. George Henry Lewes prefaces an article on Spinoza with an account of a philosopher’s club where he first made acquaintance with the doctrines of the Hebrew thinker, and which resembles in every particular the club at the Hand and Banner in the sixth book of “Daniel Deronda.” The locality, Red Lion Square, near Holborn, is the same; the free and easy method of discussion is the same; the vocations of the frequenters are the same, — a freethinking second-hand bookseller (Miller), a journeyman watchmaker (Pash), a bootmaker (Croop), one who “penned a stanza when he should engross” (Lilly), and so on. But above all, the leading spirit of Mr. Lewes’ club was a German Jew named Cohn or Kohn, whom he describes in words which might be applied almost without alteration to Mordecai. Mr. Lewes says of Cohn: —

“We all admired him as a man of astonishing subtlety and logical force, no less than of sweet personal worth. He remains in my memory as a type of philosophic dignity. A calm, meditative, amiable man, by trade a journeyman watchmaker, very poor, with weak eyes and chest, grave and gentle in demeanor, incorruptible even by the seductions of vanity; I habitually think of him in connection with Spinoza almost as much on account of his personal worth as because to him I owe my first acquaintance with the Hebrew thinker. My admiration of him was of that enthusiastic temper which in youth we feel for our intellectual leaders. I loved his weak eyes and low voice; I venerated his intellect. He was the only man I did not contradict in the impatience of argument. An immense pity and a fervid indignation filled me as I came away from his attics in one of the Holborn courts where I had seen him in the pinching poverty of his home, with his German wife and two little black-eyed children; indignantly I railed against society which could allow so great an intellect to withdraw itself from nobler work and waste the precious hours in mending watches. But he was wise in his resignation, thought I in my young indignation. Life was hard to him, as to all of us; but he was content to earn a miserable pit-

\* The discovery was communicated to the *Academy* of July 29, 1876, by my friend, Mr. McAlister, to whom I had shown it.

tance by handicraft, and kept his soul serene. I learnt to understand him better when I learnt the story of Spinoza's life.

"Cohn, as may be supposed, early established his supremacy in our club. A magisterial intellect always makes itself felt. Even those who differed from him most widely paid voluntary homage to his power."

*Aut Mordecai aut diabolus.* Just as Walter Scott merely idealized Rebecca Gratz, the beloved of Washington Irving, into his Rebecca of York, so George Eliot, by the force of her genius, has transformed Kohn into a prophet of the new exile. Even the omission of the wife and two children (in whose stead we get Mrs. Cohen junior, with Jacob and Adelaide Rebecca) only serves to heighten the isolation which makes the pathos of Mordecai's lot.

But surely the critics had no occasion to doubt the possibility of a Jew like Mordecai at a time when we are still mourning the loss of one who laid down his life for the regeneration of our views of Israel's past as Mordecai sacrificed his for the elevation of our hopes of Israel's future. "I have certain words in my possession," wrote Emanuel Deutsch,\* "which have been given me that they might be said to others, few or many. . . . I know also that I shall not find peace or rest until I have said my whole say. And yet I cannot do it. And I yearn for things which I see and which might have been mine and would have been blessing and sunshine and the cooling dew to the small germs within me — and yet! and yet!"

Would that Mr. Deutsch had lived to convince the world in his own burning words that Mordecai is no inert scarecrow of abstractions, but a warm, living reality!

We have laid so much stress upon the artistic truth of Mordecai's character because, if this be granted, it is inexplicable that the central incident of the Jewish part of "Daniel Deronda," the meeting on the bridge between him and Deronda, should have failed to strike readers as perhaps the most remarkable incident in English fiction. If Mordecai has artistic reality we contend that the meeting on the bridge in chapter xl. reaches a tragic intensity which almost transcends the power of the novel, and would perhaps require the manifold emotive inlets of the Wagnerian drama to do it justice: eye, ear, brain,

and heart should all be responsive. We boldly deny greater tragic intensity to any incident in Shakespeare. Nor are there wanting signs that the author herself, no contemptible critic of her own productions, sets an equal value on the incident. In the motto prefixed to chapter xxxviii., describing Mordecai's yearnings, she tells us in Brownesque English, —

"There be who hold that the deeper tragedy were a Prometheus bound, not *after*, but *before*, he had well got the celestial fire into the *váπθηξ*, whereby it might be conveyed to mortals. Thrust by the Kratos and Bia of instituted methods into a solitude of despised ideas, fastened in throbbing helplessness by the fatal pressure of poverty and disease — a solitude where many pass by, but none regard."

In other words, George Eliot considers the circumstances of Mordecai's fate to surpass in tragic pathos the most colossal monument of Greek dramatic art. Notice, too, the care with which she leads up to the incident. In chapter xxxvii. we have Deronda coming to the Meyricks at Chelsea to announce to Mirah the forthcoming visit of Klesmer, and the chapter finishes as he is leaving Chelsea. The next chapter (xxxviii.) is filled with a description of Mordecai's yearning for a spiritual successor, and gives us *en passant* a fine picture of the scene of the meeting (iii. 137). We get here in short all we need to understand and sympathize with the final episode of the "book;" but lest we should come upon the fulfilment of the prophecy with too vivid a memory of the author's sublimation of the idea of prophecy, we have interposed, like a comic scene in an Elizabethan tragedy, the magnificent account of Klesmer's visit to the Meyricks in chap. xxxix., which clearly occurred *after* the events described in chapter xl., which takes up the stream of narrative from chapter xxxvii.

It seems to us clear that all this seemingly inartistic transposition of events is intended to make the incident of chapter xl. stand out more sharply into relief. We have the miracle explained away, it is true — the modern analytic spirit requires it — but the author wishes us to forget the explanation, or at least to relegate the intellectual element of chapter xxxviii. to the unconscious background, where it may be ready to assist, though not present to obstruct, emotion. All this care appears to show the importance attached by the author to the last chapter of book v.

And in itself, apart from what the author may think of it, what a soul-moving inci-

\* The Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch (Murray, 1874), p. xii.



dent is there contained! A representative of an ancient, world-important people, whose royalty of wrongs makes the aristocracies of Europe appear petty, finds himself clutched by the griping hands of want and death before he can move the world to that vision of the phoenix-rise of Israel which the prophetic instincts of his race have brought up clear before him. Careless of his own comfort, careless of coming death, he desires only to live anew — as the quasi-Positivist doctrine of the Cabala bids him live — in “minds made nobler by his presence.” His prophetic vision pictures to him the very lineaments of his spiritual *alter ego*, whom he pathetically thinks of as differing from himself in all externals, and, as death draws nigh, the very scene of their meeting. And in this nineteenth century, in prosaic London, this inward vision of the poor consumptive Jew is fulfilled to the letter.

Would it be too bold a suggestion if we suspected the author of having typified in the meeting of Deronda and Mordecai that

one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves,

the meeting of Israel and its Redeemer? In personal characteristics, in majestic gravity (we cannot imagine Deronda laughing), in width of sympathy and depth of tenderness, even in outward appearance, Daniel resembles the great Galilean Pharisee whom all Christendom has accepted as in very truth the Messiah that will restore Judæa to the holy people. To say the least, the author suggests the audacity in her comparison of the two to the figures of Jesus and the Pharisee in Titian's “Tribute Money.”

We do not remember a single criticism\* which has referred to this magnificent scene, where to our mind George Eliot's power of representing soul speaking to soul has reached its greatest height. We do not remember a single critic who seemed to think that Mordecai's fate was in any way more pitiful than that of any other consumptive workman with mystic and impossible ideas. What reasons can be given for this defect of sympathy? In addition to the before-mentioned assumption that Mordecai does not possess artistic reality, there has been the emotional obstruction to sympathy with a Jew, and

\* Professor Dowden's article in the *Contemporary Review* for February, which appeared after the above was written, forms an exception with respect to this as to all the other deficiencies of the critics against which we here protest.

the intellectual element of want of knowledge about modern Judaism. If Mordecai had been an English workman, laying down his life for the foundation of some English International with Deronda for its Messiah Lassalle, he would have received more attention from the critics. But a Jew with views involving issues changing the future history of humanity — “impossible, vague, mystic.” Let us not be misunderstood: the past generation of Englishmen has been so generous to Jews that we should be ungrateful if we accused cultured Englishmen of the present day of being *consciously* repelled by the idea of a poor Jew being worthy of admiration. But fifteen centuries of hatred are not to be wiped out by any legislative enactment. No one can say that the fact of a man's being a Jew makes no more difference in other men's minds than if he were (say) a Wesleyan. There yet remains a deep unconscious undercurrent of prejudice against the Jew which conscientious Englishmen have often to fight against as part of that lower nature, a survival of the less perfect development of our ancestors, which impedes the ascent of man.

Along with this unconscious Judæophobia there has gone the intellectual element of a tacit assumption that modern Judaism is a lifeless code of ritual instead of a living body of religious truth. Of course the pathos and tragedy of Mordecai's fate depend in large measure on the value of the ideas for which he laid down his life. If he were a crazy believer that the English nation is descended from the lost Ten Tribes, his fate would only deserve a smile of contemptuous pity. Hence the artistic necessity of the philosophic discussion in chapter xlii., where his ideas are explained and defended. Here again we have to complain of the want of sympathy shown by the critics, but perhaps still more of their want of knowledge. Our author devotes the forty-first chapter to a piece of special pleading (really addressed to the reader, though supposed to be a philosophic musing of Deronda's), the outcome of which is that if we want to tell whether an enthusiast is justified in his faith, our only test is knowledge of the subject-matter. And the moral naturally is: study the history of the Jews. Hegel says somewhere, “The heritage a great man leaves the world is to force it to explain him,” and we may say the same of a great work of art. But the critics of “Daniel Deronda” have refused to pay the heavy probate duty of wading through the ten volumes or so of

Grätz's "*Geschichte der Juden*" to see whether Mordecai's ideas have anything in them or no: the easier plan was to denounce them as "vague and mystical." If it be contended that the subject is too unfamiliar for ordinary readers, and therefore unsuited for a novel, we may answer that similar reasoning would exalt an Offenbach over a Beethoven. George Eliot has endeavored to raise the novel to heights where it may treat of subjects hitherto reserved for the drama or the epic, but instead of encouragement from English critics she meets with their neglect.

Apart, however, from the intrinsic value of Mordecai's ideas, the discussion would deserve our admiration as a literary *tour de force*. It was the high praise of the Greek philosopher that if the gods spoke Greek they would talk as Plato wrote: may we not say that if Isaiah had spoken English he would have prophesied as George Eliot makes Mordecai speak? We trace in this the influence which the Authorized Version, — with all its inaccuracies the most living reproduction of the Hebrew Scriptures — has had on our principal writers, notably in the case of so un-biblical a writer as Mr. Swinburne.

And what of the ideas which Mordecai clothes with words as of one whose lips have been touched with coals of burning fire? What vagueness or mystery is there in the grand and simple lines of Jewish policy laid down by Mordecai? Two ideas dominate Mordecai's arguments throughout the discussion. The resumption of the soil of Palestine by the Jews (which has often been proposed by Gentile writers as a solution of the much vexed Eastern question), and as a consequence the third and final promulgation of the Jewish religion to the world, are sufficiently definite ideas, however large and grand they may be. Even if one disagree with Mordecai's views one may at any rate pay him the respect due to an energetic leader of opposition, and recognize in him the leader of those who refuse to believe that Israel's part in history is played out, and that her future policy should be to amalgamate with the nations as soon as possible, letting her glorious past sink into an antiquarian study instead of living as a perennial spring of political action. Mordecai is not of those who hold that the millennium will come when men shall have arrived at that nicely balanced mediocrity, that the "pale abstract" man shall know his brother from other cosmopolitan beings only by some official

badge necessary for distinction. He rather holds that in the world-organism of the nations each nationality will have its special function, Israel, as the Jewish poet-philosopher said, being the nation's heart.\* The now-prevailing doctrine of heredity and the political enthusiasm for Panslavism, Panteutonism, Pan-whatnotism, will have nought to urge against these Panjudaic views. And to our minds Mordecai's is the profounder philosophy of history when he further thinks that the great quarry of religious truth, whence two world-religions have been hewn and shaped, but only into torsos, has yet wherewithal to completely fashion the religion of the future. The one theologic dogma of Judaism, the unity of the Godhead (involving, as Mordecai remarks, the unity of mankind), can meet with no harsh reception from the philosophies of the day, imbibed as they all are with the monism of the "God-intoxicated Jew." The rationalism of Spinoza's "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," which has undermined mediæval Christianity, now tottering from the attack, merely represents the outcome of a long line of Jewish thought on prophecy, miracles, and the like, and is, in large measure, derived from our *summa theologia*, the "*Morê Nebouchîm*" of Maimonides. Again, reverence for law, as marked a trait of the Jewish spirit as of Roman pride (the Talmud is but a *corpus juris*), is another characteristic which Judaism shares with the *Zukunft's Religion*. The divorce between man and the world, which is the disintegrating factor in Christianity, nowhere finds a place in Judaism. Further, the teleologic tendency of the evolution doctrine must find a reason for the miraculous tenacity with which Judaism has clung to life. If, as biologists tell us, life consists in the adaptation of internal forces to the relations of the environment, Judaism, of all religions, has most truly lived, and George Eliot has with due knowledge connected the utterances of Mordecai on Judaism with the problem of the hour, "What is progress?" In this connection it were interesting to contrast the history of the two religions of civilization in the ages previous to the Reformation. While father after father was crystallizing the free thought of Jesus into stony dogma; while doctor after doctor was riveting still closer the fetters of reason; rabbi after rabbi was adapting tradition to the

\* Cusari, ii. 36. Mordecai attributes the saying to Jehuda Halevi; Sephardo in "The Spanish Gypsy," p. 210, to the "Book of Light," the Cabalistic book Sohar. It occurs in both. *Vide* Cassel's note *in loco*.

reason of the time, each, when his task was done, dying with the *shemah*\* on his lips. Our author has put into the mouth of a Jew one of her noblest passages, describing this progress in Judaism. Sephardo, in "The Spanish Gypsy" (p. 215), speaks thus of the principles of order and progress in the Jewish religion:—

I abide

By that wise spirit of listening reverence  
Which marks the boldest doctors of our race.  
For truth to us is like a living child,  
Born of two parents: if the parents part  
And will divide the child, how shall it live?  
Or I will rather say, Two angels guide  
The paths of man, both aged and yet young,  
As angels are, ripening through endless years.  
On one he leans: some call her Memory,  
Some Tradition; and her voice is sweet  
With deep mysterious accords: the other,  
Floating above, holds down a lamp which  
streams

A light divine and searching on the earth,  
Compelling eyes and footsteps: memory yields  
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew,  
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp  
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked,  
But for tradition: we walk evermore,  
To higher paths by brightening Reason's  
lamp.

The pages of that history of rationalism that shall treat of the progress of Jewish theosophy, culminating in the epoch-making thought of Spinoza, will fully bear out the historic truth of the above description. And surely that represents the spirit with which we may expect the religion of the future to be informed.

But the new birth of Judaism and its revelation to the world are, in Mordecai's opinion, indissolubly connected with the new birth of the Jewish race as a nation. "The effect of our separateness," he says, "will not be completed and have its highest transformation unless our race takes on again the character of a nationality." And here again history confirms his views. For the life of Judaism has been connected with the history of Jews in a way such as has been the fate of no other religion. The very name of the religion displays this intimate connection; of all religions Judaism alone has been named after the race of its believers. And it is to this that we may perhaps attribute the peculiar interest that George Eliot has felt for Jews, which we can trace at least as far back as 1864, when the first draft of "The Spanish Gypsy" was written. The two chief interests of the translator of Strauss and the friend of Mr. Herbert Spencer

have been the religious consciousness, which she was the first to use for the artistic purposes of the novel, and the influence of hereditary forces, which she first raised into an ethical creed. And Jews are interesting in both connections, exhibiting in the greatest known degree what is to her the highest virtue, fidelity to the claims of race. At the same time this relation of believers and creed has been the source of much misconception. No distinction is made in the popular mind between the theologic and ethical doctrines of Judaism and the national customs of Jews. It is true that in the biblical times and afterwards the social and religious sanctions were not differentiated, but their *raison d'être* nowadays, apart from the sanitary sanction of many of the customs, is merely the same as that which preserves many family customs among the aristocracies of Europe. It is our national boast to have been the first to proclaim the true God, and the "Swiss Guards of Deism," as Heine wittily calls us, have clothed themselves with such customs as with a uniform. These rites and ceremonies are not essential to the Judaism we have the mission to preach to the world: for Jews are a missionary though not a proselyting people; however our voices may have hitherto been stifled, we have lived our mission if we have not been permitted to preach it. Those who become Jews in religion need not adopt the Mosaic rites unless they wish to be naturalized as Jews in race. Still the religious trust that has kept the national life throbbing through the centuries has been the conviction that the Messiah who shall spread Judaism to the four corners of the world will be a Jew by race as well as in creed. And Mordecai's views of the resumption of the soil of the Holy Land by the holy people are the only logical position of a Jew who desires that the long travail of the ages shall not end in the total disappearance of the race. For from the times of the Judges periods of prosperity, such as the one upon which the present generation has entered, have been the most perilous for our national life: it is the struggle for national existence that has resulted, we are vain enough to think, in the survival of the fittest missionaries of the true religion. The sages say, "Israel is like the olive, the more it is pressed, the more copious the oil;" and it is to be feared that the removal of the pressure will result in the cessation of the noble needs that are typified by the oil. Unless some such project as Mor-

\* The assertion of the Divine Unity, Deut. vi. 4.

decai has in view be carried out in the next three generations, it is much to be feared that both the national life of Jews and the religious life of Judaism will perish utterly from the face of the earth. "A consummation devoutly to be wished," the scoffers may say; but not surely those in whose veins runs the blood of Israelites, and who have the proud heritage of God's truth to hand down to their children.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that Mordecai's views about the future of Judaism and of Jews have all history and much reason on their side, and display those powers of intellectual intuition of the future which the psychological system of Maimonides assigns to the prophet. And we have perhaps contributed somewhat to an explanation of Deronda's acceptance of his spiritual inheritance. Like Mordecai, Deronda protests against the "blasphemy of the time," that men should stand by as spectators of life instead of living. But before he meets with Mordecai what noble work in life has this young and cultured Englishman with his thousands a year? This age of unfaith gives no outlet for his deep, spiritual yearnings (nor for those of thousands like him). The old beliefs are gone: the world is godless, and Deronda cannot, for all the critics have said, offer to Gwendolen Grandcourt any consolation in a higher order of things instead of the vague platitudes which alone remain to be offered. Yet there comes to this young, ardent soul an angel of the Lord (albeit in the shape of a poor Jew watch-mender) with a burning message, giving a mission in life as grand as the most far-reaching ideal he could have formed. Is it strange that his thirsty soul should have swallowed up the soul of Mordecai, in the Cabalistic way which the latter often refers to? Is it strange that Deronda should not have refused the heritage of his race when offered by the hands of Mirah's brother? But is it not strange that the literary leaders of England should have failed to see aught but unsatisfactory vagueness in all the parts of "Daniel Deronda" which treat of the relations of the hero with Mordecai Cohen? Is it possible that they have failed to see the grandeur and beauty of these incidents because of the lack of that force of imagination necessary to pierce to the pathos of a contemporary tragedy, however powerful their capacity might be to see the romance of a Rebecca of York or the pathos of a Baruch Spinoza?

One possible source of misconception for English readers may be mentioned.

Since the time of Moses Mendelssohn the home of spiritual Judaism has been in Germany, and George Eliot, whose pages are informed with the writings of German Jews like Zunz, Geiger, and Grätz, has with true historic insight attributed Mordecai's spiritual birth to the teachings of his German uncle. English Judaism is without signs of life: the only working of the spirit, the abortive reform agitation, was due to a similar movement in Germany. And English Jews have themselves much to blame for the neglect that English criticism has shown for Mordecai.

What we have attempted to show has been that the adverse criticism on the Mordecai part of "Daniel Deronda" has been due to lack of sympathy and want of knowledge on the part of the critics, and hence its failure is not (if we must use the word) objective. If a young lady refuses to see any pathos in Othello's fate because she dislikes dark complexions, we blame the young lady, not Shakespeare: and if the critics have refused to see the pathos of Mordecai's fate because he is a Jew of the present day — so much the worse for the critics!

We have not attempted to criticise "Daniel Deronda" as a whole. Whether it errs in the juxtapositions of two parts appealing to such widely diverse interests, or in the position of the hero — which seems to partake of that unstable equilibrium which the proverb assigns to him that sitteth on two stools — or in the frequent introduction of physiological psychology couched in Spenserian phraseology, we have not cared to inquire. We have only spoken because we have some of the knowledge and all of the sympathy which alone, we contend, are needed to make the Mordecai part of "Daniel Deronda" as great a success as all must acknowledge to have attended the part relating to Gwendolen Harleth. If this be so, the lovers of English literature will have the gratification of knowing that the hand of one of our greatest artists has not lost its cunning in these last days. Indeed, if a higher subject argue higher faculties, the successful treatment of a great world-problem would seem to be an advance on her previous studies of village life.

One word more of explanation. I have spoken throughout the above remarks in the plural, as feeling that most of what I have said would be shared by all Jews who have the knowledge and the sympathy which enable them to recognize in Mordecai Cohen not only the finest rep-

representative of their religion and race in all literature, but also the most impressive personality in English fiction.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

THERE is no saying what a man, even of the strictest virtue, will do for the sake of his wife. But, curiously enough, when Hugh Balfour found himself confronted by these two disagreeable demands — that he should lend or give a sum to Lord Willowby in order that a very disgraceful transaction should be hushed up; and that he should dine on Christmas evening with that peer of doubtful morals and his still more disreputable brother — he found far more difficulty in assenting to the latter than to the former proposition. That was a matter of a few moments — the writing a few figures on a cheque; this was spending a whole evening, and Christmas evening too, in the company of people whom he despised and detested. But what will not a man do for his wife?

Either concession was a sufficiently bitter draught to drink. He had always been keenly scrupulous about money matters; and impatiently harsh and contemptuous in his judgment of those who were otherwise. He had formed a pronounced antipathy against Lord Willowby; and a man does not care to strain his conscience or modify his creed for a person whom he dislikes. Then, there was the possibility of a public disclosure, which would probably reveal the fact that he had lent Lord Willowby this money. Could he defend himself by saying that he had counselled Lord Willowby, before lending him the money, to go into court and clear himself? He would not do that. When he gave that advice, with mock humility, he knew perfectly that Lord Willowby was only prevaricating. He knew that this precious father-in-law of his was hopelessly entangled in a fraud which he had either concocted or condoned. If this money were to be lent at all, it was frankly to be lent in order that the man who threatened to inform should be bought over to hold his

peace. But then what is it that a young and devoted husband will not do for his wife?

Moreover, the more distressing of the two demands had to be met first. Lord Willowby told him that his partners in that scheme of cheating the jobbers had resolved to meet on the first of the new year, to consider what was to be done; so that in the mean time Balfour could allow his conscience to rest so far as the money was concerned. But in the mean time came Christmas; and he told his wife that he had no objection to joining that family party at the Hall. When he said that he had no objection, he meant that he had about twenty dozen, which he would overrule for her sake. And indeed Lady Sylvia's delight at his consent was beautiful to see. She spent day after day in decorating Willowby Hall with evergreens; she did not altogether neglect the Lilacs, but then, you see, there was to be no Christmas party there. She sang at her work; she was as busy as she could be; she even wished — in the fulness of her heart — that her cousin Honoria were already arrived to help her. And Balfour? Did he assist in that pretty and idyllic pastime? Oddly enough, he seemed to take a greater interest than ever in the Von Rosens, and some neighbors of theirs. He was constantly over among us; and that indefatigable and busy idler, the German ex-lieutenant, and he were to be seen every day starting off on some new business — a walking-match, a run with the Thistlewhippers, a sale of hay belonging to the railway, in fact, anything that did not lead those two in the direction of Willowby Hall. On one occasion he suddenly said to our Queen T —

"Don't you think Christmas is a terribly dull business?"

"We don't find it so," said that smiling person; "we find it terribly noisy — enough to ruin one's nerves for a week."

"Ah," said he, "that is quite different. I can understand your enjoying Christmas when you have a children's party to occupy the evening."

"I am sure," said our Sovereign Mistress, who, to do her justice, is always ready with little kindnesses, "I am quite sure we should all be so glad if you and Lady Sylvia would come over and spend the evening with us, we would make Lady Sylvia the presiding fairy to distribute the gifts from the Christmas-tree — it is the most splendid one we have ever had —"

"You are very kind," said he, with a

sigh. "I wish I could. There is other joy in store for me. I have to dine with some of my father-in-law's relatives; and we shall have an evening devoted to bad wine and the Tichborne case."

And at length Christmas-day came round; and then it appeared that Mr. Balfour was expected to go from church to Willowby Hall and remain there until the evening. This, he considered, was not in the bond. He had managed to make the acquaintance of a certain clergyman in the neighborhood, of Englebury; and this worthy person had just forwarded him the proof-sheets of an essay on some public question or other, with a meek request that Mr. Balfour would glance over it and say whether the case of the enemy had been fairly and fully stated. This was courageous and honest on the part of the parson; for Mr. Balfour was on the side of the enemy. Now as this article was to be published in a monthly magazine, was it not of great importance that the answer should be returned at once? If Lady Sylvia would go on to the Hall with her papa, he, Balfour, would return to the Lilacs, get this bit of business over, and join the gay family party in the evening. Lady Sylvia seemed rather disappointed that this clergyman should have deprived her husband of the pleasure of spending the whole day in the society of her relatives; but she consented to the arrangement, and Balfour, with much content, spent Christmas-day by himself.

And then, in the hush of the still and sacred evening, this happy family party met round the Christmas board. It was a pleasant picture, for the bare dining-room looked no longer bare, when it was laden with scarlet berries and green leaves, and Lord Willowby could not protest against a waste of candles on such a night. Then, with his beautiful young wife presiding at the head of the table — herself the perfect type of gentle English womanhood — and Honoria Blythe's merry black eyes doing their very best to fascinate and entertain him, why should this ungrateful Scotch boor have resolved to play the part of Apemantus? Of course, he was outwardly very civil — nay, formally courteous; but there was an air of isolation about him, as if he were sitting there by an exercise of constraint. He rarely took wine anywhere; when he did, he almost never noticed what he drank: why was it, therefore, that he now tasted everything, and put the glass down as if he were calculating whether sudden death might not ensue? And when Major Blythe, after

talking very loudly for some time, mentioned the word "Tichborne," why should this young man ejaculate — apparently to himself — "O good Lord!" in a tone that somehow or other produced a dead silence.

"Perhaps it is no matter of concern to you," said Major Blythe, with as much ferocity as he dared to assume towards a man who might possibly lend him money, "that an innocent person should be so brutally treated?"

"Not much," said Balfour, humbly.

"I dare say you have not followed the case very closely, Balfour," said his lordship, intervening to prevent a dispute.

"No, I have not," he said. "In fact, I would much rather walk the other way. But then," he added to Miss Honoria, who was seated by him, "your papa must not imagine that I have not an opinion as to who the claimant really is."

"No!" exclaimed Honoria, with her splendid eyes full of theatrical interest. "Who is he, then?"

"I discovered the secret from the very beginning. The old prophecies have been fulfilled. The ravens have flown away. Frederick Barbarossa has come back to the world at last."

"Frederick Barbarossa?" said Miss Honoria, doubtfully.

"Yes," continued her instructor, seriously. "His other name was O'Donovan. He was a Fenian leader."

"Susan," called out her brat of a brother, "he's only making a fool of you" — but at any rate the sorry jest managed to stave off for a time the inevitable fight about the fat person from the colonies.

It was a happy family gathering. Balfour was so pleased to see a number of relatives enjoying themselves together in this manner that he would not for the world have the party split itself into two after dinner. Remain to drink Madeira when the ladies were going to sing their pious Christmas hymns in the other room? Never! Major Blythe said by Gad he wasn't going into the drawing-room just yet; and poor Lord Willowby looked hopelessly at both, not knowing which to yield to. Naturally, his duties as host prevailed. He sat down with his brother, and offered him some Madeira, which, to tell the truth, was very good indeed, for Lord Willowby was one of the men who think they can condone the poisoning of their guests during dinner by giving them a decent glass of wine afterwards. Balfour went into the drawing-room, and sat down by his wife, Honoria having at her request gone to the piano.



"Why don't you stay in the dining-room, Hugh?" said she.

"Ah," said he, with a sigh, "Christmas evenings are far too short for the joy they contain. I did not wish the happiness of this family gathering to be too much flavored with Tichborne. What is your cousin going to sing now —

Oh, how sweet it is to see  
Brethren dwell in enmity!

or some such thing?"

She was hurt and offended. He had no right to scoff at her relatives; because if there was any discordant element in that gathering it was himself. They were civil enough to him. They were not quarrelling among themselves. If there was any interference with the thoughts and feelings appropriate to Christmas, he was the evil spirit who was disturbing the emotions of those pious souls.

Indeed, she did not know what demon had got possession of him. He went over to Mrs. Blythe, a woman whom she knew he heartily disliked, and sat down by that majestic three-decker, and paid her great and respectful attention. He praised Honoria's playing. He asked to what college they meant to send Johnny, when that promising youth left school. He was glad to see the major looking so well and hearty; did he take his morning ride in the park yet? Mrs. Blythe, who was a dull woman, nevertheless had her suspicions; but how could she fail to be civil to a gentleman who was complaisance personified?

His spirits grew brighter and brighter; he was quite friendly with Lord Willowby and his younger brother when they came in from the dining-room. Lady Sylvia deeply resented this courtesy, because she thought it arose from a sarcastic appreciation of the incongruity of his presence there; whereas it was merely the result of a consciousness that the hour of his release was at hand. He had done his duty. He had sacrificed his own likings for the sake of his wife. He had got through his distasteful dinner; and now he was going back to a snug room at the Lilacs, to a warm fire, an easy-chair, a pipe, and a friendly chat.

But who can describe the astonishment of these simple folks when a servant came in to say that Mr. Balfour's carriage was at the door? Only ten o'clock — and this Christmas night!

"Surely there is some mistake, Hugh?" said his young wife, looking at him with

great surprise. "You don't wish to go home now?"

"Oh, yes, child," said he, gravely. "I don't want to have you knocked up. It has been a long day for you to-day."

She said not another word; but got up, and went to the door.

"Come, Sylvia," said her father, who had opened the door for her, "you must give us another hour, anyway: you are not very tired? Shall I tell him to take the horses out again?"

"No, thank you," said she, coldly. "I think I will go now."

"I am sorry," said Balfour, when she had gone, "to break up your charming Christmas party; but the fact is, Sylvia has been very fatigued ever since she put up those evergreens; and I am rather afraid of the night air for her."

He did not explain what was the difference between the night air of ten o'clock and the night air of eleven o'clock; for presently Lady Sylvia came down-stairs again, wrapped up in furs; and she was escorted out to the carriage with great ceremony by her father. She was silent for a time after they drove away.

"Hugh," she said abruptly, by-and-by, "why do you dislike my relatives so? And if you do dislike them, I think you might try to conceal it, for my sake."

"Well," said he, "I do think that is rather ungrateful. I thought I went out of my way to be civil to them all round to-night. I think I was most tremendously civil. What was it, then, that displeased you?"

She did not answer; she was oppressed by bitter thoughts. And when he tried to coax her into conversation, she replied in monosyllables. In this manner they reached the Lilacs.

Now before leaving home that evening he had given private instructions that a pretty little supper was to be prepared for their return; and when Lady Sylvia entered she found the dining-room all cheerfully lit up, a fire blazing, and actual oysters (oysters don't grow on the hedgerows of Surrey, as some of us know) on the table. This was how he thought he and she might spend their first Christmas evening together, late as the hour was; and he hastened to anticipate even the diligent Anne in helping his wife to get rid of her furs.

"Now, Syllabus," said he, "come in and make yourself comfortable."

"Thank you," said she, "I am a little tired; I think I will go up-stairs now."

"Won't you come down again?"

"I think not."



And so, without any great sense of injury, and forgetting altogether the supper that was spread out on the table, he shut himself up alone in the still dining-room, and lit his pipe, and took down a book from the library. Soon enough these temporary disappointments were forgotten; for it was a volume of Keats he had taken down at haphazard, and how could a man care about what happened to him on the first Christmas evening of his married life, if he was away in the dreamland of "Endymion," and removed from mortal cares?

Major Blythe and his family remained at Willowby Hall for some few days; Lady Sylvia never went near them. Nay, she would not allow the name of one of her relations to pass her lips. If her husband mentioned any one of them, she changed the conversation; and once, when he proposed to drive over to the Hall, she refused to go.

On the other hand, she endeavored to talk politics to her husband, in a stiff and forced way, which only served to distress him. He remonstrated with her gently—for, indeed, he was rather disappointed that his honest endeavors to please her had borne so little fruit—but she only grew more reserved in tone. And he could not understand why she should torture herself by this compulsory conversation about politics, foreign and domestic, when he saw clearly that her detestation of everything connected with his public life increased day by day, until—merely to save her pain—he could have wished that there was no such place as Englebury on the map of England.

He told her he had spoken to her father about these pecuniary troubles, and offered to assist him. She said that was very kind, and even kissed him on the forehead, as she happened to be passing his chair; but not even that would induce her to talk about her father or anything belonging to him. And, indeed, he himself could not be very explicit on the point, more especially as everything now pointed to his having to lend Lord Willowby money, not to hush up a fraud, but to defend a criminal prosecution.

About the third week in January, all England was startled by the announcement that there was to be an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and that a general election would shortly follow. Balfour did not seem so perturbed as might have been expected; he even appeared to find some sense of relief in the sudden news. He at once grew active, bright, eager, and full of a hundred schemes, and

the first thing he did was, of course, to rush up to London, the centre of all the hurry and disturbance that prevailed. Lady Sylvia naturally remained in Surrey; he never thought for a moment of dragging her into that turmoil.

---

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### POPULAR ERRORS.

IN a very clever little book published not long since, M. Tarnier, inspector of primary instruction in Paris, called the attention of French teachers to an extraordinary number of mistakes he had discovered in popular educational works, as well as in examination papers and in the language used by examiners. He is considerate enough to mention no names, a circumstance at which one is perhaps the less inclined to wonder when the monstrous character of some of the blunders exposed is considered. If French children are often taught that salamanders are incombustible and that they have the property of putting out fires, that the tongue of a viper darts out poison, that the pelican feeds its young with its own flesh, that dying swans sing, that earwigs penetrate through people's ears into their heads, and that a man's stomach is situated in his chest—why, the subject of primary instruction in France clearly demands the urgent attention of statesmen. In respect of the first indicated of these mistakes, M. Tarnier shows a happy unconsciousness of the existence of societies for the total suppression of vivisection, etc.; for he recommends anybody who believes salamanders incombustible to set one on a burning brazier, and watch the result. Some other errors instanced by M. Tarnier are probably very widely spread; *e.g.* many persons, otherwise well-educated, speak of a bat as a bird and of a whale as a fish, whereas, of course, both bats and whales are mammals. The goose and the ass are again held up as examples of stupidity by people who ought to know better. M. Tarnier thus takes up the defence of the goose: "He is as silly as a goose." I regret that want of space does not permit me to demonstrate the falsity of this saying by examples chosen from domestic life, and in spite of the objection with which I may be met, that the goose allows itself to be plucked alive without uttering a cry. How would its cries help it? Its silence does honor to its philosophy. . . . But

it will be said the goose looks silly. Agreed; but how many men look fools and are not! And again, how many do not look fools, and are worse than fools! Let us beware of repeating even in jest such false maxims; for, whatever people may say, proverbs are not always the quintessence of the wisdom of nations."

So much for errors in zoology. Turning to botany, what mistake is more common than to speak of the potato as a "root"? As a matter of fact, it is a branch growing under the earth. In the language of science the potato is a tubercle. In chemistry a popular error is to say that mercury is quicksilver. Mercury has no quicksilver at all in its composition. Who does not know the beautiful "silver paper," as children call it, which is wrapped round cakes of chocolate, and other good things? It is popularly supposed to be of lead, and is really of tin. "How heavy the air is!" we occasionally say in these northern latitudes, especially when we "enjoy" the summer described by Horace Walpole of "three hot days and a thunderstorm." The expression is exactly the contrary of that which we should use. We say that the air is heavy when the pressure exercised by the atmosphere has diminished; when, as a consequence, the air is lighter.

An amusing chapter is given by M. Tarnier to "Young Ladies' Arithmetic," which is indeed often a fearful and wondrous thing. One error he points out, however, is shared by some members of the other sex. Thus you are told that you cannot add together three apples and two pears, whereas you can perfectly well, the result being five fruits. So four white-heart cherries + four black cherries = eight cherries. Two gold watches added to two pigs make four tangible entities.

Some more errors may be picked at random from this instructive little work. Thus one has seen at the beginning of more than one grammar this statement: "Grammar is the art of speaking and writing correctly." Rather one should say, "Grammar is the science of language." The word "art" is clearly insufficient. Another. It is popularly said that Jacob served Laban seven years for Leah, and then served another seven years before he obtained Rachel. Any one may find out for himself by a reference to Genesis xxix. 21-30, that Jacob served seven years for Rachel and was then given Leah; at the end of seven days more he was given Rachel, and served a second seven years for her after the marriage. It would appear, by the way, according to M. Tarnier,

that Jacob must have been eighty-four at the time of his two marriages; also that Joseph was prime minister to the king of Egypt for a period of eighty years; a thought which may well make a Frenchman of the Third Republic sigh, the average duration of a premiership under the marshal promising to be about five months.

M. Tarnier hopes for much in instruction not only by the removal of errors, but by intelligent methods of teaching. Many persons may scarcely realize how amusing, for instance, a *memoria technica*, well handled, can become. Thus take this study on the number 14 and Louis XIV. In the first place Louis was the 14th king of France who bore that name. He ascended the throne at a date the figures of which added together make 14 (1643 - 1 + 6 + 4 + 3 = 14). He attained his majority at 14 and in 1652 (1 + 6 + 5 + 2 = 14). His personal government ("*L'état c'est moi*") began with the death of Mazarin in 1661. Here again we have the same curious play of figures as in 1643 and 1652: 1 + 6 + 6 + 1 = 14. His reign lasted 72 years (7 × 2 = 14). He died at the age of 77 (7 + 7 = 14). He died in 1715 (1 + 7 + 1 + 5 = 14). Henry IV., his grandfather, died on the 14th of May (1610); Louis XIII., his father, died on the 14th of May (1643).

Here is a fact which it is helpful to remember. There have been three groups of brothers who have sat on the throne of France. In each case the third brother has been the last of his line. Thus the three sons of Philip the Fair reigned one after the other, being known as Louis X. (le Hutin), Philip V., the Tall, and Charles IV., the Fair. After Charles IV. came the line of Valois in the person of Philip VI. In the sixteenth century we again see three brothers reigning in succession, Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., all sons of Catherine de Medici. With Henry III. was extinguished the line of Valois, which thus went with the same sign with which it came. The house of Bourbon, which succeeded it, also finally lost the throne after the reigns of three brothers, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., all grandsons of Louis XV. Curiously enough, the Norman line of the kings of England went out with two brothers, William II. and Henry I., who reigned in succession. Similarly, the house of Plantagenet was extinguished after the reign of two brothers, Edward IV. and Richard III., Edward V. having no more reigned than Louis XVII. The Tudor line be-

came extinct with the reigns of two sisters; the house of Stuart lost the throne after two brothers, and one might almost say after two sisters, had reigned in succession. But, in truth, too many ingenious mental contrivances are practically spoiled because they have to be limited by some slight reservation. Thus M. Tarnier points out that the six cardinal ministers of France, the six famous ecclesiastics who have ruled her, were, 1st, Cardinal La Balue, minister of Louis XI.; 2nd, Cardinal George d'Amboise, minister of Louis XII.; 3rd, Cardinal Richelieu, minister of Louis XIII.; 4th, Cardinal Mazarin, minister of Louis XIV.; 5th, Cardinal Dubois, minister of Louis XV; 6th, Cardinal Fleury, and if only this excellent prelate had been content to live a little later, and be the minister of Louis XVI. instead of serving his predecessor, he would have completed a singularly harmonious chronological list. In any case, five succeeding Louises have six cardinal ministers, the worst king of the series having two. It is only fair to remember, however, that Dubois was not Louis's choice and Fleury was.

---

From The Liberal Review.  
LITTLE TORTURES.

BAD temper is one of the most prolific causes of misery in the world. It wrecks fortunes and breaks up households. It is easy enough to pardon the man who has deeply wronged you, but it is difficult to subdue one's exasperation at an individual who is invariably as difficult to approach as a hedgehog. The misfortune is that there are many such individuals, the majority of whom naturally appear to their fellows to be very unreasonable beings. They often have, however, more excuse for their conduct than is apparent. We say nothing now of business worries nor of mental disease. We refer to physical tortures of the minor order, which are as numerous as they are vexatious. Philosophers, of course, deem many of them unworthy of consideration—when the philosophers are not themselves afflicted with them. But they are genuine causes of trouble, nevertheless, and will upset the equanimity of the mildest-tempered man. Take the case of Smiler, for instance. There is not a better nor a more equable creature in existence. He can remain calm when his cook sends him up an uneatable dinner. The appearance of an

unexpected milliner's bill is not sufficient to throw him off his balance. He is able to witness his sons playing havoc with his furniture without experiencing an inclination to commit murder. But he has his moments of weakness, in which he becomes the most unreasonable of men. The simple reason is that he is subject to bilious attacks. The world does not seem a pleasant place when it is contemplated through the medium of an upheaving stomach and a reeling head; and there is really no reason to be surprised because Smiler, when he is being victimized by his liver, snarls when he is approached in the most unexceptionable manner, and fairly astonishes suppliants who ask him to do small favors, by the ferocity with which he declines to grant their requests. Yet the probability is that Smiler says nothing about his ailments to his acquaintances when he is out of sorts, he preferring to bear his martyrdom in what he conceives to be a dignified manner, and it is likely that in many cases they fail to discover why he is so fearfully and seemingly unreasonably perverse. Chuckler, again, is a being who in a general way makes light of the cares of existence. He acts upon the principle that there is no use in meeting trouble half way, and that the world is really a very good world if people will only make the best of it. He can bear a crushing misfortune with a fair share of composure, and is superior to the petty annoyances of life. But he, too, has his moments of feebleness. He is the unfortunate possessor of decayed teeth. These decayed teeth occasionally ache, and when they ache they put him out of temper. His condition is not improved by the fact that people are disposed to make light of his misfortune. "Why, what's the matter, old fellow?" is the query which is addressed to him; and the question is, perhaps, supplemented by a slap on the back. "Toothache? Oh, is that all? Have the rascal out. My old fang ached for a month, and would have gone on aching until now if I had not had it out." To hear one's toothache spoken of as "is that all" is in itself aggravating, but it is worse to be told in effect that the erring tooth will probably go on aching for a month, and that it will be necessary at last to pay a visit to a dentist, with the awful prospect that the head in which the tooth is rooted will then almost be torn from its trunk. Yet this is the supercilious way in which toothache is always treated. One is not permitted to constitute himself an invalid on the score of it; one is not made

an object of the deepest solicitude on its account; yet one often, when afflicted with it, suffers as much downright agony as does the patient who is sick unto death with some dangerous malady.

We never knew a person pitied because he had corns. Yet corns, as instruments of torture, are worth very serious attention. The individual who gets plucking at one, after he has retired to rest, is not likely to discontinue his work until he has suffered much downright discomfort both of mind and body. There is something so irresistibly fascinating about a corn, that when one has commenced to attack it he is unable to discontinue his work, however much he may be pained meanwhile, and however much sleep he may be deprived of until he has completed his work of destruction. Yet corns are never even mentioned in the category of ailments. No one ever heard of a man being asked how his corns were. Most people would, indeed, probably feel insulted if mere acquaintances were to make inquiries as to the state of their poor feet. Notwithstanding, there are moments when corns will overthrow the most stoical. When they are, for instance, trodden upon by ten stone and upwards in the shape of a man, they are apt to indicate their existence, in a manner which makes their proprietor wince and assume as sour an expression as that of the person who has taken a draught of vinegar in mistake for Moselle. Indeed, it is not unlikely that he may at such a time, however discreet he may generally be in his choice of terms, be tempted to use profane language. Ladies who appear in ball-rooms, of course, never descend to the use of naughty expressions, but many a lovely female face has been seen to become as dark as thunder when upon its owner's dainty feet some clumsy brute has trodden to the extreme annoyance of her corn. This look has more than once been detected by interested onlookers, and contemplated proposals of marriage have never come off because amorous men have noticed the gloomy looks which have followed such a misadventure as that referred to above.

The moral to be drawn from all this is that it is well to suspend judgment upon those who display temper apparently without adequate cause, and to regard "minor tortures" in a less contemptuous manner than they have so far been regarded.

From The Fireside.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

WILLIAM CAXTON, the first English printer, was a Kentish man, born about 1412. His parents were worthy people, and it is memorable that at a time when, from political troubles and the unsettled state of the country, education was neglected, the parents of Caxton reared their son carefully. "I am bounden," says he, "to pray for my father's and mother's souls, that in my youth sent me to school, by which by the sufferance of God I get my living, I hope truly." He was apprenticed to a citizen of London, a mercer, that name being then given to designate a general merchant trading in various goods. That Caxton was a diligent and faithful apprentice may be inferred from the fact that his master, William Large, in 1441 left him in his will a legacy of £13, 6s. 8d., a handsome sum in those days. After he received this legacy he went abroad, being probably engaged in mercantile pursuits. He continued for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland, all at this time under the dominion of the Duke of Burgundy, one of the most powerful princes of Europe. While Caxton's countrymen were contesting in the battle-field the claim of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, he was exercising his acute and observant mind, acquiring the French and Dutch languages, and preparing himself, by a peaceful and thoughtful life, for his great work as a benefactor to his country. In 1464 he was sent on a mission by Edward IV., to continue and confirm some important treaties of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy. The Low Countries were at that time the great mart of Europe, and Caxton, bred to commerce, from his experience would be able to enter into treaties beneficial to his own long-troubled land. In 1450, Gutenberg, generally considered to be the first printer, entered into partnership with Fust, a rich merchant of Mentz, who supplied the sums necessary to carry the invention into effect. Charles, the son and successor to the Duke of Burgundy, whom Caxton had known, first married Margaret, sister to our Edward IV., and Caxton, who could scarcely have been a merchant on his own account, was appointed to some post in the household of the duchess. The exact nature and salary of his office are not known, but he was on terms of familiar intercourse with Margaret, who seems to have rightly appreciated her estimable countryman.

Caxton had been deeply interested in the new and wondrous art of printing, and he had exercised himself in making some translations from books that pleased him. "In 1469," he says, "having no great charge or occupation, and wishing to eschew sloth and idleness, which is the mother and nourisher of vices, having good leisure, being at Cologne, I set about finishing the translation [of the "Histories of Troy"]. When, however, I remembered my simpleness and imperfections in French and English, I fell in despair of my works, and after I had written five or six quairs, purposed no more to have continued therein, and the quairs [books] laid apart, and in two years after labored no more in this work, till in a time it fortune the Lady Margaret sent for me to speak with her good Grace of divers matters, among the which I let her have knowledge of the foresaid beginning." "The duchess," he adds, "found fault with myne English, which she commanded me to amend, and to continue and make an end of the residue; which command I durst not disobey." The duchess both encouraged and rewarded him liberally. He mentions in the prologue and epilogue to this book that his eyes are dim with overmuch looking on the white paper, and that age was creeping on him daily, and enfeebling all his body; that he "had learned and practised at great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print, and not written with pen and ink, as other books be." This, it seems, was not the first book he had printed at Cologne. He returned to England about 1472, when he would be sixty years old, after having lived thirty years on the Continent. He brought with him some unsold copies of the works he had printed at Cologne. Thomas Milling, Bishop of Hereford and Abbot of Westminster, was Caxton's first patron. It was probably by his permission that Caxton set up his printing-press in the almonry or one of the chapels attached to the Abbey.

---

From Nature.

#### A NEW STIMULANT—PITURY.

BARON VON MUELLER writes to the *Australian Medical Journal* on the origin

of the pitury, a stimulant said to be of marvellous power and known to be in use by the aborigines of central Australia. After years of efforts to get a specimen of the plant, he had obtained leaves, but neither flowers nor fruits. He can almost with certainty, after due microscopic examination, pronounce those of the pitury as derived from his *Duboisia Hopwoodii*, described in 1861 (*Fragm. Phytogr. Austr.*, ii. 138). This bush extends from the Darling River and Barcoo to West Australia, through desert scrubs, but is of exceedingly sparse occurrence anywhere. In fixing the origin of the pitury, a wide field for further inquiry is opened up, inasmuch as a second species of *Duboisia* (*D. myoporoides*, R. Br.) extends in forest land from near Sydney to near Cape York, and is traced also to New Caledonia, and lately by him also to New Guinea. In all probability this *D. myoporoides* shares the properties of *D. Hopwoodii*, as he finds that both have the same burning, acrid taste. Baron Mueller adds: "Though the first known species is so near to us, we never suspected any such extraordinary properties in it as are now established for the later discovered species. Moreover, the numerous species of the allied genus *Anthocercis*, extending over the greater part of the Australian continent and to Tasmania, should now also be tasted, and further the many likewise cognate *Schwenckias* of South America should be drawn into the same cyclus of research, nothing whatever of the properties of any of these plants being known. The natives of central Australia chew the leaves of *Duboisia Hopwoodii*, just as the Peruvians and Chilians masticate the leaves of the coca (*Erythroxylon coca*), to invigorate themselves during their long foot journeys through the deserts. I am not certain whether the aborigines of all districts in which the pitury grows are really aware of its stimulating power. Those living near the Barcoo travel many days' journeys to obtain this, to them, precious foliage, which is carried always about by them broken into small fragments and tied up in little bags. It is not improbable that a new and perhaps important medicinal plant is thus gained. The blacks use the *Duboisia* to excite their courage in warfare; a large dose infuriates them."

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1727. — July 21, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXXIV. }

## CONTENTS.

I. MAORIS AND KANAKAS, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	131
II. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part VIII., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .	143
III. GEORGES D'AMBOISE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	152
IV. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Mac Donald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Part XXI., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .	164
V. A LEAF OF EASTERN HISTORY, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	174
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXI., . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> . . . . .	179
VII. CREMA AND THE CRUCIFIX, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	182
VIII. THE RESULTS OF THE INVENTION OF THE SEWING-MACHINE, . . . . .	<i>Economist,</i> . . . . .	187
IX. THE DOG OF THE BARRACKS, . . . . .	<i>Leisure Hour,</i> . . . . .	190
X. JAPANESE MIRRORS, . . . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . . . .	191
XI. A DOG AIDING IN SMUGGLING, . . . . .	<i>Leisure Hour,</i> . . . . .	192

## POETRY.

NO MORE SEA, . . . . .	130	THE EVENING TIME, . . . . .	130
SO IS THE STORY TOLD, . . . . .	130	LORD JUSTICE MELLISH, . . . . .	130

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## NO MORE SEA.

THERE shall be no more sea : no wild winds  
bringing  
Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,  
With its scant grasses, and pale sea-flowers  
springing  
From out the barren sand.

No angry wave, from cliff and cavern hoary,  
To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore ;  
Bearing on shattered sail and spar the story  
Of one who comes no more ;

The loved and lost, whose steps no more may  
wander  
Where wild gorse sheds its blooms of living  
gold,  
Nor slake his thirst where mountain rills me-  
ander  
Along the heathy wold.

Never again through flowery dingles wending,  
In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn,  
By shady woodpaths, where tall poppies, bend-  
ing,  
Redden the ripening corn.

Neath whispering leaves his rosy children  
gather  
In the grey hamlet's simple place of graves,  
Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-  
haired father,  
Far from the noise of waves.

There shall be no more sea ! No surges  
sweeping  
O'er love and youth, and childhood's sunny  
hair :  
Naught of decay and change, nor voice of  
weeping  
Ruffle the fragrant air

Of that fair land within whose pearly portal  
The golden light falls soft on fount and tree ;  
Vexed by no tempest, stretch those shores  
immortal,  
Where there is no more sea.  
Argosy.

J. I. L.

## SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

A FAIR head meekly bowed,  
A shy glance coming after,  
Voices not over loud,  
And a low sweet laughter :  
So is the story told  
Up in the cottage old  
Under the smoky rafter.

A fair maid flushing red  
With an unknown feeling,  
But shamed to bow her head  
For all her lover's kneeling :  
So is the story told  
Down 'mid the white and gold  
Under the painted ceiling.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

## THE EVENING TIME

TOGETHER we walked in the evening time,  
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,  
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,  
As if he held me of all most dear.

Oh ! it was sweet in the evening time !

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,  
The rooks flitted home through the purple  
shade ;  
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood  
high,

As I walked with him in the woodland glade.  
Oh ! it was sweet in the evening time !

And our pathway went through fields of wheat ;  
Narrow that path and rough the way,  
But he was near, and the birds sang true,  
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.  
Oh ! it was sweet in the evening time !

Softly he spoke of the days long past,  
Softly of blessed days to be ;  
Close to his arm and closer I prest  
The corn-field path was Eden to me.  
Oh ! it was sweet in the evening time !

And the latest gleams of daylight died ;  
My hand in his enfolded lay ;  
We swept the dew from the wheat as we  
passed,  
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.  
Oh ! it was sweet in the evening time !

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,  
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet ;  
But together we'll walk through the fields of  
life  
Close as we walked through the fields of  
wheat."

Good Words.

A. C. C.

## LORD JUSTICE MELLISH.

BRAVE soul, who well the anguish didst en-  
dure  
Of thy life's scourge ; controlling more and  
more  
By patient will the taint, which baffled cure,  
Of fell disease ; while, rich in varied store,  
In subtlest reason schooled, the unclouded  
brain  
Braved toil and keen encounter, in disdain  
Of curtailed ease and tendance, to explore  
The law's dim labyrinths and rugged lore.  
Great advocate ! who nobly didst maintain  
The entrusted cause, while throbbed each  
nerve with pain ;  
Judge of high aim, clear thought, unruffled  
mien,  
Masking thine inward pangs with brow serene !  
Soldier of Him who vanquished pain, well  
done !  
Joy to each loyal heart ! thy well-earned rest  
is won.

Spectator.



From The Fortnightly Review.  
MAORIS AND KANAKAS.

IN the quarter of the globe commonly known as Polynesia the various influences, natural and artificial, which are everywhere at work, tending to diminish the variety of existing organic types and to establish a general uniformity in the aspect of nature and of human society, appear to operate at present with peculiar rapidity. We find there the remains of a submerged continent, planed down beneath the sea-level, above which are visible only a few volcanic summits and a number of coral islets and reefs. The vast Pacific Ocean covers nearly half the earth's surface, and that portion of it called Polynesia, over which the "Many Islands" are scattered, may be styled one of the four quarters of the globe, to which in area it is approximately equal. Throughout this watery waste the only considerable tract of land is the insular group of New Zealand, exceeding somewhat in area the island of Great Britain. The next largest group is the Hawaiian, at the opposite extremity of Polynesia, containing eight inhabited islands, whose aggregate area is not much greater than that of Yorkshire. The remaining groups of Polynesia proper consist of islets so insignificant in size, that the total aggregate of land in this ocean expanse is smaller than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. All these fragments of a continent are inhabited by a kindred people; they are known generally as "Kanakas" (meaning simply "men"); but in New Zealand the natives style themselves the "Maori," or pure race, in contradistinction to the "Pakeha," or stranger. Apart from the general attractions of their character and history, a special and tragic interest attaches to these Polynesians in all their branches, for their annihilation, as a distinct race, appears to be inevitable within a very few years. Nowhere has the destructive effect even of a peaceable European invasion been so marked as in Polynesia; nowhere have the robust invaders so rapidly established themselves to the extinction of feeble, if not inferior, breeds. The unequal nature of the struggle between the highly organized types

familiar to us here and those which have been developed under a less severe competition, is most clearly exhibited in New Zealand, whose climate resembles that of western Europe. The fauna and flora of a small, insulated land surface have in this case been brought into direct collision with those of the great northern province, evolved as the survivors of many competing types.

The ultimate result might have been anticipated, but the rapidity with which it has been brought about is somewhat startling. In certain districts settled a good many years ago, the native plants and animals have, with a few exceptions, already disappeared, and are replaced by those of Europe. In particular, the only conspicuous flowers and birds are those which make gay our own fields and hedges, while indigenous specimens must be sought for carefully if they are to be found at all. Around Christchurch and Nelson the air rings with the song of skylarks and blackbirds, and is redolent with the scent of hawthorn and sweetbriar. A few years ago Dr. Haast, curator of the Canterbury Museum, visited a remote district in the Middle Island, where he found some three hundred different species of indigenous plants, about one-third of them being new to science. Quite recently he paid a second visit to the same district, and could only discover about ten per cent. of the species formerly seen; the rest had vanished before the face of European settlers. The only gallinaceous bird indigenous in New Zealand is a species of quail, which was in many places very abundant a short time ago. It is now difficult to obtain a single living specimen, although the bird has undergone no severe persecution, and attempts have even been made to preserve it by an ex-premier of New Zealand. Meanwhile the Californian quail has been introduced and flourishes, and Chinese pheasants have overspread the country.

The native rat, the only terrestrial mammal found in New Zealand by European discoverers, has so completely disappeared, that many naturalists are sceptical as to its having ever existed, and the little island in Lake Taupo is said to be its only remaining habitat. On the other

hand, the common brown rat, the faithful companion of the white man in all his wanderings, has taken complete possession of a country where its increase is restricted by no reptiles nor quadrupeds, and few birds of prey, and is encountered far beyond any settlements of its human fellow-colonists, close to the glaciers of the New Zealand Alps. The honey-bee of Europe has established itself as a very successful settler in the Southern Hemisphere, and has not merely suppressed the feeble insect rivals which it found there, but also in some parts appears to have caused a marked reduction in the number of honey-sucking birds. The destruction of timber is so universally the result of colonization, that the denudation of New Zealand is exceptional only inasmuch as an exotic vegetation is already replacing the primeval forest, which cattle and fire rather than the axe have annihilated. Near Christchurch, in the Middle Island, where extensive plantations of English trees and shrubs give to the country an aspect like that of an English midland county, there remains one small patch only of the virgin forest a few acres in extent. With the utmost care this interesting relic has been preserved by one of the earliest settlers, and, thanks to him, his younger fellow-citizens can still realize what sort of vegetation covered the Canterbury plains when he first landed in New Zealand.

Indeed, it may be said that the indigenous animals and plants of New Zealand succumb without a struggle, whether to the domesticated varieties imported by the white man for his own benefit, or to those noxious creatures and weeds of which he is the involuntary introducer. Of the human aboriginals, however, this does not hold true; in no sense are they a helpless or a feeble folk; to force they have never succumbed without a determined resistance, and they have readily adapted themselves to such peaceful changes as foreign civilization demands.

Nevertheless, the Maori race, gallant, vigorous, and intelligent beyond any so-called savages with whom we have ever been brought into collision, seems doomed to the same fate which is overtaking the feeble, short-winged birds characteristic of

the Polynesian fauna. Official statistics confirm the universal impression, among colonists and natives alike, that the Maoris are dying out. In 1849, Sir George Grey estimated their numbers at one hundred and twenty thousand, and since then they have rapidly declined; in 1858 a native census resulted in a total of fifty-six thousand; and at the enumeration of 1874 there were 45,470 Maoris in the whole colony, all except a couple of thousand being inhabitants of the North Island. If this rate of reduction continues the "Maori difficulty" will soon solve itself, and there will be room in the North Island for many more cattle and sheep; but a brave, generous, intelligent race of men will disappear, and many, even of those who will inherit their territory, cannot regard this disappearance without regret.

When white men speak of those with dark skins whom they are subduing or supplanting, their language is not generally complimentary. It is therefore an agreeable surprise for a traveller in New Zealand to hear the tone of respect, even of admiration, in which the Maoris are habitually discussed by the colonists. Such sentiments redound indeed to the credit of both races, for they are mainly due to the military prowess of the Maoris, and prove that Englishmen bear no grudge against a gallant foe for stalwart blows taken in fair fight. Nay, our most formidable antagonists (the Sikhs for example) appear always to enjoy a certain popularity among our countrymen, and men who themselves took part in the struggle with such chiefs as Te Raupara or Te Kooti often have a good word to say for their indomitable foes. It is at least impossible to feel contempt, and difficult not to feel admiration, for men who held their own so long against us, when every material advantage was on our side. Ten thousand British troops, supported by a large contingent of colonial volunteers besides friendly natives, and supplied with powerful artillery and arms of precision, were opposed to a few hundred Maoris armed with fowling-pieces. Notwithstanding such great odds, the contest was bloody and protracted, owing to the combined courage and judgment with which our

"savage" enemies availed themselves of the natural defences of their country, and to the skill displayed by them in military engineering.

A Maori *pah* in peaceful times is simply an enclosure surrounded by a shallow ditch, in front of which is a light palisade interlaced with "supple-jack" vines. When prepared to stand a siege these lines of defence were strengthened, multiplied, and flanked with rifle-pits. Shot and shell passed harmlessly through the tough elastic palisade without effecting a breach, and when troops were led to the assault they were shot down at close quarters by invisible enemies, sheltered in the ditch and firing through interstices in the palisade. If the outer line of defence became untenable, the defenders were able to take refuge behind a second enclosure, and open a murderous fire upon any assailants who might have penetrated within the first. At so short a range double-barrelled smooth-bores, in the hands of cool, determined men, proved to be most effective weapons, and the usual result of assaulting a *pah* was discomfiture with heavy loss. Sooner or later, from want of water or ammunition, the little fortress would be evacuated by the Maoris and occupied by our troops. When this occurred after the repulse from the gate *pah*, it was found that the enemy had succored the British wounded and supplied them with water, an incident well attested, but certainly not characteristic of barbarous warfare.

The Maori is in truth as near an approach to the ideal of a "noble savage" as has ever existed in modern times, and is a worthy rival of the imaginary Delawares of romance;

His valor, shown upon our crests,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

It would be easy to multiply authentic instances of daring and self-devotion on the part of the Maoris during the war, and difficult to give any of treachery or cowardice. Upon particular occasions they certainly were guilty of slaying non-combatants; but such acts were in accordance with their own laws of warfare, and were

not regarded by them as wanton cruelty, any more than the burning of a defenceless village, or the bombardment of a city crowded with women and children, might be so regarded by certain kinds of civilized commanders. Their worst enemies have not accused them of acting like the Turks in Bulgaria, or even the Versailles in Paris; and on the whole the Maoris can teach no less than they can learn as to chivalrous usages in war.

The punctiliousness with which they give due notice of an intended outbreak or attack is almost Quixotic, and tends greatly to the comfort of those settlers who live on the borders of the "Kingite" territory, a large tract extending from the west coast into the centre of the North Island. Here the natives still maintain their independence under a king of their own, and exclude the Pakehas rigorously, prohibiting the construction of roads or telegraphs. Human trespassers are warned off with polite firmness, cattle are driven back to their owners once or twice, and finally are confiscated.

When I visited a friend settled upon the Upper Waikato, a somewhat uneasy feeling was prevalent throughout that border district, owing to the construction of a railroad near the limits of the king's territory. This undertaking was regarded by the Kingites as a menace to their independence, and not without reason; for they have observed that as roads, railways, and telegraphs advance, the Pakehas increase in numbers, while the Maoris diminish, and the land passes gradually out of the hands of its original possessors. It was apprehended that despair at the prospect of this peaceful conquest of their country might cause an outbreak of the independent natives, and international relations were in a state of considerable tension in the spring (October) of 1874. My friend's house is on the very edge of the confiscation boundary; and as the farthest outlying station in that direction was completely exposed in case of an attack, I asked him, as we looked across the rushing current of the Waikato into what might at any moment become a hostile country, whether he did not feel any uneasiness at the prospect.

His reply was, "None whatever as to my personal safety, for I shall be sure to receive two or three days' warning from the Maoris, if they mean to attack us. I only wish that I could feel equally easy about the safety of my farm." He knew the natives well, and doubtless his confidence in their chivalry was not misplaced, however strange it may appear to border men whose experience has been acquired in other lands. While wandering through the interior of the North Island, I met not a few colonists who had associated much with the Maoris, who understood their language, and had many stories to tell of their generosity and their intelligence, above all of their courage. Such stories, when told on the very scene of the events, and among the actors themselves, may be relied upon as expressing the genuine belief and tradition of the locality, even should there be inaccuracy or exaggeration as to details.

It must be recollected that it is not a Maori, but a Pakeha, who tells the story of Orakau, where three hundred warriors displayed the spirit of Leonidas but experienced better luck. They were surrounded by an overwhelming force of British troops, and honorable terms of capitulation were offered, but the unanimous reply came back, "We will never surrender." A desperate sortie from the pah resulted, to the astonishment of all concerned, in the escape of most of the Maoris, after cutting their way through the hostile ranks. One warrior, who carried a child in a basket strapped to his forehead, was shot dead during the fight. A comrade stooped down, coolly unfastened the basket amid a shower of bullets, and carried off the child in safety, not without a cheer from some of the soldiers who witnessed the gallant deed.

The same courage and skill which were so freely displayed against us during the Maori wars were also found among those natives who fought on our side, and the officers of the Maori contingent had good reason to be proud of their men. Without them indeed peace would have been hard to establish, and a hearty union of all the native tribes might have taxed the resources of the British empire. Fortunately for us certain tribes have always been our zealous allies, and the colony still employs the services of a fine body, well armed and disciplined, and known as the native constabulary. An officer of this force described to me, with just pride, how his men, at the siege of a formidable pah, went to work with a couple of spades

and a few pointed sticks, fairly sapping their way into the place, without any assistance from engineers or artillery.

When the electric telegraph was in process of construction through the centre of the North Island, near Orakeikorako, the natives, who considered that the authorities had not kept faith with them, intimated that the telegraph could not be permitted to stand, and proceeded, after due notice, to cut down the posts. These were re-erected, and again cut down, after which an armed force was sent up to overawe the natives. An eye-witness described to me the interview which took place between the officer in command and the Maori envoy. On a very rainy day a naked warrior marched into the camp, and asked to see the officer commanding the troops. He was received with as great a display of force as possible, many "Queenite" natives being present; but he was equal to the occasion, and, standing alone among angry foes, he had an apt reply for every one in turn. He told the Queenites that he could estimate the exact value of their attachment to the British queen: it was just equal to a salary of six shillings a day, the amount of pay which they were then receiving. To the officer, who asserted that the authorities had always kept faith, he politely replied, that such no doubt was the experience of the *rangatira* (chief or gentleman) who had just spoken, but that his own experience had hitherto been very different. In conclusion, he said, "I and my people desire no quarrel with the government, but a certain payment has been promised to us for the ground on which the telegraph stands, and we insist on that payment being made. If this is not done we will cut down the telegraph posts, if we are attacked we will fight, and not a post shall be erected while one of us remains alive." They were paid.

It is true that the colonial government, as a rule, has treated the Maoris with remarkable fairness and consideration, but much of this has been due to their being so well able to take their own part if treated otherwise. The elements still exist in the country for one more Maori war, but there is every reason now to hope that this will be altogether averted by a just and conciliatory policy on the part of the New Zealand government.

The "Queenite" natives, so called as being loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, in contradistinction to the adherents of the Maori king, are steadily developing into useful citizens: they cultivate the soil, pay

taxes, serve in the constabulary, and take their share in public affairs as electors and as representatives.\* Many of those who are so peaceful and law-abiding fought desperately against our troops while the war lasted. A stout foe can be a firm friend, and a conspicuous example is the gallant chief Paurini of Tokanu. No Maori enjoys more thoroughly the confidence and friendship of his white fellow-citizens, and no Maori can give a warmer welcome to a white stranger; but the stalwart figure, which his sole garment, a tartan kilt, exhibits to no small advantage, is literally riddled with the bullets of the Pakeha.

As for the "Kingites," it will not be possible for them within their limited territory to maintain much longer their present policy of isolation, and the only doubt is whether the collapse of the little independent monarch will come about in a peaceable or a warlike manner. Two years ago there seemed to be a risk of war, but it has not yet broken out, and the mere lapse of time is in every way favorable to peace. When in the neighborhood I was very anxious to avail myself of a missive for a Kingite chief, in order to reach, if possible, Tokangamutu, the capital village of the Maori king. After consulting a number of friends who were well informed upon the question, and one of whom had married the daughter of a great Maori chief, I resolved to abandon the attempt, as they all agreed in dissuading me, although each adviser gave different reasons for his advice. Most of them considered that the risk of personal violence was small, except perhaps from the Hau-hau fanatics, the rise of which sect has introduced a new element into Maori affairs. Formerly, an unarmed stranger, trusting to Maori honor, was perfectly safe in any part of the country, but now there are individuals who believe that in slaying any Pakeha they would be doing a pious deed. All were at one in saying that if I went at all I must not carry arms of any sort. The most serious objections urged were to this effect:—

Your visit, as the bearer of a letter from an ex-governor, will have an apparent political significance altogether foreign to its real object, and may produce complications. Sir George Grey's introduction will of course secure the good-will of the chief to whom it is addressed, and even of the authorities generally; but the railroad works are approach-

ing the boundary, and matters are in a critical condition, while a number of persons in the king's country, including certain mean whites, are interested in getting up a disturbance. In particular the refugees from the Maori territory lately confiscated entertain the wild hope that in a general scrimmage they may regain their land, and feel that now or never is their chance. The king and his advisers probably do not share these feelings, but a European of any consequence runs the risk of being made the victim in some mode or other of these Adullamites, in order that the Kingites may be embroiled with the Pakehas. Under these circumstances, the better your introduction, the greater will be the risk.

The chance of seeing the last scene of independent Maori life was a great temptation, but these considerations satisfied me that I should exercise a wise discretion in letting the Kingites alone. Matters at Tokangamutu have undergone no very material change during the short interval which has elapsed since I left New Zealand, but peace has been hitherto maintained, and its future maintenance depends upon the action of the colonial government. The Maoris are able to realize more fully from day to day the utterly hopeless character of an armed struggle, and will hardly provoke one unless goaded on by a sense of oppression and injustice. On the other hand, an aggressive policy finds little favor now with the colonists, who no longer have the imperial exchequer available for war expenses, and must in future bear all such burdens upon their own shoulders. There has, in fact, been no serious Maori difficulty since the imperial troops were withdrawn from the colony.

It may be fairly assumed that the colonists will continue to act towards the Maoris with justice and moderation, as they have usually done hitherto; but even with the best intentions it is often impossible to avoid arousing a genuine sense of wrong, owing to the radical differences of law and custom between the two races, especially with regard to land. When a transfer of land from a native to a white man takes place, it is usually quite fair and straightforward according to European notions, whether by sale, by gift, or by confiscation after war. The settler performs what he believes to be all the necessary legal formalities, and pays the purchase money agreed upon, but finds his possession of the land disputed, perhaps by an individual, perhaps by a whole tribe. The validity of the transaction is frequently denied upon the ground that the seller had no right to sell, and that tribal rights have

\* There are now two Maoris in the Legislative Council, and four in the House of Representatives.

been ignored. According to Maori usage the objections may be quite *bonâ fide*, and would probably receive effect from colonial judges if urged at the proper time and place. But the natives are unwilling to admit the jurisdiction of the colonial courts in such cases, and refuse to plead in them, regarding the entire legal procedure as an organization to defraud them of their land. Thus the tenure of land is here, as elsewhere, the fruitful source of discord between invaders and invaded, even when the former are desirous of acting justly according to their own ideas of justice. Meanwhile the Maoris see only too clearly that the land is passing out of their hands, and they are daily becoming fewer and feebler as their white rivals increase in numbers, in riches, and in power. The majority accept this state of matters as inevitable, and try to make the best of it, having actually in some places settled down into the position as landlords, living upon the rents paid to them by their white tenants. Within the Kingite limits, however, there are still many intractable spirits, not the least generous and patriotic of their nation, who "long but for one battle more, the stain of their shame to efface."

Religious fanaticism stimulates this hostile spirit, and if there ever again are serious troubles with the natives in New Zealand, we shall hear more of the "Hau-haus," who have lapsed from Christianity back to their original heathenism, upon which they have engrafted some of the darker rites and tenets to be found in the pages of the Old Testament.

How far the missionaries have made any deep or lasting impression upon the life and character of the Polynesians, whom they so rapidly persuaded to accept the forms of Christianity, is a point very difficult to decide. A strong reaction from their influence and teaching has undoubtedly taken place in many parts of New Zealand, where deserted mission stations are pointed out embowered amid choice fruit-trees, in situations the amenity of which does the highest credit to the taste of the reverend founders. In a remote village of the interior there lies on the ground a very large bell, too heavy to be swung in any building of native construction. It is the only visible token of Christianity, and bears a Maori inscription to the effect that it is a gift, bestowed in 1853 upon the believers of Tokanu by "certain good women of Kotirana," the nearest approach to the name of Scotland which the Maori alphabet permits. A good woman

of the locality, on our asking what it all meant, replied with a laugh and the Maori equivalent for "soft sawder." The handsome gift is evidently not looked upon with the respect due to its intrinsic value, to the motives which actuated the donors, and to the difficulties overcome in conveying it into the heart of a country at that time entirely devoid of roads. During the twenty years that have elapsed since this great bell was rolled in a barrel over the fern-clad hills around Lake Taupo, many converts have either joined the Hau-haus or lapsed into utter indifference, and are pagans so far as any religious faith is concerned. But not the less on that account have the Christian missionaries deserved well of the natives. Throughout Polynesia it is entirely due to them that the natives are an educated people in the strictest sense of the word, for it is difficult to find anywhere within reach of mission influence a Polynesian, old or young, who cannot read and write.

The missionaries began by creating a written language, simple as to orthography, and invariable as to pronunciation. Having reduced to writing dialects which existed formerly as mere sounds, they ere long succeeded in converting warlike and indolent savages into lettered scholars, although many of their pupils had already attained a mature age. An achievement such as this reflects credit upon teachers and pupils alike.

It must be admitted that the missionaries have been too severe in their condemnation of native customs and amusements, and have thereby overstrained their influence. The burdens laid upon recent converts have been too heavy for them to bear, and a certain amount of reaction has necessarily followed. The *haka* and the *hula-hula* are not, perhaps, the most elegant or decorous of dances, but it would have been wiser to reform than to prohibit, although some Christian denominations can fairly boast of their consistent opposition to dancing of any sort, and may assert with some show of reason that waltzes and reels are not greatly superior in decorum to the native dances of Polynesia. The joyous nature of the islanders is not easily suppressed, and they are more likely to become hypocrites than ascetics; but the outburst in New Zealand of the Pai Marire or Hau-hau religion, a few years ago, proved that the stern theology of the Old Testament is not without attraction for the fiercer spirits among them. In Hawaii the awe entertained by the natives

for the missionaries is enhanced by their influence with the government, which has always been considerable. Even the presence of a man-of-war "Pelekani" (British), and the popularity of the officers, will not avail to produce a hula-hula on Sunday in a Hawaiian village. The answer to all persuasions is, "The missionaries and the police" — the latter being in this merely the agents of the former. Where missionaries have the ear of the authorities, as in Polynesia, they need not expect to be regarded as "protectors of the poor," a title freely conceded to them in India, where many of the unconverted natives regard them as their best friends, able and willing to plead their cause even in disputes with government officials. A distinct antagonism usually exists throughout Polynesia between the missionary and the casual white settler, and the opinions of a stranger are apt to be colored according to the class among which he happens to be thrown. Speaking for myself, the good work of education appears to cover the other failures of the missionaries, and to compensate amply the islanders for all that they have given up, whether in land, in pecuniary contributions, or in amusement. Partly owing to a diminished population, partly also to diminished religious zeal, church accommodation is now in excess of the requirements of the natives, more especially in Hawaii, and the staring white buildings which stud the coast are often little used except as landmarks for vessels at sea.

In attempting to account for the depopulation of Polynesia, various causes are assigned by those who have considered the question: intemperance, immorality, infantile epidemics, and pulmonary diseases. Some persons lay stress upon one evil, some upon another, the most careful observers being the least ready with an answer. Some suggestions seem fanciful enough: the women ride too much upon horseback; wearing clothes produces susceptibility to sudden chills; and the peaceable habits of modern times cause more accessible but less healthy localities to be inhabited. Although these may all be true causes of diminished population, all combined appear inadequate to account for the result. Disease and intemperance of all sorts, combined with bad ventilation, insufficient food, and a severe climate, do not prevent the population of our large cities from increasing. Why, then, should the Polynesians succumb, whose climate is equable, whose food is abundant, and who breathe the fresh breezes

from mountain and sea? They are not dispossessed of their lands or driven from their hunting-grounds, like the Red Indians and Australian Blacks. They own large tracts of fertile soil, and foreigners are eager to pay good wages to those who will work, scarcity of labor being the main difficulty of sugar-cultivation in the Sandwich Islands. The marked deficiency of women among the Polynesians does not seem to be due to female infanticide, and is of course unfavorable to population; but they are by no means sterile, and pretty little brown children usually swarm around the native dwellings, which occur at distant intervals on the coast, or in the interior. Why, then, is it that many of these dwellings have been deserted, and that luxuriant plantations of cocoa-nut palms, and bread-fruit trees, remain neglected? The means of subsistence are there, but those who should have gathered them have vanished. The climate and products are those of Ceylon, but where are the irrigated rice-terraces, and populous villages hidden in a jungle of fruit-bearing trees? One is reminded rather of the barren glens of Sutherland, where bright green patches on the brown hillsides mark the site of what are still called "towns."

Thus much is clear, however, that "civilization" has introduced in Polynesia causes of destruction more than counterbalancing the advantages of education and good government so far as the natives are concerned. They are unable, even under the most favorable conditions, to resist evils which hardly affect the vitality and fecundity of the Indo-European or Mongolian, and those vices and diseases which merely scourge the individual of the stronger race annihilate the less prolific breed.

When they are all gone there will be additional space in the world for a few Caucasians and a good many Mongolians, of whom there seem to be quite enough already, and no doubt the negro also would flourish and multiply in the tropical islands. On the whole, humanity will not profit greatly by the change. In frugality and industry the Kanaka is far inferior to the Chinaman, but not to the negro; while courtesy, courage, docility, and generosity are not such common qualities that we can witness without regret the extinction of the Polynesians, who exhibit them in so marked a degree. Depopulation is not limited to Polynesia proper, but goes on all over the Southern Hemisphere as rapidly as in the kingdom of Hawaii, the only



important insular group lying north of the equator in the Pacific Ocean. In the Fijis, since their annexation, the mortality has been appalling, but these islands are inhabited by Melanesians, a black race very different to the brown Kanakas. The Tasmanian "black-fellow" is gone already, and his Australian brother is rapidly following him. We may pity even such irreclaimable savages as these are, and regret the mode of their extermination, but we must admit that for them there is no room within the pale of a truly civilized community, and that they are interesting only as ethnological curiosities, exhibiting in recent times a very early stage of human development. It will not take long to write their epitaph, although in their keen love of sport and their invincible dislike of steady work they bear a certain resemblance to some of the most exalted and highly favored classes of mankind.

With the polished Hawaiian and the chivalrous Maori it is different, and the loss caused to humanity by their disappearance is real. Of course they are not without failings, and contact with unworthy Europeans has not tended to diminish some of these, but they have learnt, on the other hand, from our people good lessons of industry and thrift. Naturally they have so little notion of saving as to give away, or even destroy, their surplus with reckless extravagance; but now a Maori capitalist is by no means unknown, and I have seen in the interior of Hawkes Bay and Wellington provinces Maori farms which would do credit to any white settler. Occasionally, however, the original nature asserts itself, and at one of these very farms the native agriculturist deliberately burnt the whole of his straw because he experienced some trouble in obtaining what he considered to be its proper price. Another distinguished chief had some turkeys to dispose of, and as the first person to whom they were offered for sale objected to the exorbitant sum asked, he gave them all away to a Pakeha friend. When the Polynesian is accused of being idle and thriftless, of having very lax notions as to female virtue, and a weakness for intoxicating liquors, the case against him has been pretty nearly summed up, and it can only be added that his failings are injurious to himself rather than to others. That those who can speak the language of Maoris or Kanakas, and who are in constant association with them, either officially or socially, like them well enough to tell many stories in their favor and few to their discredit, is a fact with

which a passing traveller can hardly fail to be impressed, and my own experience, as far as it went, confirmed the favorable views of those better qualified to speak upon the subject.

A ride of a few days through a district so little frequented by Europeans that we only met one white man—a trooper of the armed constabulary—afforded an opportunity of realizing the kindly disposition and honesty of the more unsophisticated among the New Zealanders. They could not do much for us certainly, and one chief apologized for apparent remissness by asking, "How can I show you kindness when I have only potatoes and cabbage?" They did what they could, however, with a friendly politeness which was very gratifying. On one occasion I arrived with my guide at a Hau-hau village after dark, and found it deserted for the time being by all its inhabitants, except one very aged crone too feeble to travel. Following the custom in such cases we selected the most comfortable *wharé*, and made ourselves at home. This *wharé* was a hut built of reeds, fern-stalks, and native flax, closely interwoven and perfectly weather-tight. Clean mats were the only furniture, but so great was the confidence reposed by the owner in his countrymen and visitors, that he had left in this open hut his most precious possession—a pair of double-barrelled guns, which had probably in their day done service against the British troops. It is illegal to sell firearms to the natives of New Zealand, and even a revolver and a few cartridges cannot be landed without purchasing a permit to introduce "arms, ammunition, and warlike stores," so that these two old fowling-pieces were of priceless value to the owner; yet he evidently entertained no fears for their safety. They were *tapu* (sacred), no doubt, to all good Hau-haus, and our absent host was justified in his apparent carelessness. We could make him no return for his hospitality, beyond fetching water for the poor old lady and giving her a few of our provisions. My guide was well known and popular with the natives, which ensured us a welcome anywhere; but an unlucky white pedestrian who preceded us paid the penalty of the misconduct of others. Arriving at a small village, weary and footsore, he asked for shelter; but the men were absent, and the women did not like his looks, so one of them advised him to push on a mile or two for an imaginary settlement. There are no habitations for the next twenty-five miles, and as my ex-

perienced guide lost his way upon the trackless plain, there was some reason to apprehend that the poor "sun-downer" never succeeded in making his way across. If he really did come to an untimely end, his was a hard case; but the behavior of mean whites under similar circumstances was the cause, if not the excuse, for the falsehood told by the unprotected *wahine* (woman) of Tirau. She evidently felt compunction in confessing to us this breach of hospitality, in order that we might look out for him, and the incident appeared to me at least as unfavorable to the character of white men in general as to that of this native woman in particular. Had the *rangatira* been at home nothing of the sort would have occurred.

In Polynesia, as is usually the case where women are in a minority, they are treated with some consideration, and take part in nearly all amusements and occupations along with men. They are very fond of riding, many Maori ladies using side-saddles and riding-habits, while those of Hawaii invariably ride *à la Duchesse de Berri* on Spanish saddles; and most picturesque objects they are on horseback, in their brilliant flowing robes, adorned with coronets and garlands of flowers. Tattooing is no longer in fashion with the youths and maidens; but in New Zealand the senior chiefs are decorated with most elaborate patterns of spirals and volutes, and the elder women have their lips and chins tattooed like the Maronites of the Lebanon. As usual among uncivilized races, the women are not so good-looking as the men, and in New Zealand they do not scorn a short clay pipe, even when dressed in complete European fashion — a practice not calculated to improve their appearance. A good many white men have married Maori wives, and are known as "Pakeha-Maoris;" the half-breeds appear to be a fine, vigorous race.

There is an analogy between our present position in the North Island and that of the French in Algeria; the law is obeyed by all, roads and bridges are constructed, and an unarmed traveller can pass safely through the interior. The natives are treated with respect and consideration, which they have earned by their courage and good faith. No one affects to despise the Maoris any more than the Kabyles, and they enjoy, whenever they choose to claim it, complete social equality in hotels, public conveyances, and places of resort. At the same time there is, in certain districts of the island, a feeling of insecurity among the

colonists similar to that which pervades Algeria, where religious fanaticism and love of independence may slumber indeed, but are by no means dead in the hearts of the *indigènes*.

The social position accorded to the Maoris by the whites is altogether different from that of any other dark-skinned race throughout the British dominions, but is completely justified by the readiness and ease with which they adapt themselves to the manners of good society. "Is that person a gentleman? Has he never dined with the governor before?" was the inquiry of a chief who was for the first time a guest at Government House, and observed that one of his Pakeha companions, unlike himself, was ill at ease and puzzled how to behave. A Maori member of the Legislative Council, being asked whether he had had a pleasant dinner-party, is said to have replied, "Oh, yes, very much so. We were all gentlemen; no Lower House members present." This story, however, has somewhat the appearance of having been made up at the expense of the popular branch of the legislature.

At the opening of the Hawaiian Parliament in 1850, the king, in his address to the "nobles and representatives" of the people, assured them that the policy of the government was "essentially protective to the Hawaiian or native race, to the intent that the question of their capability of civilization may be fully solved." For a quarter of a century the attempt to carry out such a policy has been honestly made, under singularly favorable conditions and with very encouraging results, were it not for the well-grounded apprehension that the Hawaiian race, as it becomes civilized, is doomed to become extinct. No one who has passed any time among these happy lotos-eaters can contemplate without sincere regret this consummation of so promising a political experiment. The statistics are, however, only too conclusive; and, as in the case of the Maoris, the diminution in numbers is so steady, that a limit at no remote date may be calculated beyond which the Hawaiian race will not survive. Without taking into account the large estimate of the population given by Captain Cook, we find that the Sandwich Islands, in 1823, contained one hundred and forty-two thousand inhabitants, and in 1853 only one hundred and thirty thousand; four years later they were reduced to one hundred and eight thousand five hundred, and in 1849 to eighty

thousand six hundred, their annal death-rate being then about eight per cent. In 1866 the native population was fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-five, and in 1872 (the date of the last census) fifty-one thousand five hundred and thirty-one, including half-castes. The excess of males over females was then no less than three-thousand two hundred and sixteen, and the annual decrease was estimated to be from one thousand two hundred to two thousand. There was at the same time a small annual increase in the number of half-castes, as well as in that of the whites and Chinese.

The cause of this depopulation is certainly not political misgovernment. The independence of Hawaii has been recognized by all the great maritime nations, and the form of government is a constitutional monarchy. The legislature is composed of twenty chiefs or nobles nominated by the crown, and a number (not exceeding forty) of representatives elected biennially. There is a considerable property qualification for representatives, and a smaller one for electors. The legislators are paid, and all sit and vote in one assembly. The king himself is of the ancient royal race, but his cabinet (composed of three ministers besides the attorney-general) contains no Hawaiian except the minister of the interior. The leading foreign merchants, one of whom has married the king's sister, are members of the privy council, and a preponderating influence is exercised by the enlightened white community of Honolulu. The theoretical excellence of this constitution has not been belied by its practical working. Government schools have been everywhere established, eighty-seven per cent. of the children of school age are actually receiving instruction, and a Hawaiian unable to read and write is rarely to be found. The sale of intoxicating liquors to natives is forbidden by law, and the legal penalties are strictly enforced. Indeed, so energetic and efficient are the magistrates, both native and foreign, that the number of criminal convictions assumes an alarming magnitude for a small community; but it is reassuring to find that some of the offences are not very heinous in their nature. In two years there were no less than sixty-one convictions for violating the Sabbath.

The political hardships of the Hawaiians, in fact, consist merely in being too much governed. Life and property are secure; the laws are just, and are well administered; the *quantity*, not the *quality*, of the government is in fault. The

political machinery, with king, privy council, governors, judges, salaried ministers and legislators, is ludicrously in excess of the requirements of the dwindling population — less than sixty thousand, including all the foreigners.

The military outlay, indeed, is not great, except upon music and upon gunpowder for salutes. The last item consumes a most undue proportion of the national resources, as the principal foreign powers are represented by commissioners as well as by consuls, and the tariff of guns allotted to each is two in excess of what is customary elsewhere. Men-of-war of various nations, British and American in particular, are constantly visiting Honolulu; and the islanders flatter themselves that the United Kingdom and the United States are alike prepared to use any amount of force or fraud in order to effect annexation. The various commissioners, on their side, watch one another with as much jealous distrust as do the ambassadors to the Sublime Porte; each regards the success of his policy as essential to the welfare of his own country as well as that of Hawaii.

At present no pretext could easily be found for foreign interference in the affairs of such a peaceable and well-conducted state, and Hawaii may hope for a season to enjoy the political independence which she owes partly to her geographical isolation, planted as she is far from any other land in the centre of the vast Pacific.

But what will be the fate of the Sandwich Islands when there are no more Hawaiians? Among foreign elements the American preponderates, especially as regards commercial interchanges, and these islands naturally gravitate towards the United States; but, oddly enough, that great maritime nation appears to despise insular possessions, even when, like St. Thomas, they constitute important mercantile entrepôts. On the other hand, Great Britain, the universal annexer of islands, has once already relinquished possession of the Sandwich group, where the French and the Russian colors have also been hoisted, only to be again hauled down. It seems, therefore, as if this little archipelago were destined to remain unannexed; and when the present royal race can no longer furnish it with a king, it may imitate its American neighbors and proclaim the republic.

A prosperous future is before it, situated in mid-ocean between America, Asia, and Australasia, with a productive soil, and an equable climate which would be perfection did it not render all exertion alike super-

fluorous and distasteful. At Honolulu, in  $21^{\circ}$  18m. north latitude and  $158^{\circ}$  west longitude, the barometer has been observed to vary during the year only from 30.24 inches to 29.70, while the range of the thermometer at the same time was between  $86^{\circ}$  and  $62^{\circ}$ , with a mean temperature of  $75^{\circ}$ . This agreeable but enervating climate prevails only at the sea-level; at a greater elevation a temperate region is found, and in the island of Hawaii the mountain summits, rising to more than thirteen thousand feet, are frequently capped with snow. The windward coast of Hawaii, ever verdant and well-watered, thanks to the north-east trades, is admirably described by the poet-laureate as the land of the lotus-eaters:—

A land of streams! some, like a downward  
smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows  
broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below. . . .  
Far off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
Stood sunset-flushed: and dewed with showery  
drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy palm above the woven  
copse.

There is nothing melancholy about these mild-eyed lotus-eaters, except the knowledge that they will have no share in the future prosperity, which white capital and Chinese labor seem likely to produce in the Sandwich Islands. During the last quarter of a century, while these "Happy Isles" have enjoyed such political as well as natural advantages that the population ought to have doubled itself, it has diminished by nearly one-third. The Hawaiians have proved in a most remarkable instance their appreciation of a sanitary policy, which places the welfare of the community above the prejudices and even the affections of the individual. A considerable and apparently increasing proportion of the Hawaiians is afflicted with the terrible disease known as leprosy, which has defied all available medical science, and is regarded as absolutely incurable. How far it is contagious in the ordinary sense appears to be doubtful, for the natives have habitually neglected all precautions in associating with lepers, and yet the disease is not known to have affected above two per cent. of the population. On the other hand, it is clearly liable to be transmitted from parent to offspring, and is regarded as infectious by competent authorities. To prevent all risk of infection, and to stamp out the hereditary taint, which

threatened to spread through the whole community, the Hawaiian legislature about ten years ago took up the question in a spirit at once patriotic and scientific. Under the auspices of a board of health a leper settlement was established in a secluded valley on the small island of Molokai, to which all persons known to be affected with leprosy were transported by officials appointed for the purpose. Considerable difficulty was experienced at first in discovering the unfortunate creatures, who were concealed by their friends, and a more painful duty could hardly be imposed upon a kindly Kanaka than to surrender a companion to pass the remainder of his days a hopeless exile in a lazaretto. But the sternness of the law did not prevent the Hawaiians from realizing its expediency, and the necessity for its strict enforcement in the interest of the public. Examples of self-devotion were not wanting on the part of persons whose external symptoms of leprosy were so slight as to escape detection, but who surrendered themselves spontaneously in obedience to the law. Nothing can well be more touching than the story told by Miss Bird, in her book on the Hawaiian Archipelago, of poor "Bill Ragsdale," whose generous self-immolation savors rather of the antique Roman than of the Kanaka. This talented half-white, who had filled among other honorable offices that of interpreter to the Hawaiian legislature, avowed himself to be a leper before any visible symptom betrayed him, and passed amid universal lamentation from the joyous society of Hilo to a living death at Kalawao. In that dismal valley of Molokai he is now a ruler, by virtue of his abilities; but perhaps since the *Odyssey* was composed the well-known words have never been so applicable to any living mortal:—

Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητεύεμεν ἄλλω,  
'Ανδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ὃ μὴ βίотος πολλὸς εἴη,  
'Η πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.

Certainly the hardest life that a slave can lead elsewhere seems preferable to that of Governor Ragsdale, who now rules with beneficent and almost absolute authority over seven hundred lepers in every stage of a lingering but fatal disease. The last effort of his eloquence, when bidding farewell to his weeping friends, was to urge submission to the stringent measures taken by the government for the purpose of stamping out leprosy. The law for the seclusion of lepers has been enforced without distinction of rank or nationality,

and in the course of eight years more than eleven hundred persons have been transported to Molokai; of these a large proportion died within a short time of their arrival, but in 1874 there remained alive more than seven hundred. Although all hope must be abandoned by those who enter Kalawao, the natural cheerfulness of the Kanakas seems not to desert them even there, and a visit from the king and queen caused no little rejoicing among the lepers. The support of these unfortunate exiles entails a heavy burden on a small community like Hawaii, with a diminishing revenue and an increasing expenditure. The burden, however, will soon be removed by the hand of death, and no item in an annual outlay of some six hundred thousand dollars is less worthy of being expunged than the cost of the leper settlement. The courage and liberality displayed in grappling with this national curse are worthy of the emulation of advanced European governments.

In explanation of the disinclination to steady labor which characterizes the Polynesian, and distinguishes him in so marked a manner from the Chinese, it must be borne in mind that the islands of the Pacific are very much under-peopled, and that almost all of them lie between the tropics, and enjoy a climate in which existence is happiness and exertion is pain. As for the natives of New Zealand, whose climate may be compared to that of Italy, they are indeed more energetic and warlike than the gentle Kanakas of the tropical islands, but their close resemblance in character, appearance, and language indicates a very recent separation from their northern cousins. The Maoris themselves affirm that their original home was a country named Hawaii in the far north, and at Roto Iti is still exhibited an elaborately carved canoe with fifteen benches, in which the ancestors of the Arawa tribe are said to have crossed the ocean. "Te Arawa" is the largest native craft which I saw in New Zealand, and it is about as seaworthy as a university eight-oar. On board European vessels the Maoris prove themselves to be bold and skilful seamen, but in naval architecture they are inferior even to the black islanders of Melanesia. The seas around New Zealand are swept by gales very different from the soft trade-winds of the tropical Pacific, and the transport of provisions and water sufficient for a long voyage in a canoe across these seas seems to be an impossibility. On the map the islands of Polynesia ap-

pear to be thickly sprinkled, but in reality they are so few and so small, as to occupy a space almost inappreciable upon the immense expanse of water. Most of them are coral islets, which are raised so little above the sea-surface as to be invisible at a short distance. During a voyage of three weeks through the heart of the galaxy we only sighted two coral islets, and a lofty volcanic island in the Navigators group. It may be said that the Pacific is an area of subsidence, and at a period geologically recent the land surface must have been very much larger than it now is, but all evidence seems to indicate that the Maoris have colonized New Zealand at a period which is *recent* in a very different sense of the word. Eminent naturalists are even of opinion that the moa, a bird whose feathers are still found in perfect preservation, and whose remains are imbedded in the newest alluvial deposits, was extinct before the arrival of the Maoris. They hardly succeed in explaining, however, what agency, except that of man, could have destroyed a creature so powerful and so abundant, in a country without beasts of prey, and where no important geological change has occurred since the time when it flourished.

How and when the Maoris reached New Zealand will in all probability never be accurately determined, but their tropical origin is clear enough. They have never really peopled the South (or Middle) Island, the largest and most productive of the group, but have lingered in the balmy climate of the North, and have planted many of their most important settlements around the numerous hot springs of the volcanic districts. Thanks to these natural supplies of heat, they can dispense almost entirely with fuel, and in some villages the inhabitants, like those of a fashionable spa, spend a considerable portion of the twenty-four hours in bathing. From long habit they enjoy a temperature which would almost scald a European, and will tumble heels over head into natural cauldrons apparently at the boiling point, and into which I could not bear to dip my hand. At sunset, the whole population of a village, men, women, and children, may be seen disporting themselves in the tepid depths, or seated, with the water up to their necks, on the smooth enamelled sides of these natural thermæ. Infants in arms bathe along with the rest, learning to swim before they are able to walk, and perched on the shoulders of their tattooed grandfathers they regard with astonished black eyes the bleached Pakeha, whose

bloodless appearance contrasts most unfavorably with the wholesome brown of the Maori. Laughing, talking, floundering, and splashing, the natives do not forget their good manners, and are as polite in the water as they are upon land, treating a stranger with marked consideration. It is needless to say that they are perfect swimmers, the women no less than the men; in the popular Maori legend it is Hero, not Leander, who performs the feat of swimming over to the island of Mokoia. In a country of lakes and rivers, where the only canoes are long cranky "dug-outs," fashioned of a wood almost equal in specific gravity to water, and propelled with short, feeble paddles, it is necessary to be a good swimmer. When two or three miles from the shore, with a stiff head breeze rendering it necessary that half the crew should use their paddles for baling, you know that your native companions, encumbered only with a light kilt, will probably reach the land in safety if the canoe is swamped or upset. This knowledge, however, affords only a modified degree of comfort to a Pakeha, clad probably in waterproof and riding-boots, and rouses his wrath against the conservatism displayed by the Maoris in boat-building. Occasionally fatal accidents occur even to the natives, and not long ago two canoes full of people were swamped in Lake Rotorua: two women only were saved, the men behaving with great self-devotion in endeavoring to assist the weaker and more helpless.

Even now, when steamers ply regularly between Auckland and Honolulu, there is little or no intercourse between the Polynesians of the southern temperate and the northern tropical latitudes; and it is astonishing, after passing over so many thousand miles of sea, to find one's self among people who in features and complexion, in frank and courteous bearing, and even in such small details as their mode of decoration with flowers or feathers, seem to be identical with those that one has quitted. It is, however, in language that the substantial identity shows itself most distinctly, as after allowing for certain differences of pronunciation it will be found that almost all the words in common use are the same in the Maori and Kanaka dialects. These are precisely the words which could not have been recently borrowed by one dialect from the other; and as neither possessed until quite recently any literature, or even an alphabet, it is remarkable that so very little divergence should have taken place.

Great as are the charms of scenery and climate —

Where the golden Pacific round islands of paradise rolls —

the chief interest and romance of these regions are due to their aboriginal inhabitants, and will pass away with them. A country newly occupied by white settlers is neither romantic nor picturesque when the primeval forest has been reduced to charred stumps, and a long interval must elapse before the undefaced glories of the wilderness can be replaced by the cultivated beauty of an old and prosperous land. In time the fernland and bush of New Zealand will be converted into a populous and productive country; but the people and the products will be English, and not Maori. Thus the world becomes more prosperous and wealthy, but less interesting and varied, and the inducements to travel diminish as the facilities increase. Even in older countries the variety of scenery, of architecture, of costume, of social and political institutions, of fauna and flora, so charming at the present moment, is tending to become a thing of the past, and will be vainly sought for by the travellers of another generation. An Eastern dragoman once said to me, while we were gazing in admiration at a crumbling Saracenic edifice, "We see these things, but our sons will not be able to see them." The feeling to which his words gave expression was constantly in my mind when among the Maoris and Kanakas, whose *tenakoe* and *aloha*, their friendly greetings to the passing stranger, have all the pathos of an eternal adieu.

DAVID WEDDERBURN.

---

PAULINE.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A LAWN MEET."

Delightful scene!

Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;  
And in each smiling countenance appears,  
Fresh, blooming health, and universal joy.

DOLLY, however, went off, highly contented with himself, and all about him.

He had employed his time to best advantage, said his say; and now that the opening was thus happily made, there was nothing, he judged, for him to do, but to go hard at it, as was his way with the hounds. He whistled like a ploughman,



as he rode along the lanes; and if Lady Finch did not absolutely whistle also, when she was informed of all that had taken place, she did, at all events, fall silently in with her son's views, and sympathize in his hope and joy after the most approved maternal fashion.

She did more. She despatched a groom forthwith, bearing a pretty little note of invitation to *both* ladies, with the promise of taking out a close carriage to the meet, should the morning be unfavorable.

"And if Miss La Sarte prefers the drag there will be plenty of others to make a party," said she, meaningly. "Mrs. Wyndham is sure to wish to come."

Of course Mrs. Wyndham did wish to come, very much indeed; and of course nothing could have pleased her more, than being invited in such a decorous and respectable manner.

She sat with the note between her fingers half the evening, passing eulogiums alternately upon the politeness of the writer, the elegance of her composition, and the long tails of her Y's.

"I had no intention of going, none *whatever*," she said; "I did not in the least *expect* to be thought of. But since Lady Finch is so kind — has taken the trouble to send over on purpose — I think I shall really enjoy it. Pauline, my love, what will you have with your early cup of tea? *Something*, you really will need; it will be quite a little journey. Tom must take care of himself. It is *your* expedition, Tom, — we go on *your* account. You will see that we are in time? Order the landau when you please, and we will do our best to be ready, although the hour is certainly a drawback. I shall go to bed a little sooner to-night: this has been a fatiguing afternoon; at least —"

She had not wished to confess so much. Her nephew had fallen on a lucky day, and might be allowed to presume that the Grange was ordinarily thus beset.

"You have the right sort of neighbors, I see," said Tom. "That's everything, in the country. I suppose you keep open house, Aunt Camilla."

No supposition could have gratified his aunt more; and she regarded the speaker with new complacency, as she called to mind the manifestly good impression he had made upon her guests in general, and upon those guests whose opinion she most cared about, in particular.

It was something, not only to have a man in the house, but to have a man who drew thither other men. It was a great thing to have a nephew who could make a

friend of Dolly Finch. She began to wonder how she had done without Tom. As she walked up-stairs she found in him fresh merits at every landing.

Left together, the brother and sister began to talk.

"Isn't it capital?" cried the sanguine Tom, referring to his next day's amusement; "I daresay I shall be out, every time. This is a three-days-a-week, Finch says. It's a roughish country, and lames the hounds, rather. What a jolly fellow he is! And didn't I come in the very nick of time? The other one would have mounted me too, only he is short of two horses; he was awfully civil, but he has a duffer of a seat. I don't believe he is ever in the field with the others!"

All this she had heard before, but full of his subject, he had for a time no thoughts to bestow on anything else.

At last, "Those Jermyns were the only people here to-day whom I did not fancy," said he. "They were not quite the thing. Why do you have them over in this sort of way?"

Why? Because — well — of course — in fact — because she believed they could not help it.

"Oh, nonsense!" said he, easily. "Where is the difficulty? Tell 'em not to come."

Pauline smiled.

"You really ought," proceeded the authority. "I mean it. Get Aunt Camilla to let them know —"

"They are her relations!"

"Relations or not — by the way, being relations make it *worse*; she ought to have her own way in her own house. She ought not to be forced to have those sort of people about her. With their bonnets off, too!"

"Bonnets off!"

"Making themselves at home. Those two ladies, sisters, who came in last — one of them was Lady Georgina Something — they took them for some of *us*! No wonder. Mrs. Jermyn never had 'sister-in-law' out of her mouth, unless it was to substitute 'your aunt' when she turned to the girl. I was horribly ashamed. I should have liked to have said something, only I didn't know how. Aunt Camilla should tell them not to do it."

A sudden vision of Mrs. Jermyn's face, could she have heard herself thus easily disposed of, overcame Pauline's gravity, and he could not but laugh himself, although he did not choose to yield the point.

Pauline defended Charlotte, but in vain.



She had been seen to no advantage, and she had not been heard at all. He would not believe a word in her favor.

No. Mrs. Wyndham must be spoken to.

"You are the one to speak to her," he said. "She will listen to you. She gave me a flaming account of your illness last night, evidently thinking it had been just the thing to make her party go off well. And that was what brought those fellows here to-day? I'm very much obliged to you — I wouldn't have missed the chance on any account."

He was too busy and too happy to be curious; it had turned out well for him, and he was content.

"But I should suppress the Jermyns," he concluded, after a pause, during which his sister had thrice essayed to introduce the subject nearest her heart, and twice had her courage failed.

For this she had lingered, believing that so good an opportunity would not, in all likelihood, recur.

Whilst he had pursued aloud his train of thought, his glib comments, his unhesitating praise or blame, her eyes had been searching vacantly among the embers of the fire, and she had, with difficulty, disguised the absence of her attention.

At every pause she had inwardly cried, "Now!" had drawn her breath, and all but begun.

But then he had struck in again, had gone off to his own cares, and hopes, and fears.

He hoped his boots were right. He thought he had a tog that would just do. It would not signify that he was not in hunting dress, would it? He could ride in plain morning clothes, in the suit he had on, for instance.

Often as she had already reassured him on these points, she had again and again to reply to this last and most important question, had to repeat what had proved to be the best consolation, that he was a chance visitor, did not expect to hunt, and naturally had brought nothing with him for that purpose.

"Because, you know, I have a coat, and Finch wanted me to send for it," he had explained. "But I think it is just as well it is not here. He knows I have got it, and he does not know I can't get into it! Besides, I shall do very well, sha'n't I? I showed you what I am to wear, don't you remember? Finch seemed to think it didn't matter."

He might have known Dolly all his life, so completely had they fraternized.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 946

At last the moment came, for which she had well-nigh despaired.

"I say," said Tom, with something like an effort, "whereabouts is Blundellsaye? It is not very far from here, is it?"

"About three miles. You can see the woods from our windows."

"Three miles! That's close by! Well, I shall keep out of *his* way, at all events."

"You have no need," her voice was quite steady and soft. "He is dangerously ill."

"Ill, is he?"

The eager tone was followed by compunction; and he added, more gently, "What is the matter?"

"Typhoid fever. But the worst is passed."

She hoped, prayed, at least, that the worst was passed, and remembering her own misery, sought to allay his.

"I'm glad of that," said Tom. "I don't wish him any harm, but what a lucky thing this illness is —"

"Tom!"

"You know what I mean. If he *was* to have a fever, he might just as well have it now as any time. He is not the sort of man to — He'll most likely come round," concluded he, vaguely; "and it would have been so uncommonly awkward, meeting him. He behaved shabbily to us all."

Any one who did not know Tom, would here have supposed that the subject was exhausted.

Not at all.

A great deal was said about Blundell at the hunt breakfast, and by the time it was over, he found himself quite anxious to claim his acquaintanceship.

He came to Pauline for a card.

Had she any of his with her? They were to draw the covers of Blundellsaye, and some of them were going to ride up to the house first, as, in case of anything having gone wrong there (his way of putting it), they would, of course, have to go elsewhere.

His sister had no cards — how should she? He had not paused to consider, had merely spoken to be heard.

But Pauline drew him aside. "Do you think there is any need for you to go at all, at least to leave your name?"

"Leave my name? Oh, of course," he made answer, aloud. Dolly Finch was standing by, and he was hearkening to himself, with Dolly's ears. "I'm an old friend, and I shouldn't like him to hear I had been in the neighborhood, without

looking him up. We shall only ask how he is."

"Write your name over mine," suggested Dolly, fumbling for his card-case.

Tom was delighted; but what became of the card we shall presently hear. He need not have been so careful to write a manly, illegible hand.

"You were a friend of Blundell's?" said Dolly.

Poor Tom! The temptation was too great; he ruffled his plumage, drew up his head, and began.

Blundell and he had been in Scotland, together. Blundell was a rattling good shot. He was awfully sorry to hear of his illness; also to miss seeing him; the only fellow he knew in the county.

Had what he thought been now at variance with what he spoke, this would have been outrageous; but for the moment he was almost sincere; previous impressions were effaced from his slipshod memory, and saying what was agreeable to the humor of the moment, he felt it also, for the nonce.

A place had been found for him beside his host, and he had made a conquest of Sir John, for he had not only eaten a breakfast fit for a sportsman, but he had left on his plate not so much as an inch of crust of bread.

Cutlets, kidneys, fish-balls, omelet, disappeared like magic; and marmalade, butter, and roll were brought to an end at the same moment.

The achievement of this latter feat nearly moved Sir John to a "Well done!" for he knew its difficulty; and albeit the marmalade was somewhat out of proportion to the other ingredients of the mouthful, he respected the man who would not make two bites of a cherry.

A few of his choicest anecdotes were related for Tom's benefit alone, more than one friendly intimation was confided, and a hope was emphatically expressed that he would honor them with his company on the next day but one.

Till then they did not go out.

Meantime, Dolly had slipped into a chair by Miss La Sarte, with a smile, and a "This seems to be unappropriated," on his lips.

It had not been easy, but he had contrived to march everybody past that chair. He had even routed from it a valiant foxhunter, to whom one seat was as good as another, but who had strayed into this by accident.

"You are wanted up beside my mother," said Dolly, tapping his shoulder. "She is

looking to you to help her with her teapots."

Hereupon Mr. Foxhunter had gone up higher with a very good grace, and had certainly helped to empty the teapot nearest to him, into his own cup.

"They all seem pretty comfortable," said Dolly, looking up and down. "I hope Mrs. Wyndham does not mind the fire. This room is too narrow by half, and a great deal too long; it should have been cut in two, and pieced together."

He was unfolding his napkin, but a party of riders shot past the window.

"Keep this place for me." And he was gone to receive them, leaving her determined, if possible, to disobey.

But it was not possible. Anywhere else it might have been, but Dolly was in his father's house, and never was barn-door cock more completely master of his own dunghill, than he was master of those halls, one day to be his own.

Elsewhere shy, awkward, and easily circumvented, here, he was cool and clever.

The new-comers were adroitly marshalled up the room, and deposited in the places he selected for them, without volition on any one's part but his own. They were folks with eyes, ears, and tongues; therefore he put them where they could neither see, hear, nor repeat.

Then he returned to Pauline.

But, alas! every few minutes brought fresh guests, and with each arrival the diplomatic process had to be repeated. At length the punctual ones began to move, to make way for others, but even before that time Dolly's chance was over.

With all his efforts, and in spite of each individual success, he could hardly be said to have attained his end. He had been compelled to finish a hurried meal, drink off a cold cup of tea, and disappear to the stables, in obedience to a whisper from behind, ere he had, as a matter of fact, exchanged a dozen sentences with his companion.

He had shown how willingly he would have done more, had fortune favored him, and that was all.

This over, Pauline could draw breath; and the muster, the start, and the brisk drive through the morning air, tended unconsciously to brace her spirits; especially as she was happy enough to learn among the earliest, that the master of Blundell-saye was supposed to be doing well.

The carriages had followed the hunt, as far as the cover.

"Lucky, isn't it?" said Dolly, who rode up with the intelligence. "Although my

governor would not go up to the house, he was stiff as a poker about drawing the cover, till he knew. We are going in directly, now."

They were assembled in a wood of stately oaks, and, even as he spoke, the more resolute sportsmen were moving to the front.

Many, however, hung back.

"I must go," said Dolly, reluctantly turning his horse. "You will come no further, I suppose."

"Get on, man," shouted his father, who was experiencing a master's difficulty in coaxing the field into a wood, where the rides were deep, and the clay holding. "Get on. The ladies will wait, and see the sport. There's a fox at home there, or ——" The unfinished sentence was carried down the wind; he was off, and Dolly after him.

Now followed a hush; eyes and ears on the stretch.

Then a rustle, a pause, another gentle movement, something silently stealing along from tree to tree — ere a perception of the greatness of the moment has entered into the minds of the passive rear-guard, there enters on the scene, with unquiet eye, and stealthy tread, the fox!

The fox! A great, red, white-throated fox!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Every fair one leaps to her feet, and the attendants frantically holloa.

They are heard, they are attended to, the word is passed, and up comes the pack.

"Gone away!" from the end of the cover.

A rare scent. One good hound after another opens, as each in turn inhales a soul-reviving whiff, and off they go,

Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through briar,

horses and horsemen pressing hard behind them.

"I suppose we have now seen all we shall see," says Lady Finch, addressing her little band generally.

"Do you think there is any use in following further?"

Of course they did not. Mrs. Wyndham was shivering with cold, but very well pleased with her entertainment; she would not weaken the recollection of it, she would not run the risk of a less successful end to such a beginning.

In fact, she wanted to get home, and as her feelings were shared by the rest of the party, the order was given.

"Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham, as she entered her own drawing-room. "The day seems nearly over! Is it possible that we have only come to twelve o'clock! That we have not had luncheon! That we have still the whole afternoon before us! Well, I should certainly be sorry to spend such a morning every day, but, just for once, it was extremely amusing. I wonder when Tom will appear?"

They were longing to talk it over with him, to hear the event of the run, and to relate their own experiences.

Pauline, as well as her aunt, had been carried away by the animation of the moment, and both were disappointed, when, at four o'clock, a groom rode over for Mr. La Sarte's portmanteau. He was to dine at Finch Hall; and, in point of fact, he dined there at least every other night, during his stay at the Grange.

They were delighted with him. He had acquitted himself so well on his first day with the hounds, that he was to hunt regularly. They were only sorry it was for so short a time; he must come back ere long — must give them another fortnight before the season was over.

He was of the Finch party, at the ball.

Of the envy and indignation this caused in Mrs. Jermyn's bosom he had no conception; he was merely in his natural element; the Jermyns and he had nothing in common, therefore he ignored them, and he would fain have had Pauline ignore them also.

Her "I should be ashamed of myself if I did," he could not understand.

Why ashamed?

Even Mrs. Wyndham kept away from their part of the room — from that corner where he averred Mrs. Jermyn sat like Giant Pope of old, grinning and biting her nails at the pilgrims as they passed by; his aunt knew what was what, and his sister would do well to follow her example. As connections, she might have to recognize them elsewhere, but not on an occasion of this kind, not before other people. To sit down beside Charlotte Jermyn was, at least, unnecessary.

But for this drawback, the ball was the best, as it was the last of Tom's pleasures; the floor was excellent, and he had partners for every dance. Farthermore, in the course of the evening, he learnt to believe that many more such might be in store for him, for Dolly Finch scarcely spoke to anybody but his sister, and Mrs. Wyndham judged it only *kind*, only *right*, to let drop a hint to her dear nephew that

he might make use of his own observations on the matter.

On the next morning he returned to London.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"SO THAT IS YOUR WINTER'S WORK, IS IT?"

BLUNDELL, with everything against him, fought for his life, and won it.

He was restored from the gaping edge of the grave; and many and sincere good wishes were now expressed for his welfare, by the very people who had formerly drawn back from his acquaintance.

Dr. Tyndall could not say enough in his praise; he was the pleasantest, cheerfulest, best of patients; this illness would be the making of him. Hoot-toot! Let bygones be bygones; Ralph Blundell would turn into a fine old English gentleman yet!

The rector confessed that he found Blundell interesting; and even Sir John Finch went so far as to leave his card.

After this, Mrs. Wyndham told her niece that she thought she must wipe out the word "terrible."

Where Sir John led, she might follow; and as soon as she met Mr. Blundell among the neighbors, she should invite him to the Grange.

"My dear Camilla, and what *you* do, *we* do," cried her sister-in-law.

"You shall be the authority; you shall lead the van. William," William was Mr. Jermyn's Christian name, "Camilla says you are to call on Mr. Blundell, and that we must have him to come and see us. I am sure you will be glad to go, for, by all I hear, he must be immensely improved."

"What did you hear, mamma?" inquired Charlotte.

"Oh, my love, everybody says so; and Sir John Finch has been to call, and your aunt wishes your father to go."

"But what did you hear?"

"Nonsense, my dear! I have told you already. How can you be so foolish, Charlotte?"

"I have heard nothing," said Charlotte, aside to Pauline, "except that Sir John's heart smote him because the poor man had been so ill, and Dolly worked upon his feelings, because Dolly adores Ralph Blundell, as all the other Dollys in the neighborhood do. They hang upon him wherever he goes, like puppies round an old pointer, and Dolly yearns to be among the puppies. Now, Pauline, upon my sol-

emn word of honor, that is at the bottom of the whole of this great reformation!"

But Pauline was skeptical.

"Dr. Tyndall thinks very highly of him, Charlotte."

"Of course he does. Mr. Blundell has paid him the highest compliment one man can to another. And a very substantial compliment it is likely to prove, too. Dr. Tyndall will point him out as long as they both live, as the trophy of his bow and spear. He will say (puffing out her cheeks, and mouthing prodigiously), 'Look at Blundell! Ah! if you had seen him once as I did! Never was any one so nearly done for in this world! Look at him now! Big, strong man; thirty years good life in him yet!' Of course the inference is, 'Wonderful skill! Wonderful doctor! A second Daniel!' Naturally he adores such a patient!"

"You will of course be a *little* careful!" Dear Jemima is whispering at the other end of the room. "You must not forget, dear, that *some* people don't carry their eyes ticketed on their foreheads. Two single women, you know. It is different for *us*. William calls, William invites him to the house; the girls and I have nothing to do with it. But, any time you have him here, dear, send for us. It would be better. You understand."

"You dear foolish thing, to put such things into one's head! We ask everybody you know, *everybody*. All the other young men about here come."

"But Mr. Blundell is not quite a young man, dear. He is very nearly forty, you know; and you are not much more —"

"Oh dear, I am — at least —"

"Well, dear Camilla, I must speak the *truth!*" quite peevishly. "You don't *look* it, dear, not by many years. If you are vexed with me for saying so, I cannot help it. It is only *right*, my *duty* to let you know. People do talk, and will talk; and a little hint given in time, and taken in good part, may prevent mischief afterwards. Pauline, you know, ah — is — ah — very, quite, in fact, unsophisticated — knows nothing of the world. And she is French, you know — *French*. She runs up intimacies without any idea of the consequences."

"If Pauline is French, so am I." The La Sarte blood is slightly roused by the insinuation, but Jemima hastens to pour oil upon the waters.

"Yes, dear, you are! And you *are* imprudent, and that is why I need to speak! Looking as young as you do, and with everything of youth about you, even to

*insouciance* — but I am wrong, I make you angry —”

Angry? Mrs. Wyndham is radiant. *Jemima* is her dear sister — her dear, absurd, ridiculous, prudishly particular creature. For herself? Yes, she would plead guilty to *insouciance*, to foolish disregard of appearances, and perhaps it is well to be reminded.

But really she had thought that now — a widow — at her age!

However, if *Jemima* thinks it wisest not to invite Mr. Blundell —

*Jemima* really *does*.

*They* will ask him. *They* will show him every attention, as *Camilla* seems to wish it. But at the Grange, they cannot, in her opinion, be too exclusive.

Blundellsaye gives none of them the chance of excluding or including him; he is insensible alike to their regard or aversion. What is it to him? He is away from the neighborhood the very moment he has the leave to travel, for which he has for long impatiently petitioned.

On the day preceding his departure, a suggestion having been made by the butler, he turns his head languidly, and with a yawn, replies, —

“Compliments and thanks? Yes, of course. Send round. Here, take these away. What are you putting them down there for?”

It is the cards that have been left at the house.

“Not like to look at them, sir?”

“Eh? No. Clear the table, and let Mr. Chaworth know I am down. And a glass of sherry, Maddock.”

So he comes and goes; and the reaction which had set in in his favor, speedily dies out.

Blundellsaye is once more deserted, and distinctly now, amid its leafless woods, may be seen from every side the ample, many-windowed building, over which the sun, as he sets in the west, nightly throws his parting beams.

Snow falls, and then come the east winds of early spring.

Mrs. Wyndham has cold after cold, and fancies that the air at the Grange does not agree with her. The neighbors are departing one by one, and she does not clearly understand why *Dolly Finch* left immediately after Christmas, and why the invitations to *Finch Hall* have not been so numerous since then. *Pauline* holds her peace. “Perhaps,” considers the good-natured creature, “my niece has had a disappointment. Perhaps we were, all things considered, somewhat premature. Silence,

my dear *Jemima*, *silence* is the best, if not the only cure for such a misfortune. We will not say a word, we will be discretion itself. All may come right if let alone — it may indeed.” She endeavors thus to buoy herself up, but it is evident that the disappointment, if there be one, is not confined to *Pauline*. Mrs. Wyndham wants a change. Wales? Yes. The mountain breezes would brace her up nicely for the London season, to the idea of which she clings.

Would she like *Charlotte* to go, or *Minnie*?

Mrs. *Jermyn* would be only too happy to spare either of the dear girls, and the dear girls were by no means averse to going.

“I rather like that poor *Pauline*,” observed *Charlotte*, one morning when she and her sister were alone together. “There is something pathetic about her, if you know what I mean. I never can be sure if she is what the people call ‘simple,’ or not. She is one thing at one time, and one at another. There is something fine in seeing her come into a room, so cool and composed that you would think nothing could put her out; and then some trifle will throw her off her balance all in a moment! I believe she thinks she is a remarkably strong-minded, determined character; and if she believed it to be her duty to walk to the end of the world, she would gravely set out to do it; and she would fall on her nose at the twelfth step, and sit there looking at you with a pair of sad, imploring eyes! *Pauline*’s eyes always remind me of a sheep-dog’s who has lost his master. *Minnie*, do you think *Pauline* has lost her master?”

“I don’t think she has found him. Hereabouts, at any rate,” replied *Minnie*. A brilliant reply for her.

“No. That I am sure of. Unless — but that must have been nonsense. They gave a dinner-party the night he was said to be dying! The dinner-party that *Pauline* was taken ill at — *good heavens!*!”

“You don’t suppose that escaped *mamma*!” said *Minnie*. “But she thought *Pauline*’s influence would have prevented any party being given, under the circumstances, if *Pauline* had cared.”

“*Mamma* can no more understand that girl than she can a book of poetry!” exclaimed *Charlotte*. “*She* use her influence! *She* prevent a party! *She* would drive round, and deliver the invitations herself, and not have the least idea when she came home what houses she had been to! If Aunt *Camilla* chose to give a ball the

night Pauline was dying, she would say, 'Oh, yes,' and put on her best dress for the occasion!"

"What nonsense you talk," said Minnie, sensibly. "How could she?"

"I am the only one who knows anything about her," continued her sister, without heeding. "Poor girl! So that was it, was it? I can fancy it all now. I think I see her in her amber crape that she had 'been asked' to wear! And she would not own to a single thrill of vanity. No wonder! Minnie, how did you keep this to yourself for so long?"

"I never thought of it till this moment," confessed Minnie.

"Then let neither of us say a word. Mamma sha'n't have a chance of worrying it out of the poor thing; but, if I go to Wales, I shall just try to find out a little more; that would be but a fair reward for keeping her secret."

Charlotte, however, was not invited to go to Wales.

Another great girl, Aunt Camilla confided to Pauline, would make them an awkward number.

It was tiresome to have the back seat of the carriage always stuffed up; and three women trailing one after another into the rooms at hotels would be absurd.

Wetherell could look after her and Pauline, but she certainly could not attend to three; even in their walks, they would find it inconvenient to block up the foot-paths, by walking three abreast. Three, in fact, was one too many.

Dear Jemima's hints, therefore, were not responded to. Pauline was a charming companion, her sister-in-law averred. She really was.

A little absent, sometimes. Rather dreamy and fanciful. Rather too much wrapped up in her own thoughts. Fond of lonely walks, visiting the cottages, and everything romantic and young-ladylike.

All very well in its way; very nice, and proper, but still —

However, on the whole, they got on together excellently.

"I don't interfere with her, and she does not interfere with me," protested the aunt. "And I must say I always find her ready and willing to join in any little scheme I have on foot. Quite pleased with the prospect of this little run. Quite bright and busy about it. We shall visit all the prettiest neighborhoods, and stay at the best hotels. It is rather early for Wales, of course, still May is *one* month of their season; and now that this delight-

ful warm weather has begun, we shall find it lively enough, I don't doubt."

"So I am not to come?" said Charlotte to Pauline. "That is rather hard."

"I wish you were, Charlotte. I quite expected that you would be asked."

"And why am I not?"

"Because," said Pauline, with a smile, "we should be *three*."

"That," cried Charlotte, happily, "may be obviated. If Minnie came too, we should be *four*."

Pauline laughed.

"Well?" said Charlotte.

"Who could propose it?"

"Could not you?"

"Do you think I could?" said Pauline, gently. "I am sure you don't. For myself, I should be very glad indeed to have you. I wish you were coming with all my heart."

"Do you, *really*? Now, I feel quite flattered by that. I don't mind about not being asked now. I never thought you would have cared."

"Indeed I do," said Pauline, touched by the unwonted tone. "You and I would have had nice walks together, and we would have gone out in the early mornings before breakfast —"

"Oh, don't make me jealous again, you cruel creature! I will try not to think about it, and be glad you are going to have the fun, even if I don't. That is a step for me, I can tell you, Pauline. I don't know how it is," she added, with an odd break in her voice, "you always seem to do me good, and yet you never preached to me in your life. You are not selfish, and mean, and untruthful, as many people are. You seem to get along without all the little shuffles and contrivances that they find necessary. You walk right straight on, neither looking to right nor left, and it all seems to go smoothly for you. Now, doesn't it? You are not particularly clever, not so clever as mamma, and yet you baffle her, I can tell you. And you twist Aunt Camilla round your finger. And you have all the young men in the neighborhood at your feet. I wish I knew how you did it?" said poor Charlotte, discontentedly.

Pauline did not answer. She was looking out of the window with the strange, absent gaze in her eyes which made Charlotte think she was "simple;" and when she did reply to the next question, "What are you thinking about?" it was evident that her mind had strayed from the subject before the conclusion of the monologue.

"I was thinking of your saying that all things went smoothly for me," she replied. "I am afraid you will say I have taken an opportunity of preaching to you at last, Charlotte; but somehow your saying that, recalled to my mind the text, 'All things work together for good, to them that fear Him.' You don't mind my saying it, dear? I do fear him, you know, and you noticed the rest for yourself."

"Do you really believe it is that?" said Charlotte, with an awed look on her face. "If any one else had made such a remark, I should have called it profane. According to your ideas, then, the best thing one can do for one's self is to become religious. I mean, of course, in the way of getting things."

"Loaves and fishes? No. You know better than that. It is only those who are ready to give up, who can hope to receive."

"You would give up, I do believe," said Charlotte. "I don't think you would mind what you gave up. You never seem to me to have *taken hold* properly, in this wicked world of ours. Sometimes I wonder whether you ever had a naughty thought in your life. Of course you will *say* you have — I see it on your lips; but, I don't know. You are not like other people. I can't fancy you looking after your own ends, and being in a rage because some one else had got what you wanted. I think if anything very bad happened to you, you would just — die!"

The next time the Jermyns came over, it was to say good-bye.

Charlotte was in wild spirits.

"Tell me," she cried, "what does the little Fennel say to this? Is he heart-broken?"

"What — does — he — say?"

"Good gracious! has it come to to that, Pauline? Do tell me, quick! The audacious monkey! Keeping it so quiet, too! When did it take place; and where, and how?"

"What do you mean?"

"And she dares say that, blushing like a red, red rose!" cried Charlotte, 'seizing upon her. "And she would have gone away, without ever having told me, when she knows how I have aided and abetted —"

"What?" said Minnie, coming in.

"Shut the door, Minnie. Here is fun. Now, Pauline," cried her tormentor, "tell the truth, and shame somebody, with whom *you* never had any dealings, my dear. Little Fennel has made you an offer

of his little heart, and his little hand, his big house, and the biggest pine in his garden! Now, I'll tell you what he said, and all about it. He said, 'Come now, you had better take me, you really had, now. Don't you think so? Because, you see, I'm so awfully in love with you. 'Pon my word, I am. And you shall hunt, and shoot, and skate; and I'll teach you how to play lawn-tennis, without a net at all! 'Pon my word, I will! There isn't anybody else, is there? Because I'm sure nobody else would like you half as much as I do, for I like you awfully — I do indeed! Come now. What do you say?'"

Pauline laughed so violently that Charlotte grew frightened.

"Are you hysterical, Pauline? For pity's sake, don't go on like that. You frighten me out of all the few wits I really do possess. You were grave enough two minutes ago — I sha'n't dare to tell you any more. There, now, do be quiet."

"It was like, was it?" said Minnie.

"I won't tell you. I won't hear you. Charlotte, be a good girl, and don't ask me. It is not fair. You surprised me into laughing, and then I could not leave off."

"Of course not. I know you are nearly worn out. You have been packing all day for Aunt Camilla. 'Because Wetherell is so tiresome, she never *does* know where the things are; and there is something, quite a *little* thing at the very bottom of the trunk, which ought to have been at the top! And dear Pauline is the *only* person who *can* get it out! And it won't take her *two* minutes!' Etcetera, etcetera; and she won't keep dear Pauline any longer, for she ought to be looking after her own things; and the moment dear Pauline is at the door, she is called back to rummage for a mother-o'-pearl button!"

"Never mind the button," said Minnie. "But do just tell us about Little Fennel. Only Charlotte and me. And we promise not to repeat it, even to mamma. Tell us when it was, and what he said."

"I can't tell you, Minnie. What would you think of me if I did? Be content with what you have found out for yourselves."

"You refused him, of course," said Charlotte. "But did he not want to know if there was any one else?"

"No, certainly not."

"And did he —"

"Now, don't say a word more, and don't tell Aunt Camilla, or any one," said Pauline, turning resolutely away from the



question. "You ought to be doubly upon honor, having found it out for yourselves. Promise, Charlotte."

"And Dolly will be up to-morrow," said Charlotte, significantly.

"Dolly?" said Pauline, with evident discomfiture. "Dolly? No, I don't think so. He is away from home."

"Away? Then that was what sent him away, was it? He was the first in the field. Well done, Master Dolly! He knows the value of a good start and a clear coast."

"Nonsense, Charlotte."

"Not nonsense at all. Don't think to annihilate me with your 'Nonsense!' I am too well accustomed to the dear, delightful word, and have too much sympathy with the author of

Sense may be all true and right,  
But, Nonsense, thou art exquisite.

To return to Dolly. Be good, sweet Pauline ('and let who will be clever'); tell us about Dolly."

"She is not likely to tell, while you talk, talk, talk the whole time yourself," said Minnie, indignantly. "I wonder if you ever think anybody else can like to say a word! It's always the same, wherever you go —"

"I wonder who is talking now?"

Pauline hoped that in the altercation other subjects might be forgotten; but no; the sisters were speedily reconciled, and returned in company to the attack.

"If you don't tell us, we shall imagine it worse than it was," cried they.

She would not tell them, and accordingly they proceeded to imagine.

"So that is your winter's work, is it?" concluded Miss Jermyn, at length. "And a very pretty winter's work, too! 'Pon my word, it is! as your little man would say. So now you are off to Wales; and there you will break a few more 'country hearts, for pastime,' ere you 'go to town.' Well, I won't envy you more than I can help, and, considering that you go with Aunt Camilla, I am not absolutely sure that I envy you at all."

---

From Temple Bar.

GEORGES D'AMBOISE,

CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF ROUEN.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted of the subject of this memoir that no royal favorite or first minister of state — and Cardinal d'Amboise was both — ever swayed

more completely than he did the mind of the monarch he served, or exercised greater influence on the domestic and foreign policy of his country than did that prelate on the public affairs of the France of his day. Yet it was neither personal ambition nor any special aptitude for dealing with the events of a period so marked by every kind of baseness, intrigue, perfidy, treachery, cruelty, as that of the reign of Louis the Twelfth, that raised Georges d'Amboise to the elevated position he attained. It was simply his unswerving fidelity to Louis when, as Duke of Orleans, he was suffering disgrace and imprisonment, and the anxiety of the duke, when he came to the throne, to mark his grateful sense of the faithful services d'Amboise had so long and so constantly rendered him. That the manner, however, in which the king's gratitude was evinced was injudicious and fraught with much mischief to France in her relations with foreign states is clear, notwithstanding the cardinal's acknowledged general disinterestedness and honesty of purpose, from the very unsatisfactory results of many of the important negotiations he was intrusted with.

Georges d'Amboise was one of a family of twelve sons, who all acquired riches and honors though their paternal inheritance was small. Their father was the Seigneur de Chaumont, Charles d'Amboise, an intrepid commander whom Louis the Eleventh made governor of Dôle, when he was harassing the Burgundians after the death of Charles the Bold. Georges was born at the Château de Chaumont, near Blois, in 1460, and was destined for the priesthood. At the time of the accession of Charles the Eighth, in 1484, he was already Bishop of Montauban, and the spiritual director of the young king. But from the latter office he was soon after dismissed, not having succeeded in gaining the favor of Anne de France, the eldest daughter of Louis the Eleventh, and wife of the Seigneur de Beaujeu, youngest brother of the Duke of Bourbon.

From boyhood Georges d'Amboise and the young Duke of Orleans had been attached friends and companions. They were nearly of the same age, and as they grew up d'Amboise became the duke's confidant, and joined him and his zealous partisan, Dunois, in opposing Anne de France, when that spirited young lady assumed the reins of government, as regent, to the prejudice of the prior claim of the duke to that office, as first prince of the blood. Anne had many of the quali-

ties of Louis the Eleventh, and aimed at carrying out the views of her father, whenever she could find an occasion for doing so. Almost his dying injunction to her was that she would be a guide to her brother. For though Louis gave his son some good advice when he felt that his own grinding rule was drawing towards its close, he knew well that the mental fibre of his daughter was very strong indeed, compared with that of the poor, neglected, and deformed youth who was to succeed him. Charles the Eighth was then but thirteen, but might have claimed, by the laws of France, to rule independently on completing his fourteenth year.

Anne, however, with much promptitude and decision, took upon herself the care of her brother, whose senior she was by seven or eight years, and the direction of the affairs of the kingdom in his name. With much energy she resisted the attempt of the Duke of Orleans to supplant her, and successfully quelled the rebellion he headed.

It has been asserted by some writers, that Anne was, secretly, very strongly attached to the duke, and that to her irritation at meeting with no responsive feeling on his part, her resentfulness and persistent persecution of him should be attributed. But the conduct of the Duke of Orleans and his adherents seems to have called for repressive measures, that the peace of the kingdom might be preserved. Their vexatious plots and intrigues often tended to incite the people to civil war, which all the energy and activity of the young princess-regent scarcely sufficed to put down. When the intrigues of the duke had led him on to the very verge of treason and endangered his personal liberty, he would retire into Brittany and take refuge with Duke Francis the Second, one of the most refractory of the vassals of the crown. That Anne de France — “la grande Madame” as she was called by the people — should have kept a vigilant eye on the movements of her restless and adventurous cousin may, therefore, have been due to other feelings than love.

Louis of Orleans has been described as handsome, of a lively temper and excessive gallantry, as excelling in riding, fencing, dancing, and all the accomplishments of a fine gentleman of that period. Charles the Eighth had a very great liking for his mutinous cousin, and had he possessed any real power would have had him always at court, in defiance of his sister and of the duke's tendency to rebel. Later on, when Louis joined the Duke of

Brittany, and the battle of St. Aubin was fought, he was taken prisoner by Anne's forces under La Trémouille, and carried from fortress to fortress until her pleasure was known respecting him. In accordance with her orders he was confined in the Tour de Bourges, and remained there three years. By day he was strictly watched, and at night locked up in an iron cage, to prevent any attempt at escape, or a rescue by his friends. D'Amboise was also imprisoned, under the pretext that he had intrigued to obtain the promise of the hand of the young Duchess of Brittany for his friend the Duke of Orleans, should he succeed in divorcing his wife, whose father, Louis the Eleventh, was his godfather — a spiritual relationship needing a dispensation from the pope to legalize the marriage, and which had never been obtained.

As soon as D'Amboise could exonerate himself from these charges, and was released from prison at the solicitation of the Seigneur de Miolans, the favorite of Charles the Eighth, his first thoughts were to take steps for obtaining also the release of the Duke of Orleans. He avoided “la grande Madame,” but secretly sought the king, who was indeed as well disposed towards himself as towards the captive duke — joyous companions both, as he had found them — and had desired nothing better than to open the prison doors and set prince and priest free. D'Amboise expatiated on the unfortunate condition of the duke, his sufferings and privations, the harsh treatment he received, and the indignities offered to this prince of the blood, the heir-presumptive to the throne; and he assured the king of the innocence of the duke of any offence that could justify measures so severe. Charles, who was easily moved to pity, vehemently condemned the injustice of his sister's persecution of his kinsman. His sister Jeanne, the Duchess of Orleans, added her entreaties and tears to the supplications of D'Amboise, and on her knees begged the release of her husband for which she had pleaded in vain with her sister. “If he has given cause of complaint to any one,” she said, “surely it must have been to me; but it is I, my brother, who implore you to liberate him.”

“It shall be as you wish, my sister,” replied Charles. And without delay, and concealing his intentions from Anne, he set out for Plessis-le-Parc. Thence he sent a message to the governor of the Tour desiring that the duke might be liberated, and requesting that he would come to him

immediately. But instead of waiting his arrival, the king rode out some distance to meet him, and attended by an escort to bring him back with due honor.

Not content with this, Charles determined on a family reconciliation, and, Anne, to his great delight, yielding to his wishes, they assembled at La Flèche on the 4th of September, 1491, and with their hands on the gospel swore to live henceforth in amity and "*amour éternel*." Some friends on both sides who had taken part in their feuds, were included in this bond of peace; amongst them D'Amboise, and Philippe de Comines, whose prying and scribbling propensities were distasteful to Anne, and had contributed to bring him into disfavor. But notwithstanding these vows to *forgive* and *forget*, the duke, with D'Amboise, was compelled to leave the court and retire to his château at Blois; so numerous were the enemies that Anne's resentment had raised up against them. She had indulged Charles in his whim; but it was Anne, not Charles, that reigned over France and ruled with absolute sway; and the attitude assumed by her courtiers towards the duke plainly showed that they neither believed in, nor wished the continuance of the *amour éternel* she had sworn. He therefore secluded himself in his château, leaving it only to follow his favorite pastime of the chase. Much against his wish the duke had been married at the age of fifteen to the princess Jeanne, who was then twelve, and, like her brother Charles, deformed and ugly. But Jeanne had more uprightness of mind and nobility of nature than her sister Anne, who was so much her superior in physical endowments; she had even pleaded for a husband who disliked her, from whom she had long been separated, and who then sought to obtain a divorce from her.

The regent, Anne de France, had schemed to secure Anne of Brittany in marriage for her brother, notwithstanding that she was, by proxy, already married to the emperor Maximilian. The young duchess had first been promised to Edward the Fourth of England for his son, Prince Edward, afterwards murdered in the Tower. She was then betrothed to Maximilian, on the death of his first wife, Mary of Burgundy, a princess who had resisted the flattering cajoleries of Louis the Eleventh — who coveted her duchy — to induce her to marry his son; Charles being then but eight years of age and Mary just twenty. But Charles the Bold had arranged his daughter's marriage with

Maximilian, and she would consent to no other. Mary died about four years after it took place, leaving a son, the archduke Philip, and a daughter, Marguerite of Austria. Again Louis saw a chance of annexing Burgundy, and this time with more success. The little princess was betrothed to the dauphin, and afterwards married; she in her third year, Charles in his twelfth. Philippe de Comines gives an amusing account of the ceremony.

Marguerite was brought up at the court where she was by-and-by to be queen, and had resided there nearly ten years when the Duke of Brittany died, leaving no male heir. Anne de France determined to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity of uniting Brittany to the kingdom of France — a more desirable appendancy she considered than Marguerite's dowry of Artois and Franche-Comté.

Anne of Brittany was not at all inclined to accede to the wishes of Anne of France. But Charles, with a large army, having besieged Rennes the affair began to assume a different aspect; the more so as Maximilian could not find the money for so long a journey — for though always receiving bribes from all sides, his expenditure was reckless — and therefore was unable to come in person to claim his bride. Anne's advisers urged her to accept the king's offer; she declared that she could not, that "neither the king of France nor the duchess of Brittany was free." Her father's friend, the Duke of Orleans and Bishop d'Amboise, came from Blois, at Charles's request, to press his suit for him. They prevailed on the young lady to grant her royal suitor an interview, when she was so startled by his deformity and ugliness that she protested she would leave Rennes and go alone to seek Maximilian whom, at least, she knew to be tall and handsome, rather than marry so hideous a man as Charles.

But, though the reverse of handsome, Charles the Eighth was courteous and gallant. As one writer says, "*S'il ne valait pas beaucoup, ni de corps ni d'esprit, c'était un vrai bon diable tout de même.*" And so far from wishing to marry a lady to whom his personal appearance was so displeasing, he assured the duchess Anne that, grieved as he was at her rejection of him, yet the gates of Rennes were open to her, and an escort ready to accompany her to England — for she had applied to Henry the Seventh for troops to assist her against Charles — or to Germany, to his more favored rival, if such were her wish. "La grande Madame," however,

took care that the young duchess should be made fully aware that Brittany would be annexed to the crown of France, whatever her decision might be.

With Anne, who is said to have been "*plus Bretonne que Française*," this had probably the desired effect, as in the course of a few days the marriage contract was signed — the king making "his mark," for he could neither read nor write, though he was great at *paume*, and all other games in vogue at that day.

Anne de Bretagne was then sixteen, and is described by the Venetian ambassador, Contarini, as

*petite, maigre, boiteuse d'un pied, et d'un façon sensible, bien qu'elle s'aide de chaus-sures à talons élevés; brunette, et très-jolie de visage, et pour son âge forte rusée; de sorte que ce qu'elle s'est une fois mis dans l'esprit elle le veut obtenir de toutes manières, qu'il faille rire ou pleurer pour cela. Elle est fière et opiniâtre; elle a l'esprit cultivé, elle aime la poésie, elle lit les auteurs anciens, latins et grecs, etc.*

She had learned from the Prince of Orange — who as the emperor's representative had gone through the ceremony of marriage with her — that Maximilian had similar tastes; Charles, she soon discovered, cared for none of those things, but delighted in boisterous games and noisy mirth. However, their marriage took place, and Maximilian not only lost his bride, but his daughter Marguerite was conducted back to him with much state and ceremony, and with the excuse that "the king being twenty-two years of age and desirous of marrying, thought Marguerite too young to be his wife." Marguerite was then thirteen, too young to feel much regret for her *fiancé*, even had he been as attractive in mind and in person as he was repelling. But his repudiation of her was an insult offered to her and to her father, and, as she conceived, to the house of Austria itself; and young as she was, it made a profound impression upon her. She became one of the greatest enemies of France; and as there was in her character something of the energy, subtlety, and ability of her grandfather, Charles the Bold, she sought and on a future occasion found, when treating of public affairs with Cardinal d'Amboise, an opportunity of making her enmity felt.

Charles being ambitious of foreign conquest, and not deficient in courage, began, shortly after his marriage, to turn his thoughts to recovering by force of arms the kingdom of Naples, the throne of which he claimed as heir of the house of

Anjou. This expedition, of which the command was shared by the Duke of Orleans and the king, though seemingly triumphant, was productive of nothing but misery and the loss of the greater part of his army; for the inhabitants of the cities that Charles and his captains had taken, or that had opened their gates to him on the approach of his formidable hosts, finding their country devastated and themselves treated with barbarity, rose up and expelled the plundering hordes from their territory, and brought back their deposed and banished rulers. Charles returned from his Italian campaign, which was in fact but a series of *fêtes* and massacres, towards the end of 1495, bringing with him but a very small remnant of that large but undisciplined army that had so lately gone forth with him, buoyed up with high hopes of conquest beyond the Alps.

The death of Charles the Eighth was sudden, and was caused by a singular accident. He and the queen were going down after dinner to the moats of the Château d'Amboise, where a game of *paume* was being played. Passing through a long gallery, the door of which was very low, the king struck his forehead rather violently against the lintel; the blow stunned him for a time, but recovering from its effects, he persisted on going down to see the players, and remained for an hour or so, talking with several people. But on returning along the same gallery, in the afternoon, he fell backwards and became utterly senseless. He was placed on a mattress and his physician was sent for; but he never recovered consciousness, and died in the course of a few hours, aged twenty-seven. His funeral was one of unusual splendor — a very solemn pageant — for Charles was a popular sovereign; far more so than any of his predecessors had been. Yet he was wanting in dignity, and had no great qualities of mind; but he had gained the hearts of his subjects by his frankness, good-humor, and *bonhomie*. He was, however, but little regretted, for France felt the need of a more competent ruler, and, the dauphin having died in his third year, the country entertained great hopes that that ruler would be found in Charles's successor, Louis of Orleans.

The duke, after the Italian campaign, had again sought the retirement of his château at Blois, whence he was called to ascend the throne of France, April 7th, 1498. It was supposed that he would now revenge himself upon those who had persecuted him during the preceding reign,

and that La Trémouille would be one of the first to be disgraced. But on this brave captain Louis conferred a command, and the fears of his enemies generally were quieted by his observing with reference to them, "*que ce n'était point à un roi de France de venger les querelles d'un duc d'Orléans.*" His youth had been rather a wild one; but he was now thirty-seven years of age, and a good deal sobered down by his long imprisonment and the forced seclusion of the last few years. A change had been wrought in his character, and his people were inclined to believe that a prince who had himself been buffeted by fortune, would be likely to deal kindly by them, and relieve them from some of the burdensome imposts laid upon them by Louis the Eleventh, and continued through the reign of Charles. And in this they were not disappointed; for Louis not only reduced the taxes by a third, but declined to accept the three hundred thousand francs that had been raised for the expenses of his coronation at Rheims.

If Louis the Twelfth was generous in forgiving his enemies and relieving his people from oppressive taxation, he was lavish in rewarding the services of his friends. His favorite, Georges d'Amboise, was immediately made first minister of state, and had his choice of the richest benefices of the kingdom. If he then contented himself with the archbishopric of Rouen it was due to his own moderation rather than to any wish of the monarch to set bounds to his favor. But Louis' gratitude was not tempered by judgment. He now eagerly desired that a cardinal's hat should be conferred on the once humble-minded priest, who, when a few years before the importunities of his royal patron secured for him the bishopric of Montauban, had achieved what was then the highest object of his ambition. His opinion and advice had now so much weight and authority in the councils of state that if his suggestions were not, or could not be, always absolutely adopted and carried out, the king never allowed any decisive step to be taken or resolution formed that had not his favorite's sanction and approval. Of his eleven brothers six were provided with bishoprics of considerable importance. To the others, the highest posts in the army and in the administration of justice were given. De Chaumont, the archbishop's nephew, was at the same time a marshal of France, general of all her armies, governor of Milan, and grand master of the household of the king.

In order that the duchy of Brittany

might henceforth become an integral part of the kingdom of France, it had been specified in the marriage contract of Charles the Eighth that, in the event of the king dying without male issue, the queen should marry his successor. Louis the Twelfth was by no means averse to this arrangement. He had long desired the dissolution of his marriage with the princess Jeanne, and grounded his claim to a divorce on Louis the Eleventh's spiritual relationship to him of godfather, and his own disinclination to the marriage, which, as he asserted, the king had forced upon him. He urged the pope, Alexander the Sixth, to appoint a commission to inquire into the matter, and a bull was shortly expedited, naming the nuncio, the Bishop of Mans, and Bishop d'Amboise of Alby commissioners. Jeanne was invited to reply to the king's allegations, but she merely expressed her willingness to concur in his application to the pope, and desired that "*toutes sortes de satisfactions*" should be made to her husband, if, as she had not before been aware, he had married her against his will. The reverend commissioners considered that, *de part et d'autre*, sufficient reasons had been adduced for dissolving the marriage, and accordingly it was dissolved. Jeanne then retired to a convent at Bourges; Louis awaited impatiently the pope's dispensation which was yet necessary to enable him to marry Anne of Brittany.

Alexander granted the dispensation very readily, and confided the document to his son, Cæsar Borgia, who was about to visit Paris; the immediate object of his journey being to ask the hand of the princess of Naples, who had been brought up at the French court. He had been secularized but a few days before his departure from Rome, when the cardinals, at the command of the pope, assembled in consistory, and Cæsar Borgia attended in his clerical robes. In terms more haughty than eloquent, he addressed their Eminences, and informed them that his Holiness had compelled him to take holy orders, to assume their habit, and to accept the bishopric of Valencia. The pope, appealed to, acknowledged that he had done so. Cæsar Borgia then requested his permission to return to a secular life. The request was granted, to the great amazement of the assembled prelates; for they remembered that a cardinal, who desired merely to become a monk, had been refused permission by Alexander's predecessor to withdraw from the Sacred College.

Cardinal Borgia, being freed from the yoke of religious vows, without loss of time embarked with his retinue on board the *galères de France* that were waiting at Civita Vecchia to conduct him to Marseilles. Thence he travelled with all possible speed, and entered Paris with a train of attendants so numerous, and so splendidly appointed, that the Parisians were astonished; nothing having before been seen in France at all approaching the magnificence he displayed. The affair he had come to negotiate was a delicate one, and the pope fancied that by providing his son with the means of dazzling the French court by his brilliant *entourage* he would be paving the way to the success of his mission. Alexander also recommended him to keep back the dispensation he was charged with to bear to the king, and to insinuate that he feared there would be some difficulty in obtaining it, but at the same time to assure him that he would employ all the credit he possessed with the pope in his favor. This artifice, it was hoped, would dispose Louis to use his influence with the princess of Naples to induce her to marry Cæsar Borgia, and to obtain for him the duchy of Taranto for her dowry.

Cæsar had already been rejected by her father, though to bribe him to consent he had been told that he might look to receive from the pope such aid as would effectually drive the French out of Naples when the threatened invasion of the kingdom should be attempted. But Frederic of Naples, at no time considered a scrupulous prince, shrank with horror from the very idea of accepting Cæsar Borgia for a son-in-law, and refused so to sacrifice his daughter.

At the French court, however, he was well received, and played his part there admirably. The king conferred upon him the fertile lands of the duchy of Valentinois, of which Cæsar henceforth always bore the title. A pension of twenty thousand francs was also granted to him, and a company of a hundred armed men, for whose equipment and pay, both in peace and war, the king undertook to provide. He was, besides, promised the finest estates in the duchy of Milan, as soon as Louis the Twelfth should have conquered it; for he proposed to conquer both Milan and Naples when he had married the young queen and set the affairs of his kingdom in order. He had given warning of this intention to the states of Italy by assuming at his coronation, in addition to the title of king of the two

Sicilies and of Jerusalem, taken by Charles the Eighth, that of duke of Milan and Genoa.

The pope also sent by his son to D'Amboise the coveted cardinal's hat, and it was for this that the king had so munificently rewarded him. But it was not easy to satisfy or propitiate Cæsar Borgia. He complained to the new cardinal that, although the pope had so readily responded to his and the king's wishes, yet no desire had been shown on their part to assist in the furtherance of his. "The king could not expect to succeed in his views on Naples and Milan without the countenance and aid of the pope, and the pope, he could assure both cardinal and king, '*ne serait jamais Français qu'au prix de la princesse de Naples.*' Where, too, was the king's consistency in allowing the princess to remain at his court, when he regarded her father as an enemy and usurper, and proposed to do his best to deprive him of his kingdom?" All this was of course communicated by D'Amboise to the king, who, naturally of an impetuous temper, was for speaking his mind freely to his newly-created Duke of Valentinois. But his mentor reminded him of the dispensation they were expecting, which the pope might choose to withhold altogether if Cæsar's irritation were not by some means appeased. They were not disposed to violate the laws of hospitality to propitiate him, but the cardinal suggested that he should be allowed to make his proposal to the young princess in person, and that the acceptance or rejection of it should rest entirely with herself.

The king assented. But the princess, who knew that by consenting to marry Cæsar Borgia she would be preparing a poisoned cup for her brother, that Cæsar might prefer at her father's death some claim to a portion of his kingdom, as well as bringing a heavy calamity upon herself, replied to his proposal that as her father was still living she had no power, without his consent, to dispose of herself in marriage. And, further, that as he and her benefactor and protector, the king of France, were unfortunately not on good terms, she would prefer to await their reconciliation — which, through the mediation of friends, she hoped would shortly be brought about — before submitting to her father the question of her marriage. The Duke of Valentinois, as Cæsar Borgia now preferred to be addressed, of course understood the young lady's formal reply as a decisive rejection of his suit, though



he attributed it to the prompting of Cardinal d'Amboise. And so much was he thrown off his guard by his great annoyance at being thwarted in his projects by that prelate, that he laid before the nuncio, with a sort of malicious triumph, the dispensation he had brought from the pope. "While I keep this in my hands," he said, "I revenge myself both on the king and his minister; the queen must remain a widow, and the much-desired invasion of Italy be deferred." The nuncio read the document, and, for what reason has not been made known, communicated the contents to Cardinal d'Amboise, and informed him of Cæsar's malicious intention. The cardinal hastened with this news to the king, who immediately made a formal demand for the dispensation, which Cæsar sent to him, with some plausible excuse for the delay in delivering it. The next day Louis the Twelfth and Anne of Brittany were married, and a few days after the nuncio was found dead in his chair after dinner, the revenge of a Borgia being always swift and sure.

Cæsar was amongst the first to offer his congratulations to the king and queen on their marriage, taking occasion at the same time to lament his own matrimonial failure. He entreated that the queen would not refuse him the favor to select a bride for him from among the young ladies of her court, one who, he hoped, would prove less punctilious, less unbending, than the princess of Naples.

Anne of Brittany, who was both "*savante et spirituelle*," had from the time of her marriage with Charles the Eighth sought to attract to her court the most talented and beautiful of the daughters of noble and royal houses. Amongst the *demoiselles d'honneur* then composing her train were three of the ten daughters of Count Albert of Navarre, whose son had succeeded to the sovereignty of that kingdom. They were desirous of marrying, but their fortunes were too small to attract many suitors. The eldest of the three, Charlotte of Navarre, was also the handsomest, and as her beauty seemed to have fixed for the moment the roving fancy of the duke, she was asked by the queen whether she would object to become Duchess of Valentinois. She replied that she would not. She knew the reputation of both father and son, viz.: "that Pope Alexander the Sixth might be considered the most infamous scoundrel in Europe if he had not been the father of Cæsar Borgia, a more infamous scoundrel even than himself;" but neither this nor the

urgent entreaties of friends and relations, could induce her to refuse the offered hand of the duke. They were married immediately, and, apparently, the bridegroom was no less well pleased with the match than the bride; for, as Varillas says, "*Il devint plus complaisant aux volontés du roi, et depuis traita de meilleure foi avec le cardinal d'Amboise.*" He, however, did not fail to inform him that without his and the king's written promise to lend him, after Milan was conquered, the whole of the French troops to aid in recovering all the Italian states that former popes had consented to alienate, his Holiness would not agree to leave the duke of Milan to contend unaided against the French.

This was a step too important to be taken without due consideration. To consent to it was to make the house of Borgia, already too powerful, the most powerful one in Italy; but, on the other hand, the king was bent on re-establishing the dominion of France beyond the Alps, and the cardinal, whose ambition had grown with his elevation to power, had views of his own which made it injudicious to break with the papal court. After some hesitation, Louis the Twelfth and his minister determined to yield, and to buy the pope's neutrality on the terms proposed by his wily son. The written promise was placed in the hands of the latter, and forthwith his most Christian Majesty was assured that his Holiness would not only give no aid whatever to the duke of Milan, but that, secretly, he would contribute towards his despoilment and ruin.

An anonymous writer of the seventeenth century, comparing the ministry of Cardinal d'Amboise with that of Cardinal de Richelieu, refers to this promise, or treaty, as an example of the inferiority of the former minister to the latter in political acuteness and soundness of judgment. No minister, he says, however inexperienced, had he possessed any statesman-like qualities, could have been persuaded to believe, by such a man as Cæsar Borgia, that the pope would sit, *les bras croisés*, and allow Louis the Twelfth to take possession of Milan in order that Cæsar might afterwards employ the king's troops to put him in possession of three-fourths of Italy, and fail to perceive that the Borgias, having acquired this preponderating influence in the country, would immediately make use of their power to drive the French out of it and to establish themselves in Milan, which they had only permitted the French to make the conquest



of for them. But another writer (Varillas) by way of defending D'Amboise, makes it appear that although he promised more than he should have done, or indeed, could perform, to secure the king an easy conquest of the inheritance of his ancestress, Valentina Visconti, he did so believing that obstacles would arise to prevent the carrying out of the stipulations of the treaty. This is indeed quite in accordance with the cardinal's usual system of diplomacy. He scrupled not to make treaties and enter into engagements which appeared to be contrary to the future interests of France; but they served some present purpose, and D'Amboise trusted to the chapter of accidents in those unstable and turbulent times — when if success in immediate objects could be achieved little or no hesitation was felt in setting at naught the treaty promises of former rulers, or in creating embarrassing obligations for future ones — to nullify all it might hereafter be inconvenient to France to carry into effect. A haphazard sort of policy, no doubt; though likely occasionally to prove advantageous, bearing always in mind that chicanery and deceit were the chief characteristics of the sovereigns and their representatives with whom he transacted affairs.

Nor was this a policy peculiar to Cardinal d'Amboise. It was one too generally adopted by his contemporaries, and by none more so than the popes, the emperor Maximilian, and the perfidious Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. And the bad faith of all parties was doubtless a principal cause of the warfare that was waging throughout Europe at the dawn of the Renaissance; bringing misery and sufferings unheard of on the unfortunate people, whose lives and property were absolutely at the mercy of the merciless tyrants who reigned over them. Louis the Twelfth was perhaps the only sovereign who then entered into treaties with any intention of abiding by them. He, indeed, was burdened with a conscience — always, so cynics say, a great drawback to success — that made him scrupulously tenacious of keeping his word when private interests seemed to point the other way, and of refraining from pressing his people in order to obtain funds for his expensive Italian wars. And as far as the unfavorable circumstances of the period allowed, the great merit of having done so belongs to him.

Having married Anne of Brittany, remitted some taxes, and provided for the peace of his kingdom and the protection

of his subjects during his absence — measures that secured for him the title of "*le père de son peuple*" — Louis and D'Amboise set out in June 1499, to assemble the army at Blois. Both the king and the cardinal-minister seem to have been perfectly in accord in their anxiety to preserve France from the miseries of internal dissensions and civil war, and no less so to carry fire and sword into other lands. After pillaging, laying waste, and committing many atrocities during their onward march — for the armies of the time were truly mere barbarian hordes, restrained in their excesses only by the more or less humane character of their leaders — the resistance of a few small towns was overcome, and on the 15th of August Louis entered Milan in triumph.

Unlike Charles the Eighth, Louis had received no aid from the Florentines, whom the famous Benedictine priest, Savonarola — who in Charles's time almost ruled that country — had induced to favor the French. But since the execution of that eloquent enthusiast, so feared by the infamous court of Rome (and who, on the pretence that he had proclaimed himself a prophet, was condemned to be tortured, and afterwards to be hanged, and his body burned), the Florentines had become enemies of France, and had given such aid as they could afford to the duke of Milan. D'Amboise was for treating the people with much lenity, and the king, adopting the same view, not only laid no new burdens upon them, but relieved them from many which their own duke had compelled them to bear. In order still further to reconcile them to a French ruler, Louis appointed their countryman, Trivulzio, to be governor of the city instead of La Trémouille, for whom he had destined that post.

The pope and his son, who had expected Milan to hold out for five or six months, were surprised to find it taken at the end of a three weeks' campaign. They had been assembling an army for their own objects, and now applied for the French troops to complete it; and as no excuse could be found for evading the promised aid, Cæsar took the command and marched the army into Romagna, to despoil the petty princes of that district.

The details of this harassing warfare are dreary indeed, though relieved by episodes of much interest, such, for instance, as the siege of Forli, when Catherine Sforza, the widow of the Seigneur de Forli, and sister of the deposed duke of Milan, took the command of the garrison,

and with dauntless courage withstood Cæsar Borgia, and defended Forli against the attacks of the French troops under General Alegre. Her persistency in repelling them so angered Cæsar that he brought all his cannon to bear on the fortress and battered down the walls. Overcome by numbers, Catherine, still encouraging on her soldiers, and fighting side by side with them, was finally taken prisoner. She prayed her captor to inflict the death she had failed to find with her people. But Cæsar Borgia sent her to Rome, and the pope ordered that she should be imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. There, probably, she would have ended her days, but that Alegre, who had vainly endeavored to save her during the siege, was so struck with admiration of her great heroism that he made an urgent request to the pope for her liberation, and as his own bravery made his services valuable to Cæsar, it was thought expedient to comply with it. Catherine Sforza was accordingly conveyed in safety to Florence, whither she had, before the siege, sent her children.

Louis and his minister left Milan for Paris, and immediately the Milanese revolted. The Ghibelines raised eight thousand troops, expelled Trivulzio, who was a partisan of the Guelphs, and invited their duke, Ludovico Sforza, to return. Novara only remained to the French, who had gained the garrison of that town by bribes, and on the continuance of their fidelity, until reinforcements arrived, depended the retention of the duchy. A visit from their duke, it was thought, would awaken their patriotism. But once in their power they arrested him, and gave him up to the French. By Louis' order he was imprisoned in the Château de Loches, where, after eleven years of misery, death released him from the cruelties inflicted on him for the crime of seeking to regain possession of his duchy.

Though Louis the Twelfth could scarcely endure the short absences of his favorite minister, which occasionally the affairs of the archbishopric of Rouen made necessary, yet an envoy in whom the fullest confidence could be placed was needed to re-establish order in Milan, and the king thought no one so capable, and knew that none was so entirely devoted to him, as D'Amboise. Military as well as civil affairs were to be under his control. But the cardinal did not wish to give occasion for scandal at Rome, by assuming the command of the French troops; he therefore pleaded inability to take the direction

of the army unless an able general was appointed to aid him, and he suggested La Trémouille.

The cardinal and his general set out for Novara, where troops from all the French provinces were ordered to assemble to meet them. The Milanese, alarmed at the approach of a large army, sent four thousand of their children, dressed in white robes and with crucifixes in their hands, to meet the cardinal as he entered the city, when they threw themselves at his feet and implored pardon for the families who had revolted. Much affected at the sight, he promised pardon in the king's name; and as severity was thought to be impolitic, the revolted Milanese were quit for a fine, and of an amount not large enough to embarrass them.

Milan recovered, Alexander and his son again requested the use of the French army, that the latter, who had taken the title of Duke of Romagna, might still further extend his conquests. The cardinal refused it, except on condition that the pope would forthwith appoint him papal legate for life, for the kingdom of France, thus placing him next in power and influence to the pope himself. Alexander considered the demand too exorbitant to be complied with. It would raise him up an enemy, he said, in every prelate and officer of the papal court, as they would be deprived by it of the revenue drawn from France, and be compelled by this reduction of their means to live in less stately style. Besides, the separation it would cause between France and Rome would also be most prejudicial to the interests of religion and of the Church.

But Cæsar Borgia, who wanted the army, *coûte que coûte*, secretly suggested to the cardinal that he should ask for the appointment for three years, when it would be possible to get it prolonged. Still Alexander objected. The finances of the papacy would be exhausted, he said, and the cardinal become so rich that he would be an object of envy and suspicion to every noble of the French court, and even to the king himself. At this point of the negotiation Cæsar Borgia intervened, in quality of mediator. He proposed that the cardinal should be appointed papal legate for the kingdom of France for eighteen months. To this the pope assented, and the cardinal agreed to the diminution of the term on an understanding with Cæsar that the appointment should be renewed, if, within that time, his ambitious views were not fully realized and the French army was still needed. Also, that on the death of

Alexander, Cæsar Borgia should employ all his influence to secure for D'Amboise his election to the papal chair. The disposal of all the benefices in the kingdom for the space only of eighteen months would make him, he was aware, the richest ecclesiastic in Europe, and enable him to remove all the difficulties that opposed his elevation to the papacy.

The matter being thus arranged, Cæsar resumed his attacks on the smaller Italian states; but when he ventured on besieging Bologna, whose duke had placed himself under the protection of France, he was both astonished and mortified at receiving a most peremptory command from D'Amboise to desist. Louis the Twelfth was also assembling his troops to attempt the conquest of Naples, which had become more difficult from his having deferred it for two years. King Frederic had employed the time in preparing for the defence of his territory; but in order to deprive him of the support of a powerful ally, D'Amboise was authorized by Louis to send a considerable sum of money to the emperor Maximilian, and to propose to him to enter into a contract for marrying the daughter of Louis the Twelfth — "Madame" — an infant of the age of eight or nine months, to the duke of Luxembourg, the grandson of Maximilian, and some two or three months "Madame's" junior.

Maximilian was always glad to receive money, and he was scarcely less pleased with the proposed alliance; while still further to gratify him, the cardinal named the duchies of Milan and Bologna as "Madame's" probable dowry. For this prospective alienation of the duchies he was generally blamed; but, as he said, "Maximilian was detached from the king of Naples, and Louis' conquest of his kingdom made easier." As for the marriage, that was a distant event. One or both of the children might die; the king might have male heirs, or might die himself before the time for fulfilling the contract arrived; any one of which events would set aside the marriage, while two or three hundred thousand crowns would always buy Maximilian's consent to break off the match if it should be desirable to do so.

The cardinal-archbishop, on being invested with the dignity of papal legate, made his entry into Paris, and afterwards into Rouen, in a style of unusual magnificence. Not only the guilds of the city of Paris went to meet him, and a numerous deputation from the different offices of state, but even the chancellor of France

did him that honor. "The state canopy, borne by the four sheriffs, was waiting his arrival at the city gates, whence he proceeded to the session-house or parliament, where the high seat of honor was accorded to him, and the first president complimented him in an eloquent oration." He obtained, at this time, a sedentary parliament for Rouen, which hitherto had contented itself with the jurisdiction of the exchequer, and made it the second city of the kingdom. The cardinal's pretensions to the papacy were now openly avowed, and being greatly encouraged by the king, the princes of Christendom leagued themselves against him, under the pretence of preventing the papacy from being again established at Avignon.

But Italy continued to be the battlefield on which Spaniards, Germans, Italians, and French fought out their quarrels; such men as Gonzalo, the "great captain" of the Spaniards, La Trémouille, Bayard, and Gaston de Foix, the marquis of Mantua, the indefatigable and brave, though infamous Cæsar Borgia, and others of lesser note, heading the troops. Meanwhile, crowned heads and distinguished prelates were endeavoring by perfidy, double-dealing, and every species of trickery and baseness, to deceive and outwit each other.

These contentions were, however, brought to a temporary standstill by an event that caused great consternation at Rome, — the sudden death of Alexander the Sixth from the effects of a poisoned draught, which was to be administered to one of the cardinals who had fallen into disfavor, but by mistake was partaken of by both the pope and his son. Cæsar Borgia's vigorous constitution resisted, to a certain extent, the effects of the poison. It did not kill him, but for two days he lay in a precarious state, and in an agony of pain. His health was entirely undermined, and the death of his father brought his career of successful crimes to a close.

When Alexander the Sixth died, Cardinal Ascagna Sforza, the brother of the duke of Milan, to whom he had been chiefly indebted for his election, had been a prisoner in France for nearly three years. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of his family, Sforza still retained much of his influence in the college of cardinals. It therefore occurred to D'Amboise, that if he obtained from the king an order for the release of Sforza, gratitude would impel him to support his pretensions to the papacy. The king, who was anxious that his favorite should be elected to the

papal throne, liberated Cardinal Sforza, who as soon as he was released urged the king to extend the same favor to the duke of Milan. But to this neither Louis nor his minister would consent, and the cardinal, filled with indignation at the sufferings inflicted on his brother, returned to Italy with a determination to thwart D'Amboise and to do his utmost to secure the election of Cardinal Piccolomini, the greatest enemy of France. In this he was assisted by the Cardinal de St. Pierre-aux-Liens, who himself aspired to the papacy.

Piccolomini was elected; but the Cardinal de St. Pierre-aux-Liens persuaded D'Amboise, with whom he had been on intimate terms for many years, and owed to him safety and an asylum in France when under the displeasure of Alexander the Sixth, that on Piccolomini's death, which was known to be not far off at the time of his election, he would secure the votes of the majority for him. Piccolomini assumed the name of Pius the Third, and held his new dignity only twenty days. St. Pierre then advised his friend to order the French to leave Rome, and to withdraw his army from the Papal States, that the college of cardinals might not seem to be coerced when giving their votes. D'Amboise followed his friend's advice, for though living in so unprincipled an age, like his royal master, he was credulous and easily imposed upon; but when the cardinals assembled in conclave to vote for the new pope, D'Amboise, who had felt assured that the suffrages of nearly the whole college were about to be given to him, found to his astonishment that they were all promised in favor of the Cardinal de St. Pierre-aux-Liens; while, to hide his mortification, he was compelled to add his own vote to theirs.

The cardinal being elected, took the name of Julian the Second, in imitation rather of the Roman emperor Julian, than from any sympathy with the pious and peaceful views of Julian the First. His first act was to arrest Cæsar Borgia and compel him to give up all his ill-gotten possessions to obtain his liberty. Weak, thoroughly prostrated from the effects of the poison on his system, Cæsar sought the protection of Gonzalo, who shortly after received an order from that treacherous royal pair, Ferdinand and Isabella, to send him as a prisoner to Spain.

The warlike Pope Julian was the declared enemy of France. It was said of him, when elected, "*qu'il avait jeté dans le Tibre les clefs de St. Pierre pour prendre le glaive de St. Paul*," so active a part

did he take in all the wars, either against the French or against the Italian states that favored them. "The barbarians must be driven out of Italy," was his constant cry, as he was carried from rank to rank when illness prevented him from personally directing the movements of his troops. So energetic and fearless was he, that, at seventy years of age, and compelled by infirmity to walk with a stick, no persuasions could keep him from the battlefield. At other times, when bombarding a town, he would point the guns himself, and if, as often happened, his tent, which was generally aimed at, should be overthrown, he would hardly consent to have it placed beyond the range of the enemy's cannon. However, his thoughts were not wholly given to war; the embellishment of Rome occupied some share of his attention, and the church of St. Peter was begun under his pontificate.

The cardinal-archbishop and legate — for Julian, in consideration of their former intimacy, and the refuge it had procured him in France, allowed D'Amboise to retain the power of disposing of the French benefices — returned to Paris much disappointed and depressed; for besides the treachery of Julian, Cardinal Sforza, who had promised to return to his French prison if he should fail to secure the election of D'Amboise, declined to leave Rome when requested to do so. The matter being referred to Julian, he decided that Cardinal Sforza's proper residence was the papal court.

Louis the Twelfth had indeed been very unfortunate in his Italian wars. But being desirous of making another attempt to recover what he had lost, he was reduced to seek the only alliance now open to him, that of the emperor Maximilian, who had already made nearly twenty treaties with France, and executed none of them. But it was thought that Marguerite of Austria, now the widowed duchess of Savoy, possessed the probity which was so entirely wanting in the character of her father; and that as she had shown some talent for negotiation on more than one occasion, she would probably insist on Maximilian performing what she had promised in his name, if he would permit her to act for him. He consented to do so, and sent the duchess a formal procuration. Upon which she and the cardinal-minister met at Cambray to settle the affairs of Europe; for a league of the continental powers had been formed, and their various interests were to be discussed at this meeting and the result made known to their representatives, who

were not to be allowed to take part in the discussion.

D'Amboise was appointed by Louis his sole representative, with powers more ample than were ever delegated to envoy or ambassador before or since. He gave him no instructions, written or oral, but abandoned everything to his discretion. And so highly delighted was the cardinal-minister at this *tête-à-tête* negotiation with the most talented and accomplished princess in Europe, that he allowed her to derive from it every advantage she could desire. Maximilian had good reason to be satisfied with his ambassadress; for she induced the cardinal to agree to the articles of this Franco-German treaty, which had been drawn up by her with all the skill and artifice of an able diplomatist, and by which France was bound to incur all risks and defray all expenses of the war, but was to reap from it the smallest possible benefit. The temporal power of Rome was also so much increased by this negotiation, that Louis' great object, the entire conquest of Naples, was rendered even more arduous, if not altogether impossible.

While the armies were collecting and the tambour beating up recruits in the provinces of France, D'Amboise retired from the affairs of state, and sought repose in Rouen. This city owed much to him. He built churches, repaired public buildings and erected new ones. He embellished the environs, laid out squares and ornamented them with fountains, and generally strove to improve and beautify the seat of his archbishopric.

The army being ready and Louis unable to dispense with the presence of his minister, the cardinal left Rouen, and once more was *en route* for Italy. Some success against the Venetians attended the French army in this campaign; but fresh political complications arose from Maximilian offering to place Verona in the hands of the king, and from the failure of Ferdinand of Aragon and the emperor to settle to their mutual satisfaction (Isabella having died) the question of the government of Castile during the minority of the archduke their grandson, and the continuance of the insanity of Jeanne, his mother. Julian attempted to arrange their differences, but failing therein Cardinal d'Amboise undertook the office of mediator. "If he did not succeed," the pope remarked, "it would divert his thoughts from the papacy." For he still kept his eyes on the triple crown, and hoped eventually to wear it, as he was twenty years

younger than Julian, and both he and Louis the Twelfth were convinced that it was the only means whereby the dominion of the French in Italy could be firmly established. Therefore, they did all in their power to keep on good terms with those countries that could, in this respect, further their views. Ferdinand had artfully told D'Amboise that without the Spanish cardinals he would never be pope. It was to his interest, then, to reconcile the Spanish king and the German emperor, and to put the Venetians on good terms with the latter, which they had not been for some time; and both these difficult negotiations he succeeded in.

The mental anxiety they occasioned him, and the great bodily fatigue of the long journeys he took to effect the reconciliation from which resulted all the misfortunes of the reign of Francis the First, brought on an illness, from which, after lingering for several months, he died at Milan, in 1510, at the age of fifty. During these last few months he was constantly carried on a litter, to attend the councils of state. The king, who retained the fullest confidence in him, was most assiduous in his attentions to him in his illness, and grieved long, and no doubt most sincerely, for the loss of his favorite and friend. D'Amboise had served him with unswerving fidelity, and, if his talents were not great as a statesman, to the best of his ability. He was indeed a man of too much honesty of principle to cope with the unscrupulous and crafty diplomatists of that age. Repeatedly deceived, he could still believe in the friendship of one prince, the good faith of another, and with the view of gaining his ends, was too often flexible where more far-seeing politicians would have been unyielding and have attained their objects with more certainty.

It was perhaps unfortunate for France and his own reputation that Cardinal d'Amboise aspired to the papacy; as it raised up enemies in those quarters where the aggrandisement of France was not desired, and made him timeserving in others, in order to gain the promise of support which it was never intended to afford him. Though ambitious of power, and, like Louis the Twelfth, considered rather penurious, he did not hoard wealth, but employed his large revenues in benefiting the Church, in relieving the poor, and in acts of private charitable munificence.

Julian claimed to be his heir, but the claim was resisted. On hearing of the cardinal's death, he exclaimed, "Thank

God! there is now but one pope, and I could never feel sure of that while D'Amboise was alive." It was supposed that Julian's enmity to France would abate on the death of D'Amboise, but it seemed rather to increase, and he remained to the end of his life the most inveterate enemy of the French. The vacant seat in the college of cardinals was bestowed on Wolsey, to whom Julian, who hoped to keep Louis the Twelfth out of Italy by inducing the English to invade France, sent a cardinal's hat.

Large sums were left by Cardinal d'Amboise to be expended, as his will directed, for the benefit of the poor. Bequests of various amounts were made to his relations, whom he advised to abstain from any interference in affairs of state. He expressed great regret at having employed in them so much of his own time that ought to have been given to the religious instruction of the people of his diocese, and his last words, addressed to the friar who attended him in the convent where he died, were, "*Je voudrais n'avoir été toute ma vie que frère Jean.*" He was much lamented by the people, by whom he was greatly beloved and confided in, and who were accustomed to say, when any dangers threatened France in those unquiet times, "*On n'a que laisser faire à Georges.*"

C. C. J.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
"MALCOLM," ETC.

#### CHAPTER LXV.

#### THE EVE OF THE CRISIS.

It was late in the sweetest of summer mornings when the Partan's boat slipped slowly back with a light wind to the harbor of Portlossie. Malcolm did not wait to land the fish, but having changed his clothes and taken breakfast with Duncan, who was always up early, went to look after Kelpie. When he had done with her, finding some of the household already in motion, he went through the kitchen, and up the old corkscrew stone stair to his room, to have the sleep he generally had before his breakfast. Presently came a knock at his door, and there was Rose.

The girl's behavior to Malcolm was much changed. The conviction had been strengthening in her that he was not what he seemed, and she regarded him now

with a vague awe. But there was fear in her eyes now, as she looked this way and that along the passage, and then crept timidly inside his door to tell him, in a hurried whisper, that she had seen the woman who gave her the poisonous philtre talking to Caley the night before at the foot of the bridge, after everybody else was in bed. She had been miserable till she could warn him. He thanked her heartily, and said he would be on his guard: he would neither eat nor drink in the house. She crept softly away. He secured his door, lay down, and, trying to think, fell asleep.

When he woke his brain was clear. The very next day, whether Lenorme came or not, he would declare himself. That night he would go fishing with Lady Clementina, but not one day longer would he allow those people to be about his sister. Who could tell what might not be brewing, or into what abyss, with the help of her *friends*, the woman Catanach might not plunge Florimel?

He rose, took Kelpie out, and had a good gallop. On his way back he saw in the distance Florimel riding with Liftore. The earl was on his father's bay mare. He could not endure the sight, and dashed home at full speed.

Learning from Rose that Lady Clementina was in the flower-garden, he found her at the swan-basin feeding the gold and silver fishes. An under-gardener, who had been about the place for thirty years, was at work not far off. The light splash of the falling column which the marble swan spouted from its upturned beak prevented her from hearing his approach until he was close behind her. She turned, and her fair face took the flush of a white rose.

"My lady," he said, "I have got everything arranged for to-night."

"And when shall we go?" she asked eagerly.

"At the turn of the tide, about half past seven. But seven is your dinner-hour."

"It is of no consequence. But could you not make it half an hour later, and then I should not seem rude?"

"Make it any hour you please, my lady, so long as the tide is falling."

"Let it be eight then, and dinner will be almost over. They will not miss me after that. Mr. Cairns is going to dine with them. I think, except Liftore, I never disliked a man so much. Shall I tell them where I am going?"

"Yes, my lady. It will be better. They will look amazed, for all their breeding."



"Whose boat is it, that I may be able to tell thom if they should ask me?"

"Joseph Mair's. He and his wife will come and fetch you. Annie Mair will go with us — if I may say *us*: will you allow me to go in your boat, my lady?"

"I couldn't go without you, Malcolm."

"Thank you, my lady. Indeed, I don't know how I could let you go without me. Not that there is anything to fear, or that I could make it the least safer; but somehow it seems my business to take care of you."

"Like Kelpie?" said Clementina, with a merrier smile than he had ever seen on her face before.

"Yes, my lady," answered Malcolm: "if to do for you all and the best you will permit me to do be to take care of you like Kelpie, then so it is."

Clementina gave a little sigh.

"Mind you don't scruple, my lady, to give what orders you please. It will be *your* fishing-boat for to-night."

Clementina bowed her head in acknowledgment.

"And now, my lady," Malcolm went on, "just look about you for a moment. See this great vault of heaven, full of golden light raining on trees and flowers, every atom of air shining. Take the whole into your heart, that you may feel the difference at night, my lady, when the stars, and neither sun nor moon, will be in the sky, and all the flowers they shine on will be their own flitting, blinking, swinging, shutting and opening reflections in the swaying floor of the ocean — when the heat will be gone, and the air clean and clear as the thoughts of a saint."

Clementina did as he said, and gazed above and around her on the glory of the summer day overhanging the sweet garden, and on the flowers that had just before been making her heart ache with their unattainable secret. But she thought with herself that if Malcolm and she but shared it with a common heart as well as neighbored eyes, gorgeous day and ethereal night, or snow-clad wild and sky of stormy blackness, were alike welcome to her spirit.

As they talked they wandered up the garden, and had drawn near the spot where, in the side of the glen, was hollowed the cave of the hermit. They now turned toward the pretty arbor of moss that covered its entrance, each thinking the other led, but Malcolm not without reluctance. For how horribly and unaccountably had he not been shaken, the only time he ever entered it, at sight of

the hermit! The thing was a foolish wooden figure, no doubt, but the thought that it still sat over its book in the darkest corner of the cave, ready to rise and advance with outstretched hand to welcome its visitor, had, ever since then, sufficed to make him shudder. He was on the point of warning Clementina, lest she too should be worse than startled, when he was arrested by the voice of John Jack, the old gardener, who came stooping after them, looking a sexton of flowers.

"Ma'colm, Ma'colm!" he cried, and crept up wheezing. "I beg yer leddyship's pardon, my leddy, but I wadna hae Ma'colm lat ye gang in there ohn tellt ye what there is inside."

"Thank you, John. I was just going to tell my lady," said Malcolm.

"Because, ye see," pursued John, "I was ae day here i' the gairden — an' I was jist graftin' a bonny wull rose-buss wi' a Hector o' France, an' it grew to be the bonniest rose-buss in a' the haill gairden — whan the markis — no the auld markis, but my leddy's father — cam' up the walk there, an' a bonny yoong leddy wi' his lordship, as it micht be yersel's twa, an' I beg your pardon, my leddy, but I'm an auld man noo, an' whiles forgets the differs atween fowk, an' this yoong leddy 'at they ca'd Miss Cam'ell — ye kenned her yersel' efterhin', I daur say, Ma'colm — he was unco ta'en wi' her, the markis, as ilka body cud see ohn luikit that near, sae 'at some said 'at hoo he hed no richt to gang on wi' her that gait, garrin' her believe, gien he wasna gaein' to merry her. That's naither here nor there, hooever, seein' it a' cam' to jist naething ava'. Sae up they gaed to the cave yon'er, as I was tellin' ye; an' hoo it was was a won'er, for I s' warran' she had been aboot the place near a towmon (*twelvemonth*), but never had she been intil that cave, an' kenned no more nor the bairn unborn what there was in 't. An' sae whan the aire-mite, as the auld minister ca'd him — though what for he ca'd a muckle block like yon an *airy mite*, I'm sure I never cud fathom — whan he gat up, as I was sayin' an' cam' foret wi' his han' oot, she gae a sraich 'at jist garred my lugs dirl, an' doon she drappit; an' there, whan I ran up, was she lyin' i' the markis his aims; as white 's a cauk eemage; an' it was lang or he broucht her till hersel', for he wadna lat me rin for the hoosekeeper, but sent me fleein' to the f'untain for water, an' gied me a gowd guinea to haud my tongue aboot it a'. Sae noo, my leddy, ye're forewarnt, an' no ill can come to ye,



for there's naething to be fleyt at whan ye ken what's gauin' to meet ye."

Malcolm had turned his head aside, and now moved on without remark. Struck by his silence, Clementina looked up and saw his face very pale and the tears standing in his eyes. "You must tell me the sad story, Malcolm," she murmured. "I could scarcely understand a word the old man said."

He continued silent, and seemed struggling with some emotion. But when they were within a few paces of the arbor he stopped short and said, "I would rather not go in there to-day. You would oblige me, my lady, if you would not go."

She looked up at him again with wonder but more concern in her lovely face, put her hand on his arm, gently turned him away and walked back with him to the fountain. Not a word more did she say about the matter.

#### CHAPTER LXVI.

##### SEA.

THE evening came, and the company at Lossie House was still seated at table, Clementina heartily weary of the vapid talk that had been going on all through the dinner, when she was informed that a fisherman of the name of Mair was at the door, accompanied by his wife, saying they had an appointment with her. She had already acquainted her hostess, when first they sat down, with her arrangements for going a-fishing that night, and much foolish talk and would-be wit had followed: now, when she rose and excused herself, they all wished her a pleasant evening, in a tone indicating the conviction that she little knew what she was about, and would soon be longing heartily enough to be back with them in the drawing-room, whose lighted windows she would see from the boat. But Clementina hoped otherwise, hurriedly changed her dress, hastened to join Malcolm's messengers, and almost in a moment had made the two childlike people at home with her by the simplicity and truth of her manner and the directness of her utterance. They had not talked with her five minutes before they said in their hearts that here was the wife for the marquis if he could get her.

"She's just like ane o' oorsel's," whispered Annie to her husband on the first opportunity, "only a hantle better an' bonnier."

They took the nearest way to the harbor—through the town—and Lady Clementina and Blue Peter kept up a con-

stant talk as they went. All in the streets and at the windows stared to see the grand lady from the house walking between a Scaurnose fisherman and his wife, and chatting away with them as if they were all fishers together.

"What's the world comin' till?" cried Mrs. Mellis, the draper's wife, as she saw them pass.

"I'm glaid to see the yoong wuman—an' a bonny lass she is—in sic guid company," said Miss Horn, looking down from the opposite side of the way. "I'm thinkin' the han' o' the markis 'ill be i' this, no'!"

All was ready to receive her, but in the present bad state of the harbor, and the tide having now ebbed a little way, the boat could not get close either to quay or shore. Six of the crew were on board, seated on the thwarts with their oars shipped, for Peter had insisted on a certain approximation to man-of-war manners and discipline for the evening, or at least until they got to the fishing-ground. The shore itself formed one side of the harbor, and sloped down into it, and on the sand stood Malcolm with a young woman, whom Clementina recognized at once as the girl she had seen at the Findlays'.

"My lady," he said, approaching, "would you do me the favor to let Lizzy go with you? She would like to attend your ladyship, because, being a fisherman's daughter, she is used to the sea, and Mrs. Mair is not so much at home upon it, being a farmer's daughter from inland."

Receiving Clementina's thankful assent, he turned to Lizzy and said, "Min' ye tell my lady what rizzon ye ken whaurfor my mistress at the hoose sudna be merried upo' Lord Liftore—him 'at was Lord Meikleham. Ye may speyk to my lady there as ye wad to mysel; an' better, haein' the hert o' a wuman."

Lizzy blushed a deep red, and dared but the glimmer of a glance at Clementina, but there was only shame, no annoyance, in her face.

"Ye winna repent it, Lizzy," concluded Malcolm, and turned away.

He cherished a faint hope that if she heard or guessed Lizzy's story, Clementina might yet find some way of bringing her influence to bear on his sister even at the last hour of her chance; from which, for her sake, he shrunk the more the nearer it drew. Clementina held out her hand to Lizzy, and again accepted her offered service with kindly thanks.

Now, Blue Peter, having been ship's carpenter in his day, had constructed a

little poop in the stern of his craft: thereon Malcolm had laid cushions and pillows and furs and blankets from the Psyche—a grafting of Cleopatra's galley upon the rude fishing-boat—and there Clementina was to repose in state. Malcolm gave a sign: Peter took his wife in his arms, and, walking through the few yards of water between, lifted her into the boat, which lay with its stern to the shore. Malcolm and Clementina turned to each other: he was about to ask leave to do her the same service, but she spoke before him. "Put Lizzy on board first," she said.

He obeyed, and when, returning, he again approached her, "Are you able, Malcolm?" she asked. "I am very heavy."

He smiled for all reply, took her in his arms like a child, and had placed her on the cushions before she had time to realize the mode of her transference. Then taking a stride deeper into the water, he scrambled on board. The same instant the men gave way. They pulled carefully through the narrow jaws of the little harbor, and away, with quivering oar and falling tide, went the boat, gliding out into the measureless north, where the horizon was now dotted with the sails that had preceded it.

No sooner were they afloat than a kind of enchantment enwrapped and possessed the soul of Clementina. Everything seemed all at once changed utterly. The very ends of the harbor-piers might have stood in the "*Divina Commedia*" instead of the Moray Frith. Oh that wonderful look everything wears when beheld from the other side! Wonderful surely will this world appear—strangely *more*—when, become children again by being gathered to our fathers, joyous day! we turn and gaze back upon it from the other side! I imagine that to him who has overcome it the world, in very virtue of his victory, will show itself the lovely and pure thing it was created, for he will see through the cloudy envelope of his battle to the living kernel below. The cliffs, the rocks, the sands, the dune, the town, the very clouds that hung over the hill above Lossie House, were in strange fashion transfigured. To think of people sitting behind those windows while the splendor and freedom of space with all its divine shows invited them, lay bare and empty to them! Out and still out they rowed and drifted till the coast began to open up beyond the headlands on either side. There a light breeze was waiting them. Up then went three short masts, and three dark-

brown sails shone red in the sun, and Malcolm came aft, over the great heap of brown nets, crept with apology across the poop, and got down into a little well behind, there to sit and steer the boat; for now, obedient to the wind in its sails, it went frolicking over the sea.

The Bonnie Annie bore a picked crew, for Peter's boat was to him a sort of church, in which he would not, with his will, carry any Jonah fleeing from the will of the Lord of the sea. And that boat's crew did not look the less merrily out of their blue eyes, or carry themselves less manfully in danger, that they believed a Lord of the earth and the sea and the fountains of water cared for his children, and would have them honest and fearless.

And now came a scattering of rubies and topazes over the slow waves as the sun reached the edge of the horizon and shone with a glory of blinding red along the heaving level of green, dashed with the foam of their flight. Could such a descent as this be intended for a type of death? Clementina asked. Was it not rather as if, from a corner of the tomb behind, she saw the back parts of a resurrection and ascension,—warmth, outshining; splendor; departure from the door of the tomb; exultant memory; tarnishing gold, red fading to russet; fainting of spirit, loneliness; deepening blue and green; pallor, grayness, coldness; out-creeping stars; further-reaching memory; the dawn of infinite hope and foresight; the assurance that under passion itself lay a better and holier mystery? Here was God's naughty child, the world, laid asleep and dreaming—if not merrily yet contentedly—and there was the sky, with all the day gathered and hidden up in its blue, ready to break forth again in laughter on the morrow, bending over its skyey cradle like a mother; and there was the aurora, the secret of life, creeping away round to the north to be ready. Then first, when the slow twilight had fairly settled into night, did Clementina begin to know the deepest marvel of this facet of the rose-diamond life! God's night and sky and sea were hers now, as they had been Malcolm's from childhood. And when the nets had been paid out, and sunk straight into the deep, stretched betwixt leads below and floats and buoys above, extending a screen of meshes against the rush of the watery herd; when the sails were down, and the whole vault of stars lay bare to her eyes as she lay; when the boat was still, fast to the nets,

anchored as it were by hanging acres of curtain, and all was silent as a church, waiting, and she might dream or sleep or pray as she would, with nothing about her but peace and love and the deep sea, and over her but still peace and love and the deeper sky, then the soul of Clementina rose and worshipped the soul of the universe; her spirit clave to the life of her life, the thought of her thought, the heart of her heart; her will bowed itself to the Creator of will, worshipping the supreme, original, only freedom — the Father of her love, the Father of Jesus Christ, the God of the hearts of the universe, the thinker of all thoughts, the beginner of all beginnings, the All-in-all. It was her first experience of speechless adoration.

Most of the men were asleep in the bows of the boat: all were lying down but one. That one was Malcolm. He had come aft and seated himself under the platform, leaning against it. The boat rose and sank a little, just enough to rock the sleeping children a little deeper into their sleep: Malcolm thought all slept. He did not see how Clementina's eyes shone back to the heavens, no star in them to be named beside those eyes. She knew that Malcolm was near her, but she would not speak, she would not break the peace of the presence. A minute or two passed. Then softly woke a murmur of sound that strengthened and grew, and swelled at last into a song. She feared to stir lest she should interrupt its flow. And thus it flowed: —

The stars are steady abune;  
I' the water they flichter an' flee;  
But steady aye luikin' doon,  
They ken themsel's i' the sea.

A' licht, an' clear, an' free,  
God, thou shinest abune:  
Yet luik an' see thysel' in me,  
God, whan thou luikest doon.

A silence followed, but a silence that seemed about to be broken. And again Malcolm sang: —

There was an auld fisher, he sat by the wa',  
An' luikit oot ower the sea:  
The bairnies war playin'; he smilit on them a',  
But the tear stude in his e'e.

An' it's oh to win awa', awa'!  
An' its oh to win awa',  
Whaur the bairns come hame, an'  
the wives they bide,  
An' God is the Father o' a'!

Jocky an' Jeamy an' Tammy oot there,  
A' i' the boatie gaed doon;  
An' I'm ower auld to fish ony mair,  
An' I hinna the chance to droon.  
An' it's oh to win awa', awa'! etc.

An' Jeanie she grat to ease her hert,  
An' she easit hersel' awa';  
But I'm ower auld for the tears to stert,  
An' sae the sighs maun blaw.  
An' it's oh to win awa', awa'! etc.

Lord, steer me hame whaur my Lord has steerit,  
For I'm tired o' life's rockin' sea;  
An' dinna be lang, for I'm nearhan' fearit  
'At I'm 'maist ower auld to dee.  
An' it's oh to win awa', awa'! etc.

Again the stars and the sky were all, and there was no sound but the slight murmurous lipping of the slow swell against the edges of the planks. Then Clementina said, "Did you make that song, Malcolm?"

"Whilk o' them, my leddy? But it's a' ane: they're baith mine, sic as they are."

"Thank you," she returned.

"What for, my leddy?"

"For speaking Scotch to me."

"I beg your pardon, my lady. I forgot your ladyship was English."

"Please forget it," she said. "But I thank you for your songs too. It was the second I wanted to know about: the first I was certain was your own. I did not know you could enter like that into the feelings of an old man."

"Why not, my lady? I never can see living thing without asking it how it feels. Often and often, out here at such a time as this, have I tried to fancy myself a herring caught by the gills in the net down below, instead of the fisherman in the boat above going to haul him out."

"And did you succeed?"

"Well, I fancy I came to understand as much of him as he does himself. It's a merry enough life down there. The flukes — plaice, you call them, my lady — bother me, I confess. I never contemplate one without feeling as if I had been sat upon when I was a baby. But for an old man! Why, that's what I shall be myself one day, most likely, and it would be a shame not to know pretty nearly how *he* felt — near enough, at least, to make a song about him."

"And sha'n't you mind being an old man, then, Malcolm?"

"Not in the least, my lady. I shall mind nothing so long as I can trust in the Maker of me. If my faith in him should give way, why then there would be nothing worth minding either. I don't know but I should kill myself."

"Malcolm!"

"Which is worse, my lady, to distrust God, or to think life worth having without him?"

"But one may hope in the midst of doubt, at least that is what Mr. Graham — and you — have taught me to do."

"Yes, surely, my lady. I won't let any one beat me at that, if I can help it. And I think that so long as I kept my reason I should be able to cry out, as that grandest and most human of all the prophets did, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' But would you not like to sleep, my lady?"

"No, Malcolm. I would much rather hear you talk. Could you not tell me a story now? Lady Lossie mentioned one you once told her about an old castle somewhere not far from here."

"Eh, my leddy," broke in Annie Mair, who had waked up while they were speaking. "I wuss ye wad gar him tell ye that story, for my man he's h'ard 'im tell 't, an' he says it's unco gruesome: I wad fain hear 't. Wauk up, Lizzy," she went on, in her eagerness waiting for no answer: "Ma'colm's gauin' to tell 's the tale o' the auld castel o' Colonsay. It's out by yon'er, my leddy — no that far frae the Deid Heid. Wauk up, Lizzy."

"I'm no sleepin', Annie," said Lizzy, "though, like Ma'colm's auld man," she added with a sigh, "I wad whiles fain be."

Now, there were reasons why Malcolm should not be unwilling to tell the strange wild story requested of him, and he commenced it at once, but modified the Scotch of it considerably for the sake of the unaccustomed ears. When it was ended Clementina said nothing, Annie Mair said "Hech, sirs!" and Lizzy, with a great sigh, remarked, "The deil maun be in a' thing whaur God hasna a han', I'm thinkin'."

"Ye may tak yer aith upo' that," rejoined Malcolm.

It was a custom in Peter's boat never to draw the nets without a prayer, uttered now by one, now by another of the crew. Upon this occasion, whether it was in deference to Malcolm, who, as he well understood, did not like long prayers, or that the presence of Clementina exercised some restraint upon his spirit, out of the bows of the boat came now the solemn voice of its master, bearing only this one sentence: "O Thoo, wha didst tell thy dissiples to cast the net upo' the side whaur swam the fish, gien it be Thy wull 'at we catch the nicht, lat's catch: gien it binna Thy wull, lat's no catch. Haul awa', my laads."

Up sprang the men and went each to his place, and straight a torrent of gleaming fish was pouring in over the gunwale

of the boat. Such a take it was ere the last of the nets was drawn as the oldest of them had seldom seen. Thousands of fish there were that had never got into the meshes at all.

"I cannot understand it," said Clementina. "There are multitudes more fish than there are meshes in the nets to catch them: if they are not caught, why do they not swim away?"

"Because they are drowned, my lady," answered Malcolm.

"What do you mean by that? How can you drown a fish?"

"You may call it *suffocated* if you like, my lady: it is all the same. You have read of panic-stricken people, when a church or a theatre is on fire, rushing to the door all in a heap and crowding each other to death? It is something like that with the fish. They are swimming along in a great shoal, yards thick; and when the first can get no farther, that does not at once stop the rest, any more than it would in a crowd of people: those that are behind come pressing up into every corner where there is room till they are one dense mass. Then they push and push to get forward, and can't get through, and the rest come still crowding on behind, and above and below, till a multitude of them are jammed so tight against each other that they can't open their gills; and even if they could, there would not be air enough for them. You've seen the gold-fish in the swan-basin, my lady, how they open and shut their gills constantly: that's their way of getting air out of the water by some wonderful contrivance nobody understands, for they need breath just as much as we do; and to close their gills is to them the same as closing a man's mouth and nose. That's how the most of those herrings are taken."

All were now ready to seek the harbor. A light westerly wind was still blowing, with the aid of which, heavy-laden, they crept slowly to the land. As she lay snug and warm, with the cool breath of the sea on her face, a half sleep came over Clementina, and she half dreamed that she was voyaging in a ship of the air, through infinite regions of space, with a destination too glorious to be known. The herring-boat was a living splendor of strength and speed, its sails were as the wings of a will in place of the instruments of a force, and softly as mightily it bore them through the charmed realms of dreamland toward the ideal of the soul. And yet the herring-boat but crawled over the still waters with its load of fish, as the harvest-wagon

creeps over the field with its piled-up sheaves; and she who imagined its wondrous speed was the only one who did not desire it should move faster. No word passed between her and Malcolm all their homeward way. Each was brooding over the night and its joy that enclosed them together, and hoping for that which was yet to be shaken from the lap of the coming time.

Also, Clementina had in her mind a scheme for attempting what Malcolm had requested of her: the next day must see it carried into effect, and ever and anon, like a cold blast of doubt invading the bliss of confidence, into the heart of that sea-borne peace darted the thought that if she failed she must leave at once for England, for she would not again meet Liftore.

#### CHAPTER LXVII.

##### SHORE.

At last they glided once more through the stony jaws of the harbor, as if returning again to the earth from a sojourn in the land of the disembodied. When Clementina's foot touched the shore she felt like one waked out of a dream, from whom yet the dream has not departed, but keeps floating about him, waved in thinner and yet thinner streams from the wings of the vanishing sleep. It seemed almost as if her spirit, instead of having come back to the world of its former abode, had been borne across the parting waters and landed on the shore of the immortals. There was the ghostlike harbor of the spirit-land, the water gleaming betwixt its dark walls, one solitary boat motionless upon it, the men moving about like shadows in the star twilight. Here stood three women and a man on the shore, and save the stars no light shone, and from the land came no sound of life. Was it the dead of the night or a day that had no sun? It was not dark, but the light was rayless. Or rather it was as if she had gained the power of seeing in the dark. Suppressed sleep wove the stuff of a dream around her, and the stir at her heart kept it alive with dream-forms. Even the voice of Peter's Annie, saying, "I s' bide for my man. Gude-nicht, my leddy," did not break the charm. Her heart shaped that also into the dream. Turning away with Malcolm and Lizzy, she passed along the front of the Seaton. How still, how dead, how empty like cenotaphs, all the cottages looked! How the sea, which lay like a watcher at their doors, murmured in its

sleep! Arrived at the entrance to her own close, Lizzy next bade them good-night, and Clementina and Malcolm were left.

And now drew near the full power, the culmination of the mounting enchantment, of the night for Malcolm. When once the Scaurnose people should have passed them, they would be alone — alone as in the spaces between the stars. There would not be a living soul on the shore for hours. From the harbor the nearest way to the house was by the sea-gate, but where was the haste with the lovely night around them, private as a dream shared only by two? Besides, to get in by that they would have had to rouse the cantankerous Bykes, and what a jar would not that bring into the music of the silence! Instead, therefore, of turning up by the side of the stream where it crossed the shore, he took Clementina once again in his arms unforbidden and carried her over. Then the long sands lay open to their feet. Presently they heard the Scaurnose party behind them, coming audibly, merrily on. As by a common resolve they turned to the left, and crossing the end of the Boar's Tail, resumed their former direction, with the dune now between them and the sea. The voices passed on the other side, and they heard them slowly merge into the inaudible. At length, after an interval of silence, on the westerly air came one quiver of laughter, by which Malcolm knew his friends were winding up the red path to the top of the cliff. And now the shore was bare of presence, bare of sound save the soft, fitful rush of the rising tide. But behind the long sandhill, for all they could see of the sea, they might have been in the heart of a continent.

"Who would imagine the ocean so near us, my lady?" said Malcolm after they had walked for some time without word spoken.

"Who can tell what may be near us?" she returned.

"True, my lady. Our future is near us, holding thousands of things unknown. Hosts of thinking beings with endless myriads of thoughts may be around us. What a joy to know that, of all things and all thoughts, God is nearest to us — so near that we cannot see him, but far beyond seeing him, can know of him infinitely!"

As he spoke they came opposite the tunnel, but he turned from it and they ascended the dune. As their heads rose over the top, and the sky-night above and

the sea-night beneath rolled themselves out and rushed silently together, Malcolm said, as if thinking aloud, "Thus shall we meet death and the unknown, and the new that breaks from the bosom of the invisible will be better than the old upon which the gates close behind us. The Son of man is content with my future, and I am content."

There was a peace in the words that troubled Clementina: he wanted no more than he had, this cold, imperturbable, devout fisherman. She did not see that it was the confidence of having all things that held his peace rooted. From the platform of the swivel they looked abroad over the sea. Far north in the east lurked a suspicion of dawn, which seemed, while they gazed upon it, to "languish into life," and the sea was a shade less dark than when they turned from it to go behind the dune. They descended a few paces and halted again.

"Did your ladyship ever see the sun rise?" asked Malcolm.

"Never in open country," she answered.

"Then stay and see it now, my lady. He'll rise just over yonder, a little nearer this way than that light from under his eyelids. A more glorious chance you could not have. And when he rises, just observe, one minute after he is up, how like a dream all you have been in to-night will look. It is to me strange, even to awfulness, how many different phases of things, and feelings about them, and moods of life and consciousness, God can tie up in the bundle of one world, with one human soul to carry it."

Clementina slowly sank on the sand of the slope, and like lovely sphinx of northern desert gazed in immovable silence out on the yet more northern sea. Malcolm took his place a little below, leaning on his elbow—for the slope was steep—and looking up at her. Thus they waited the sunrise.

Was it minutes or only moments passed in that silence, whose speech was the soft ripple of the sea on the sand? Neither could have answered the question. At length said Malcolm, "I think of changing my service, my lady."

"Indeed, Malcolm!"

"Yes, my lady. My—mistress does not like to turn me away, but she is tired of me, and does not want me any longer."

"But you would never think of finally forsaking a fisherman's life for that of a servant, surely, Malcolm?"

"What would become of Kelpie, my

lady?" rejoined Malcolm, smiling to himself.

"Ah!" said Clementina bewildered, "I had not thought of her. But you cannot take her with you," she added, coming a little to her senses.

"There is nobody about the place who could, or rather who would, do anything with her. They would sell her. I have enough to buy her, and perhaps somebody might not object to the encumbrance, but hire me and her together. *Your* groom wants a coachman's place, my lady."

"Oh, Malcolm! do you mean you would be *my* groom?" cried Clementina, pressing her palms together.

"If you would have me, my lady; but I have heard you say you would have none but a married man."

"But, Malcolm, don't you know anybody that would—Could you not find some one—some lady—that—I mean, why shouldn't you be a married man?"

"For a very good and to me rather sad reason, my lady: the only woman I could marry or should ever be able to marry would not have me. She is very kind and very noble, but—It is preposterous, the thing is too preposterous: I dare not have the presumption to ask her."

Malcolm's voice trembled as he spoke, and a few moments' pause followed, during which he could not lift his eyes. The whole heaven seemed pressing down their lids. The breath which he modelled into words seemed to come in little billows.

But his words had raised a storm in Clementina's bosom. A cry broke from her as if driven forth by pain. She called up all the energy of her nature and stilled herself to speak. The voice that came was little more than a sob-scattered whisper, but to her it seemed as if all the world must hear. "Oh, Malcolm," she panted, "I *will* try to be good and wise. Don't marry anybody else—*anybody*, I mean; but come with Kelpie and be my groom, and wait and see if I don't grow better."

Malcolm leaped to his feet and threw himself at hers. He had heard but in part, and he *must* know all. "My lady," he said with intense quiet, "Kelpie and I will be your slaves. Take me for fisherman, groom, what you will. I offer the whole sum of service that is in me." He kissed her feet. "My lady, I would put your feet on my head," he went on, "only then what should I do when I see my Lord and cast myself before *him*?"

But Clementina, again her own to give,

rose quickly, and said with all the dignity born of her inward grandeur, "Rise, Malcolm: you misunderstand me."

Malcolm rose abashed, but stood erect before her, save that his head was bowed, for his heart was sunk in dismay. Then slowly, gently, Clementina knelt before him. He was bewildered, and thought she was going to pray. In sweet, clear, unshaken tones, for she feared nothing now, she said, "Malcolm, I am not worthy of you. But take me — take my very soul if you will, for it is yours."

Now Malcolm saw that he had no right to raise a kneeling lady: all he could do was to kneel beside her. When people kneel, they lift up their hearts; and the creating Heart of their joy was forgotten of neither. And well for them, for the love where God is not, be the lady lovely as Cordelia, the man gentle as Philip Sidney, will fare as the overkept manna.

When the huge tidal wave from the ocean of infinite delight had broken at last upon the shore of the finite, and withdrawn again into the deeps, leaving every cistern brimming, every fountain overflowing, the two entranced souls opened their bodily eyes, looked at each other, rose, and stood hand in hand, speechless.

"Ah, my lady!" said Malcolm at length, "what is to become of this delicate smoothness in my great rough hand? Will it not be hurt?"

"You don't know how strong it is, Malcolm. There!"

"I can scarcely feel it with my hand, my lady: it all goes through to my heart. It shall lie in mine as the diamond in the rock."

"No, no, Malcolm! Now that I am going to be a fisherman's wife, it must be a strong hand — it must work. What homage shall you require of me, Malcolm? What will you have me do to rise a little nearer your level? Shall I give away lands and money? And shall I live with you in the Seaton? or will you come and fish at Wastbeach?"

"Forgive me, my lady: I can't think about things now — even with you in them. There is neither past nor future to me now — only this one eternal morning. Sit here, and look up, Lady Clementina: see all those worlds: something in me constantly says that I shall know every one of them one day — that they are all but rooms in the house of my spirit; that is, the house of our Father. Let us not now, when your love makes me twice eternal, talk of times and places. Come, let us fancy ourselves two blessed spirits lying full in the

sight and light of our God, — as indeed what else are we? — warming our hearts in his presence and peace, and that we have but to rise and spread our wings to soar aloft and find — what shall it be, my lady? Worlds upon worlds? No, no. What are worlds upon worlds in infinite show until we have seen the face of the Son of man?"

A silence fell. But he resumed: "Let us imagine our earthly life behind us, our hearts clean, love all in all. But that sends me back to the now. My lady, I know I shall never love you aright until you have made me perfect. When the face of the least lovely of my neighbors needs but appear to rouse in my heart a divine tenderness, then it must be that I shall love you better than now. Now, alas! I am so pervious to wrong! so fertile of resentments and indignations! You must cure me, my divine Clemency. Am I a poor lover to talk, this first glorious hour, of anything but my lady and my love? Ah! but let it excuse me that this love is no new thing to me. It is a very old love; I have loved you a thousand years. I love every atom of your being, every thought that can harbor in your soul, and I am jealous of hurting your blossoms with the over-jubilant winds of that very love. I would therefore ever behold you folded in the atmosphere of the Love eternal. My lady, if I were to talk of your beauty, I should but offend you, for you would think I raved and spoke not the words of truth and soberness. But how often have I not cried to the God who breathed the beauty into you that it might shine out of you, to save my soul from the tempest of its own delight therein! And now I am like one that has caught an angel in his net, and fears to come too nigh, lest fire should flash from the eyes of the startled splendor, and consume the net and him who holds it. But I will not rave, because I would possess in grand peace that which I lay at your feet. I am yours, and would be worthy of your moonlight calm."

"Alas! I am beside you but a block of marble," said Clementina. "You are so eloquent, my —"

"New groom," suggested Malcolm gently.

Clementina smiled. "But my heart is so full," she went on, "that I cannot think the filmiest thought. I hardly know that I feel: I only know that I want to weep."

"Weep, then, my word ineffable!" cried Malcolm, and laid himself again at her feet, kissed them, and was silent.

He was but a fisher-poet — no courtier,



no darling of society, no dealer in fine speeches, no clerk of compliments. All the words he had were the living blossoms of thought rooted in feeling. His pure clear heart was as a crystal cup, through which shone the red wine of his love. To himself, Malcolm stammered as a dumb man, the string of whose tongue has but just been loosed: to Clementina his speech was as the song of the Lady to Comus, "divine enchanting ravishment." The God of truth is surely present at every such marriage-feast of two radiant spirits. Their joy was that neither had foiled the hope of the other.

And so the herring-boat had indeed carried Clementina over into paradise, and this night of the world was to her a twilight of heaven. God alone can tell what delights it is possible for him to give to the pure in heart who shall one day behold him. Like two that had died and found each other, they talked until speech rose into silence — they smiled until the dews which the smiles had sublimed claimed their turn and descended in tears.

All at once they became aware that an eye was upon them. It was the sun. He was ten degrees up the slope of the sky, and they had never seen him rise. With the sun came a troublous thought, for with the sun came "a world of men." Neither they nor the simple fisher-folk, their friends, had thought of the thing, but now at length it occurred to Clementina that she would rather not walk up to the door of Lossie House with Malcolm at this hour of the morning. Neither could she well appear alone.

Ere she had spoken Malcolm rose. "You won't mind being left, my lady," he said, "for a quarter of an hour or so, will you? I want to bring Lizzy to walk home with you."

He went, and Clementina sat alone on the dune in a reposeful rapture, to which the sleeplessness of the night gave a certain additional intensity and richness and strangeness. She watched the great strides of her fisherman as he walked along the sands, and she seemed not to be left behind, but to go with him every step. The tide was again falling, and the sea shone and sparkled and danced with life, and the wet sand gleamed, and a soft air blew on her cheek, and the lordly sun was mounting higher and higher, and a lark over her head was sacrificing all nature in his song; and it seemed as if Malcolm were still speaking strange, half-

intelligible, altogether lovely things in her ears. She felt a little weary, and laid her head down upon her arm to listen more at her ease.

Now, the lark had seen and heard all, and was telling it again to the universe, only in dark sayings which none but themselves could understand: therefore it is no wonder that, as she listened, his song melted into a dream, and she slept. And the dream was lovely as dream needs be, but not 'lovelier than the wakeful night. She opened her eyes, calm as any cradled child, and there stood her fisherman.

"I have been explaining to Lizzy, my lady," he said, "that your ladyship would rather have her company up to the door than mine. Lizzy is to be trusted, my lady."

"Deed, my leddy," said Lizzy, "Ma'colm's been ower guid to me, no to gar me du onything he wad hae o' me. I can haud my tongue whan I like, my leddy. An' dinna doobt my thoughts, my leddy, for I ken Ma'colm as weel's ye du yersel', my leddy."

While she was speaking Clementina rose, and they went straight to the door in the bank. Through the tunnel and the young wood and the dew and the morning odors, along the lovely paths, the three walked to the house together. And oh, how the larks of the earth and the larks of the soul sang for two of them! and how the burn ran with music, and the air throbbed with sweetest life! while the breath of God made a little sound as of a going now and then in the tops of the fir-trees, and the sun shone his brightest and best, and all nature knew that the heart of God is the home of his creatures.

When they drew near the house Malcolm left them. After they had rung a good many times the door was opened by the housekeeper, looking very proper and just a little scandalized.

"Please, Mrs. Courthope," said Lady Clementina, "will you give orders that when this young woman comes to see me to-day she shall be shown up to my room?"

Then she turned to Lizzy and thanked her for her kindness, and they parted — Lizzy to her baby, and Clementina to yet a dream or two. Long before her dreams were sleeping ones, however, Malcolm was out in the bay in the Psyche's dinghy catching mackerel: some should be for his grandfather, some for Miss Horn, some for Mrs. Courthope, and some for Mrs. Crathie.

From The Fortnightly Review.

# A LEAF OF EASTERN HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE. — In the month of June, 1855, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps visited England for the purpose of inducing the British government to withdraw their opposition to the proposed construction of the Suez Canal. He had been for some years the French consul-general in Cairo. His father had filled that post before, and it was mainly by the advice of the elder M. de Lesseps that the sultan selected Mehemet Ali to be pasha of Egypt.

Mehemet Ali reposed great confidence in M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and entrusted to him in a great degree the education of his favorite son Saïd Pasha, who consequently was prepared to view with favor M. de Lesseps' important scheme. A firman was submitted to the sultan, who, however, delayed its ratification until the formal consent of England could be obtained, and M. de Lesseps was empowered by the French government to negotiate with the members of the British cabinet. M. Thiers gave him a letter to Mr. Senior, in whose house he became a frequent and a welcome guest.

A commission, consisting chiefly of engineers from various countries, was appointed to proceed to Egypt in the following winter, and Mr. Senior (who, unlike most of his countrymen, had believed from the first that the proposed canal would rather forward than impede the interests of England) was invited, with three or four other personal friends of M. de Lesseps, to join the party. They were royally entertained by the viceroy. The best apartments in the best hotels were put everywhere at their disposal, carriages, camels, and running footmen, were always in readiness for them, and a small steamer conveyed the whole party up the Nile. According to his practice when abroad, Mr. Senior kept an elaborate journal, which still retains its interest, for the East does not materially change. This journal contains records of his conversations with people of all nations; a fact well known, for on one page he writes: "The viceroy said to Ruyssenaer after I left him, '*J'ai donné à M. Senior une belle page pour son journal.*'" Among his interlocutors there was none more interesting and instructive than Hekekyan Bey, an Armenian, who had in early youth been sent by Mehemet Ali to be educated in Europe. Throughout the reign of that pasha he and his family had retained great influence: his brother-in-law, Kosrew Bey,

being first dragoman, another brother-in-law, Artim Bey, prime minister, and Hekekyan himself director of the *Ecole des Arts et Métiers*. Abbas, the next pasha, hated his grandfather's friends, and dismissed them all. In 1855 they were still out of office.

In 1862 Hekekyan Bey came to England with his wife and his son to see the second Exhibition. He was at that time an exceedingly handsome man, apparently about fifty, tall, and rather like an Italian from the north of Italy. He was full of animation and good-nature, and his manners and conversation were most agreeable. He spoke both French and English perfectly well. His wife spoke nothing but Arabic, so it was difficult to get on with her. On one occasion she put on, as a favor, her Eastern dress. It was composed of black satin, and, it must be owned, was far from becoming to an elderly lady; but those were the days of crinoline—in 1877 it would probably not appear so extraordinary.

It is difficult to make selections when there is so much that is interesting and instructive. This story of Mehemet Ali, related by Hekekyan, is perhaps the most striking of the following extracts.

## *Extract from Mr. Senior's Journal.*

"Mr. and Mrs. Lieder, Hekekyan Bey and his wife, and Mr. Bruce drank tea with us.

"It is a remarkable indication of Oriental morals that of our four Egyptian guests, two, Mrs. Lieder and Hekekyan, believed themselves to have drunk poisoned coffee. In each case it was detected by its peculiar and extreme bitterness, and not enough taken to do serious mischief. Mrs. Lieder received hers at Nazleh Hanem's; Hekekyan's was given to him at Meneele Pacha's. It was in 1840. He was at that time out of favor with Mehemet Ali: his boldness of conversation and perhaps his boldness of character, partly natural and partly acquired in England, unfit him for Eastern courts. He has seldom continued long in favor or long in disgrace. His talents, knowledge, and industry force him into employment, and some unguarded speech or the performance of some duty offensive to the master, or to his minister, or to his cook, or to his barber, turns him out: when they cannot do without him he is recalled.

"In 1840, he said to us, 'after the bombardment of Acre, some weeks passed without any news from Ibrahim Pasha, or

from his army in Syria. A strong suspicion arose that he had made his peace with the sultan at his father's expense, and that Mehemet Ali's reign and life were drawing to a close.

"I was then the engineer charged with the defences of the coast. We were expecting an attack from Sir Charles Napier, and I had been to Rosetta to inspect the batteries. It was on a tempestuous night that I returned to Alexandria, and went to the palace on the shore of the former island of Pharos to make my report to Mehemet Ali.

"The halls and passages which I used to find full of Mamelukes and officers, strutting about in the fulness of their contempt for a Christian, were empty; without encountering a single attendant I reached his room overlooking the sea; it was dimly lighted by a few candles of bad Egyptian wax with enormous untrimmed wicks. Here, at the end of his divan, I found him rolled up in a sort of ball, solitary, motionless, apparently absorbed in thought. The waves were breaking heavily on the mole, and I expected every instant the casements to be blown in. The roar of wind and sea was almost awful, but he did not seem conscious of it.

"I stood before him silent. Suddenly he said, as if speaking to himself, 'I think I can trust Ibrahim.'" Again he was silent for some time, and then desired me to fetch Motus Bey, his admiral. I found him, and brought him to the viceroy. Neither of them spoke, until the viceroy, after looking at him steadily for some minutes said to me, 'He is drunk; take him away.' I did so; and so ended my visit, without making any report.

"Was Motus drunk?' I asked.

"He was drunk,' answered Hekekyan, 'as all the naval officers were; they expected to be sent out to fight Napier, and kept drinking to keep up their spirits.

"The viceroy,' he added, 'was not pleased at my having witnessed his emotion or his neglected state; but what completed my disgrace was my having alluded some months after to the events of that night. He immediately sent me off to Cairo, on a trifling errand about the fortifications of the citadel, and kept me there for three months.

"At the end of that time I received a summons from Meneele Pasha, the man who has just returned from Eupatoria, who was the minister of war. He placed me by him on his divan and gave me a pipe, but said nothing. Then came coffee. I just sipped mine, and found it totally

unlike anything that I had ever tasted before; it was nauseous and intensely bitter. I gave it back to the servant. Meneele looked hard at me, but said nothing. I sat a few minutes longer, waiting for him to tell me why he had sent for me, and hearing nothing, went away, without a word having passed between us. Half an hour after Mehemet Ali arrived from Alexandria at the citadel.

"I cannot but suspect that I had become disagreeable, and that he had directed Meneele to dispose of me before his return to Cairo. It certainly seemed that the only purpose for which Meneele summoned me was that I might drink that cup of coffee.'

"But,' I said, 'if Mehemet Ali wished to remove you, might he not have had recourse to a more certain expedient?'

"There were objections,' answered Hekekyan, 'in my case to the use of the dagger or the cord. I was not then as I am now, alone; one of my brothers-in-law was his prime minister, another was his first interpreter. It would have been inconvenient to part with them, and they certainly would have quitted him.

"He wished me to die, but he did not wish to be suspected of having killed me. I believe that it was for the same purpose that he sent me a few months after, at the beginning of the hot season, to pass some months in the Southern Desert; and I am not sure that he did not take means to increase the dangers of the desert. The only place at which I halted was Berenice, in the Red Sea, where I spent a month, time enough for my sojourn there to be known at Cairo. A few days after I had left Berenice a party of armed Bishareem arrived there, inquired anxiously for me, and finding that I was gone followed me; luckily I left Komsko on the Nile before them; and in my boat I was safe, for the Bishareem are not aquatic.'

"Are they coarse or scientific poisoners,' I asked, 'in Egypt?'

"Scientific,' answered Lieder. 'The poisons are vegetable, and are not often intended to produce an immediate result, or even to operate by a single dose; they undermine the health by frequent repetition. The custom of giving coffee to every visitor affords great facilities to what may be called dietetic poisoning. In Europe, unless you live in the same house with a man, it is difficult to poison him unless he dines with you, and even then, without accomplices. The accomplices cannot be easily obtained, and they would possess a dangerous secret, which

would make them your masters. You seldom can repeat the dose, it must therefore be violent. The fact of his having dined with you would be easily proved, and his death by poison connected with it. The poisonings of Europe therefore are family poisonings.

"In Egypt a man may drink coffee in the course of the morning at ten different houses. A single accomplice is all that is necessary; there is no difficulty in prevailing on him to accept the office; it is as natural to him as any other service. He does not think much about it, and is not likely to talk about it. If he does, you poison him, or have him strangled and bury him in your garden. You run little risk by doing so; nothing that happens in a man's house is known. For most purposes, indeed for all purposes, except opposing the will of the pashas, a man's house is his castle in Egypt more really than it is in England. The reverence paid to the hareem extends to everything that is under the same roof. The Egyptian thinks himself well recompensed for being a slave abroad by being absolute at home. He would not accept freedom or security for himself if the condition were that it should extend to his household."

"In this country," said Hekekyan, "the disappearance of an unprotected man is not noticed. If I were to walk out tomorrow and not to return, no one except Madame Hekekyan would think about it. She would be alarmed the first night, and more so the second, and on the third she would give me up for lost. But she would infer that I had been removed by the higher powers, and that if she made complaints or even inquiries, she would share my fate; and in a short time it would be forgotten, at least among the Turks, that Hekekyan Bey had ever existed."

"Mr. Lieder," he added, "says truly that our poisonings are seldom rapid. When the existence of a man has become offensive to the master he is impoverished, his villages are resumed, claims against him are countenanced, it is whispered about that it is imprudent to visit him or to receive him, he soon finds himself alone as if he were in the desert. A Mussulman who has no resources, who neither sports, nor gambles, nor converses, nor reads, nor writes, nor walks, nor rides, nor travels, soon smokes himself into dyspepsia. If he be, what few Mussulmans, are, a man of quick sensibility and self-respect, he is also oppressed and irritated

by the intolerable feeling of wrong. Then perhaps he is suddenly recalled. He is again in favor, he is soon to be again in power; at every visit that he pays to the palace or to one of the divans, he gets a cup of coffee slightly impregnated; the moral and physical excitement combine. His death follows an illness which has not been scandalously short."

"The remark," said Lieder, "that Orientals are not to be judged according to European notions, is so obvious that it has become trite; on no point is the difference between the two minds more striking than in the respect for life."

"The European cares nothing for brute life; he destroys the lower animals without scruple whenever it suits his convenience, his pleasure, or his caprice; he shoots his favorite horse and his favorite dog as soon as they become too old for service."

"The Mussulman preserves the lives of the lower animals solicitously. Though he considers the dog impure, and never makes a friend of him, he thinks it sinful to kill him, and allows the neighborhood and even the streets of his town to be infested by packs of masterless dogs whom we should get rid of in London or Berlin in one day. The beggar does not venture to destroy his vermin, he puts them tenderly on the ground. There are hospitals in Cairo for superannuated cats, where they are fed at the public expense. But to human life he is utterly indifferent: he extinguishes it with much less scruple than that with which we shoot a horse past his work."

"Abbas," said Hekekyan, "when a boy, had his pastry-cook bastinadoed to death. Mehemet Ali mildly reproved him for it, as we should correct a child for killing a butterfly; he explained to his little grandson that such things ought not to be done without a motive."

"When Nazleh Hanem," I asked, "burnt her slave to death for giving her cold coffee, did her father interfere?"

"No," said Hekekyan, "he could not. That took place in a hareem. The murdering the messenger at Shoobra is another instance: it would have cost little to shut up the poor old man until any danger of his telling from whom he came was over; but it was simpler to drown him. Perhaps, however, in that case Mehemet Ali merely followed instructions which he might have thought it dishonorable to disobey. There was probably at the bottom of the letter some mark indicating how the

person who brought it was to be disposed of, as we write, "Burn this note as soon as you have read it."

"That incident," I said, "is mentioned by Cadoleone and Barrault in their history of the East in 1839 and 1840, and they affirm that the messenger was drowned for having refused to disclose the name of his employer."

"That is a mistake," said Hekekyan. "I was the only person present when Mehemet Ali received the messenger. He was obviously a man of the lowest class, who would not have refused to disclose anything. Mehemet Ali asked no questions, and indeed had none to ask."

Mr. Senior heard the sequel to this story some time afterwards at Alexandria from Artim Bey, Mehemet Ali's prime minister:—

"I asked him if he recollected the night described to me by Hekekyan when Mehemet Ali lay alone in an empty palace thinking over the chances of Ibrahim's fidelity.

"Certainly I do," he answered, "and I recollect the day that followed it. Napier appeared off the old port and sent in a letter requiring the viceroy to surrender the Turkish fleet, and to submit to the award of the four powers."

"What was his force?" I asked.

"I forget," answered Artim: "five or six ships. We had about eighteen sail of the line and twenty frigates—not less than fifty ships—but we could not rely on the Turkish sailors. They would have joined the English if we had allowed the ships to quit the port, nor could we indeed trust the Egyptians, and as for the artillerymen they had spiked the guns on the batteries. Mehemet Ali was still in his mood of resistance. I took to him Napier's letter. He asked fiercely, "What does the Englishman say?" "Let the letter be translated to you," I answered. This was done. He rose from his divan and began to walk up and down the room, exclaiming, "I will not give up the fleet, they may burn it if they can, they may burn Alexandria, they may drive me out of Egypt and I will live a hadji in Mecca; but they shall not drive me out of Egypt, or even out of Alexandria. I will fight until further resistance is impossible. I will make my last stand in the powder magazine, and when all is lost, *je sauterai*."

"This may be well," I said, "in your Highness's high position, but it will not suit your subjects. *Si vous sautez, vous sauterez seul*."

"He came up to me in a fury, and I own that I trembled, and that my knees shook. I moved back, and he advanced until I was close to the wall. Then we stood face to face. He looked at me for some time, probably considering whether he should give a sign for my being strangled. At last he said, "Send an order to the Englishman to come on shore to me."

"I wrote to Napier to say "that the viceroy thought that the matter could be best arranged in a personal interview, and to request that he would visit his Highness at the palace." The next day Napier came. Mehemet Ali had had a night to reflect, and he had profited by it. He seized him by both hands, placed him on his right side on the corner of the divan, gave him diamond-topped pipes, and coffee in gold cups, and acceded without remonstrance to all his demands, and in the same evening Napier was wandering alone over the bazaars of Alexandria in a round hat. I offered him a *tchaous*, but he said he had objects with which an attendant would interfere.

"Mehemet Ali," he continued, "was not a safe master, but he was an agreeable one. He was very generous; he had a quick and correct appreciation of character, and his conversation was charming.

"Although he did not learn to read until he was forty-seven, he had more literary taste than any Turk that I have known. He had every book about Napoleon that he could find translated for him, and read them or had them read to him with avidity. He made me translate the "*Esprit des Lois*," and read it with great interest. Of course I rather paraphrased than translated. He would not have understood Montesquieu's terse epigrams.

"He told me one day that he had read much about Machiavelli's "*Principe*," and begged me to translate it for him. I set to work, and gave him the first day ten pages, and the next ten pages more, and ten more the third; but on the fourth he stopped me. "I have read," he said, "all that you have given me of Machiavelli. I did not find much that was new in your first ten pages, but I hoped that it might improve; but the next ten were not better, and the last are mere commonplace. I see that I have nothing to learn from Machiavelli. I know many more tricks than he knew; you need not translate any more of him."

"Though passionate he was not cruel, nor indifferent to human suffering. I went with him one day to one of his farms. He found that his manager had been buying

straw. He was very angry. "A farm," he said, "ought to furnish its own straw, there must have been peculation or mismanagement." He ordered the manager to receive three hundred blows. I was shocked, and ventured to remonstrate; but he kept repeating that his farms must provide their own straw.

"The next morning I found him on his divan in tears. "A dreadful thing," he said, "has happened to me. The man whom yesterday I ordered to be beaten is dead. You must find out his family, give his widow a pension of one hundred dollars a year, and provide for his children, if he has left any."

"Mehemet Ali's sons," continued Artim, "by his old Macedonian wife, Ibrahim, Ismail, and Toussoun, were all men of ability, far superior to those by his slaves, and they were much better educated; not that they had more learning, but that, as they were born before he was pasha, they escaped the flattery which has ruined the others. Perhaps, however, power would have spoilt them as it spoiled Abbas and Saïd. I once said to Achmed,\* "You are an excellent man now, but God knows what you will be when you are viceroy." Abbas was good and Saïd was good in private life.

"Which had the most talent," I asked, "Abbas or Saïd?"

"Abbas," he answered. "And though he could speak only Turkish he talked well and wrote well his own language. Saïd speaks well no language but French, his Turkish is bad and he cannot write at all. Abbas hated Europeans and European education, but wished to diffuse Turkish education. Saïd hates all education of every kind. Saïd is the bolder man, Abbas was timid. Mehemet Ali used to abuse him for his indolence, and prophesied to him that if he passed all his time smoking and lolling on his divan he would be assassinated. This prophecy sank deep into the mind of Abbas, and assassination was always uppermost in his thoughts."

"I wonder then," I said, "that he ventured to ill-treat, or even to threaten, the very Mamelukes who kept guard over him!"

"No European," answered Artim, "would have done so, nor would he, perhaps, when he was cool, but in his fits of

anger he was mad. He killed several of his Mamelukes—one a few days before his own death—and certainly had threatened the two who murdered him."

"What has become of them?" I asked.

"I believe," answered Artim, "that they are still in the army. They have never been punished. Abbas' mother came to Saïd to ask that her son might be revenged, but Mahmoud Pasha, Mustapha Bey, and Elfi Bey, the three persons who first heard of the murder, had all been Mamelukes. To preserve the honor of the corps they made the physicians sign a certificate that the death was natural, and Saïd was anxious that that story should be believed, as he did not wish to put the assassination of viceroys into people's heads."

"With whom," I said, "does Saïd live?"

"With his servants," answered Artim Bey, "like all Oriental princes. His barber, his bathing-man, his pipe-fillers, form the *fonds* of his society. Then his soldiers, particularly his common soldiers, have free access to him. Turks are fond of low company. They are at ease in it."

"Saïd," I said, "seems to me at ease in all companies."

"For a short time," answered Artim; "but he does not like the restraints of polished society, or the sustained conversation of intelligent persons. He has quickness, apropos, and repartee, and some humorous naïveté, but there is no sequence in his ideas. He cannot reason. He has dismissed all his council, and turned his ministers into clerks; but so little is he aware of the extent of the duties he has assumed that he wastes four or five hours every day drilling recruits. That, however, is his amusement; and the amusements of a Turk are so few that he must take what he can get. A friend of mine, a native physician, was called in a few days ago by a Turk, and found him dying of dyspepsia, arising from torpor of mind and body. He advised him to ride. "I don't like riding," said the patient. "Then," said the physician, "spend a few hours every morning in your hareem." "I hate my hareem," was the answer. "Then," said the physician, "count your money for a few hours." "I don't care about money," said the patient. "Then," said the physician, "hang yourself, for how can life be endurable to a man who does not care for his horse, or his wife, or his money?"

\* The heir apparent in 1856.

From The Examiner.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## VICTORY.

THERE was not a moment to lose. All England was in confusion; local committees hastily assembling; Parliamentary agents down in Westminster wasting their substance on shilling telegrams; wire-pullers in Pall Mall pitifully begging for money to start hopeless contests in the interest of the party; eager young men fresh from college consulting their friends as to which impregnable seat they should assault with a despairing courage; and comfortable and elderly members dolefully shaking their heads over the possible consequences of this precipitate step, inasmuch that the luncheon-claret at their club had no longer any charms for them. And then the voluble partisans—the enthusiasts—the believers in the great liberal heart of England—how little did they reckon of the awful catastrophe impending! The abolition of the income tax would rally wavering constituencies. The recent reverses at the poll were only the result of a temporary irritation; another week would give the government an overwhelming majority. Alas! alas! These confident professions were balm to many an anxious heart, this or the other luckless wight seeking all possible means of convincing himself that his constituents could not be so cruel as to oust him; but they did not prevent those constituents from arising and slaying their representative, transforming him from a living and moving member of Parliament into a wandering and disconsolate voice.

Balfour had to think and act for himself in this crisis; Mr. Bolitho was far too busy to attend to such a paltry place as Englebury, even if he had been willing to join in what he regarded as a quixotic adventure. And now a strange thing happened. Balfour had long been of opinion that his wife's notions of what public life should be were much too romantic and high-strung to be practicable. It was well she should have them; it was well that her ignorance of the world allowed her to imagine them to be possible. But, of course, a man living in the denser and coarser atmosphere of politics had to take human nature as he found it; and could not afford to rule his conduct by certain

theories which, beautiful enough in themselves, were merely visionary.

Oddly enough, however, and probably unconsciously, he did at this moment rule his conduct by Lady Sylvia's sentiments. It is true that, when he first talked about that business of buying the filched common from Mr. Chorley, and subsequently presenting it to the Englebury people, he appeared to treat the whole affair as a joke; but all the same he had expressed no distinct disapproval of the scheme. It was only after Lady Sylvia's indignant protest that he came to consider that proposal as altogether detestable. Further, when Bolitho suggested to him that he should try to oust the member then sitting for Englebury, he saw no reason why he should not try to do so. Had not Harnden himself led similar assaults on seats deemed even more a personal perquisite than his own? Harnden was used up, was of no good to either party, had spoken of retiring; why should not the seat be contested? This was Balfour's opinion at the time; and he himself could not have told when he had altered it. All the same, as he now hurried up to London, he felt it would be mean to try to oust this old gentleman from his seat; if Harnden did not mean to resign, he, Balfour, would make a rush at some other place—Evesham, Shoreham, Woodstock, any quarter, in fact, that was likely to covet the glory of returning so distinguished and independent a person as himself.

And in his straightforward fashion he went direct to this old gentleman, whom he found in a little, and old-fashioned, but famous club in St. James's Street. The member for Englebury had once been a fine-looking man; and even now there was something striking about the firm mouth, aquiline nose, keen eyes, fresh color, and silvery hair; but the tall form was bent almost double; and the voice was querulous and raucous. He came into the small side-room with Balfour's card in his hand; he bowed slightly and stiffly; and in that second had keenly studied his adversary's face, as if he would read every line of the character impressed on it.

"Sit down," said he.

Balfour sat down, and appeared to consider for a second or so how he would open the conversation. The two were familiar with each other's appearance in the House; but had never spoken.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Harnden, that they mean to turn me out of Ballinascroon?"

"Yes, I do—yes," said the old gentle-



man, in a *staccato* fashion. "And you want to turn me out of Englebury? Yes — I have heard that too."

"I thought of trying," said Balfour, frankly. "But now I have made up my mind not to stand unless there is a vacancy. There was a talk of your resigning. I have called now to ask you whether there was any truth in the rumor; if not, I will let Englebury alone."

"Ay," said the elder man, with gruff emphasis, "Chorley — that fool Chorley — told you, didn't he? You are in league with Chorley, aren't you? Do you think that fellow can get my seat for you?"

"I tell you I don't mean to try, sir, unless you intend to give it up of your own free will. Chorley? Oh, no; I am not in league with Chorley; he and I had a quarrel."

"I didn't hear about that," said the old gentleman, still regarding his enemy with some reserve. "I haven't been down there for a long time now. And so Chorley was humbugging you, was he? You thought he had put you in for a good thing, eh? Don't you believe that ass. Why, he made some representations to me some time ago —"

At this point Mr. Harnden suddenly stopped, as if some new light had struck him.

"Ha, that was it, was it? You quarrelled with him, did you?" he said, glancing at Balfour a quick, shrewd look.

"Yes, I did," said Balfour, "and I swore I would fight him, and you, and everybody all round, and win the seat in spite of any coalition. That was vaporizing. I was in a rage."

Mr. Harnden stroked his hands on his knees for some little time, and then he laughed and looked up.

"I believe what you have told me," he said, staring his enemy full in the face. "I see now why that presumptuous fellow, Chorley, made overtures to me. To tell you the truth, I thought he wanted me to spend more money, or something of that sort, and I sent him about his business. Well, sir, you've done the best thing you could have thought of by coming straight to me. I will tell you a secret. I had prepared a nice little plan for dishing both you and Chorley."

And here the old gentleman laughed again, at his own smartness. Balfour was glad to find him in this pleasant humor; it was not every one, if all stories be true, that the member for Englebury received so pleasantly.

"I like the look of you," said Mr. Har-

den, bluntly. "I don't think you would play any tricks."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Balfour, drily.

"Oh, don't you be insulted. I am an old man: I speak my mind. And when you come to my time of life — well, you'll know more about electioneering dodges. So you've quarrelled with Chorley, have you?"

"Yes."

"H'm. And you believed he would have given you my seat?"

"I thought with his help I might have won it — that is, if the representations were true. I was told you weren't very popular down there, Mr. Harnden."

"Perhaps not — perhaps not," said the old man. "They grumble because I speak the truth, in Parliament and out. But don't you make any mistake about it; all that would disappear if another man were to contest the seat. They'll stick to me at an election; depend on that, sir."

"Then you propose to remain in Parliament," said Balfour, rising. "In that case, I need not waste your time further."

"Stay a minute," said the old man, curtly. "I told you I meant to dish you and Chorley."

"Yes."

"You and I might dish Chorley, and you might have the seat."

Balfour was not an emotional person; but he was a young man, and desperately anxious about his chances of being returned; and at this abrupt proposal his heart jumped.

"There is something about that fellow that acts on me like a red rag on a bull," continued this irascible old man. "He is as cunning as a fox, and as slippery as an eel; and his infernal twaddle about the duties of a member of Parliament — and his infernal wife too! Look here; you are a young man; you have plenty of energy. Go down at once to Englebury; issue an address; pitch it high and strong about corrupt local influence and intimidation; denounce that fellow, and call on the electors to free themselves from the tyranny of dictation — you know the sort of bun-kum. That will drive Chorley over to me."

"You are excessively kind, sir," said Balfour, who, despite his disappointment, could not help bursting out into a laugh. "I have no doubt that would be excellent sport for you. But, you see, I want to get into Parliament. I can't go skylarking about Englebury, merely to make a fool of Mr. Chorley."

"There's a good deal of the greenhorn about you," said the old gentlemen, testily, for he did not like being laughed at, "but that is natural at your age. Of course, I mean to resign. I had thought of resigning in favor of that boy of Lord S——'s, who is a clever lad, if he would give up French Radicals and atheism. But I will resign in your favor, if you like — at the last moment — after Chorley has been working for me like the hound he is. And what do you say to that, young man?"

Mr. Harnden rose, with a proud smile on his face. He was vain of his diplomacy; perhaps, too, it pleased him to patronize this younger man, to whom a seat in the house was of such infinite consequence.

"Do I understand, sir, that you meant to give up your seat in any case?" Balfour asked.

"Certainly I did," said the other. "If I wished to retain it, do you think I should be afraid of you — I mean of any candidate that Chorley could bring forward? No, no; don't you believe any such stuff. The people of Englebury and I have had our quarrels; but we are good friends at bottom. It will be a very disgraceful thing if they don't give me a handsome piece of plate when I retire."

"My dear sir," said Balfour, with saturnine simplicity, "I will take care of that."

"And I am not going to spend a penny in a bogus contest; mind that. But that is not your business. Now go away. Don't tell anybody you have seen me. I like the look of you; I think you have too many opinions; but as soon as you get into some small office — and the government might do worse, I will say — you will get cured of that. Good-day to you."

There is a telegraph office at the foot of St. James's Street. Balfour walked right down there, and sent a message to his friend Jewsbury at Oxford: "*Come down at once to the Green Fox, Englebury. Some fun going on.*" Then, finding he could just catch the afternoon train, he jumped into a hansom and drove to Paddington Station. He arrived at Englebury without even a tooth-brush; but he had his cheque-book in his pocket.

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury arrived the next day; and the business of the election began at once. Jewsbury was in the secret, and roared with laughter as he heightened the pungency of the paragraph which called on the electors of Englebury to free themselves from political slavery. And Balfour laughed as heartily when he found himself lashed and

torn to pieces every morning by the *Englebury Mercury*; because he looked forward to the time when the editor of that important organ might have to change his tune, in asking the sitting member to obtain the government advertisements for him.

It was a fierce fight, to be sure; and Mr. and Mrs. Chorley had such faith in their time-honored representative that they called on their fellow-townsmen to raise a sum to defray Mr. Harnden's expenses. Then, on the night before the election, the thunderbolt fell. Mr. Harnden attended a meeting of his friends and supporters. He thanked them most cordially for all they had done on his behalf. The weight of years, he said, was beginning to tell on him; nevertheless he had been loth to take his hand from the plough; now, however, at the last moment, he felt it would be a mistake to task their kindness and forbearance longer. But he felt it a privilege to be able to resign in favor of an opponent who had throughout treated him with the greatest courtesy — an opponent who had already made some mark in the House — who would do credit to the borough. That the constituency was not divided in its opinions they would prove by voting for Mr. Balfour like one man. He called for three cheers for his antagonist; and the meeting, startled, bewildered, but at the same time vaguely enthusiastic, positively roared. Whether Mr. Chorley, who was on the platform, joined in that outburst could not well be made out. Next day, as a matter of course, Mr. Hugh Balfour was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Englebury; and he straightway telegraphed off this fact to his wife. Perhaps she was not looking at the newspapers.

Well, he was only a young man; and he was no doubt proud of his success as he hastened down to Surrey again. Then everything promised him a glad homecoming; for he had learned in passing through London that the charge against Lord Willowby and his fellow-speculators had been withdrawn — he supposed the richer merchants had joined to buy the man off. And as he drove over to the Lilacs he was full of eager schemes. Lady Sylvia would come at once to London, and the house in Piccadilly would be got ready for the opening of Parliament. It would be complimentary if she went down with him to Englebury, and called on one or two people whose acquaintance he had made down there. Surely she would be glad to welcome him after his notable victory.

But what was his surprise and chagrin to find that Lady Sylvia's congratulations were of a distinctly formal and correct character; and that she did not at all enter into his plans for leaving the Lilacs.

"Why, Sylvia," said he, "surely you don't hate Englebury simply because you disliked the Chorleys? Chorley has been my sworn enemy all through this fight; and I have smote him hip and thigh!"

"I scarcely remember anything about the Chorleys," she said, indifferently.

"But why would you rather live down here?" said he, in amazement.

"You know you will be every night at the House," she said.

"Not more than other members," he remonstrated. "I shall have three nights a week free."

"And then you will be going out among people who are altogether strangers to me—who will talk about things of which I know nothing——"

"My dear child," said he, "you don't mean to say you intend to live down here all by yourself during the time Parliament is sitting? You will go mad!"

"I have told you before, Hugh," said she, "that I cannot leave papa while he is so poorly as he is at present. You will have plenty of occupation and amusement in London without me; I must remain here."

There was a flash of angry light in the deep-set grey eyes.

"If you insist on remaining here," said he, "because your father chooses to go pottering after those rabbits——"

Then he checked himself. Had he not vowed to himself again and again that he would be tenderly considerate to this gentle-souled creature, who had placed the happiness of her life in his hands? If she had higher notions of duty than he could very well understand, ought he not at least to respect them?

"Ah, well, Sylvia," said he, patting her on the shoulder, "perhaps you are right. But I am afraid you will find it very dull."

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### CREMA AND THE CRUCIFIX.

FEW people visit Crema. It is a little country town of Lombardy, between Cremona and Treviglio, with no historic memories but very misty ones belonging to the days of the Visconti dynasty. On every side around the city walls stretch smiling vineyards and rich meadows, where the

elms are married to the mulberry-trees by long festoons of foliage hiding purple grapes, where the sunflowers droop their heavy golden heads among tall stems of millet and gigantic maize, and here and there a rice-crop ripens in the marshy loam. In vintage time the carts, drawn by their white oxen, come creaking townward in the evening, laden with blue bunches. Down the long straight roads, between rows of poplars, they creep on; and on the shafts beneath the pyramid of fruit lie *contadini* stained with lees of wine. Far off across that "waveless sea" of Lombardy, which has been the battle-field of countless generations, rise the dim grey Alps, or else pearly domes of thunderclouds in gleaming masses over some tall solitary tower. Such backgrounds, full of peace, suggestive of almost infinite distance, and dignified with colors of incomparable depth and breadth, the Venetian painters loved. No landscape in Europe is more wonderful than this—thrice wonderful in the vastness of its arching heavens, in the stillness of its level plain, and in the bulwark of huge crested mountains, reared afar like bastions against the northern sky.

The little town is all alive in this September weather. At every corner of the street, under rustling abeles and thick-foliaged planes, at the doors of palaces and in the yards of inns, men, naked from the thighs downward, are treading the red must into vats and tuns; while their mild-eyed oxen lie beneath them in the road, peaceably chewing the cud between one journey to the vineyard and another. It must not be imagined that the scene of Alma Tadema's "Roman Vintage," or what we fondly picture to our fancy of the Athenian Lenæa, is repeated in the streets of Crema. This modern treading of the wine-press is a very prosaic affair. The town reeks with a sour smell of old casks and crushed grapeskins, and the men and women at work bear no resemblance whatever to Bacchus and his crew. Yet even as it is, the Lombard vintage, beneath floods of sunlight and a pure blue sky, is beautiful; and he who would fain make acquaintance with Crema, should time his entry into the old town, if possible, on some still, golden afternoon of autumn. It is then, if ever, that he will learn to love the glowing brickwork of its churches and the quaint terra-cotta traceries that form its chief artistic charm.

How the unique brick architecture of the Lombard cities took its origin—whether from the precepts of Byzantine aliens in

the earliest middle ages, or from the native instincts of a mixed race composed of Gallic, Ligurian, Roman, and Teutonic elements, under the leadership of Longobardic rulers—is a question for antiquarians to decide. There can, however, be no doubt that the monuments of the Lombard style, as they now exist, are no less genuinely local, no less characteristic of the country they adorn, no less indigenous to the soil they sprang from, than the Attic colonnade of Mnesicles and Ictinus. What the marble quarries of Pentelicus were to the Athenian builders, the clay beneath their feet was to those Lombard craftsmen. From it they fashioned structures as enduring, towers as majestic, and cathedral aisles as solemn, as were ever wrought from chiselled stone. There is a true sympathy between those buildings and the Lombard landscape, which by itself might suffice to prove the originality of their almost unknown architects. The rich color of the baked clay—finely modulated from a purplish red, through russet, crimson, pink, and orange, to pale yellow and dull grey—harmonizes with the brilliant greenery of Lombard vegetation and with the deep azure of the distant Alpine range. Reared aloft above the flat expanse of plain, those square *torroni*, tapering into octagons and crowned with slender cones, break the long sweeping lines and infinite horizons with a contrast that affords relief, and yields a resting-place to tired eyes; while, far away, seen haply from some bridge above Ticino, or some high-built palace loggia, they gleam like columns of pale rosy fire against the front of mustering storm-clouds blue with rain. In that happy orchard of Italy, a *pergola* of vines in leaf, a clump of green acacias, and a campanile soaring above its church roof, brought into chance combination with the reaches of the plain and the dim mountain range, make up a picture eloquent in its suggestive beauty.

Those ancient builders wrought cunningly with their material. The bricks are fashioned and fixed to last for all time. Exposed to the icy winds of a Lombard winter, to the fierce fire of a Lombard summer, and to the moist vapors of a Lombard autumn; neglected by unheeding generations; with flowers clustering in their crannies, and birds nesting in their eaves, and mason-bees filling the delicate network of their traceries, they still present angles as sharp as when they were but finished, and joints as nice as when the mortar dried in the first months of their building. This immunity from age and

injury they owe partly to the imperishable nature of baked clay; partly to the care of the artists who selected and mingled the right sorts of earth, burned them with scrupulous attention, and fitted them together with a patience born of loving service. Each member of the edifice was designed with a view to its ultimate place. The proper curve was ascertained for cylindrical columns and for rounded arches. Larger bricks were moulded for the supporting walls, and lesser pieces were adapted to the airy vaults and lanterns. In the brickfield and the kiln the whole church was planned and wrought out in its details, before the hands that made a unity of all these scattered elements were set to the work of raising it in air. When they came to put the puzzle together, they laid each brick against its neighbor, filling up the almost imperceptible interstices with liquid cement composed of quicklime and fine sand in water. After five centuries the seams between the layers of brick that make the bell-tower of S. Gottardo at Milan, yield no point of vantage to the penknife or the chisel.

Nor was it in their welding of the bricks alone that these craftsmen showed their science. They were wont to enrich the surface with marble, sparingly but effectively employed, as in those slender detached columns, which add such beauty to the octagon of S. Gottardo, or in the string-courses of strange beasts and reptiles that adorn so many of the church fronts of Pavia. They called to their aid the *mandorlato* of Verona, supporting their porch pillars on the backs of couchant lions, inserting polished slabs on their façades, and building huge sarcophagi into their cloister alleys. Between terra-cotta and this marble of Verona there exists a deep and delicate affinity. It took the name of *mandorlato*, I suppose, from resembling almond blossoms. But it is far from having the simple beauty of a single hue. Like all noble veined stones, it passes by a series of modulations and gradations through a gamut of associated rather than contrasted tints. Not the pink of the almond blossom only, but the creamy whiteness of the almond kernel, and the dull yellow of the almond nut may be found in it; and yet these colors are so blent and blurred to all-pervading mellowness, that nowhere is there any shock of contrast or violence of a preponderating tone. The veins which run in labyrinths of crossing, curving, and contorted lines all over its smooth surface add, no doubt, to this effect of unity. The polish, lastly,

which it takes, makes the *mandorlato* shine like a smile upon the sober face of the brickwork: for, serviceable as terracotta is for nearly all artistic purposes, it cannot reflect light or gain the illumination which comes from surface brightness.

What the clay can do almost better than any crystalline material, may be seen in the mouldings so characteristic of Lombard architecture. Geometrical patterns of the rarest and most fanciful device; scrolls of acanthus foliage, and traceries of tendrils; Cupids swinging in festoons of vines; angels joining hands in dance, with fluttering skirts, and windy hair, and mouths that symbol singing; grave faces of old men and beautiful profiles of maidens leaning from medallions; wide-winged genii filling the spandrils of cloister arches, and cherubs clustered in the rondure of rose-windows, — ornaments like these, wrought from the plastic clay, and adapted with true taste to the requirements of the architecture, are familiar to every one who has studied the church front of Crema, the cloisters of the Certosa, the courts of the Ospedale Maggiore at Milan, or the public palace of Cremona.

If the *mandorlato* gives a smile to those majestic Lombard buildings, the terracotta decorations add the element of life and movement. The thought of the artist in its first freshness and vivacity is felt in them. They have all the spontaneity of improvisation, the seductive melody of unpremeditated music. Moulding the supple earth with "hand obedient to the brain," the *plasticatore* has impressed his most fugitive dreams of beauty on it without effort; and what it cost him but a few fatigueless hours to fashion, the steady heat of the furnace has gifted with imperishable life. Such work, no doubt, has the defects of its qualities. As there are few difficulties to overcome, it suffers from a fatal facility — *nec pluteum cedit nec demorsos sapit unguis*. It is therefore apt to be unequal, touching at times the highest point of inspiration, and sinking not unfrequently into the commonplace of easy-going triviality. But it is never labored, never pedantic, never dulled by the painful effort to subdue an obstinate material to the artist's will. If marble is required to develop the strength of the few supreme sculptors, terracotta saves intact the fancies of a crowd of lesser men.

When we reflect that all the force, solemnity, and beauty of the Lombard buildings was evoked from clay, we learn from them this lesson: that the thought of man needs neither precious material nor

yet stubborn substance for the production of enduring masterpieces. The red earth was enough for God when he made man in his own image; and mud dried in the sun suffices for the artist, who is next to God in his creative faculty, since *non merita nome di creatore se non Iddio ed il poeta*. After all, what is more everlasting than terra-cotta? The hob-nails of the boys who ran across the brickfields in the Roman town of Silchester may still be seen, mingled with the impress of the feet of dogs and hoofs of goats, in the tiles discovered there. Such traces might serve as a metaphor for the footfall of artistic genius, when the form-giver has stamped his thought upon the moist clay, and fire has made that imprint permanent.

Of all these Lombard edifices, none is more beautiful than the cathedral of Crema, with its delicately finished campanile, built of choicely tinted yellow bricks, and ending in a lantern of the gracefulest, most airily capricious fancy. This bell-tower does not display the gigantic force of Cremona's famous *torrazzo*, shooting three hundred and ninety-six feet into blue ether from the city square; nor can it rival the octagon of S. Gottardo for warmth of hue. Yet it has a character of elegance, combined with boldness of invention, that justifies the citizens of Crema in their pride. It is unique; and he who has not seen it does not know the whole resources of the Lombard style. The façade of the cathedral displays that peculiar blending of Byzantine or Romanesque round arches with Gothic details in the windows and with the acute angle of the central pitch, which forms the characteristic quality of the late *trecento* Lombard manner. In its combination of purity and richness it corresponds to the best age of decorated work in English Gothic. What, however, strikes a northern observer is the strange detachment of this elaborate façade from the main structure of the church. Like a frontispiece cut out of cardboard and pierced with ornamental openings, it shoots far above the low roof of the nave; so that at night the moon, rising above the southern aisle, shines through its topmost window, and casts the shadow of its tracery upon the pavement of the square. This is a constructive blemish to which the Italians in no part of the peninsula were sensitive. They seem to have regarded their church-fronts as independent of the edifice, capable of separate treatment, and worthy in themselves of being made the subject of decorative skill.

In the so-called Santuario of Crema —

a circular church dedicated to S. Maria della Croce, outside the walls—the Lombard style has been adapted to the manner of the Mid Renaissance. This church was raised in the last years of the fifteenth century by Gian Battista Battagli, an architect of Lodi, who followed the pure rules of taste bequeathed to north Italian builders by Bramante. The beauty of the edifice is due entirely to its tranquil dignity and harmony of parts, the lightness of its circling loggia, and the just proportion maintained between the central structure and its four projecting porticoes. The sharp angles of these vestibules afford a contrast to the simplicity of the main building, while their clustered cupolas assist the general effect of roundness aimed at by the architect. Such a church as this proves how much may be achieved by the happy distribution of architectural masses. It was the triumph of the best Renaissance style to attain lucidity of treatment, and to produce beauty by geometrical proportion. When Leo Battista Alberti complained that a slight alteration of the curves in his design for S. Francesco at Rimini would “spoil his music,” this is what he meant. The melody of lines and the harmony of parts made a symphony to his eyes no less agreeable than a concert of tuned lutes and voices to his ears; and to this music he was so sensitive that any deviation was a discord.

After seeing the churches of Crema and sauntering about the streets awhile, there is nothing left to do but to take refuge in the old Albergo del Pozzo. This is one of those queer Italian inns, which carry you away at once into a scene of Goldoni. It is part of some palace, where nobles housed their *bravi* in the sixteenth century, and which the lesser people of to-day have turned into a dozen habitations. Its great stone staircase leads to a saloon upon which the various bed-chambers open; and round its courtyard runs an open balcony, and from the court grows up a fig-tree poking ripe fruit against a bedroom window. Oleanders in tubs, and red salvias in pots, and kitchen herbs in boxes, flourish on the pavement, where the ostler comes to wash his carriages, and where the barber shaves the poodle of the house. Visitors to the Albergo del Pozzo are invariably asked if they have seen the Museo; and when they answer in the negative, they are conducted with some ceremony to a large room on the ground-floor of the inn, looking out upon the courtyard and the fig-tree. It was here that I gained the acquaint-

ance of Signor Folcioni, and became possessor of an object that has made the memory of Crema doubly interesting to me ever since.

When we entered the Museo, we found a little old man, gentle, grave, and unobtrusive, varnishing the ugly portrait of some signor of the *cinquecento*. Round the walls hung pictures of mediocre value in dingy frames; but all of them bore sounding titles. Titians, Leonardos, Guido Renis, and Luinis, looked down and waited for a purchaser. In truth this museum was a *bric-à-brac* shop of a sort that is common enough in Italy, where treasures of old lace, glass, armor, furniture, and tapestry may still be met with. Signor Folcioni began by pointing out the merits of his pictures; and after making due allowance for his zeal as amateur and dealer, it was possible to join in some of his eulogiums. A would-be Titian, for instance, bought in Verona from a noble house in ruins, showed Venetian wealth of color in its gemmy greens and lucid crimsons shining from a background deep and glowing. Then he led us to a walnut-wood bureau of late Renaissance work, profusely carved with nymphs and cupids, and armed men, among festoons of fruits embossed in high relief. Deeply drilled worm-holes set a seal of antiquity upon the blooming faces and luxuriant garlands—like the touch of Time who “delves the parallels in beauty’s brow.” On the shelves of an ebony cabinet close by he showed us a row of cups cut out of rock-crystal and mounted in gilt silver, with heaps of engraved gems, old snuff-boxes, coins, medals, sprays of coral, and all the indescribable lumber that one age flings aside as worthless for the next to pick up from the dust-heap and regard as precious. Surely the genius of culture in our century might be compared to a *chiffonnier* of Paris, who, when the night has fallen, goes into the streets, bag on back and lantern in hand, to rake up the waifs and strays a day of whirling life has left him.

The next curiosity was an ivory carving of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, so fine and small you held it on your palm, and used a lens to look at it. Yet there stood the *santo* gesticulating, and there were the fishes in rows, the little fishes first, and then the middle-sized, and last of all the great big fishes almost out at sea, with their heads above the water and their mouths wide open, just as the *Fiorretti di San Francesco* describes them. After this came some original drawings of doubtful interest, and then a case of



fifty-two *nielli*. These were of unquestionable value; for has not Cicognara engraved them on a page of his classic monograph? The thin silver plates, over which once passed the burin of Maso Finiguerra, cutting lines finer than hairs, and setting here a shadow in dull acid-eaten grey, and there a high light of exquisite polish, were far more delicate than any proofs impressed from them. These frail masterpieces of Florentine art — the first beginnings of line engraving — we held in our hands while Signor Folcioni read out Cicognara's commentary in a slow, impressive voice, breaking off now and then to point at the originals before us.

The sun had set, and the room was almost dark, when he laid his book down, and said: "I have not much left to show — yet stay! Here are still some little things of interest." He then opened the door into his bedroom, and took down from a nail above his bed a wooden crucifix. Few things have fascinated me more than this crucifix, produced without parade, half negligently, from the dregs of his collection by a dealer in old curiosities at Crema. The cross was, or *is* — for it is lying on the table now before me — twenty-one inches in length, made of strong wood, covered with coarse, yellow parchment, and shod at the four ends with brass. The Christ is roughly hewn in reddish wood, colored scarlet where the blood streams from the five wounds. Over the head an oval medallion, nailed into the cross, serves as framework to a miniature of the Madonna, softly smiling with a Correggiesque simper. The whole crucifix is not a work of art, but such as may be found in every convent. Its date cannot be earlier than the beginning of the eighteenth century. As I held it in my hand I thought, perhaps this has been carried to the bedside of the sick and dying; preachers have brandished it from the pulpit over conscience-stricken congregations; monks have knelt before it on the brick floor of their cells, and novices have kissed it in the vain desire to drown their yearnings after the relinquished world; perhaps it has attended criminals to the scaffold, and heard the secrets of repentant murderers; but why should it be shown me as a thing of rarity? These thoughts passed through my mind, while Signor Folcioni quietly remarked: "I bought this cross from the *frati* when their convent was dissolved in Crema." Then he bade me turn it round, and showed a little steel knob fixed into the

back between the arms. This was a spring. He pressed it, and the upper and lower parts of the cross came asunder; and holding the top like a handle, I drew out as from a scabbard a sharp steel blade, concealed in the thickness of the wood, behind the very body of the agonizing Christ. What had been a crucifix became a deadly poniard in my grasp, and the rust upon it in the twilight looked like blood. "I have often wondered," said Signor Folcioni, "that the *frati* cared to sell me this."

There is no need to raise the question of the genuineness of this strange relic, though I confess to having had my doubts about it, or to wonder for what nefarious purposes the impious weapon was designed — whether the blade was inserted by some rascal monk who never told the tale, or whether it was used on secret service by the friars. On its surface the infernal engine carries a dark certainty of treason, sacrilege, and violence. Yet it would be wrong to incriminate the Order of St. Francis by any suspicion, and idle to seek the actual history of this mysterious weapon. A writer of fiction could indeed produce some dark tale in the style of De Stendhal's "*Nouvelles*," and christen it "The Crucifix of Crema." And how delighted would Webster have been if he had chanced to hear of such a sword-sheath! He might have placed it in the hands of Bosola for the keener torment of his duchess. Flamineo might have used it; or the disguised friars, who made the death-bed of Bracciano hideous, might have plunged it in the duke's heart after mocking his eyes with the figure of the suffering Christ. To imagine such an instrument of moral terror mingled with material violence, lay within the scope of Webster's sinister and powerful genius. But unless he had seen it with his eyes, what poet would have ventured to devise the thing and display it even in the dumb show of a tragedy? Fact is more wonderful than romance. No apocalypse of Antichrist matches what is told of Roderigo Borgia; and the crucifix of Crema exceeds the sombre fantasy of Webster.

Whatever may be the truth about this cross, it has at any rate the value of a symbol or a metaphor. The idea which it materializes, the historical events of which it is a sign, may well arrest attention. A sword concealed in the crucifix — what emblem brings more forcibly to mind than this that two-edged glaive of persecution which Dominic unsheathed to mow down the populations of Provence and to make



Spain destitute of men? Looking upon the crucifix of Crema, we may seem to see pestilence-stricken multitudes of Moors and Jews dying on the coasts of Africa and Italy. The Spaniards enter Mexico; and this is the cross they carry in their hands. They take possession of Peru; and while the gentle people of the Incas come to kiss the bleeding brows of Christ, they plunge this dagger in their sides. What, again, was the temporal power of the papacy but a sword embeled in a cross? Each *papa re*, when he ascended the holy chair, was forced to take the crucifix of Crema and to bear it till his death. A long procession of war-loving pontiffs, levying armies and paying captains with the pence of St. Peter, in order to keep by arms the lands they had acquired by fraud, defiles before our eyes. First goes the terrible Sixtus IV., who died of grief when news was brought him that the Italian princes had made peace. He it was who sanctioned the conspiracy to murder the Medici in church, at the moment of the elevation of the host. The brigands, hired to do this work, refused at the last moment. The sacrilege appalled them. "Then," says the chronicler, "was found a priest, who being used to churches, had no scruple." The poniard this priest carried was this crucifix of Crema. After Sixtus came the blood-stained Borgia; and after him Julius II., whom the Romans in triumphal songs proclaimed a second Mars, and who turned, as Michael Angelo expressed it, the chalices of Rome into swords and helms. Leo X., who dismembered Italy for his brother and nephew, and Clement VII., who broke the neck of Florence and delivered the Eternal City to the spoiler, follow. Of the antinomy between the vicariate of Christ and an earthly kingdom, incarnated by these and other Holy Fathers, what symbol could be found more fitting than a dagger with a crucifix for case and covering?

It is not easy to think or write of these matters without rhetoric. When I laid my head upon my pillow that night in the Albergo del Pozza at Crema, it was full of such thoughts; and when at last sleep came, it brought with it a dream begotten doubtless by the perturbation of my fancy. For I thought that a brown Franciscan, with hollow cheeks, and eyes aflame beneath his heavy cowl, sat by my bedside, and, as he raised the crucifix in his lean, quivering hands, whispered a tale of deadly passion and of dastardly revenge. His confession carried me away to a con-

vent garden of Palermo; and there was love in the story, and hate that is stronger than love, and, for the ending of the whole matter, remorse which dies not even in the grave. Each new possessor of the crucifix of Crema, he told me, was forced to hear from him in dreams his dreadful history. But, since it was a dream and nothing more, why should I repeat it! I have wandered far enough already from the vintage and the sunny churches of the little Lombard town. J. A. S.

---

From The Economist.

#### THE RESULTS OF THE INVENTION OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

IT is very probable that as we obtain a fuller and more accurate command of facts relating to the production of wealth under perfectly free conditions in countries like our own, where intelligence is widely diffused, it will be found that the methods of most efficient production are those which necessarily contain within themselves the methods of most effectual distribution. It has been customary to assume, or infer, that the laws regulating the production of wealth were one thing, and the laws regulating its distribution were another; so much so, indeed, that while legislation could not interfere with production without doing harm, it might and ought, on grounds of justice and duty, to regulate distribution. There is strong reason to believe that interference is just as undesirable and pernicious in the latter case as in the former. Given the most efficient production, that is to say, articles produced in the cheapest, swiftest, and most skilful manner by the free competition of invention, capital, intelligence, and industry, and it is true, as a necessary condition of production so sustained, that the wealth created by, and arising from it, is distributed step by step, as the process goes on, in the most equitable manner among all the parties engaged in the enterprise.

This is a proposition to be tested by facts, carefully put together, not by ingenious argumentation on hypothetical cases; and it fortunately happens that a paper of great ability on the sewing-machine and its results, contributed by Mr. John Plummer (well known as a high authority on industrial topics) to the "Companion to the Almanac" for the present year (1877), furnishes the precise sort of evidence required.

The sewing-machine first appeared as a

practical invention about thirty years ago. Thimonnier, the real originator of the idea, was a Frenchman, and like too many great inventors, he did not live to enjoy any part of the fruits of his genius. Elias Howe, who followed Thimonnier, was an American working artisan, and found his first real support in England about 1847. At the present time, that is about thirty years after the establishment of the invention, there are upwards of four millions of sewing-machines in use in various parts of the world; and the annual number of new machines produced in this country is estimated at eighty thousand, employing about one hundred thousand persons. In France, Germany, and Belgium, the production of machines is very large, and in the United States the annual outturn of machines is perhaps greater than in the whole of Europe. In 1862 it was estimated that in the United States each machine saved to its owner 50s. a week, or say 130% per annum, in wages alone; or an aggregate saving in wages, for the whole country, of about thirty millions sterling. In 1875, that aggregate saving had risen to one hundred millions sterling.

The facts, therefore, to be considered are imposing by their magnitude, and of high value, by reason of the diversity of the countries and populations by which they are supplied.

Mr. Plummer says: "In England the sewing-machine was first employed in the manufacture of common stays and corsets, of which several million pairs are annually produced. In earlier days the materials were sewn together by needlewomen of the poorest class, principally the wives of seamen and dock-labourers, whose earnings seldom averaged more than 3s. or 4s. a week. . . . From the stay-trade the sewing-machine found its way into the trades connected with the production of shirts, mantles, dresses, trousers, coats, and other articles of male and female clothing. In some of these trades the needlewomen could not, even by working very long hours, obtain more than 3s. or 4s. a week, and the public were continually shocked by painful revelations of destitution and misery among seamstresses. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' expressed the public feeling. Needlewomen's Aid Associations were started, but wholly failed to lessen the evil. . . . *The appearance of the sewing-machine changed all this.* Shirts were made more rapidly and more cheaply than before, but the workwomen were better paid and did not work so many hours. The hours of labor fell, indeed,

from eighteen hours a day to eleven or twelve."

The demand for hand labor increased, because, while the machine did the heavy mechanical part of the work, the cutting out and preparation of the materials rendered necessary more "hands," and a superior aptitude and intelligence. The workers also became to a large extent the owners of the machines worked by them at home; and as the slavery and degradation of the needle became almost abolished, crowds of young women were attracted to machine-working by the short hours and the high wages. It is this diversion of female labor which lies at the root of the scarcity of domestic servants, and the extraordinary rise in the wages given to such servants.

Improvements in the machine enabled it to be applied to boots, shoes, harness, and most articles made of leather. In November, 1857, a machine of this kind was introduced at Northampton, and immediately led to organized opposition by the Crispins of that centre of the shoe trade. This opposition was more or less successful until February, 1859, when the manufacturers of Northampton and Stafford formed themselves into a league, and announced that they were prepared to compel the use of the machines in spite of the opposition of the men. A strike ensued. The men were defeated; and the machines very rapidly revolutionized the whole industry of boot and shoemaking. Mr. Plummer says: "With the termination of the strike the operatives became eager to possess machines of their own, and in a short time there were few of the better class of workmen who were not proprietors of one machine or more. These were worked by the female members of their own families, or by women engaged for the purpose." The machines put an end to the more dangerous and unhealthy processes of the work. Employers fitted up commodious factories supplied with machines, and hence has arisen the present factory system in the boot and shoe trade, a system as beneficial to the male and female workers as to the capitalist. It is estimated that now at least one half of the Northampton employers have risen by means of machine industry from the position of workmen.

Cheapness, rapidity of production, and excellence, led to a vastly increased demand for boots and shoes. Wages were raised; the work was easier; and the buildings in which it was carried on were vastly improved. In Leicester in 1820,

there were one hundred and fifty operative shoemakers; in 1851 there were one thousand three hundred and seventy-five; in 1861, the machine having appeared, there were two thousand three hundred and fifteen; and in 1871 there were five thousand seven hundred and three, or nearly four times as many as at the anti-machine date of 1851.

In 1852, says Mr. Plummer, "the average amount of wages obtainable by an experienced female operator was 8s. to 10s. per week: now the earnings of the female machine-workers are 14s. to 16s. per week — slower hands get 10s. and the best workers 20s. to 24s. The female 'preparers' of work get 10s. . . . The machine has within a few years been applied to the straw hat and bonnet industry of Bedfordshire, and with the best results. Many of the plaiters who now suffer from Chinese competition will, as machinists, obtain good wages. . . . In the mantle trade in London, the wages of machinists are high, say 14s. to 20s. for middling hands, and 23s. to 29s., and even 33s. for superior workwomen."

As the general result, Mr. Plummer says that "taking all the various industries in which the machine is used, the wages of the machinists may be estimated as being from fifty to one hundred per cent. *higher* than the wages received by hand-workers before the machines appeared in the several industries." And he goes on to add, "The changes introduced by the machine have been attended with considerable advantages as regards the physical and social condition of the workers. There is a great improvement in their health and in the comfort of their homes. As regards the shoemaking population, both male and female, the change amounts to an absolute revolution, and decidedly for the better."

The sewing-machine has most effectually stimulated invention in other directions. In all leather manufactures, for example, the old, painful, unhealthy processes are now nearly all done by machinery driven by steam. In the stay and clothing trades the severe labor of using heavy shears by hand is superseded by steam-driven cutters, by the aid of which one man does the work of twenty. The cheapness arising from these appliances has so enlarged the demand that the quantity of labor employed in the trades is far greater than before.

This is the statement of the facts, and there is no reason to dispute it in any essential particular. The outline amounts

to this:—About twenty-five years ago the articles produced in all the industries connected with the fabrication of sewn, or "made up," woven, and leather materials, were dear, and except in the best instances, of inferior quality; and the laborers, male and female, but especially the latter, were among the worst paid, the hardest worked, and the most unhealthy in the country. A mechanical invention, called the sewing-machine, of moderate cost and simplicity, was then introduced, the objects of which were, by the application of ordinary labor in private houses or factories, to get rid of nearly all the irksome, slow, and unhealthy processes of hand-stitching, and so by reason of swiftness, exactness, and superiority of manufacture greatly to reduce the selling price of the articles offered to the public. The effect of this invention was in a few years to establish two radical improvements throughout the industries in which it was most successful, namely, first, the lessened price of the commodities to the consumer, their superior quality, and the circumstance that they were articles required by all, but especially by the middle and humbler classes, at once created an enlargement of demand so rapid and strong that it fully kept pace with the more efficient and swifter means of production; second, the augmented *gross produce* arising from the decided success of the invention in rendering labor more efficient, in saving time, and improving quality, and reducing the outlay and risks of capital, was divided between the employers and work-people wholly by the operation of natural causes. There was no interference of the legislature on one side or the other; and practically there was no interference of trades' unions to enforce a minimum rate of wages, or to impose restraints on the skill, industry, and deserts of the individual male and female laborers. Everywhere there were inferior, middling, and superior laborers earning corresponding wages; and everywhere the skilful and handiest laborers passed naturally into the class of employers and capitalists. It was a free and wholesome co-operation of capital and labor to supply the best and cheapest articles to the cash demand of a vigorous consumption; and the profits arising from the trade were divided between wages and capital wholly in proportion to the special skill and industry of the individual employers and employed; with the result, as we have seen, of raising wages from fifty to one hundred per cent., and adding immeasurably to the comfort, health, and in-

dependence of the laborers, but especially of the female portion of them.

But such a result is neither more nor less than *distribution* of the proceeds of production of the most exact and equitable kind. On a large scale the increased quantity of wealth arising from the invention of the sewing-machine has been divided precisely as — on grounds of equity — it is most fit and beneficial that it should be divided; and this equitable and wholesome division has taken place as a *necessary consequence* of the most efficient methods of production being left at perfect liberty, as regards both workmen and masters, to arrive at the cheapest means of commanding and stimulating consumption. If at an early or later stage of the establishment of the sewing-machine, it had been possible for the male to exclude the female workers; or for the two combined to prevent the use of the machine in the houses of male or female workers; or for any trades' union to enforce a minimum wage, or to impose restraints on individual skill and invention devoted to increase the gross profits — that is to say, the fund alone available for division between labor and capital — it is easy to see that the whole march of the improvement would have been retarded and thwarted. It is clear also that the two circumstances which have very materially assisted the success of the machine, both as regards producers and consumers, have been, first, the small cost of the machine itself, which admitted its effective use in the *homes* of the workers, and in this way has cheapened production by rendering of value the intermittent labor of whole families as it could be spared, and when it could be easiest applied. In this respect the sewing machine has been the reverse of the former handloom. The machine workers have prospered because they could take the new invention into their houses without diminishing its force. The handloomers were superseded because the steam shuttle could not be made a domestic implement. Second, the eminent suitability of female labor to the sewing-machine has secured a class of workers who have had the strongest motives to apply whatever skill and industry they possessed to increase their *piece-work wages* by the extent and efficiency of production. It may be added, indeed, that the great results which have been obtained are amongst the most cogent illustrations which can be found of the magical influence of payment by results, that is to say, of payment by the piece; for happily no

other mode of payment has been possible for sewing-machine labor.

The lesson of the whole of this gratifying and hopeful history is, as we said at the outset, that the methods of most efficient production are those which necessarily contain within themselves the methods of most effectual and beneficial distribution: in other words, if we understand and apply thoroughly and truly the conditions which most cheaply, rapidly, and constantly produce wealth, we also, and as a necessary, and *pari passu* consequence, understand and apply the conditions which ensure the distribution of that wealth among all the parties concerned in the most just and beneficial manner. So far philosophers and philanthropists have spent their energies in the wrong direction. They have sought for artificial means of what they considered more equal distribution of the products of industry, failing to see that in the circumstances and conditions which render industry on the largest scale most productive, there are native and inherent forces which link together production and distribution at every step.

---

From The Leisure Hour.

#### THE DOG OF THE BARRACKS.

FROM a French correspondent we have the following: — We had for several years a fine dog, named Tarquin. Since his death he was always called *Tarquin l'Ancien*, to distinguish him from his successor, who, from his great beauty, we had named *Tarquin le Superb*. The first Tarquin was born and brought up in an artillery barrack. He was caressed, played with, teased, amused by all the soldiers, his daily companions, who, as all know, in their amusements are like big children. His master, a sergeant-major, having completed his term of military service, returned to his home at Nancy, and there sold the young dog to my father. Tarquin led a happy life with us, was caressed, and certainly was better fed than he had been in the barrack. Still, he had a clinging fondness for the companions of his youth, the artillerymen; and although there were then no artillery in garrison at Nancy, every time that by chance an artillery soldier passed through the town, down our street, the poor dog rushed forth and affectionately caressed him, to the soldier's great astonishment, who, at first, did not know what to make of his rude gratula-

tions. My father would, from the window, call the soldier in, offer him a glass of wine, and recount to him Tarquin's birth and bringing up in an artillery barrack.

There were *sapeurs-pompier*s at Nancy, wearing the same uniform, black trousers, with a double red stripe, the only difference being that, *en grande tenue*, the *pompier*s had a brass helmet, and the artillery a shako, but on ordinary occasions the uniform was the same for both. However much *we* might be deceived by the similarity of their uniform, the good Tarquin, who could not read the number of their regiment on the artillerymen's buttons, as we could, always discerned the difference. That was certainly very singular; perhaps the cloth of their garments was of different manufacture. Something must have struck a dog's sense, or instinct, not noticeable to us, his superiors in knowledge.

Tarquin often acted as our *commissionnaire*. My mother, sometimes feeling lonely, wished to see my grandfather, and would call Tarquin, fastening a small missive to his collar, then open the door and say to him, "*Va, chercher grand-père.*" At the end of a quarter of an hour Tarquin reappeared escorting him. L. H.

---

From Nature.

#### JAPANESE MIRRORS.

A SHORT time ago a friend showed me a curious effect, which I had previously heard of, but had never seen. The ladies of Japan use, in making their toilet, a small round mirror about one-twelfth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness, made of a kind of speculum metal, brightly polished and coated with mercury. At the back there are usually various devices, Japanese or Chinese written characters, badges, etc., standing in strong relief, and brightly polished like the front surface. Now if the direct rays of the sun are allowed to fall upon the front of the mirror and are then reflected on to a screen, in a great many cases, though not in all, the figures at the back will appear to shine through the substance of the mirror as bright lines upon a moderately bright ground.

I have since tried several mirrors as sold in the shops, and in most cases the appearance described has been observed with more or less distinctness.

I have been unable to find a satisfactory explanation of this fact, but on considering the mode of manufacture I was led to

suppose that the pressure to which the mirror was subjected during polishing, and which is greatest on the parts in relief, was concerned in the production of the figures. On putting this to the test by rubbing the back of the mirror with a blunt pointed instrument, and permitting the rays of the sun to be reflected from the front surface, a bright line appeared in the image corresponding to the position of the part rubbed. This experiment is quite easy to repeat, a scratch with a knife or with any other hard body is sufficient. It would seem as if the pressure upon the back during polishing caused some change in the reflecting surface corresponding to the raised parts whereby the amount of light reflected was greater; or supposing that of the light which falls upon the surface, a part is absorbed and the rest reflected, those parts corresponding to the raised portions on the back are altered by the pressure in such a way that less is absorbed, and therefore a bright image appears. This, of course, is not an explanation of the phenomenon, but I put it forward as perhaps indicating the direction in which the true explanation may be looked for.

The following account of the manufacture of the Japanese mirrors is taken from a paper by Dr. Geerts, read before the Asiatic Society of Japan, and appearing in their "Transactions" for 1875-76, p. 39:—

"For preparing the mould, which consists of two halves, put together with their concave surfaces, the workman first powders a kind of rough plastic clay, and mixes this with levigated powder of a blackish 'tuff-stone' and a little charcoal powder and water, till the paste is plastic and suitable for being moulded. It is then roughly formed by the aid of a wooden frame into square or round cakes; the surface of the latter is covered with a levigated half-liquid mixture of powdered *chamotte* (old crucibles which have served for melting bronze or copper) and water. Thus well prepared, the blackish paste in the frame receives the concave designs by the aid of woodcuts, cut in relief. The two halves of the mould are put together in the frame and dried. Several of these flat moulds are then placed in a melting-box made of clay and *chamotte*. This box has on the top an opening, into which the liquid bronze is poured, after it has been melted in small fire-proof clay crucibles. The liquid metal naturally fills all openings inside the box, and consequently also the cavities of the moulds.

For mirrors of first quality the following metal mixture is used in one of the largest mirror foundries in Kiôto:—

Lead . . . . .	5 parts.
Tin . . . . .	15 “
Copper . . . . .	80 “
	<hr/>
	100

For mirrors of inferior quality is taken—

Lead . . . . .	10 parts.
Natural sulphide of lead and anti-	
mony . . . . .	10 “
Copper . . . . .	80 “
	<hr/>
	100

“After being cooled the melting-box and moulds are crushed and the mirrors taken away. These are then cut, scoured, and filed until the mirror is roughly finished. They are then first polished with a polishing powder called *to-no-ki*, which consists of the levigated powder of a soft kind of whetstone (*to-ishi*) found in Yamato and many other places. Secondly, the mirrors are polished with a piece of charcoal and water, the charcoal of the wood *ho-no-ki* (*Magnolia hypoleuca*) being preferred as the best for this purpose. When the surface of the mirror is well polished it is covered with a layer of mercury amalgam, consisting of quicksilver, tin, and a little lead. The amalgam is rubbed vigorously with a piece of soft leather, which manipulation must be continued for a long time until the excess of mercury is expelled, and the mirror has got a fine, bright, reflecting surface.”

R. W. ATKINSON.

University of Tokio, Japan.

From The Leisure Hour.

#### A DOG AIDING IN SMUGGLING.

A FAMILY of lacemakers in Belgium, finding that they could not sell the produce of their industry to so great an advantage as in France, became anxious to dispose of it there, and to acquire, by that means, a more rapid fortune than by simply retailing it at home. They had a

young and intelligent poodle dog which they trained to have a thorough detestation of custom-house officials, such as are encountered on the frontiers. They dressed up some one in that uniform, who, always beating and kicking the dog whenever he entered the house, and ill-treating him in every way, incurred, very naturally, poor Monton's animosity. Their object was, of course, to nourish such ill-feeling and repugnance in the dog against any one wearing the French *douanier* uniform, that he would be certain to avoid them. Having succeeded in inspiring the hatred they wished in the poor, innocent, and unoffending Monton's breast, they next prepared a larger poodle-skin than the one he owned, and after winding several metres of valuable lace round his body, sewed the poodle-skin neatly and cleverly over it all. Away went the master and his dog, and succeeded in passing the French frontier; the man, it is true, was examined; the dog ran off from the people in uniform as soon as he espied them, decamping as fast as his legs could carry him. Regaining his master, they reached a French town where the lace was not only sold at a good profit, but an order was given for a larger supply.

These hazardous journeys were often undertaken, and nothing could exceed their good fortune and their lucky escapes; but their success was not destined to be of long duration. Upon one occasion, one of the junior custom-house *employés* noticed the dog and advanced to play with him, but instead of responding to the proffered caress, Monton showed his teeth and slunk away, whereupon the youth revenged himself by throwing a large stone, which lamed him, and then another and another, until he killed the poor animal. Monton's master, not wishing to appear too anxious about him, had walked on, not doubting but that his faithful companion was following him, but missing him at last he returned to the frontier just in time to witness the official's profound astonishment at the sight a rent in poor Monton's false hide had revealed to him. Since then, I was assured, custom-house officials on the frontier looked sharply after contraband dogs.

L. H.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1728. — July 28, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

- I. GEORGE SAND. By Matthew Arnold, . . . *Fortnightly Review*, . . . 195  
II. THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George Mac  
Donald, author of "Malcolm," etc. Con-  
clusion, . . . . . *Advance Sheets*, . . . 204  
III. IS THE MOON DEAD? . . . . . *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 222  
IV. CARITA. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of  
"Chronicles of Carlingford," "Zaidee,"  
etc. Part XVII., . . . . . *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 232  
V. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By  
William Black. Part XXII., . . . *Examiner*, . . . 251

## POETRY.

- TWO WOMEN.  
Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell), . . . 194  
Mary Carpenter, . . . . . 194  
MISCELLANY, . . . . . 255, 256

---

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

---

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.



## TWO WOMEN.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

(LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

*Born, 1809. Died, June 15, 1877.*

ONE lived for grace — one lived for good ; so  
runs,

In brief, the record of two women's claims,  
Whose lives, unlike, closed with close-follow-  
ing suns,

Bequeathing memories diverse as their  
fames.

One, the famed daughter of a famous line,  
With grace and charm, with wit and beauty  
dowered,

Yet on whose power to please, and will to  
shine,

Some adverse star malignant influence  
showered.

Her bridal wreath was blent with weeds of  
strife :

An ill world's ill report, by party aimed,  
Fleshed its foul shafts in her unguarded life,  
Until fair-weather friendship shrank afraid,

And hate and envy gave their tongues free  
play

On the proud soul that would not be o'er-  
borne,

But strove to show brave face to bleakest day,  
And hid her wounds, and gave back scorn  
for scorn :

And sang her song, and smiled her smile, and  
staunched

Her tears to strain her children to her  
breast,

But death's pale blight her hope's bright  
blossom blanched,

And left her all but lone in dark unrest.

Till time and fair life bore down ill-report,  
And grief in patience, if not peace, was lost ;  
And she lived on, and sang, and held her  
court,

And dwelt in memories of the loved and  
lost.

Still beautiful, still graceful, with her voice  
Of low, sweet music, and her gift of song ;  
Tenacious of the friendships of her choice, —  
Fast because wisely made as cherished long.

Truest of all, the friend who, at the last,  
Gave her marred life the shelter of his name,  
And a short sunshine o'er her evening cast,  
Denied her in the morning of her fame.

Noble of soul as beautiful, endowed  
With all that should have crowned a life  
with joy, —

Well for her she has passed beyond the cloud,  
Tended by faithful love, to join her boy.

MARY CARPENTER.

*Born, April 3, 1807. Died, June 14, 1877.*

NOT on the heights of England's proud estate,  
Where its spoilt children keep their giddy  
round,

The other learned to weigh man and man's  
fate,

Studied life's lessons and life's labor found.

But in a frugal, pure, and peaceful home,  
A place of sober learning, learned to see,  
Through faith and trust in God's good time to  
come,

That where ill is, good may, and will, yet be.

Her parents' help, her sisters', brothers' guide,  
She grew as high of heart, as mild of mood ;  
With power o'er youth's rebelliousness and  
pride,

As one that from her own youth up was  
good.

And early fixed her mind, and chose her part,  
To work in the high faith which few can feel,  
That there's a spring of good in every heart,  
So you have love its fountain to unseal.

This faith it was that marked a course for *her*,  
And braced her for its trouble and its toil,  
Cheered her 'gainst proofs how much the best  
may err,  
And kept her pure as snow from taint or  
soil.

Out of the scaffold's shadow and the dark  
Of lives from youth up weaned of light and  
air,

She gathered sinking souls into her ark  
Of love that rode the deluge of despair.

'Twas she first drew our city waifs and strays  
Within the tending of the Christian fold,  
With eyes of love for the averted gaze  
Of a world prompt to scourge and shrill to  
scold.

From seeds she sowed — in season mattered  
not,

Or out — for good all seasons are the same —  
Sprang new appliances, of love begot,  
Lost lives to save, and wanderers reclaim.

Nor at home only ; when her hair was white  
She crossed the sea, on India to bestow  
The love that England prized at length aright,  
Following leads she was the first to show.

Not from far Pisgah only did she view  
The promised land, but lived its soil to  
tread ;

And dies bequeathing work for *us* to do,  
While praise and blessing crown her rev-  
erend head !

From The Fortnightly Review.  
GEORGE SAND.

THE months go round, and anniversaries return; on the ninth of June George Sand had been dead just one year. She was born in 1804; she was almost seventy-two years old when she died. She came to Paris after the revolution of 1830, with her "*Indiana*" written, and began her life of independence, her life of authorship, her life as *George Sand*. She continued at work till she died. For forty-five years she was writing and publishing, and filled Europe with her name.

It seems to me but the other day that I saw her, yet it was in the August of 1846, more than thirty years ago. I saw her in her own Berry, at Nohant, where her childhood and youth were passed, where she returned to live after she became famous, where she died and has now her grave. There must be many who, after reading her books, have felt the same desire which in those days of my youth, in 1846, took me to Nohant — the desire to see the country and the places of which the books that so charmed us were full. Those old provinces of the centre of France, primitive and slumbering — Berry, La Marche, Bourbonnais; those sites and streams in them, of name once so indifferent to us, but to which George Sand gave such a music for our ear — La Châtre, Ste. Sévère, the *Vallée-Noire*, the Indre, the Creuse; how many a reader of George Sand must have desired, as I did, after frequenting them so much in thought, fairly to set eyes upon them. I had been reading "*Jeanne*." I made up my mind to go and see Toulx Ste. Croix and Boussac, and the Druidical stones on Mont Barlot, the *Pierres Jaunâtres*. I remember looking out Toulx in Cassini's great map at the Bodleian Library. The railway through the centre of France went in those days no farther than Vierzon. From Vierzon to Châteauroux one travelled by an ordinary diligence, from Châteauroux to La Châtre by a humbler diligence, from La Châtre to Boussac by the humblest diligence of all. At Boussac diligence ended, and *patache* began. Between Châteauroux and La Châtre, a mile or two before reaching the latter place,

the road passes by the village of Nohant. The château of Nohant in which Madame Sand lived, is a plain house by the roadside, with a walled garden. Down in the meadows, not far off, flows the Indre, bordered by trees. I passed Nohant without stopping, at La Châtre I dined and changed diligence, and went on by night up the valley of the Indre, the *Vallée-Noire*, past Ste. Sévère to Boussac. At Ste. Sévère the Indre is quite a small stream. In the darkness we quitted its valley, and when day broke we were in the wilder and barer country of La Marche, with Boussac before us and its high castle on a precipitous rock over the Little Creuse. That day and the next I wandered through a silent country of heathy and ferny *landes*, a region of granite stones, holly, and broom, of copsewood and great chestnut-trees; a region of broad light, and fresh breezes, and wide horizons. I visited the *Pierres Jaunâtres*. I stood at sunset on the platform of Toulx Ste. Croix, by the scrawled and almost effaced stone lions — a relic, it is said, of the English rule — and gazed on the blue mountains of Auvergne filling the distance, and, south-eastward of them, in a still further and fainter distance, on what seemed to be the mountains over Le Puy and the high valley of the Loire.

From Boussac I addressed to Madame Sand the sort of letter of which she must in her lifetime have had scores, a letter conveying to her, in bad French, the homage of a youthful and enthusiastic foreigner who had read her works with delight. She received the infliction good-naturedly, for on my return to La Châtre I found a message left at the inn by a servant from Nohant that Madame Sand would be glad to see me if I called. The midday breakfast at Nohant was not yet over when I reached the house, and I found a large party assembled. I entered with some trepidation, as well I might, considering how I had got there; but the simplicity of Madame Sand's manner put me at ease in a moment. She named some of those present; amongst them were her son and daughter, the Maurice and Solange so familiar to us from her books, and Chopin with his wonderful eyes. There was at

that time nothing astonishing in Madame Sand's appearance. She was not in man's clothes, she wore a sort of costume not impossible, I should think (although on these matters I speak with hesitation), to members of the fair sex at this hour amongst ourselves, as an out-door dress for the country or for Scotland. She made me sit by her and poured out for me the insipid and depressing beverage, *boisson fade et mélancolique*, as Balzac called it, for which English people are thought abroad to be always thirsting — tea. She conversed of the country through which I had been wandering, of the Berry peasants and their mode of life, of Switzerland whither I was going; she touched politely, by a few questions and remarks, upon England and things and persons English — upon Oxford and Cambridge, Byron, Bulwer. As she spoke, her eyes, head, bearing, were all of them striking; but the main impression she made was an impression of what I have already mentioned — an impression of *simplicity*, frank, cordial simplicity. After breakfast she led the way into the garden, asked me a few kind questions about myself and my plans, gathered a flower or two and gave them to me, shook hands heartily at the gate, and I saw her no more. In 1859 M. Michelet gave me a letter to her, which would have enabled me to present myself in more regular fashion. Madame Sand was then in Paris. But a day or two passed before I could call, and when I called, Madame Sand had left Paris and gone back to No-hant. The impression of 1846 has remained my single impression of her.

Of her gaze, form, and speech, that one impression is enough; better perhaps than a mixed impression from seeing her at sundry times and after successive changes. But as the first anniversary of her death draws near there arises again a desire which I felt when she died, the desire not indeed to take a critical survey of her — very far from it. I feel no inclination at all to go regularly through her productions, to classify and value them one by one, to pick out from them what the English public may most like, or to present to that public, for the most part ignorant of George Sand and for the most

part indifferent to her, a full history and a judicial estimate of the woman and of her writings. But I desire to recall to my own mind, before the occasion offered by her death passes quite away — to recall and collect the elements of that powerful total impression which, as a writer, she made upon me; to recall and collect them, to bring them distinctly into view, to feel them in all their depth and power once more. What I here attempt is not for the benefit of the indifferent; it is for my own satisfaction, it is for myself. But perhaps those for whom George Sand has been a friend and a power will find an interest in following me.

Yes; and it is *here* that one should speak of her in this review, not dominated by the past, not devoted to things established, not over-occupied with theology, but in search of some more free and wide conceptions of human life, and turned towards the future and the unrealized. George Sand felt the poetry of the past, she had no hatreds; the furies, the follies, the self-deceptions of secularist and revolutionist fanatics filled her in her latter years with pity, sometimes with dismay; but still her place is with the party and propaganda of organic change. For any party tied to the past, for any party, even, tied to the present, she is too new, too bold, too uncompromisingly sincere.

*Le sentiment de la vie idéale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale telle que nous sommes appelés à la connaître* — "the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it" — those words from one of her last publications give the ruling thought of George Sand, the ground-motive, as they say in music, of all her strain. It is as a personage inspired by this motive that she interests us. The English public conceives of her as of a novel-writer who wrote stories more or less interesting; the earlier ones objectionable and dangerous, the later ones, some of them unexceptionable and fit to be put into the hands of the youth of both sexes. With such a conception of George Sand, a story of hers like "*Consuelo*" comes to be elevated in England into quite

an undue relative importance, and to pass with very many people for her typical work, displaying all that is really valuable and significant in the author. "*Consuelo*" is a charming story. But George Sand is something more than a maker of charming stories, and only a portion of her is shown in "*Consuelo*." She is more, likewise, than a creator of characters. She has created, with admirable truth to nature, characters most attractive and attaching, such as Edmée, Geneviève, Germain. But she is not adequately expressed by them. We do not know her unless we feel the spirit which goes through her work as a whole. In order to feel this spirit it is not, indeed, necessary to read all that she ever produced. Even three or four only out of her many books might suffice to show her to us, if they were well chosen; let us say, the "*Lettres d'un Voyageur*," "*Mauprat*," "*François le Champi*," and a story which I was glad to see Mr. Myers, in his appreciative notice of Madame Sand, single out for praise, "*Valvèdre*." In these may be found all the principal elements of their author's strain: the cry of agony and revolt, the trust in nature and beauty, the aspiration towards a purged and renewed human society. Of George Sand's strain during forty years, these are the grand elements. Now it is one of them which appears most prominently, now it is another. The cry of agony and revolt is in her earlier work, and passes away in her later. But in the evolution of these three elements — the passion of agony and revolt, the consolation from nature and from beauty, the ideas of social renewal — in the evolution of these is George Sand and George Sand's life and power. Through their evolution her constant motive declares and unfolds itself, that motive which we set forth above: "The sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it." This is the motive and through these elements is its evolution; an evolution pursued, moreover, with the most unflinching resolve, the most absolute sincerity.

The hour of agony and revolt passed away for George Sand, as it passed away for Goethe, as it passes away for their

readers likewise. It passes away and does not return; yet those who, amid the agitations, more or less stormy, of their youth, betook themselves to the early works of George Sand, may in later life cease to read them, indeed, but they can no more forget them than they can forget "*Werther*." George Sand speaks somewhere of her "days of '*Corinne*.' " Days of "*Valentine*," many of us may in like manner say — days of "*Valentine*," days of "*Lélia*" days never to return! They are gone, we shall read the books no more, and yet how ineffaceable is their impression! How the sentences from George Sand's works of that period still linger in our memory and haunt the ear with their cadences! Grandiose and moving, they come, those cadences, like the sighing of the wind through the forest, like the breaking of the waves on the seashore. *Lélia* in her cell on the mountain of the Camaldoli —

Sibyl, Sibyl forsaken; spirit of the days of old, joined to a brain that rebels against the divine inspiration; broken lyre, mute instrument, whose tones the world of to-day, if it heard them, could not understand, but yet in whose depth the eternal harmony murmurs imprisoned; priestess of death, I, I who feel and know that before now I have been Pythia, have wept before now, before now have spoken, but who cannot recollect, alas, cannot utter the word of healing! Yes, yes; I remember the cavern of truth and the access of revelation; but the word of human destiny, I have forgotten it; but the talisman of deliverance, it is lost from my hand. And yet, indeed, much, much have I seen; and when suffering presses me sore, when indignation takes hold of me, when I feel Prometheus wake up in my heart and beat his puissant wings against the stone which confines him, oh! then, in prey to a frenzy without a name, to a despair without bounds, I invoke the unknown master and friend who might illumine my spirit and set free my tongue; but I grope in darkness, and my tired arms grasp nothing save delusive shadows. And for ten thousand years, as the sole answer to my cries, as the sole comfort in my agony, I hear astir, over this earth accurst, the despairing sob of impotent agony. For ten thousand years I have cried in infinite space, *Truth! truth!* For ten thousand years infinite space keeps answering me, *Desire, desire.* O Sibyl forsaken! O mute

Pythia ! dash then thy head against the rocks of thy cavern, and mingle thy raging blood with the foam of the sea ! for thou deemest thyself to have possessed the almighty Word, and these ten thousand years thou art seeking him in vain.

Or Sylvia's cry over Jacques by his glacier in the Tyrol —

When such a man as thou art is born into a world where he can do no true service, when, with the soul of an apostle and the courage of a martyr, he has simply to push his way among the heartless and aimless crowds which vegetate without living, the atmosphere suffocates him and he dies. Hated by sinners, the mock of fools, disliked by the envious, abandoned by the weak, what can he do but return to God, weary with having labored in vain, in sorrow at having accomplished nothing ? The world remains in all its vileness and in all its hatefulness ; this is what men call "the triumph of good sense over enthusiasm."

Or Jacques himself, and his doctrine —

Life is arid and terrible, repose is a dream, prudence is useless ; mere reason alone serves simply to dry up the heart ; there is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of one's self.

Or George Sand speaking in her own person, in the "*Lettres d'un Voyageur*" —

Ah no, I was not born to be a poet, I was born to love. It is the misfortune of my destiny, it is the enmity of others, which have made me a wanderer and an artist. What I wanted was to live a human life ; I had a heart, it has been torn violently from my breast. All that has been left me is a head, a head full of noise and pain, of horrible memories, of images of woe, of scenes of outrage. And because in writing stories to earn my bread I could not help remembering my sorrows, because I had the audacity to say that in married life there were to be found miserable beings, by reason of the weakness which is enjoined upon the woman, by reason of the brutality which is permitted to the man, by reason of the turpitudes which society covers and protects with a veil, I am pronounced immoral, I am treated as if I were the enemy of the human race.

And if only, alas, together with her honesty and her courage, she could feel that she had also light and hope and power ; that she was able to lead those whom she loved and who looked to her for guidance ! But no ; her own very children, witnesses of her suffering, her uncertainty, her struggles, her evil report, may come to doubt her.

My poor children, my own flesh and blood, will perhaps turn upon me and say : "You are leading us wrong, you mean to ruin us as well as yourself. Are you not unhappy, reprobated,

evil spoken of ? What have you gained by these unequal struggles, by these much trumpeted duels of yours with Custom and Belief ? Let us do as others do ; let us get what is to be got from this easy and tolerant world."

This is what they will say to me. Or at best, if, out of tenderness for me, or from their own natural disposition, they give ear to my words and believe me, whither shall I guide them ? Into what abysses shall we go and plunge ourselves, we three ? — for we shall be our own three upon earth, and not one soul with us. What shall I reply to them if they come and say to me, "Yes, life is unbearable in a world like this. Let us die together. Show us the path of Bernica, or the lake of Sténio, or the glaciers of Jacques."

But the failure of the impassioned seekers of a new and better world proves nothing for the world as it is. Ineffectual they may be, but the world is still more ineffectual, and it is the world's course which is doomed to ruin, not theirs. "What has it done," exclaims George Sand in her preface to Guérin's "*Centaure*," "what has it done for our moral education, and what is it doing for our children, this society shielded with such care ?" Nothing. Those whom it calls vain complainers and rebels and madmen, may reply : —

Suffer us to bewail our martyrs, poets without a country that we are, forlorn singers, well versed in the causes of their misery and of our own. You do not comprehend the malady which killed them ; they themselves did not comprehend it. If one or two of us at the present day open our eyes to a new light, is it not by a strange and unaccountable good providence, and have we not to seek our grain of faith in storm and darkness, combated by doubt, irony, the absence of all sympathy, all example, all brotherly aid, all protection and countenance in high places ? Try yourselves to speak to your brethren heart to heart, conscience to conscience ! Try it ! — but you cannot, busied as you are with watching and patching up in all directions your dykes which the flood is invading ; the material existence of this society of yours absorbs all your care and requires more than all your efforts. Meanwhile the powers of human thought are growing into strength and rise on all sides around you. Amongst these threatening apparitions, there are some which fade away and re-enter the darkness, because the hour of life has not yet struck, and the fiery spirit which quickened them could strive no longer with the horrors of this present chaos ; but there are others that can wait, and you will find them confronting you, up and alive, to say, "You have allowed the death of our brethren, and we, we do not mean to die."

She did not, indeed. How should she faint and fail before her time because of

a world out of joint, because of the reign of stupidity, because of the passions of youth, because of the difficulties and disgusts of married life in the native seats of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man, she who could feel so well the power of those eternal consolers, nature and beauty? From the very first they introduce a note of suavity in her strain of grief and passion. Who can forget the lanes and meadows of "*Valentine*"? George Sand is one of the few French writers who keep us closely, truly intimate with rural nature. She gives us the wild-flowers by their actual names — snowdrop, primrose, columbine, iris, scabious. Nowhere has she touched her native Berry and its little-known landscape, its *campagnes ignorées*, with a lovelier charm than in "*Valentine*." The winding and deep lanes running out of the high road on either side, the fresh and calm spots they take us to, "meadows of a tender green, plaintive brooks, clumps of alder and mountain ash, a whole world of suave and pastoral nature," — how delicious it all is! The grave and silent peasant whose very dog will hardly deign to bark at you, the great white ox, "the inevitable dean of these pastures," staring solemnly at you from the thicket; the farmhouse "with its avenue of maples, and the Indre, here hardly more than a bright rivulet, stealing along through rushes and yellow iris in the field below" — who, I say, can forget them? And that one lane in especial, the lane where Athénaïs puts her arm out of the side window of the rustic carriage and gathers May from the overarching hedge — that lane with its startled blackbirds, and humming insects, and limpid water, and swaying water-plants, and shelving gravel, and yellow wagtails hopping half-pert, half-frightened, on the sand — that lane with rushes, cresses, and mint below, honeysuckle and traveller's-joy above — how gladly might one give all that strangely English picture in English, if the charm of Madame Sand's language did not here defy translation! Let us try something less difficult, and yet something where we may still have her in this her beloved world of "simplicity, and sky, and fields, and trees, and peasant life, peasant life looked at, by preference, on its good and sound side." *Voyez donc la simplicité, vous autres, voyez le ciel et les champs, et les arbres, et les paysans, surtout dans ce qu'ils ont de bon et de vrai.*

The introduction to "*La Mare au Diable*" will give us what we want.

George Sand has been looking at an engraving of Holbein's "Laborer." An old, thick-set peasant, in rags, is driving his plough in the midst of a field. All around spreads a wild landscape, dotted with a few poor huts. The sun is setting behind a hill; the day of toil is nearly over. It has been hard; the ground is rugged and stony, the laborer's horses are but skin and bone, weak and exhausted. There is but one alert figure, the skeleton Death, who with a whip skips nimbly along at the horses' side and urges the team. Under the picture is a quotation in old French, to the effect that after the laborer's life of travail and service, in which he has to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow, here comes death to fetch him away. And from so rude a life does Death take him, says George Sand, that Death is hardly unwelcome; and in another composition by Holbein, where men of almost every condition — popes, sovereigns, lovers, gamblers, monks, soldiers — are taunted with their fear of death, and do indeed see his approach with terror, Lazarus alone is easy and composed, and sitting on his dunghill at the rich man's door, tells death that he does not mind him.

With her thoughts full of Holbein's mournful picture, George Sand goes out into the fields of her own Berry.

My walk was by the border of a field which some peasants were getting ready for being sown presently. The space to be ploughed was wide, as in Holbein's picture. The landscape was vast also; the great lines of green which it contained were just touched with russet by the approach of autumn; on the rich brown soil recent rain had left, in a good many furrows, lines of water, which shone in the sun like silver threads. The day was clear and soft, and the earth gave out a light smoke where it had been freshly laid open by the ploughshare. At the top of the field an old man, whose broad back and severe face were like those of the old peasant of Holbein, but whose clothes told no tale of poverty, was gravely driving his plough of an antique shape, drawn by two tranquil oxen, with coats of a pale buff, real patriarchs of the fallow, tall of make, somewhat thin, with long and blunt horns, the kind of old workmen who by long habit have got to be *brothers* to one another, as in our country-side they are called, and who, if one loses the other, refuse to work with a new comrade, and fret themselves to death. People unacquainted with the country will not believe in this affection of the ox for his yoke-fellow. They should come and see one of the poor beasts in a corner of his stable, thin, wasted, lashing with his restless tail his lean flanks, sniffing with uneasiness and disdain at the provender offered to him, his eyes

forever turned towards the stable door, scratching with his foot the empty place left at his side, smelling the yokes and bands which his companion has worn, and incessantly calling for him with piteous lowings. The ox-herd will tell you: "There is a pair of oxen gone! his *brother* is dead, and this one will work no more. He ought to be fattened for killing; but one cannot get him to eat, and in a short time he will have starved himself to death."

How faithful and close it is, this contact of George Sand with country things, with the life of nature in its vast plenitude and pathos! And always in the end the human interest, as is right, emerges and predominates. What is the central figure in the fresh and calm rural world of George Sand? It is the peasant. And what is the peasant? He is France, life, the future. And this is the strength of George Sand, and of her second movement, after the first movement of energy and revolt was over, towards nature and beauty, towards the country, primitive life, the peasant. She regarded not with the selfish and solitary joy of the artist who but seeks to appropriate them for his own purposes, she regarded them as a treasure of immense and hitherto unknown application, as a vast power of healing and delight for all, and for the peasant first and foremost. Yes, she cries, the simple life is the true one! but the peasant, the great organ of that life, "the minister in that vast temple which only the sky is vast enough to embrace," the peasant is not doomed to toil and moil in it forever, overdone and unawakened, like Holbein's laborer, and to have for his best comfort the thought that death will set him free. *Non, nous n'avons plus affaire à la mort, mais à la vie.* "Our business henceforth is not with death but with life." And joy is the great lifter of men, the great unfold. *Il faut que la vie soit bonne afin qu'elle soit féconde.* "For life to be fruitful, life must be felt to be a blessing."

Nature is eternally young, beautiful, bountiful. She pours out beauty and poetry for all that live, she pours it out on all plants, and the plants are permitted to expand in it freely. She possesses the secret of happiness, and no man has been able to take it away from her. The happiest of men would be he, who, possessing the science of his labor and working with his hands, earning his comfort and his freedom by the exercise of his intelligent force, found time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God. The artist has satisfactions of this kind in the contemplation and reproduction of nature's beauty; but when he sees the affliction of those who people this

paradise of earth, the upright and human-hearted artist feels a trouble in the midst of his enjoyment. The happy day will be when mind, heart, and hands shall be alive together, shall work in concert; when there shall be a harmony between God's munificence and man's delight in it. Then, instead of the piteous and frightful figure of Death, skipping whip in hand by the peasant's side in the field, the allegorical painter will place there a radiant angel, sowing with full hands the blessed grain in the smoking furrow.

And the dream of a kindly, free, poetic, laborious, simple existence for the tiller of the field is not so hard to realize that it must be sent away into the world of chimæras. Virgil's sweet and sad cry: "O happy peasants, if they but knew their own blessings!" is a regret; but like all regrets, it is at the same time a prediction. The day will come when the laborer may be also an artist, not in the sense of rendering nature's beauty, a matter which will be then of much less importance, but in the sense of feeling it. Does not this mysterious intuition of poetic beauty exist in him already in the form of instinct and of vague reverie?

It exists in him, too, adds Madame Sand, in the form of that *nostalgia*, that home-sickness, which forever pursues the genuine French peasant if you transplant him. The peasant has, then, the elements of the poetic sense and of its high and pure satisfactions.

But one part of the enjoyment which we possess is wanting to him, a pure and lofty pleasure which is surely his due, minister that he is in that vast temple which only the sky is vast enough to embrace. He has not the conscious knowledge of his sentiment. Those who have sentenced him to servitude from his mother's womb, not being able to debar him from reverie, have debarred him from reflection.

Well, for all that, taking the peasant as he is, incomplete and seemingly condemned to an eternal childhood, I yet find him a more beautiful object than the man in whom his acquisition of knowledge has stifled sentiment. Do not rate yourselves so high above him, many of you who imagine that you have an imprescriptible right to his obedience, for you yourselves are the most incomplete and the least seeing of men. That simplicity of his soul is more to be loved than the false lights of yours.

In all this we are passing from the second element in George Sand to the third—her aspiration for a social new birth, a *renaissance sociale*. It is eminently the ideal of France; it was hers. Her religion connected itself with this ideal. In the convent where she was brought up she had in youth had an awakening of fervent mystical piety in the Catholic form.



That form she could not keep. Popular religion of all kinds, with its deep internal impossibilities, its "heaven and hell serving to cover the illogical manifestations of the Divinity's apparent designs respecting us," its "God made in our image, silly and malicious, vain and puerile, irritable or tender, after our fashion," lost all sort of hold upon her.

Communion with such a God is impossible to me, I confess it. He is wiped out from my memory; there is no corner where I can find him any more. Nor do I find him out of doors either; he is not in the fields and waters, he is not in the starry sky. No, nor yet in the churches where men bow themselves; it is an extinct message, a dead letter, a thought that has done its day. Nothing of this belief, nothing of this God, subsists in me any longer.

She refused to lament over the loss, to esteem it other than a benefit.

It is an addition to our stock of light, this detachment from the idolatrous conception of religion. It is no loss of the religious sense, as the persister in idolatry maintain. It is quite the contrary, it is a restitution of allegiance to the true Divinity. It is a step made in the direction of this Divinity, it is an abjuration of the dogmas which did him dishonor.

She does not attempt to give of this Divinity an account much more precise than that which we have in Wordsworth — "*a presence that disturbs me with the joy of animating thoughts.*"

Everything is divine [she says] even matter; everything is superhuman, even man. God is everywhere; he is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. My present life separates me from him just in the degree determined by the actual state of childhood of our race. Let me content myself, in all my seeking to feel after him and to possess of him as much as this imperfect soul can take in, with the intellectual sense I have.

And she concludes —

The day will come when we shall no more talk about God idly, nay, when we shall talk about him as little as possible. We shall cease to set him forth dogmatically, to dispute about his nature. We shall put compulsion on no one to pray to him, we shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience. And this will happen when we are really religious.

Meanwhile the sense of this spirit or presence which animates us, the sense of the divine, is our stronghold and our consolation. A man may say of it, "It comes not by my desert, but the atom of divine sense given to me nothing can rob me of."

*Divine sense* — the phrase is a vague one; but it stands to Madame Sand for that to which are to be referred "all the best thoughts and the best actions of life, suffering endured, duty achieved, whatever purifies our existence, whatever vivifies our love."

Madame Sand is a Frenchwoman, and her religion is therefore, as I have said, with peculiar fervency social. Always she has before her mind "the natural law which *will have it* (the italics are her own) that the species *man* cannot subsist and prosper but by *association*." Whatever else we may be in creation, we are, first and foremost, "at the head of the species which are called by instinct and led by necessity to the life of *association*." The word *love*, the great word, as she justly says, of the New Testament, acquires from her social enthusiasm a peculiar significance to her.

The word is a great one, because it involves infinite consequences. To love means to help one another, to have joint aspirations, to act in concert, to labor for the same end, to develop to its ideal consummation the fraternal instinct, thanks to which mankind have brought the earth under their dominion. Every time that he has been false to this instinct which is his law of life, his natural destiny, man has seen his temples crumble, his societies dissolve, his intellectual sense go wrong, his moral sense die out. The future is founded on love.

So long as love is thus spoken of in the general, the ordinary serious Englishman will have no difficulty in inclining himself with respect at what Madame Sand says of it. But when he finds that love implies, with her, social equality, he will begin to be staggered. And in truth for almost every Englishman Madame Sand's strong language about equality, and about France as the chosen vessel for exhibiting it, will sound exaggerated. "The human ideal," she says, "as well as the social ideal, is to achieve equality." France, which has made equality its rallying cry, is therefore "the nation which loves and is loved," *la nation qui aime et qu'on aime*. The republic of equality is in her eyes "an ideal, a philosophy, a religion." She invokes the "holy doctrine of social liberty and fraternal equality, ever reappearing as a ray of love and truth amidst the storm." She calls it "the goal of man and the law of the future." She thinks it the secret of the civilization of France, the most civilized of nations. Amid the disasters of the late war she cannot forbear a cry of astonishment at the neutral nations, *insen-*

sibles à l'égorgement d'une civilisation comme la nôtre, "looking on with insensibility while a civilization such as ours has its throat cut." Germany, with its stupid ideal of corporatism and *Kruppism*, is contrasted with France, full of social dreams, too civilized for war, incapable of planning and preparing war for twenty years, she is so incapable of hatred — *nous sommes si incapables de haïr*. We seem to be listening, not to George Sand, but to M. Victor Hugo, half genius half charlatan; to M. Victor Hugo, or even to one of those French declaimers in whom we come down to no genius and all charlatan.

The forms of such outbursts as we have quoted will always be distasteful to an Englishman. It is to be remembered that they came from Madame Sand under the pressure and anguish of the terrible calamities of 1870. But what we are most concerned with, and what Englishmen in general regard too little, is the degree of truth contained in these allegations that France is the most civilized of nations, and that she is so, above all, by her "holy doctrine of equality." How comes the idea to be so current, and to be passionately believed in, as we have seen, by such a woman as George Sand? It was so passionately believed in by her, that when one seeks, as I am now seeking, to recall her image, the image is incomplete if the passionate belief is kept hidden.

I will not, with my scanty space, now discuss the belief, but I will seek to indicate how it must have commended itself, I think, to George Sand. I have somewhere called France "the country of Europe where *the people* is most alive. "*The people* is what interested George Sand. And in France *the people* is, above all, the peasant. The workman in Paris or in other great towns of France may afford material for such pictures as those which M. Zola has lately given us in "*L'Assommoir*," pictures of a kind long ago labelled by Madame Sand as "*the literature of mysteries of iniquity*, which men of talent and imagination try to bring into fashion." But the real people in France, the foundation of things there, both in George Sand's eyes and in reality, is the peasant. The peasant was the object of Madame Sand's fondest predilections in the present, and happiest hopes in the future. The Revolution and its doctrine of equality had made the French peasant. What wonder, then, if she saluted the doctrine as a holy and paramount one?

And the French peasant is really, so far as I can see, the largest and strongest

element of soundness which the body social of any European nation possesses. To him is due that astonishing recovery which France has made since her defeat, and which George Sand predicted in the very hour of ruin. Yes, in 1870 she predicted *ce réveil général qui va suivre, à la grande surprise des autres nations, l'espèce d'agonie où elles nous voient tombés*, "the general arising which, to the astonishment of the other nations, is about to follow the sort of agony in which they now see us lying." To the condition, character, and qualities of the French peasant this recovery is in the main due. His material well-being is generally known. M. de Laveleye, the well-known economist, a Belgian and a Protestant, says that France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where well-being is most widely spread, where wealth has of late years increased most, and where population is least outrunning the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working-classes themselves, seem necessary. George Sand could see, of course, the well-being of the French peasant, for we can all see it.

But there is more. George Sand was a woman, with a woman's ideal of gentleness, of "the charm of good manners," as essential to civilization. She has somewhere spoken admirably of the variety and balance of forces which go to make up true civilization; "certain forces of weakness, docility, attractiveness, suavity, are here just as real forces as forces of vigor, encroachment, violence, or brutality." Yes, as real *forces*; because human nature requires them, and, often as they may be baffled, and slow as may be the process of their asserting themselves, mankind is not satisfied with its own civilization, and keeps fidgeting at it and altering it again and again, until room is made for them. George Sand thought the French people — meaning principally, again, by the French people the *people* properly so called, the peasant — she thought it "the most kindly, the most amiable, of all peoples." Nothing is more touching than to read in her "*Journal*," written in 1870, while she was witnessing what seemed to be "the agony of the Latin races," and undergoing what seemed to be the process of "dying in a general death of one's family, one's country, and one's nation," how constant is her defence of the people, the peasant, against her Republican friends. Her Republican friends were

furious with the peasant; accused him of stolidity, cowardice, want of patriotism; accused him of having giving them the empire, with all its vileness; wanted to take away from him the suffrage. Again and again does George Sand take up his defence, and warn her friends of the folly and danger of their false estimate of him. "The contempt of the masses, there," she cries, "is the misfortune and crime of the present moment!"

"To execrate the people," she exclaims again, "is real blasphemy; the people is worth more than we are." If the peasant gave us the empire, says Madame Sand, it was because he saw the parties of liberals disputing, gesticulating, and threatening to tear one another asunder and France too; he was told, *The Empire is peace*, and he accepted the empire. The peasant was deceived, he is uninstructed, he moves slowly; but he moves, he has admirable virtues, and in him is our life.

Poor Jacques Bonhomme! accuse thee and despise thee who will; for my part I pity thee, and in spite of thy faults I shall always love thee. Never will I forget how, a child, I was carried asleep on thy shoulders, how I was given over to thy care and followed thee everywhere, to the field, the stall, the cottage. They are all dead, those good old people who have borne me in their arms, but I remember them well, and I appreciate at this hour, to the minutest detail, the pureness, the kindness, the patience, the good humor, the poetry, which presided over that rustic education amidst disasters of like kind with those which we are undergoing now. Why should I quarrel with the peasant because on certain points he feels and thinks differently from what I do? There are other essential points on which we may feel eternally at one with him—probity and charity.

Another generation of peasants had grown up since that first revolutionary generation of her youth, and equality, as its reign proceeded, had not deteriorated but improved them.

They have advanced greatly in self-respect and well-being, these peasants from twenty years old to forty; they never ask for anything. When one meets them they no longer take off their hat. If they know you they come up to you, and hold out their hand. All foreigners who stay with us are struck with their good bearing, with their amenity, and the simple, friendly, and polite ease of their behavior. In presence of people whom they esteem they are, like their fathers, models of tact; but they have more than that mere sentiment of equality which was all that their fathers had—they have the *idea* of equality, and the determination to maintain it. This step up-

wards they owe to their having the suffrage. Those who would fain treat them as creatures of a lower order dare not now show this disposition to their face; it would not be pleasant.

Mr. Hamerton's interesting book about French life has much, I think, to confirm this account of the French peasant. What I have seen of France myself (and I have seen something) is fully in agreement with it. Of a civilization and an equality which make the peasant thus *human*, gives to the bulk of the people well-being, probity, charity, self-respect, tact, and good manners, let us pardon Madame Sand if she feels and speaks enthusiastically. Some little variation on our own eternal trio of barbarians, Philistines, populace, or on the eternal solo of Philistinism among our brethren of the United States and the colonies, is surely permissible.

Where one is more inclined to differ from Madame Sand is in her estimate of her Republican friends of the educated classes. They may stand, she says, for the genius and the soul of France, they represent its "exalted imagination and profound sensibility," while the peasant represents its humble, sound, indispensable body. Her *protégé*, the peasant, is much ruder with those eloquent gentlemen, and has his own name for one, and all of them, *l'avocat*, by which he means to convey his belief that words are more to be looked for from that quarter than seriousness and profit. It seems to me by no means certain but that the peasant is in the right. George Sand herself has said admirable things of these friends of hers; of their want of patience, temper, wisdom; of their "vague and violent way of talking;" of their interminable flow of "stimulating phrases, cold as death." If the educated and speaking classes in France were as sound in their way as the peasant is in his, France would present a different spectacle. Not "imagination and sensibility" are so much required from the educated classes of France, as simpler, more serious views of life; a knowledge how great a part conduct (if M. Challemlacour will allow me to say so) fills in it; a better example. The few who see this, such as Madame Sand among the dead, and M. Renan among the living, perhaps awaken on that account, amongst quiet observers at a distance, all the more sympathy; but in France they are isolated. All the later work of George Sand, however, all her hope of genuine social renovation, take the simple and serious ground so necessary. "The cure for us is far more simple than we will believe. All the

better natures amongst us see it and feel it. It is a good direction given by ourselves to our hearts and consciences"—*une bonne direction donnée par nous-mêmes à nos cœurs et à nos consciences*. These are among the last words of her "*Journal*" of 1870.

Whether or not the number of George Sand's works—always fresh, always attractive, but poured out too lavishly and rapidly—is likely to prove a hindrance to her fame, I do not care to consider. Posterity, alarmed at the way in which its literary baggage grows upon it, always seeks to leave behind it as much as it can, as much as it dares—everything but masterpieces. But the immense vibration of George Sand's voice upon the ear of Europe will not soon die away. Her passions and her errors have been abundantly talked of. She left them behind her, and men's memory of her will leave them behind also. There will remain of her the sense of benefit and stimulus from the passage upon earth of that large and frank nature, that large and pure utterance—the *large utterance of the early gods*. There will remain an admiring and ever-widening report of that great soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity, without pedantry, human, equitable, patient, kind. She believed herself, she said, "to be in sympathy, across time and space, with a multitude of honest wills which interrogate their conscience and try to put themselves in accord with it." This chain of sympathy will extend more and more.

It is silent, that eloquent voice; it is sunk, that noble, that speaking head; we sum up, as we best can, what she said to us, and we bid her adieu. From many hearts in many lands a troop of tender and grateful regrets converge towards her humble churchyard in Berry. Let them be joined by these words of sad homage from one of a nation which she esteemed, and which knew her very little and very ill. Her guiding thought, the guiding thought which she did her best to make ours too, "the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it," is in harmony with words and promises familiar to that sacred place where she lies. *Exspectat resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi sæculi*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
"MALCOLM," ETC.

### CHAPTER LXVIII.

#### THE CREW OF THE BONNIE ANNIE.

HAVING caught as many fish as he wanted, Malcolm rowed to the other side of the Scaurnose. There he landed, and left the dinghy in the shelter of the rocks—the fish covered with long, broad-leaved *tangles*—climbed the steep cliff and sought Blue Peter. The brown village was quiet as a churchyard, although the sun was now growing hot. Of the men, some were not yet returned from the night's fishing, and some were asleep in their beds after it: not a chimney smoked. But Malcolm seemed to have in his own single being life and joy enough for a world: such an intense consciousness of bliss burned within him that in the sightless, motionless village he seemed to himself to stand like an altar blazing in the midst of desert Carnac. But he was not the only one awake: on the threshold of Peter's cottage sat his little Phemy, trying to polish a bit of serpentine marble upon the doorstep with the help of water, which stood by her side in a broken teacup. She lifted her sweet gray eyes and smiled him a welcome.

"Are ye up a'ready, Phemy?" he said.

"I haena been doon yet," she answered.

"My mither was oot last nicht wi' the boat, an' Auntie Jinse was wi' the bairn, an' sae I cud du as I likit."

"An' what did ye like, Phemy?"

"A' body kens what I like," answered the child: "I was oot an' about a' nicht. An' eh, Ma'colm! I hed a vision."

"What was that, Phemy?"

"I was upo' the tap o' the Nose jist as the sun rase, luikin' about me, an' awa' upo' the Boar's Tail I saw twa angels sayin' their prayers. Nae doobt they war prayin' for the haill warl' i' the quaiet o' the mornin' afore the din begun. May be ane o' them was that auld priest wi' the lang name i' the buik o' Genesis, 'at hed naither father nor mither, puir man!—him 'at gaed about blissin' fowk."

Malcolm thought he might take his own time to set the child right, and asked her to go and tell her father that he wanted to see him. In a few minutes Blue Peter appeared, rubbing his eyes—one of the dead called too early from the tomb of sleep.

"Freen' Peter," said Malcolm, "I'm gaein' to speak oot the day."

Peter woke up. "Weel," he said, "I *am* glaid o' that, Ma'colm — I beg yer pardon, my lord, I sud say. Annie!"

"Haud a quaiet sough, man. I wadna hae 't come oot at Scaurnose first. I'm come noo 'cause I want ye to stan' by me."

"I wull that, my lord."

"Weel, gang an' gether yer boat's crew, an' fess them doon to the cove, an' I'll tell them, an' maybe they'll stan' by me as weel."

"There's little fear o' that, gien I ken my men," answered Peter, and went off, rather less than half clothed, the sun burning hot upon his back, through the sleeping village to call them, while Malcolm went and waited beside the dinghy.

At length six men in a body, and one lagging behind, appeared coming down the winding path, all but Peter no doubt wondering why they were called so soon from their beds on such a peaceful morning after being out the night before.

Malcolm went to meet them. "Freen's," he said, "I'm in want o' yer help."

"Anything ye like, Ma'colm, sae far's I'm concernt, 'cep' it be to ride yer mere. That I wull no tak in han'," said Jeames Gentle.

"It's no that," returned Malcolm. "It's naething freely sae hard's that, I'm thinkin'. The hard 'ill be to believe what I'm gaein' to tell ye."

"Ye'll no be gaein' to set up for a proaphet?" said Girnel, with something approaching a sneer. Girnel was the one who came down behind the rest.

"Na, na,—naething like it," said Blue Peter.

"But first ye'll promise to haud yer tongues for half a day?" said Malcolm.

"Ay, ay, we'll no clype." "We s' haud wer tongues!" cried one and another and another, and all seemed to assent.

"Weel," said Malcolm, "my name 's no Ma'colm MacPhail, but —"

"We a' ken that," said Girnel.

"An' what mair du ye ken?" asked Blue Peter, with some anger at his interruption.

"Ow, naething."

"Weel, ye ken little," said Peter; and the rest laughed.

"I'm the Markis o' Lossie," said Malcolm.

Every man but Peter laughed again: all took it for a joke precursive of some serious announcement. That which it would have least surprised them to hear would have been that he was a natural son of the late marquis.

"My name 's Ma'colm Colonsay," resumed Malcolm quietly, "an' I'm the saxt Markis o' Lossie."

A dead silence followed, and in doubt, astonishment, bewilderment, and vague awe, accompanied in the case of two or three by a strong inclination to laugh, with which they struggled, belief began. Always a curious observer of humanity, Malcolm calmly watched them. From discord of expression, most of their faces had grown idiotic. But after a few moments of stupefaction, first one, then another, turned his eyes upon Blue Peter, and perceiving that the matter was to him not only serious, but evidently no news, each began to come to his senses, the chaos within him slowly arranged itself, and his face gradually settled into an expression of sanity, the foolishness disappearing, while the wonder and pleasure remained.

"Ye maunna tak it ill, my lord," said Peter, "gien the laads be ta'en aback wi' the news. It's a some suddent shift o' the win', ye see, my lord."

"I wuss yer lordship weel," thereupon said one, and held out his hand.

"Lang life to yer lordship!" said another.

Each spoke a hearty word and shook hands with him — all except Girnel, who held back, looking on with his right hand in his trouser-pocket. He was one who always took the opposite side — a tolerably honest and trustworthy soul, with a good many knots and pieces of cross-grain in the timber of him. His old Adam was the most essential and thorough of dissenters, always arguing and disputing, especially on theological questions. "Na," said Girnel, "ye maun satisfie me first wha ye are, an' what ye want o' me. I'm no to be drawn into onything 'at I dinna ken a' aboot aforehan'. I s' no tie mysel' up wi' ony promises. Them 'at gangs whaur they kenna may lan' at the widdie (*gallows*)."

"Nae doobt," said Malcolm, "yer ain jeedgement 's mair to ye nor my word, Girnel; but saw ye ever onything in me 'at wad justifie ye in no lippenin' to that, sae far 's it gaed?"

"Ow na! I'm no sayin' that, naither. But what hae ye to shaw anent the privin' o' 't?"

"I have papers signed by my father the late marquis, and sealed and witnessed by well-known gentlemen of the neighborhood."

"Whaur are they?" said Girnel, holding out his hand.

"I don't carry such valuable things about me," answered Malcolm. "But if you go with the rest you shall see them afterwards."

"I'll du naething i' the dark," persisted Girnel. "Whan I see the peppers I'll ken what to du." With a nod of the head as self-important as decisive he turned his back.

"At all events," said Malcolm, "you will say nothing about it before you hear from one of us again?"

"I mak nae promises," answered Girnel from behind his own back.

A howl arose from the rest.

"Ye promised a'ready," said Blue Peter.

"Na, I didna that: I never said a word."

"What right, then, had you to remain and listen to my disclosure?" said Malcolm. "If you be guilty of such a mean trick as betray me and ruin my plans, no honest man in Portlossie or Scaurnose but will scorn you."

"There! tak ye that!" said Peter. "An' I s' promise ye, ye s' never lay leg ower the gunnel o' *my* boat again. I s' hae nane but Christi-an men i' *my* pey."

"Ye hired me for the sizzon, Blew Peter," said Girnel, turning defiantly.

"Oh! ye s' hae yer wauges. I'm no ane to creep oot o' a bargain, or say 'at I didna promise. Ye s' hae yer penny. Ye s' get your reward, never fear. But into my boat ye s' no come. We'll hae nae Auchans i' oor camp. Eh, Girnel, man, but ye hae lost yersel' the day! He'll never loup far 'at winna lippen. The auld worthies tuik their life i' their han', but ye tak yer fit (*foot*) i' yours. I'm clean affrontit 'at ever I hed ye amo' my men."

But with that there rushed over Peter the recollection of how he had himself mistrusted, not Malcolm's word indeed, but his heart. He turned, and clasping his hands in sudden self-reproach, "My lord, I saired ye ill mysel' ance," he cried, "for I misdoohted 'at ye wasna the same to me efter ye cam to yer ain. I beg yer pardon, my lord, here i' the face o' my freen's. It was ill-temper an' pride i' me, jist the same as it's noo in Girnel there; an' ye maun forgie him, as ye forgae me, my lord, as sune 's ye can."

"I'll du that, my Peter, the verra moment he wants to be forgi'en," said Malcolm.

But Girnel turned with a grunt, and moved away toward the cliff.

"This 'll never du," said Peter. "A man 'at's honest i' the main may play the

verra dog afore he gets the deevil oot o' 'im ance he's in like that. Gang efter 'im, laads, an' kep (*intercept*) 'im an' keep 'im. We'll hae to cast a k-not or twa about 'im an' lay 'im i' the boddom o' the boat."

The six had already started after him like one man. But Malcolm cried, "Let him go: he has done me no wrong yet, and I don't believe will do me any. But for no risk must we prevent wrong with wrong."

So Girnel was allowed to depart—scarcely in peace, for he was already ashamed of himself. With the understanding that they were to be ready to his call, and that they should hear from him in the course of the day, Malcolm left them and rowed back to the Psyche. There he took his basket of fish on his arm, which he went and distributed according to his purpose, ending with Mrs. Courthope at the house. Then he fed and dressed Kelpie, saddled her and galloped to Duff Harbor, where he found Mr. Soutar at breakfast, and arranged with him to be at Lossie House at two o'clock. On his way back he called on Mr. Morrison, and requested his presence at the same hour. Skirting the back of the house, and riding as straight as he could, he then made for Scaurnose, and appointed his friends to be near the house at noon, so placed as not to attract observation, and yet be within hearing of his whistle from door or window in the front. Returning to the house, he put up Kelpie, rubbed her down and fed her; then, finding there was yet some time to spare, paid a visit to the factor. He found his lady, for all his present of fish in the earlier morning, anything but friendly. She did all she could to humble him—insisted on paying him for the fish, and ordered him, because they smelt of the stable, to take off his boots before he went up-stairs—to his master's room, as she phrased it. But Mr. Crathie was cordial, and, to Malcolm's great satisfaction, much recovered. He had better than pleasant talk with him.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### LIZZY'S BABY.

WHILE they were out in the fishing-boat together, Clementina had, with less difficulty than she had anticipated, persuaded Lizzy to tell Lady Lossie her secret. It was in the hope of an interview with her false lover that the poor girl had consented so easily.

A great longing had risen within her to have the father of her child acknowl-



edge him — only to her — taking him once in his arms. That was all. She had no hope — thought indeed she had no desire — for herself. But a kind word to him would be welcome as light. The love that covers sins had covered the multitude of his, and although hopelessness had put desire to sleep, she would gladly have given her life for a loving smile from him. But mingled with this longing to see him once with his child in his arms, a certain loyalty to the house of Lossie also influenced her to listen to the solicitation of Lady Clementina and tell the marchioness the truth. She cherished no resentment against Liftore, but not therefore was she willing to allow a poor young thing like Lady Lossie, whom they all liked, to be sacrificed to such a man, who would doubtless at length behave badly enough to her also.

With trembling hands, and heart now beating wildly, now failing for fear, she dressed her baby and herself as well as she could, and about one o'clock went to the house.

Now, nothing would have better pleased Lady Clementina than that Liftore and Lizzy should meet in Florimel's presence, but she recoiled altogether from the small stratagems, not to mention the lies, necessary to the effecting of such a confrontation. So she had to content herself with bringing the two girls together, and when Lizzy was a little rested and had had a glass of wine, went to look for Florimel.

She found her in a little room adjoining the library, which, on her first coming to Lossie, she had chosen for her waking nest. Liftore had, if not quite the freedom of the spot, yet privileges there, but at that moment Florimel was alone in it. Clementina informed her that a fisher-girl, with a sad story which she wanted to tell her, had come to the house; and Florimel, who was not only kind-hearted, but relished the position she imagined herself to occupy as lady of the place, at once assented to her proposal to bring the young woman to her there.

Now, Florimel and the earl had had a small quarrel the night before, after Clementina left the dinner-table, and for the pleasure of keeping it up Florimel had not appeared at breakfast, and had declined to ride with his lordship, who had therefore been all the morning on the watch for an opportunity of reconciling himself. It so happened that from the end of one of the long narrow passages in which the house abounded, he caught a glimpse of Clementina's dress vanishing through the library

door, and took the lady for Florimel on her way to her boudoir.

When Clementina entered with Lizzy carrying her child, Florimel instantly suspected the truth, both as to who she was and as to the design of her appearance. Her face flushed, for her heart filled with anger, chiefly indeed against Malcolm, but against the two women as well, who, she did not doubt, had lent themselves to his designs, whatever they might be. She rose, drew herself up, and stood prepared to act for both Liftore and herself.

Scarcely, however, had the poor girl, trembling at the evident displeasure the sight of her caused in Florimel, opened her mouth to answer her haughty inquiry as to her business, when Lord Liftore, daring an entrance without warning, opened the door behind her, and almost as he opened it began his apology. At the sound of his voice Lizzy turned with a cry, and her small remaining modicum of self-possession vanished at sight of him round whose phantom in her bosom whirled the leaves of her withered life on the stinging blasts of her shame and sorrow. As much from inability to stand as in supplication for the coveted favor, she dropped on her knees before him, incapable of uttering a word, but holding up her child imploringly. Taken altogether by surprise, and not knowing what to say or do, the earl stood and stared for a moment; then, moved by a dull spirit of subterfuge, fell back on the pretence of knowing nothing about her. "Well, young woman," he said, affecting cheerfulness, "what do you want with me? I didn't advertise for a baby. Pretty child, though!"

Lizzy turned white as death, and her whole body seemed to give a heave of agony. Clementina had just taken the child from her arms when she sank motionless at his feet. Florimel went to the bell.

But Clementina prevented her from ringing. "I will take her away," she said. "Do not expose her to your servants. Lady Lossie, my Lord Liftore is the father of this child; and if you can marry him after the way you have seen him use its mother, you are not too good for him, and I will trouble myself no more about you."

"I know the author of this calumny," cried Florimel, panting and flushed. "You have been listening to the inventions of an ungrateful dependant. You slander my guest."

"Is it a calumny, my lord? Do I slander you?" said Lady Clementina, turning sharply upon the earl.



His lordship made her a cool obeisance.

Clementina ran into the library, laid the child in a big chair, and returned for the mother. She was already coming a little to herself and feeling about blindly for her baby, while Florimel and Liftore were looking out of the window, with their backs toward her. Clementina raised and led her from the room. But in the doorway she turned and said, "Good-bye, Lady Lossie. I thank you for your hospitality, but I can of course be your guest no longer."

"Of course not. There is no occasion for prolonged leave-taking," Florimel returned with the air of a woman of forty.

"Florimel, you will curse the day you marry that man," cried Clementina, and closed the door.

She hurried Lizzy to the library, put the baby in her arms, and clasped them both in her own.

A gush of tears lightened the oppressed heart of the mother. "Lat me oot o' the hoose, for God's sake!" she cried; and Clementina, almost as anxious to leave it as she, helped her down to the hall. When she saw the open door she rushed out of it as if escaping from the pit.

Now, Malcolm, as he came from the factor's, had seen her go in with her baby in her arms, and suspected the hand of Clementina. Wondering and anxious, but not very hopeful as to what might come of it, he waited close by; and when now he saw Lizzy dart from the house in wild perturbation, he ran from the cover of the surrounding trees into the open drive to meet her.

"Ma'colm!" groaned the poor girl, holding out her baby, "he winna own till 't! He winna alloo 'at he kens aucht about me or the bairn aither!"

Malcolm had taken the child from her, and was clasping him to his bosom. "He's the warst rascal, Lizzy," he said, "'at ever God made an' the deevil blaudit."

"Na, na," cried Lizzy; "the likes o' him whiles kills the wuman, but he wadna du that. Na, na, he's nae the warst: there's a heap waur nor him."

"Did ye see my mistress?" asked Malcolm.

"Ow ay, but she luikit sae angry at me, I cudna speyk. Him an' her's ower thrang for her to believe onything again' 'im. An' whatever the bairn 's to du wantin' a father!"

"Lizzy," said Malcolm, clasping the child again to his bosom, "I s' be a father to yer bairn — that is, as weel 's ane 'at's

no yer man can be." And he kissed the child tenderly.

The same moment an undefined impulse — the drawing of eyes, probably — made him lift his towards the house: half leaning from the open window of the boudoir above him stood Florimel and Liftore, and just as he looked up Liftore was turning to Florimel with a smile that seemed to say, "There! I told you so! He is the father himself."

Malcolm replaced the infant in his mother's arms and strode toward the house.

Imagining he went to avenge her wrongs, Lizzy ran after him. "Ma'colm! Ma'colm!" she cried, "for my sake! He's the father o' my bairn!"

Malcolm turned. "Lizzy," he said solemnly, "I winna lay han' upon 'im."

Lizzy pressed her child closer with a throb of relief.

"Come in yersel' an' see," he added.

"I daurna! I daurna!" she said. But she lingered about the door.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### THE DISCLOSURE.

WHEN the earl saw Malcolm coming, although he was no coward and had reason to trust his skill, yet knowing himself both in the wrong and vastly inferior in strength to his enemy, it may be pardoned him that for the next few seconds his heart doubled its beats. But of all things he must not show fear before Florimel. "What can the fellow be after now?" he said. "I must go down to him."

"No, no! don't go near him: he may be violent," objected Florimel, and laid her hand on his arm with a beseeching look in her face. "He is a dangerous man."

Liftore laughed. "Stop here till I return," he said, and left the room.

But Florimel followed, fearful of what might happen, and enraged with her brother.

Malcolm's brief detention by Lizzy gave Liftore a little advantage, for just as Malcolm approached the top of the great staircase, Liftore gained it. Hastening to secure the command of the position, and resolved to shun all parley, he stood ready to strike. Malcolm, however, caught sight of him and his attitude in time, and, fearful of breaking his word to Lizzy, pulled himself up abruptly a few steps from the top just as Florimel appeared.

"MacPhail," she said, sweeping to the stair like an indignant goddess, "I dis-

charge you from my service. Leave the house instantly."

Malcolm turned, flew down, and ran to the servants' stair, half the length of the house away. As he crossed the servants' hall he saw Rose. She was the only one in the house except Clementina to whom he could look for help. "Come after me, Rose," he said, without stopping.

She followed instantly, as fast as she could run, and saw him enter the drawing-room. Florimel and Liftore were there. The earl had Florimel's hand in his.

"For God's sake, my lady!" cried Malcolm, "hear me one word before you promise that man anything."

His lordship started back from Florimel, and turned upon Malcolm in a fury. But he had not now the advantage of the stair, and hesitated. Florimel's eyes dilated with wrath.

"I tell you for the last time, my lady," said Malcolm, "if you marry that man, you will marry a liar and a scoundrel."

Liftore laughed, and his imitation of scorn was wonderfully successful, for he felt sure of Florimel now that she had thus taken his part. "Shall I ring for the servants, Lady Lossie, to put the fellow out?" he said. "The man is as mad as a March hare."

Meantime, Lady Clementina, her maid having gone to send her man to get horses for her at once, was alone in her room, which was close to the drawing-room: hearing Malcolm's voice, she ran to the door, and saw Rose in a listening attitude at that of the drawing-room. "What are you doing there?" she said.

"Mr. MacPhail told me to follow him, my lady, and I am waiting here till he wants me."

Clementina went into the drawing-room, and was present during all that now follows. Lizzy also, hearing loud voices and still afraid of mischief, had come peering up the stair, and now approached the other door, behind Florimel and the earl.

"So," cried Florimel, "this is the way you keep your promise to my father?"

"It is, my lady. To associate the name of Liftore with his would be to blot the scutcheon of Lossie. He is not fit to walk the street with men: his touch is to you an utter degradation. My lady, in the name of your father, I beg a word with you in private."

"You insult me."

"I beg of you, my lady, for your own dear sake."

"Once more I order you to leave my house, and never set foot in it again."

"You hear her ladyship?" cried Liftore. "Get out!" He approached threateningly.

"Stand back," said Malcolm. "If it were not that I promised the poor girl carrying your baby out there, I should soon —"

It was unwisely said: the earl came on the bolder. For all Malcolm could do to parry, evade, or stop his blows, he had soon taken several pretty severe ones. Then came the voice of Lizzy in an agony from the door: "Haud aff o' yersel', Malcolm: I canna bide it. I gie ye back yer word."

"We'll manage yet, Lizzy," answered Malcolm, and kept warily retreating toward a window. Suddenly he dashed his elbow through a pane, and gave a loud, shrill whistle, the next instant receiving a blow over the eye which the blood followed. Lizzy made a rush forward, but the terror that the father would strike the child he had disowned seized her, and she stood trembling.

Already, however, Clementina and Rose had darted between, and full of rage as he was, Liftore was compelled to restrain himself. "Oh!" he said, "if ladies want a share in the row, I must yield my place," and drew back.

The few menservants now came hurrying all together into the room.

"Take that rascal there and put him under the pump," said Liftore. "He is mad."

"My fellow-servants know better than touch me," said Malcolm.

The men looked to their mistress. "Do as my lord tells you," she said, "and instantly."

"Men," said Malcolm, "I have spared that foolish lord there for the sake of this fisher-girl and his child, but don't one of *you* touch me."

Stoat was a brave enough man, and not a little jealous of Malcolm, but he dared not obey his mistress.

And now came the tramp of many feet along the landing from the stair-head, and the six fishermen entered, two and two.

Florimel started forward. "My brave fishermen!" she cried, "take that bad man, MacPhail, and put him out of my grounds."

"I canna du 't, my leddy," answered their leader.

"Take Lord Liftore," said Malcolm, "and hold him while I make him acquainted with a fact or two which he may judge of consequence to him."

The men walked straight up to the earl. He struck right and left, but was overpowered in a moment and held fast.

"Stan' still," said Peter, "or I hae a han'fu' o' twine i' my pouch 'at I'll jist cast a k-not aboot yer airms wi' in a jif-fey."

His lordship stood still, muttering curses.

Then Malcolm stepped into the middle of the room, approaching his sister.

"I tell you to leave the house," Florimel shrieked, beside herself with fury, yet pale as marble with a growing terror for which she could ill have accounted.

"Florimel!" said Malcolm solemnly, calling his sister by her name for the first time.

"You insolent wretch!" she cried, panting. "What right have you, if you *be*, as you say, my base-born brother, to call me by my name?"

"Florimel!" repeated Malcolm — and the voice was like the voice of her father — "I have done what I could to serve you."

"And I want no more such service," she returned, beginning to tremble.

"But you have driven me almost to extremities," he went on, heedless of her interruption. "Beware of doing so quite."

"Will nobody take pity on me?" said Florimel, and looked round imploringly. Then, finding herself ready to burst into tears, she gathered all her pride, and stepping up to Malcolm, looked him in the face, and said, "Pray, sir, is this house yours or mine?"

"Mine," answered Malcolm. "I am the Marquis of Lossie, and while I am your elder brother and the head of the family you shall never with my consent marry that base man — a man it would blast me to the soul to call brother."

Liftore uttered a fierce imprecation.

"If you dare give breath to another such word in my sister's presence I will have you gagged," said Malcolm. "If my sister marries him," he continued, turning again to Florimel, "not one shilling shall she take with her beyond what she may happen to have in her purse at the moment. She is in my power, and I will use it to the utmost to protect her from that man."

"Proof!" cried Liftore, sullenly. But Florimel gazed with pale, dilated eyes in the face of the speaker. She knew his words were true. Her soul assured her of it.

"To my sister," answered Malcolm, "I will give all the proof she may please

to require — to Lord Liftore I will not even repeat my assertion: to him I will give no shadow of proof. I will but cast him out of my house. Stoat, order horses for Lady Bellair."

"Gien ye please, sir, my lord," replied Stoat, "the Lossie Airms' horses is ordered a'ready for Lady Clementina."

"Will my Lady Clementina oblige me by yielding her horses to Lady Bellair?" said Malcolm, turning to her.

"Certainly, my lord," answered Clementina.

"You, I trust, my lady," said Malcolm, "will stay a little longer with my sister."

Lady Bellair came up. "My lord," she said, "is this the marquis or the fisherman's way of treating a lady?"

"Neither. But do not drive me to give the rein to my tongue. Let it be enough to say that my house shall never be what your presence would make it." He turned to the fishermen: "Three of you take that lord to the town-gate, and leave him on the other side of it. His servant shall follow as soon as the horses come."

"I will go with you," said Florimel, crossing to Lady Bellair.

Malcolm took her by the arm. For one moment she struggled, but, finding no one dared interfere, submitted, and was led from the room like a naughty child.

"Keep my lord there till I return," he said as he went.

He led her into the room which had been her mother's boudoir, and when he had shut the door, "Florimel," he said, "I have striven to serve you the best way I knew. Your father, when he confessed me his heir, begged me to be good to you, and I promised him. Would I have given all these months of my life to the poor labor of a groom, allowed my people to be wronged and oppressed, my grandfather to be a wanderer, and my best friend to sit with his lips of wisdom sealed, but for your sake? I can hardly say it was for my father's sake, for I should have done the same had he never said a word about you. Florimel, I loved my sister, and longed for her goodness. But she has foiled all my endeavors. She has not loved or followed the truth. She has been proud and disdainful, and careless of right. Yourself young and pure, and naturally recoiling from evil, you have yet cast from you the devotion of a noble, gifted, large-hearted and great-souled man for the miserable preference of the smallest, meanest, vilest of men. Nor that only; for with him you have sided against the woman he most bitterly wrongs, and therein you

wrong the nature and the God of women. Once more I pray you to give up this man — to let your true self speak and send him away."

"Sir, I go with my Lady Bellair, driven from my father's house by one who calls himself my brother. My lawyer shall make inquiries."

She would have left the room, but he intercepted her. "Florimel," he said, "you are casting the pearl of your womanhood before a swine. He will trample it under his feet and turn again and rend you. He will treat you worse still than poor Lizzy, whom he troubles no more with his presence." He had again taken her arm in his great grasp.

"Let me go. You are brutal. I shall scream."

"You shall not go until you have heard all the truth."

"What! more truth still? Your truth is anything but pleasant."

"It is more unpleasant yet than you surmise. Florimel, you have driven me to it. I would have prepared you a shield against the shock which must come, but you compel me to wound you to the quick. I would have had you receive the bitter truth from lips you loved, but you drove those lips of honor from you, and now there are left to utter it only the lips you hate. Yet the truth you shall receive: it may help to save you from weakness, arrogance, and falsehood. Sister, your mother was never Lady Lossie."

"You lie! I know you lie! Because you wrong me, you would brand me with dishonor, to take from me as well the sympathy of the world. But I defy you."

"Alas! there is no help, sister. Your mother indeed passed as Lady Lossie, but my mother, the true Lady Lossie, was alive all the time, and in truth died only last year. For twenty years my mother suffered for yours. In the eye of the law you are no better than the little child his father denied in your presence. Give that man his dismissal, or he will give you yours. Never doubt it. Refuse again, and I go from this room to publish in the next the fact that you are neither Lady Lossie nor Lady Florimel Colonsay. You have no right to any name but your mother's. You are Miss Gordon."

She gave a great gasp at the word, but bravely fought the horror that was taking possession of her. She stood with one hand on the back of a chair, her face white, her eyes starting, her mouth a little open and rigid, her whole appearance, except for the breath that came short and

quick, that of one who had died in sore pain.

"All that is now left you," concluded Malcolm, "is the choice between sending Liftore away and being abandoned by him. That choice you must now make."

The poor girl tried to speak, but could not. Her fire was burning out, her forced strength fast failing her.

"Florimel," said Malcolm, and knelt on one knee and took her hand: it gave a flutter as if it would fly like a bird, but the net of his love held it, and it lay passive and cold — "Florimel, I will be your true brother. I *am* your brother, your very own brother, to live for you, love you, fight for you, watch and ward you, till a true man takes you for his wife." Her hand quivered like a leaf. "Sister, when you and I appear before our father, I shall hold up my face before him: will you?"

"Send him away," she breathed rather than said, and sank on the floor.

He lifted her, laid her on a couch, and returned to the drawing-room. "My Lady Clementina," he said, "will you oblige me by going to my sister in the room at the top of the stair?"

"I will, my lord," she answered, and went.

Malcolm walked up to Liftore. "My lord," he said, "my sister takes her leave of you."

"I must have my dismissal from her own lips."

"You shall have it from the hands of my fishermen. Take him away."

"You shall hear from me, my lord marquis, if such you be," said Liftore.

"Let it be of your repentance, then, my lord," said Malcolm. "That I shall be glad to hear of."

As he turned from him he saw Caley gliding through the little group of servants towards the door. He walked after her, laid his hand on her shoulder and whispered a word in her ear. She grew gray rather than white, and stood still.

Turning again to go to Florimel, he saw the fishermen stopped with their charge in the doorway by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Soutar, entering together.

"My lord! my lord!" said the lawyer, coming hastily up to him, "there can surely be no occasion for such — such — measures!"

Catching sight of Malcolm's wounded forehead, however, he supplemented the remark with a low exclamation of astonishment and dismay, the tone saying almost as clearly as words, "How ill and foolishly everything is managed without

a lawyer!" Malcolm only smiled, and went up to the magistrate, whom he led into the middle of the room, saying, "Mr. Morrison, every one here knows you: tell them who I am."

"The Marquis of Lossie, my lord," answered Mr. Morrison; "and from my heart I congratulate your people that at length you assume the rights and honors of your position."

A murmur of pleasure arose in response. Ere it ceased Malcolm started and sprung to the door. There stood Lenorme! He seized him by the arm, and without a word of explanation hurried him to the room where his sister was. He called Clementina, half drew her from the room, pushed Lenorme in, and closed the door.

"Will you meet me on the sandhill at sunset, my lady?" he said.

She smiled assent. He gave her the key of the tunnel, hinted that she might leave the two to themselves for a while, and returned to his friends in the drawing-room.

Having begged them to excuse him for a little while, and desired Mrs. Courthope to serve luncheon for them, he ran to his grandfather, dreading lest any other tongue than his own should yield him the opened secret. He was but just in time, for already the town was in a tumult, and the spreading ripples of the news were fast approaching Duncan's ears.

Malcolm found him expectant and restless. When he disclosed himself he manifested little astonishment, only took him in his arms and pressed him to his bosom, saying, "Ta Lort pe praised, my son! and she wouldn't pe at aal surprised." Then he broke out in a fervent ejaculation of Gaelic, during which he turned instinctively to his pipes, for through them lay the final and only sure escape for the prisoned waters of the overcharged reservoir of his feelings. While he played Malcolm slipped out and hurried to Miss Horn.

One word to her was enough. The stern old woman burst into tears, crying, "Oh, my Grisel! my Grisel! Luik doon frae yer bonny hoose amo' the stars, an' see the braw laad left ahint ye, an' praise the Lord 'at ye hae sic a son o' yer boady to come hame to ye when a' 's ower." She sobbed and wept for a while without restraint. Then suddenly she rose, dabbed her eyes indignantly, and cried, "Hoot! I'm an auld fule. A body wad think I hed feelin's, efter a'!"

Malcolm laughed, and she could not help joining him.

"Ye maun come the morn an' chise yer ain room i' the hoose," he said.

"What mean ye by that, laddie?"

"'At ye'll hae to come an' bide wi' me noo."

"'Deed an' I s' du naething o' the kin', Ma'colm. H'ard ever onybody sic nonsense? What wad I du wi' Jean? An' I cudna thole men-fowk to wait upo' me: I wad be clean affrontit."

"Weel, weel! we'll see," said Malcolm.

On his way back to the house he knocked at Mrs. Catanach's door, and said a few words to her which had a remarkable effect on the expression of her plump countenance and deep-set black eyes.

When he reached home he ran up the main staircase, knocked at the first door, opened it and peeped in. There sat Lenorme on the couch, with Florimel on his knees, nestling her head against his shoulder, like a child that had been very naughty, but was fully forgiven. Her face was blotted with her tears, and her hair was everywhere, but there was a light of dawning goodness all about her, such as had never shone in her atmosphere before. By what stormy-sweet process the fountain of this light had been unsealed no one ever knew but themselves.

She did not move when Malcolm entered—more than just to bring the palms of her hands together and look up in his face.

"Have you told him *all*, Florimel?" he asked.

"Yes, Malcolm," she answered. "Tell him again yourself."

"No, Florimel: once is enough."

"I told him *all*," she said with a gasp, then gave a wild little cry, and, with subdued exultation, added, "and he *loves* me yet! He has taken the girl without a name to his heart!"

"No wonder," said Malcolm, "when she brought it with her."

"Yes," said Lenorme, "I but took the diamond casket that held my bliss, and now I could dare the angel Gabriel to match happiness with me."

Poor Florimel, for all her worldly ways, was but a child. Bad associates had filled her with worldly maxims and words and thoughts and judgments. She had never loved Liftore: she had only taken delight in his flatteries. And now had come the shock of a terrible disclosure, whose significance she read in remembered looks and tones and behaviors of the world. Her insolence to Malcolm when she supposed his the nameless fate had recoiled

in lurid interpretation of her own. She was a pariah — without root, without descent, without fathers to whom to be gathered. She was nobody. From the courted and flattered and high-seated and powerful, she was a nobody! Then suddenly, to this poor, houseless, wind-beaten, rain-wet nobody, a house — no, a home she had once looked into with longing — had opened, and received her to its heart, that it might be fulfilled which was written of old, "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest." Knowing herself a nobody, she now first began to be a somebody. She had been dreaming pleasant but bad dreams: she woke, and here was a lovely, unspeakably blessed and good reality which had been waiting for her all the time on the threshold of her sleep. She was baptised into it with the tears of sorrow and shame. She had been a fool, but now she knew it, and was going to be wise.

"Will you come to your brother, Florimel?" said Malcolm tenderly, holding out his arms.

Lenorme raised her. She went softly to him and laid herself on his bosom. "Forgive me, brother," she said, and held up her face.

He kissed her forehead and lips, took her in his arms and laid her again on Lenorme's knees.

"I give her to *you*," he said, "for you are good."

With that he left them, and sought Mr. Morrison and Mr. Soutar, who were waiting him over a glass of wine after their lunch. An hour of business followed, in which, amongst other matters, they talked about the needful arrangements for a dinner to his people, fishers and farmers and all. After the gentlemen took their leave nobody saw him for hours. Till sunset approached he remained alone, shut up in the Wizard's Chamber, the room in which he was born. Part of the time he occupied in writing to Mr. Graham.

As the sun's orbed furnace fell behind the tumbling waters, Malcolm turned his face inland from the wet strip of shining shore on which he had been pacing, and ascended the sandhill. From the other side Clementina but a moment later ascended also. On the top they met in the red light of the sunset. They clasped each other's hand, and stood for a moment in silence.

"Ah, my lord," said the lady, "how shall I thank you that you kept your secret

from me? But my heart is sore to lose my fisherman."

"My lady," returned Malcolm, "you have not lost your fisherman: you have only found your groom."

And the sun went down, and the twilight came, and the night followed, and the world of sea and land and wind and vapor was around them, and the universe of stars and spaces over and under them, and eternity within them, and the heart of each for a chamber to the other, and God filling all — nay, nay, God's heart containing, infolding, cherishing all, saving all, from height to height of intensest being, by the bliss of that love whose absolute devotion could utter itself only in death.

#### CHAPTER LXXI.

#### THE ASSEMBLY.

THAT same evening Duncan in full dress, claymore and dirk at his sides and carrying the great Lossie pipes, marched first through the streets of the upper, then through the closes of the lower, town, followed by the bellman, who had been appointed crier upon his disappearance. At the proper stations Duncan blew a rousing pibroch, after which the bellman, who, for the dignity of his calling, insisted on a prelude of three strokes of his clapper, proclaimed aloud that Malcolm, Marquis of Lossie, desired the presence of each and every of his tenants in the royal burgh of Portlossie, Newton, and Seaton, in the town-hall of the same, at seven of the clock upon the evening next following. The proclamation ended, the piper sounded one note three times, and they passed to the next station. When they had gone through the Seaton they entered a carriage waiting for them at the sea-gate, and were driven to Scaurnose, and thence again to the several other villages on the coast belonging to the marquis, making at each in like manner the same announcement.

Portlossie was in a ferment of wonder, satisfaction, and pleasure. There were few in it who were not glad at the accession of Malcolm, and with every one of those few the cause lay in himself. In the shops, among the nets, in the curing-sheds, in the houses and cottages, nothing else was talked about; and stories and reminiscences innumerable were brought out, chiefly to prove that Malcolm had always appeared likely to turn out somebody, the narrator not seldom modestly hinting at a glimmering foresight on his own part of what had now been at length

revealed to the world. His friends were jubilant as revellers. For Meg Partan, she ran from house to house like a maniac, laughing and crying. It was as if the whole Seaton had suddenly been translated. The men came crowding about Duncan, congratulating him and asking him a hundred questions. But the old man maintained a reticence whose dignity was strangely mingled of pomp and grace; sat calm and stately, as feeling the glow of reflected honor; would not, by word, gesture, tone, or exclamation, confess to any surprise; behaved as if he had known it all the time; made no pretence, however, of having known it—merely treated the fact as not a whit more than might have been looked for by one who had known Malcolm as he had known him.

Davy, in his yacht uniform, was the next morning appointed the marquis's personal attendant, and a running time he had of it for a fortnight. Almost the first thing that fell to him in his office was to show into the room on the ground floor where his master sat—the same in which for ages the lords of Lossie had been wont to transact what little business any of them ever attended to—a pale, feeble man, bowed by the weight of a huge, brass-clasped volume under each arm.

His lordship rose and met him with outstretched hand. "I am glad indeed to see you, Mr. Crathie," he said, "but I fear you are out too soon."

"I am quite well since yesterday, my lord," returned the factor, his face shining with pleasure. "Your lordship's accession has made a young man of me again. Here I am to render account of my stewardship."

"I want none, Mr. Crathie—nothing, that is, beyond a summary statement of how things stand with me."

"I should like to satisfy your lordship that I have dealt honestly"—here the factor paused for a moment, then with an effort added—"by *you*, my lord."

"One word," said Malcolm—"the last of the sort, I believe, that will ever pass between us. Thank God we had made it up before yesterday! If you have ever been hard upon any of my tenants, not to say unfair, you have wronged me infinitely more than if you had taken from me. God be with me as I prefer ruin to wrong! Remember, besides, that my tenants are my charge and care. For you, my representative, therefore, to do one of them an injury is to do me a double injury—to wrong my tenant, and to wrong him in my name."

"Ah, my lord, you don't know how they would take advantage of you if there were nobody to look after your interests."

"Then do look after them, sir. It would be bad for them to succeed, as well as crippling to me. Only be sure, with the thought of the righteous God to elevate your sense of justice, that you are in the right. If doubtful, then give in. And now, if any man thinks he has cause of complaint, I leave it to you, with the help of the new light that has been given you, to reconsider the matter, and where needful to make reparation. You must be the friend of my tenant as much as of his landlord. I have no interests inimical to those of my tenants. If any man comes to me with complaint, I will send him to re-state his case to you, with the understanding that if you will not listen to him he is to come to me again, when I shall hear both sides and judge between. If after six months you should desire me to go over the books with you, I will do so. As to your loyalty to my family and its affairs, of that I never had a shadow of suspicion." As he ended Malcolm held out his hand.

The factor's trembled in his strong grasp.

"Mistress Crathie is sorely vexed, my lord," he said, rising to take his leave, "at things both said and done in the dark."

Malcolm laughed. "Give Mrs. Crathie my compliments," he said, "and tell her a man is more than a marquis. If she will after this treat every honest fisherman as if he might possibly turn out a lord, she and I shall be more than quits."

The next morning he carried her again a few mackerel he had just caught, and she never forgot the lesson given her. That morning, I may mention, he did not go fishing alone, but had a lady with him in the dinghy; and indeed they were together, in one place and another, the most of the day—at one time flying along the fields, she on the bay mare and he on Kelpie.

When the evening came the town-hall was crammed—men standing on all the windowsills—and so many could not get in that Malcolm proposed they should occupy the square in front. A fisherman in garb and gesture, not the less a gentleman and a marquis, he stood on the steps of the town-hall and spoké to his people. They received him with wild enthusiasm.

"The open air is better for everything," he began. "Fishers, I have called you first, because you are my own people. I am and shall be a fisherman—after such



fashion, I trust, as will content my old comrades. How things have come about I shall not now tell you. Come, all of you, and dine with me, and you shall hear enough to satisfy at least lawful curiosity. At present my care is that you should understand the terms upon which it is possible for us to live together as friends. I make no allusion to personal friendships. A true friend is forever a friend. And I venture to say my old friends know best what I am and what I shall be. As to them, I have no shadow of anxiety. But I would gladly be a friend to all, and will do my endeavor to that end.

"You of Portlossie shall have your harbor cleared without delay."

In justice to the fishers I here interrupt my report to state that the very next day they set about clearing the harbor themselves. It was their business—in part, at least, they said—and they were ashamed of having left it so long. This did much toward starting well for a new order of things.

"You of Scaurnose shall hear the blasting necessary for your harbor commence within a fortnight; and every house shall ere long have a small piece of land at a reasonable rate allotted it. But I feel bound to mention that there are some among you upon whom, until I see that they carry themselves differently, I must keep an eye. That they have shown themselves unfriendly to myself, in my attempts to persuade them to what they knew to be right, I shall endeavor to forget, but I give them warning that whoever shall hereafter disturb the peace or interfere with the liberty of my people shall assuredly be cast out of my borders, and that as soon as the law will permit.

"I shall take measures that all complaints shall be heard, and all save foolish ones heeded; for, as much as in me lies, I will to execute justice and judgment and righteousness in the land. Whoever oppresses or wrongs his neighbor shall have to do with me. And to aid me in doing justice I pray the help of every honest man. I have not been so long among you without having in some measure distinguished between the men who have heart and brain, and the men who have merely a sense of their own importance; which latter class, unhappily, always takes itself for the former. I will deal with every man as I find him. I am set to rule, and rule I will. He who loves righteousness will help me to rule; he who loves it not, shall be ruled or depart."

The address had been every now and

then interrupted by a hearty cheer: at this point the cheering was greatly prolonged: after it there was no more. For thus he went on:—

"And now I am about to give you proof that I mean what I say, and that evil shall not come to the light without being noted and dealt with.

"There are in this company two women—my eyes are at this moment upon them where they stand together. One of them is already well known to you all by sight: now you shall know, not what she looks, but what she is. Her name, or at least that by which she goes among you, is Barbara Catanach. The other is an Englishwoman, of whom you know nothing. Her name is Caley."

All eyes were turned upon the two. Even Mrs. Catanach was cowed by the consciousness of the universal stare, and a kind of numb thrill went through her from head to foot.

"Well assured that if I brought a criminal action against them it would hang them both, I trust you will not imagine it revenge that moves me thus to expose them. In refraining from prosecuting them I bind myself of necessity to see that they work no more evil. In giving them time for repentance I take the consequences upon myself. I am bound to take care that they do not employ the respite in doing mischief to their neighbors. Without precaution I could not be justified in sparing them. Therefore those women shall not go forth to pass for harmless members of society, and see the life and honor of others lie bare to their secret attack. They shall live *here*, in this town, thoroughly known and absolutely distrusted. And that they may thus be known and distrusted, I publicly declare that I hold proof against these women of having conspired to kill me. From the effects of the poison they succeeded in giving me I fear I shall never altogether recover. I can prove also, to the extreme of circumstantial evidence, that there is the blood of one child at least upon the hands of each; and that there are mischiefs innumerable upon their lying tongues it were an easy task to convince you. If I wrong them, let them accuse me, and whether they lose or gain their suit, I promise before you for witnesses I will pay all; only thereby they will compel me to bring my actions for murder and conspiracy. Let them choose.

"Hear what I have determined concerning them. The woman Catanach shall take to her cottage the woman Caley.

That cottage they shall have rent free: who could receive money from such hands? I will appoint them also a sufficiency for life and maintenance, bare indeed, for I would not have them comfortable. But they shall be free to work if they can find any to employ them. If, however, either shall go beyond the bounds I set she shall be followed the moment she is missed, and that with a warrant for her apprehension. And I beg all honest people to keep an eye upon them. According as they live shall their life be. If they come to repentance, they will bless the day I resolved upon such severe measures on their behalf. Let them go to their place."

I will not try to describe the devilish look, mingled of contempt and hate, that possessed the countenance of the midwife as, with head erect and eyes looking straight before her, she obeyed the command. Caley, white as death, trembled and tottered, nor dared once look up as she followed her companion to their appointed hell. Whether they made it pleasant for each other my reader may debate with himself. Before many months had gone by, stared at and shunned by all, even by Miss Horn's Jean, driven back upon her own memories, and the pictures that rose out of them, and deprived of every chance of indulging her dominant passion for mischievous influence, the midwife's face told such a different tale that the schoolmaster began to cherish a feeble hope that within a few years Mrs. Catanach might get so far as to begin to suspect that she was a sinner—that she had actually done things she ought not to have done. One of those things that same night Malcolm heard from the lips of Duncan, a tale of horror and dismay. Not until then did he know, after all he knew concerning her, what the woman was capable of.

At his own entreaty, Duncan was formally recognized as piper to the Marquis of Lossie. His ambition reached no higher. Malcolm himself saw to his perfect equipment, heedful specially that his kilt and plaid should be of Duncan's own tartan of red and blue and green. His dirk and broadsword he had new sheathed, with silver mountings. A great silver brooch with a big cairngorm in the centre took the place of the brass one, which henceforth was laid up among the precious things in the little armory, and the badge of his clan in gold, with rubies and amethysts for the bells of the heather glowed on his bonnet. And Malcolm's guests, as

long as Duncan continued able to fill the bag, had to endure as best they might, between each course at every dinner without fail, two or three minutes of uproar and outcry from the treble throat of the powerful Lossie pipes. By his own desire, the piper had a chair and small table set for him behind and to the right of his chief, as he called him: there he ate with the family and guests, waited upon by Davy, part of whose business it was to hand him the pipes at the proper moment, whereupon he rose to his feet—for even he with all his experience and habitude was unable in a sitting posture to keep that stand of pipes full of wind—and raised such a storm of sound as made the windows tremble. A lady guest would now and then venture to hint that the custom was rather a trying one for English ears, but Clementina would never listen to a breath against Duncan's music. Her respect and affection for the old man were unbounded.

Malcolm was one of the few who understand the shelter of light, the protection to be gained against lying tongues by the discarding of needless reticence and the open presentation of the truth. Many men would not tell a lie, yet seem to have faith in concealment; they would rather not reveal the truth; darkness seems to offer them the cover of a friendly wing. But there is no veil like light—no adamant armor against hurt like the truth. To Malcolm it was one of the promises of the kingdom that there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed. He was anxious, therefore, to tell his people at the coming dinner the main points of his story, and certain that such openness would also help to lay the foundation of confidence between him and his people. The one difficulty in the way was the position of Florimel. But that could not fail to appear in any case, and he was satisfied that even for her sake it was far better to speak openly; for then the common heart would take her in and cover her. He consulted, therefore, with Lenorme, who went to find her. She came, threw her arms round his neck, and begged him to say whatever he thought best.

To add the final tinge to the rainbow of Malcolm's joy, on the morning of the dinner the schoolmaster arrived. It would be hard to say whether Malcolm or Clementina was the more delighted to see him. He said little with his tongue, but much with his eyes and face and presence.

This time the tables were not set in different parts of the grounds, but gath-

ered upon the level of the drive and the adjacent lawny spaces between the house and the trees. Malcolm, in full Highland dress as chief of his clan, took the head of the central table, with Florimel in the place of honor at his right hand and Clementina on his left. Lenorme sat next to Florimel, and Annie Mair next to Lenorme. On the other side, Mr. Graham sat next to Clementina, Miss Horn next to Mr. Graham, and Blue Peter next to Miss Horn. Except Mr. Morrison, he had asked none who were not his tenants or servants, or in some way connected with the estates, except indeed a few whom he counted old friends, amongst them some aged beggar-folk waiting their summons to Abraham's bosom; in which there was no such exceptional virtue on the marquis's part, for, the poor law not having yet invaded Scotland, a man was not without the respect of his neighbors merely because he was a pauper. He set Mr. Morrison to preside at the farmers' tables, and had all the fisher-folk about himself.

When the main part of the dinner was over, he rose, and with as much circumstance as he thought desirable told his story, beginning with the parts in it his uncle and Mrs. Catanach had taken. It was, however, he said, a principle in the history of the world that evil should bring forth good, and his poor little cockboat had been set adrift upon an ocean of blessing. For had he not been taken to the heart of one of the noblest and simplest of men, who had brought him up in honorable poverty and rectitude? When he had said this he turned to Duncan, who sat at his own table behind him with his pipes on a stool covered with a rich cloth by his side. "You all know my grandfather," he went on, "and you all respect him."

At this rose a great shout.

"I thank you, my friends," he continued. "My desire is that every soul upon land of mine should carry himself to Duncan MacPhail as if he were in blood that which he is in deed and in truth — my grandfather."

A second great shout arose, which wavered and sank when they saw the old man bow his head upon his hands.

He went on to speak of the privileges he alone of all his race had ever enjoyed, — the privileges of toil and danger, with all their experiences of human dependence and divine aid; the privilege of the confidence and companionship of honorable laboring men, and the understanding of

their ways and thoughts and feelings; and, above all, the privilege of the friendship and instruction of the schoolmaster, to whom he owed more than eternity could reveal.

Then he turned again to his narrative, and told how his father, falsely informed that his wife and child were dead, married Florimel's mother; how his mother, out of compassion for both of them, held her peace; how for twenty years she had lived with her cousin, Miss Horn, and held her peace even from her; how at last, when, having succeeded to the property, she heard he was coming to the House, the thought of his nearness, yet unapproachableness — in this way at least he, the child of both, interpreted the result — so worked upon a worn and enfeebled frame that she died.

Then he told how Miss Horn, after his mother's death, came upon letters revealing the secret which she had all along known must exist, but after which, from love and respect for her cousin, she had never inquired.

Last of all, he told how, in a paroxysm of rage, Mrs. Catanach had let the secret of his birth escape her; how she had afterward made affidavit concerning it; and how his father had upon his death-bed, with all necessary legal observances, acknowledged him his son and heir.

"And now, to the mighty gladness of my soul," he said, looking on Florimel at his side, "my dearly loved and honored sister — loved and honored long before I knew she was my own — has accepted me as her brother, and I do not think she greatly regrets the loss of the headship of the house which she has passed over to me. She will lose little else. And of all women, it may well be to her a small matter to lose a mere title, seeing she is so soon to change her name for one which will bring her honor of a more enduring reality. For he who is about to become her husband is not only one of the noblest of men, but a man of genius whose praises she will hear on all sides. One of his works, the labor and gift of love, you shall see when we rise from the table. It is a portrait of your late landlord, my father, painted partly from a miniature, partly from my sister, partly from the portraits of the family, and partly, I am happy to think, from myself. You must yourselves judge of the truth of it. And you will remember that Mr. Lenorme never saw my father: I say this, not to excuse, but to enhance his work.

"My tenants, I will do my best to give

you fair play. My friend and factor, Mr. Crathie, has confided to me his doubts whether he may not have been a little hard: he is prepared to reconsider some of your cases. Do not imagine that I am going to be a careless man of business. I want money, for I have enough to do with it, if only to set right much that is wrong. But let God judge between you and me.

"My fishermen, every honest man of you is my friend, and you shall know it. Between you and me that is enough. But for the sake of harmony and right and order, and that I may keep near you, I shall appoint three men of yourselves in each village to whom any man or woman may go with request or complaint. If two of those three men judge the matter fit to refer to me, the probability is that I shall see it as they do. If any man think them scant of justice toward him, let him come to me. Should I find myself in doubt, I have here at my side my loved and honored master to whom to apply for counsel, knowing that what oracle he may utter I shall receive straight from the innermost parts of a temple of the Holy Ghost. Friends, if we be honest with ourselves, we shall be honest with each other.

"And, in conclusion, why should you hear from any lips but my own that this lady beside me, the daughter of an English earl of ancient house, has honored the house of Lossie by consenting to become its marchioness? Lady Clementina Thornicroft possesses large estates in the south of England, but not for them did I seek her favor, as you will be convinced when you reflect what the fact involves which she has herself desired me to make known to you, namely, that it was while yet she was unacquainted with my birth and position, and had never dreamed that I was other than only a fisherman and a groom, that she accepted me for her husband. I thank my God!"

With that he took his seat, and after hearty cheering, a glass or two of wine, and several speeches, all rose and went to look at the portrait of the late marquis.

#### CHAPTER LXXII.

##### KNOTTED STRANDS.

LADY CLEMENTINA had to return to England to see her lawyers and arrange her affairs. Before she went she would gladly have gone with Malcolm over every spot where had passed any portion of his history, and at each heard its own chapter or paragraph; but Malcolm obstinately refused to begin such a narration before

Clementina was mistress of the region to which it mainly belonged. After that, he said, he would, even more gladly, he believed, than she, occupy all the time that could be spared from the duties of the present in piecing together the broken reflections of the past in the pools of memory, until they had lived both their lives over again together, from earliest recollection to the time when the two streams flowed into one, thenceforth to mingle more and more inwardly to endless ages.

So the *Psyche* was launched: Lady Clementina, Florimel, and Lenorme were the passengers, and Malcolm, Blue Peter, and Davy the crew. There was no room for servants, yet was there no lack of service. They had rough weather a part of the time, and neither Clementina nor Lenorme was altogether comfortable; but they made a rapid voyage, and were all well when they landed at Greenwich.

Knowing nothing of Lady Bellair's proceedings, they sent Davy to reconnoitre in Portland Place. He brought back word that there was no one in the house but an old woman. So Malcolm took Florimel there. Everything belonging to their late visitors had vanished, and nobody knew where they had gone.

Searching the drawers and cabinets, Malcolm, to his unspeakable delight, found a miniature of his mother, along with one of his father, a younger likeness than he had yet seen. Also he found a few letters of his mother—mostly mere notes in pencil—but neither these nor those of his father which Miss Horn had given him would he read. "What right has life over the secrets of death?" he said. "Or, rather, what right have we who sleep over the secrets of those who have waked from their sleep and left the fragments of their dreams behind them?" Lovingly he laid them together and burned them to dust-flakes. "My mother shall tell me what she pleases when I find her," he said. "She shall not reprove me for reading her letters to my father."

They were married at Westbeach, both couples in the same ceremony. Immediately after the wedding, the painter and his bride set out for Rome, and the marquis and marchioness went on board the *Psyche*. For nothing would content Clementina, troubled at the experience of her first voyage, but she must get herself accustomed to the sea, as became the wife of a fisherman: therefore in no way would she journey but on board the *Psyche*; and as it was the desire of each to begin their

married life at home, they sailed direct for Portlossie. After a good voyage, however, they landed, in order to reach home quietly, at Duff Harbor, took horses from there, and arrived at Lossie House late in the evening.

Malcolm had written to the housekeeper to prepare for them the Wizard's Chamber, but to alter nothing on walls or in furniture. That room, he had resolved, should be the first he occupied with his bride. Mrs. Courthope was scandalized at the idea of taking an earl's daughter to sleep in a garret, not to mention that the room had for centuries had an ill name; but she had no choice, and therefore contented herself with doing all that lay in the power of woman, under such severe restrictions, to make the dingy old room cheerful.

Alone at length in their somewhat strange quarters — concerning which Malcolm had merely told her that the room was that in which he was born — what place fitter, thought Clementina, wherein to commence the long and wonderful story she hungered to hear? Malcolm would still have delayed it, but she asked question upon question till she had him fairly afloat. He had not gone far, however, before he had to make mention of the stair in the wall, which led from the place where they sat straight from the house.

"Can there be such a stair to this room?" she asked in surprise.

He rose, took a candle, opened a door, then another, and showed her the first of the steps down which the midwife had carried him, and descending which, twenty years after, his father had come by his death.

"Let us go down," said Clementina.

"Are you not afraid? Look!" said Malcolm.

"Afraid, and you with me!" she exclaimed.

"But it is dark, and the steps are broken."

"If it led to Hades I would go with my fisherman. The only horror would be to be left behind."

"Come, then," said Malcolm; "only you must be very careful."

He laid a shawl on her shoulders, and down they went, Malcolm a few steps in front, holding the candle to every step for her, many being broken.

They came at length where the stair ceased in ruin. He leaped down: she stooped, put her hands on his shoulders and dropped into his arms. Then over

the fallen rubbish, out by the groaning door, they went into the moonlight.

Clementina was merry as a child. All was so safe and peaceful with her fisherman! She would not hear of returning: they must have a walk in the moonlight first. So down the steps and the winding path into the valley of the burn, and up to the flower-garden, they wandered. Clementina telling him how sick the moonlight had made her feel that night she met him first on the Boar's Tail, when his words concerning her revived the conviction that he loved Florimel. At the great stone basin Malcolm set the swan spouting, but the sweet musical jargon of the falling water seemed almost coarse in the soundless diapason of the moonlight. So he stopped it again, and they strolled farther up the garden.

Clementina venturing to remind him of the sexton-like gardener's story of the lady and the hermit's cave, which, because of its Scotch, she was unable to follow, Malcolm told her now what John Jack had narrated, adding that the lady was his own mother, and that from the gardener's tale he learned that morning at length how to account for the horror which had seized him on his first entering the cave, as also for his father's peculiar carriage on that occasion: doubtless he then caught a likeness in him to his mother. He then recounted the occurrence circumstantially.

"I have ever since felt ashamed of the weakness," he concluded; "but at this moment I believe I could walk in with perfect coolness."

"We won't try it to-night," said Clementina, and once more turned him from the place, reverencing the shadow he had brought with him from the spirit of his mother.

They walked and sat and talked in the moonlight, for how long neither knew; and when the moon went behind the trees on the cliff, and the valley was left in darkness, but a darkness that seemed alive with the new day soon to be born, they sat yet, lost in a peaceful unveiling of hearts, till a sudden gust of wind roused Malcolm, and looking up he saw that the stars were clouded, and knew that the chill of the morning was drawing near.

He kept that chamber just as it was ever after, and often retired to it for meditation. He never restored the ruinous parts of the stair, and he kept the door at the top carefully closed. But he cleared out the rubbish that choked the place where the stair had led lower down, came

upon it again in tolerable preservation a little beneath, and followed it into a passage that ran under the burn, appearing to lead in the direction of the cave behind the Baillie's Barn. Doubtless there was some foundation for the legend of Lord Gernon.

There, however, he abandoned the work, thinking of the possibility of a time when employment would be scarce and his people in want of all he could give them. And when such a time arrived, as arrive it did before they had been two years married, a far more important undertaking was found needful to employ the many who must earn or starve. Then it was that Clementina had the desire of her heart, and began to lay out the money she had been saving for the purpose in rebuilding the ancient castle of Colonsay. Its vaults were emptied of rubbish and ruin, the rock faced afresh, walls and towers and battlements raised, until at last, when the loftiest tower seemed to have reached its height, it rose yet higher and blossomed in radiance; for, topmost crown of all, there, flaming far into the northern night, shone a splendid beacon-lamp to guide the fisherman when his way was hid. Every summer for years Florimel and her husband spent weeks in the castle, and many a study the painter made there of the ever-changing face of the sea.

Malcolm, as he well might, had such a strong feeling of the power for good of every high-souled schoolmaster that nothing would serve him but Mr. Graham must be reinstated. He told the presbytery that if it were not done he would himself build a schoolhouse for him, and the consequence, he said, needed no prediction. Finding, at the same time, that the young man they had put in his place was willing to act as his assistant, he proposed that he should keep the cottage and all other emoluments of the office, on the sole condition that when he found he could no longer conscientiously and heartily further the endeavors of Mr. Graham he should say so; whereupon the marquis would endeavor to procure him another appointment; and on these understandings the thing was arranged.

Mr. Graham thenceforward lived in the house, a spiritual father to the whole family, revered by all, ever greeted with gladness, ever obeyed. The spiritual dignity and simplicity, the fine sense and delicate feeling of the man, rendered him a saving presence in the place; and Clementina felt as if one of the ancient prophets, blossomed into a Christian, was the

glory of their family and house. Like a perfect daughter she watched him, tried to discover preferences of which he might not himself be aware, and often waited upon him with her own hands.

There was an ancient building connected with the house, divided now for many years into barn and dairy, but evidently the chapel of the monastery: this Malcolm soon set about reconverting. It made a lovely chapel, too large for the household, but not too large for its congregation upon Wednesday evenings, when many of the fishermen and their families, and not a few of the inhabitants of the upper town, with occasionally several farm-servants from the neighborhood, assembled to listen devoutly to the fervent and loving expostulations and rousings, or the tender consolings and wise instructions, of the *master*, as every one called him. The hold he had of their hearts was firm, and his influence on their consciences far-reaching.

When there was need of conference or ground for any wide expostulation the marquis would call a meeting in the chapel; but this occurred very seldom. Now and then the master, sometimes the marquis himself, would use it for a course of lectures or a succession of readings from some specially interesting book; and in what had been the sacristy they gathered a small library for the use of the neighborhood.

No meeting was held there of a Sunday, for although the clergyman was the one person to whom all his life the marquis never came any nearer, he was not the less careful to avoid everything that might rouse contention or encourage division. "I find the doing of the will of God," he would say, "leaves me no time for disputing about his plans—I do not say for thinking about them." Not, therefore, however, would he waive the exercise of the inborn right of teaching, and anybody might come to the house and see the master on Sunday evenings. As to whether people went to church or stayed away, he never troubled himself in the least; and no more did the schoolmaster.

The chapel had not been long finished when he had an organ built in it. Lady Lossie played upon it. Almost every evening, at a certain hour, she played for a while; the door was always open, and any one who pleased might sit down and listen. Gradually the feeling of the community, from the strengthening and concentrating influence of the House, began to bear upon offenders; and any whose con-



duct had become in the least flagrant soon felt that the general eye was upon them, and that gradually the human tide was falling from them, and leaving them prisoned in a rocky basin on a barren shore. But at the same time, all three of the powers at the House were watching to come in the moment there was a chance; and what with the marquis's warnings, his wife's encouragements, and the master's expostulations there was no little hope of the final recovery of several who would otherwise most likely have sunk deeper and deeper.

The marchioness took Lizzy for her personal attendant, and had her boy much about her; so that by the time she had children of her own she had some genuine and worthy notion of what a child was, and what could and ought to be done for the development of the divine germ that lay in the human egg, and had found that the best she could do for any child, or indeed anybody, was to be good herself.

Rose married a young fisherman, and made a brave wife and mother. To the end of her days she regarded the marquis almost as a being higher than human, an angel that had found and saved her.

Kelpie had a foal, and, apparently in consequence, grew so much more gentle that at length Malcolm consented that Clementina, who was an excellent horsewoman, should mount her. After a few attempts to unseat her, not of the most determined kind, however, Kelpie, on her part, consented to carry her, and ever after seemed proud of having a mistress that could ride. Her foal turned out a magnificent horse. Malcolm did not allow him to do anything that could be called work before he was eight years old, and had the return at the other end, for when Goblin was thirty he rode him still, and, to judge by appearances, might but for an accident have ridden him ten years more.

It was not long ere people began to remark that no one now ever heard the piper utter the name *Campbell*. An ill-bred youth once — it was well for him that Malcolm was not near — dared the evil word in his presence: a cloud swept across the old man's face, but he held his peace, and to the day of his death, which arrived in his ninety-first year, it never crossed his lips. He died with the Lossie pipes on his bed, Malcolm on one side of him and Clementina on the other.

Some of my readers may care to know that Phemy and Davy were married, and made the quaintest, oldest-fashioned little couple, with hearts which king and beggar might equally have trusted.

Malcolm's relations with the fisherfolk, founded as they were in truth and open uprightness, were not in the least injured by his change of position. He made it a point to be always at home during the herring-fishing. Whatever might be going on in London, the marquis and marchioness, their family and household, were sure to leave in time for the commencement of that. Those who admired Malcolm — of whom there were not a few even in Vanity Fair — called him the fisher-king: the wags called him the kingfisher, and laughed at the oddity of his taste in preferring what he called his duty to the pleasures of the season. But the marquis found even the hen-pecked Partan a nobler and more elevating presence than any strutting platitude of Bond Street. And when he was at home he was always about amongst the people. Almost every day he would look in at some door in the Seaton, and call out a salutation to the busy housewife, perhaps go in and sit down for a minute. Now he would be walking with this one, now talking with that, oftenest with Blue Peter; and sometimes both their wives would be with them upon the shore or in the grounds. Nor was there a family meal to which any one or all together of the six men whom he had set over the Seaton and Scaurnose would not have been welcomed by the marquis and his Clemency. The house was head and heart of the whole district.

A conventional visitor was certain to feel very shruggish at first sight of the terms on which the marquis was with "persons of that sort;" but often such a one came to allow that it was no great matter: the persons did not seem to presume unpleasantly, and, notwithstanding his atrocious training, the marquis was after all a very good sort of fellow — considering.

In the third year he launched a strange vessel. Her tonnage was two hundred, but she was built like a fishing-boat. She had great stowage forward and below: if there was a large take, boat after boat could empty its load into her, and go back and draw its nets again. But this was not the original design in her. The after half of her deck was parted off with a light rope-rail, was kept as white as holy-stone could make it, and had a brass-railed bulwark. She was steered with a wheel, for more room; the top of the binnacle was made sloping, to serve as a lectern; there were seats all round the bulwarks; and she was called the Clemency.

For more than two years he had pro-



vided training for the fittest youths he could find amongst the fishers, and now he had a pretty good band playing on wind instruments, able to give back to God a shadow of his own music. The same formed the Clemency's crew. And every Sunday evening the great fishing-boat, with the marquis and almost always the marchioness on board, and the latter never without a child or children, led out from the harbor such of the boats as were going to spend the night on the water.

When they reached the ground all the other boats gathered about the great boat, and the chief men came on board, and Malcolm stood up betwixt the wheel and the binnacle, and read — always from the gospel, and generally words of Jesus, and talked to them, striving earnestly to get the truth alive into their hearts. Then he would pray aloud to the living God, as One so living that they could not see him, so one with them that they could not behold him. When they rose from their knees man after man dropped into his boat, and the fleet scattered wide over the waters to search them for their treasure.

Then the little ones were put to bed, and Malcolm and Clementina would sit on the deck, reading and talking, till the night fell, when they too went below and slept in peace. But if ever a boat wanted help or the slightest danger arose, the first thing was to call the marquis, and he was on deck in a moment.

In the morning, when a few of the boats had gathered, they would make for the harbor again, but now with full blast of praising trumpets and horns, the waves seemed to dance to the well-ordered noise divine. Or if the wind was contrary or no wind blew, the lightest-laden of the boats would take the Clemency in tow, and with frequent change of rowers draw her softly back to the harbor.

For such Monday mornings the marquis wrote a little song, and his Clemency made an air to it and harmonized it for the band. Here is the last stanza of it: —

Like the fish that brought the coin,  
We in ministry will join;  
Bring what pleases Thee the best,  
Help from each to all the rest.

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
IS THE MOON DEAD?

THE idea generally prevailing, among astronomers, respecting the moon's condition is that she is a dead planet, an orb

which circles around the sun like her companion planet the earth, but is not, like the earth, the abode of living creatures of any sort. Formerly, indeed, other views were entertained. It was thought that the dark regions were seas, the bright regions continents, a view embodied by Kepler in the saying, "*Do maculas esse maria, do lucidas esse terras.*" But the telescope soon satisfied astronomers that there are no seas upon the moon. It has been noted that in two well-known passages of the "Paradise Lost," in which Milton touches on the work of Galileo with the telescope, he speaks of lands, mountains, rivers, and regions, but not of oceans or seas, upon the moon. Thus, in describing the shield of Satan, he compares it to

the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.

While again, in the fifth book, Raphael views the earth

as when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.

We may well believe that had Galileo, in his interviews \* with Milton, described appearances which (with his telescopic power) resembled seas or oceans, the poet would not have used so vague a word as "regions" in the third line of the last-quoted passage, where the word "oceans" would so obviously have suggested itself. From the very beginning of the telescopic observation of our satellite, it became clear that no seas or oceans exist upon her surface. And as telescopic power has increased, and the minute details of the moon's surface have been more searchingly scrutinized, it has been seen that there are no smaller water regions, no lakes, or rivers, not even any ponds, or rivulets, or brooks.

But indeed, while the close telescopic scrutiny of the moon was thus showing that there are no water surfaces there, it was becoming also clear that no water could remain there under the sun's rays; that is, on the parts of the moon which are illuminated. For it was found that the moon has an atmosphere so rare that water would boil away at a very low temperature indeed. How rare the lunar atmosphere is we do not certainly know;

\* See Milton's "Areopagitica."

but a number of phenomena show that it must be very rare indeed. Some of these have been already considered, along with other lunar phenomena, in an article which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1873; and for this reason (especially as that article has since been republished) we do not here enter into this portion of the evidence, our object being to discuss here certain relations which were not dealt with in that earlier paper.

But now that astronomers have almost by unanimous consent, accepted the doctrine of the development of our system, which involves the belief that the whole mass of each member of the system was formerly gaseous with intensity of heat, they can no longer doubt that the moon once had seas and an atmosphere of considerable density. The moon has, in fact, passed through the same changes as our own earth, though not necessarily in the same exact way. She was once vaporous, as was our earth, though not at the same time nor for so long a time. She was once glowing with intensity of heat, though this stage also must have continued for a much shorter time than the corresponding stage of our earth's history. Must we not conclude that after passing through that stage the moon was for a time a habitable world as our earth is now? The great masses of vapor and of cloud which had girt our moon's whole globe, even as in the youth of our earth her seas enwrapped her in cloud form, must at length have taken their place as seas upon her surface. The atmosphere which had supported those waters must at first have been dense by comparison with the present lunar atmosphere, perhaps even by comparison with the present atmosphere of our earth. Then the glowing surface of the moon gradually cooled, until at length the moon must have been a fit abode for life. But whether, when thus swept and garnished into fitness for habitation, the moon actually became an inhabited world, is a question which will be variously answered according to our views respecting the economy of nature in this respect. Those who hold that nature makes nothing in vain, will need only to ask whether the support of life is the one sole purpose which a planet can subserve; if that should appear probable, they would at once decide that the moon must during its habitable stage have been inhabited. Others who, looking around at the workings of nature as known to us, perceive, or think they perceive, that there is much which resembles waste in nature, will be

less confident on this point. They may reason that as of many seeds which fall upon the ground, scarce one subserves the one purpose for which seeds can be supposed to have been primarily intended, as many younglings among animals perish untimely, as even many races and types fail of their apparent primary purpose, so our moon, and possibly many such worlds, may never have subserved and never come to subserve that one chief purpose for which the orbs peopling space can be supposed to have been formed, if purpose indeed reigns throughout the universe.

But we are not here concerned to inquire carefully whether the moon ever was inhabited; we care only to show the probability, the all but certainty, that the moon during one stage of her existence was a habitable body, leaving the questions whether she ever actually had inhabitants, and what (if she had) their nature may have been, to the imagination of the reader. Most certainly there is little reason for believing that on *this* point men will ever have any real information for their guidance.

Combining together several considerations, viz., first that the moon must have been fashioned as a planet many millions of years before the earth, that her original heat must have been greatly less than that of the earth (corresponding to a reduction of many millions of years in the time required for cooling down to the habitable condition), that each stage of the moon's cooling must have lasted less by many millions of years than the corresponding stage for the earth's cooling, and that lunar gravity being so much less than terrestrial gravity the moon's vulcanian vitality must have lasted for a much shorter time than the earth's, we perceive that the moon must have passed that stage of her history which corresponded to that through which our earth is now passing, many many millions of years ago. It would probably be no exaggeration whatever of the truth to say that more than a thousand millions of years have passed since the moon was a habitable world. But we may quite confidently assert that fully a hundred millions of years have passed since that era of her history. And as the changes which she has undergone since then have occurred at a much more rapid rate than those by which the earth is now passing on and will continue to pass on, for ages yet to come, towards planetary decrepitude, we may assert with equal confidence that the moon is passing through a stage of planetary existence which the earth will not reach for

many hundreds of millions of years yet to come. The moon, thus regarded, presents to us a most interesting subject of study, because she illustrates, in general respects if not perhaps in details, the condition which our earth will attain in the remote future.

Let us then examine the principal features of the moon,—those which may be regarded as characteristic, which at any rate distinguish her from the earth—and consider how far it is probable that our earth will one day present similar features. We can also inquire how far the moon's present condition may be regarded as that of a dead world, in this sense that she can neither now be, nor (under any conceivable circumstances) hereafter become, once again a habitable world as formerly she presumably was.

There is one very remarkable feature of the moon's motions which is commonly not explained as we are about to explain it, but in a way which would correspond better with the general views indicated in this article, than the interpretation which seems to us preferable. We refer to the circumstance that the moon's rotation on her axis takes place in precisely the same time as her revolution around the earth. This is, in reality, a very strange feature, though it is often dismissed as if there were nothing very remarkable about it. In whatever way the arrangement was brought about, it is absolutely certain that the earth had her share in the work; and again, no matter what explanation or set of explanations we accept, we find most interesting evidence suggested as to the moon's past condition.

According to one account, the moon was originally set spinning at a rate closely corresponding to her present rotation rate, and the earth, having by her attractive power somewhat elongated the moon towards herself, acted on this not perfectly round body in such sort as gradually to coerce its motion of rotation into exact agreement with its motion of revolution. It is known that this would necessarily happen if the original approach to agreement between these motions had been sufficiently close. If we adopted this view, we should find ourselves in presence of the somewhat remarkable fact that the small moon was in the beginning set rotating so slowly that its day lasted as long as a lunar month. Such a rotation, as the result of some process of systematic evolution, could be readily accepted; but that this motion, which presents no recognizable advantages, and

many most manifest inconveniences (for creatures living in the moon), should have been specially communicated to the moon by the creative hand, would not be an acceptable theory, even if we were not forced by overwhelming evidence to throw special creative acts very much farther back (to say the least) than the formation of our moon, or of any part of the solar system.

Another explanation which has been offered runs as follows. When the moon had oceans, the earth must have acted on those oceans in the same way as the moon now acts on the oceans of our earth. In one respect the earth must have acted more energetically, in another less. Being very much (eighty-one times) more massive than the moon, the earth necessarily exerts much more force on the moon's substance than the moon exerts on hers.\* On the other hand, the relative *difference* between the pull on the nearest and remotest parts of the globe is less in the case of the earth drawing the waters of the moon (in old times) than in the case of the moon drawing the waters of the earth; for the moon is a much smaller globe than the earth; and this difference is the really effective force in the production of tides. Also it is probable that the moon never had a relatively large ocean surface, as will presently be shown, and small seas (probably disconnected) could not be swept by a great tide-wave. Still we may suppose that there was once a tidal wave, greater or less, sweeping athwart the lunar seas much in the manner of our own tidal wave. Now, our tidal wave is beyond doubt slowly checking the earth's motion of rotation, for the wave travels so as to meet the motion of rotation, which therefore to some slight degree it opposes. This will go on, until at length the rotation has been so reduced that the tidal wave no longer affects it; or, in other words, until the earth's period of rotation corresponds with the period of the tidal wave, viz., with the lunar month. Hundreds of millions of years will pass before that happens; but then we have seen that the moon *may* fairly be regarded as illus-

\* In one sense the moon pulls the earth just as strongly as the earth pulls the moon, for gravity is not a force which one body exerts on another solely, but a mutual force. But what mathematicians call the moving force exerted by the earth on the moon is eighty-one times greater than the corresponding force exerted by the moon on the earth; for the mutual attraction between these bodies has in the former case to move the moon, whereas in the latter it has to move the much larger mass of the earth.

trating the earth's condition hundreds of millions of years hence. Accordingly, there is nothing absolutely incredible in the theory that during the remote ages when the moon had seas the tidal wave which traversed them, continually retarding the moon's motion of rotation, gradually coerced it into absolute agreement with her motion of revolution around the earth. Still it must be admitted that the theory is not very easily to be accepted as it stands. The seas of the moon were probably less in relative extent, even when at their largest, than those of Mars now are, and such seas could have no tidal waves which even in thousands of millions of years could reduce the moon's rate of rotation in any considerable degree; and, as we shall presently see, the duration of the era when the moon had seas can hardly have been measured by periods so vast. On the whole, while we may admit the probability that at some very distant time in the past the earth may have exerted influences on lunar seas resembling those which the moon now exerts on our seas, it does not appear to us probable that the peculiar feature we are now considering can be attributed either wholly or in very large degree to the retarding influence of tidal waves upon the moon.

One other theory remains which seems to have more in its favor than either of those hitherto considered. Before the moon became a separate planet her frame, then vaporous, must have been enwrapped in the vaporous frame of the earth. While this continued the moon was necessarily compelled to move as a portion of the earth's outer envelope, and therefore, of course, turned upon her axis in the same time that that exterior portion of the earth revolved. So soon as the contraction of the earth's vaporous frame left the moon outside, she was free *if she could* to change her rate of rotation; that is to say, the earth's enwrapping vapor-masses no longer prevented the moon from changing her rotation rate. And there were two causes at work, either of which, if in action alone, would have markedly changed the moon's rate of turning on her axis. *One* was the gradual contraction of the moon's frame in cooling. This would have made her turn more quickly on her axis. *The other* was the continually gathering in of meteoric matter from without, which was a process taking place probably far more rapidly then than now, seeing that the meteoric systems now remaining are the merest residue of a residue compared with those existing hundreds of millions of

years ago. This process would tend to make the moon turn more slowly upon her axis. However, the former process would probably operate far more effectively, and thus the moon would on the whole have acquired a more rapid rate of rotation, and the coincidence between rotation and revolution existing when she first had separate existence would have disappeared. But there was all the time a force at work to check the tendency to change in this respect. The earth was there, exerting that very force which we have already described in considering another theory, a force competent, we may infer, to check the tendency to a slow increase in the moon's rate of rotation, and to preserve that relation which existed when the moon was first formed. We say that the competence of this force may be inferred — meaning that the observed coincidence between the moon's rate of turning round upon her axis, and her rate of revolution around the earth, shows that the force was sufficient for that purpose. A similar force exerted by the sun upon the earth since she was first separately formed has not proved competent, as we know, to make the earth turn on her axis in the same time exactly that she travels round the sun; that is, in a year. Nor have any of the planets been forced to behave in this way. But we can readily understand that a great difference should exist between the formation of a planet which, having an enormously high temperature when first formed, would have an enormous amount of contraction to undergo; and the formation of a subordinate orb like the moon, which, though no doubt intensely hot when first thrown off\* by the contracting earth, cannot have been nearly so hot as a planet at the corresponding stage of its existence. On the whole, there are (so it seems to us) good reasons for believing that that peculiar law of the moon's motion which causes the same lunar hemisphere to be constantly turned earthwards had its origin during the birth itself of our satellite. We may, indeed, find in that peculiarity one of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory that our solar system reached its present condition by a process of development, since on no other theory can a satisfactory solution be obtained of the most striking peculiarity of the moon's motions.

But the inhabitants of earth are more

\* We here use the words "thrown off" as equivalent to "left behind." The theory that the moon was thrown off by the earth, or the earth by the sun, is altogether inconsistent with mechanical possibilities.

directly interested — not for their own sake, but for the sake of their remote descendants — in the subject of the moon's present airless and waterless condition, regarded as the result of systematic processes of change. If we can ascertain what those processes may have been, and if we should find that similar processes are taking place, however slowly, on the earth, then the moon's present condition has in a sense the same sort of interest for us that a man in the full vigor of life might be supposed to find in the study of the condition of aged persons, if through some strange chance he had never had an opportunity of observing earlier the effects of old age upon the human frame. The inhabitant of earth who contemplates the moon's present wretched condition, may be disposed — like Lydia Van den Bosch when she saw Madame Bernstein's shaky hands and hobbling gait — to hope we "sha'n't be like her when we're old, anyhow;" but the probabilities are in favor of a young world following in the same path which those now old have followed, and so reaching the same condition. If the moon is really a much older world than the earth — and we have seen that in all probability she is — then she presents to us a picture of the condition which our earth will hereafter attain.

We had occasion in the article on the moon, referred to above, to notice the theory advanced by Frankland in this country respecting the way in which the lunar air and seas have been caused to disappear; but we did not then enter into any very careful discussion of that theory, our purpose leading us to consider other matters. But in this place the theory must occupy a larger share of our attention. In passing, we may remark that the originator of the theory was Seeman, the German geologist; but it was independently advanced by Frankland in England, Stanislas Meunier in France, and Sterry Hunt in America.

In the first place, it is to be noted that no other theory seems available. Of three others which have been advanced, only one, Hansen's, according to which the seas and atmosphere of the moon have been drawn by lunar gravity to the farther or unseen hemisphere of the moon, needs serious refutation. (The other two are Whiston's theory, that a comet carried off the lunar seas and air; and the theory — whose author is unknown to us — that the lunar seas, and later the lunar atmosphere, have been frozen through the in-

tensity of cold, to which, in the long lunar nights, the moon is exposed.) But this theory is no longer entertained by astronomers, simply because it has been shown that the peculiarity of the moon's shape which had suggested the theory has been found, first, to have no real existence; and, secondly, to be incapable, if it existed, of exercising the supposed effect.\*

The theory independently advanced by the four students of science named above is simply this, that seas formerly existing on the surface of the moon have been gradually withdrawn into the moon's interior, and that a similar process, but chemical rather than mechanical, has led to the withdrawal of the greater portion of the air which formerly enveloped the moon's frame.

It may be well, first, to inquire whether the moon is likely to have had originally an atmosphere of considerable density and oceans of considerable extent. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the materials of the moon's mass (including air and water) were originally proportioned as to quantity very much like those of our earth's mass, it is easily seen that the quantity of air above each square mile of the moon's surface, at the time when the moon had reached the stage of planetary development through which our earth is now passing, must have been very much less than

\* The idea was that the moon, though nearly spherical, is somewhat egg-shaped, the smaller end of the egg-shaped figure being directed towards our earth. Now, while it is perfectly clear that on this supposition the greater part of the moon's visible half would be of the nature of a gigantic elevation above the mean level, and would therefore be denuded (or might be denuded) of its seas and the denser parts of the air formerly covering it, yet it is equally clear that all round the base of this monstrous lunar elevation the seas would be gathered together, and the air would be at its densest. But it is precisely round the base of this part of the moon, or, in other words, round the border of the visible lunar hemisphere, that we should have the best chance of perceiving the effects of air and seas, if any really existed; and it is because of the absolute absence of all evidence of the kind that astronomers regard the moon as having no seas and very little air. It is worthy of notice that Hansen's theory was anticipated by the author of that clever little pamphlet called "The Lunar Hoax," who places the human inhabitants (the Bat-men) in the regions near the edge of the lunar disc, on the strength of some such views as Hansen advanced a quarter of a century later. Recently the *Chicago Times* published several columns of lunar-hoax matter, purporting to be an account of observations made in France with a new and exceedingly powerful reflecting telescope. The observations made with this instrument showed a number of lunar folks, whose movements rendered it manifest that they were prisoners undergoing some kind of penal servitude, the visible lunar hemisphere being a sort of Botany Bay or Cayenne for lunar offenders, while the other hemisphere is a comfortable place of abode for good moon people. But what an unhappy state of things is here suggested! Conceive a world, one half of whose surface is required as an abode for its malefactors!

the quantity of air now existing above each square mile of the earth's surface. For, the moon's mass being about an eighty-first part of the earth's, the mass of the lunar air must have been about an eighty-first part of the mass of our present atmosphere. But the moon's surface bears a much greater proportion to the earth's, being about a thirteenth. Whence it follows that, on the assumptions we have made, the quantity of air above each square mile of the moon's surface would be only about one sixth part of the quantity above each square mile of the earth's surface. And this air being drawn downwards only by lunar gravity, which has but about a sixth part of the energy of our terrestrial gravity, would be less compressed in the same degree on this account. One sixth of the quantity of air being thus compressed with one sixth the amount of force, it is clear that the density of the lunar air in that stage of the moon's existence would only be about one thirty-sixth of the density of our air. Similar reasoning applies to the water, except as to the compression under lunar gravity. The average quantity of water to each square mile of the moon's surface would be but about one-sixth part of the quantity there is for each square mile of the earth's surface. The relative extent of the lunar oceans would not be less in precisely the same degree, however. For, speaking generally, the bed of the ocean slopes downwards from the shore-line in such a way that more than half, or a third, or a fourth, or so on, would have to be removed to diminish the surface by a half, a third, or a fourth, or so on, respectively. We may illustrate our meaning here by considering the relation between the quantity of water in a wineglass (supposed to be cone-shaped) and the surface of the water. Suppose the wineglass full at first, and the circular surface of the water to be three square inches, then if five-sixths of the water are thrown out, so that only one-sixth remains, the surface will not be reduced to one-sixth its former extent—that is, to one-half of a square inch—but will be about nine-tenths of a square inch. It is clear that in the case of an ocean having a bottom very steeply sloping near the shore-line, and nearly level elsewhere, a large proportion of the water might be drawn off, and the ocean surface still remain almost as great as before. We may assume as a mean and sufficiently probable hypothesis that the lunar oceans had a relative surface equal to between one-half and one-third of the present relative sur-

face of the terrestrial oceans. That is to say, our oceans covering about seventy-two hundredths of the entire surface of the earth, we may assume that the lunar oceans covered between thirty-six and twenty-four hundredths of the entire surface of the moon. It will be seen presently that some importance attaches to this question of the probable surface of the seas on the moon, a portion of the evidence for the theory we are examining depending on this relation.

Let us next consider in what way the withdrawal of the lunar oceans into the moon's interior probably took place. On this point, Frankland's presentation of the theory is undoubtedly defective. In fact, it has been the weakness of the theory in this respect, as presented in England, which has in all probability prevented it from receiving the attention here which it fairly deserves. "The cooling of the moon's mass must," said Frankland, "in accordance with all analogy, have been attended with contraction, which can scarcely be conceived as occurring without the development of a cavernous structure in the interior. Much of the cavernous structure would doubtless communicate, by means of fissures, with the surface, and thus there would be provided an internal receptacle for the ocean, from the depths of which even the burning sun of the long lunar day would be totally unable to dislodge more than traces of its vapor." And he proceeds thus to analyze the amount of space which would be rendered available for the retreat of the lunar oceans. "Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration through only 180° of the Fahrenheit thermometer (the difference between the boiling and the freezing points) would create cellular space equal to nearly fourteen and a half millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the mass of the moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth."

But in reality no such cavernous structure could possibly be developed in the interior of a planet like the moon. Frankland's mistake, here is similar to that made by Brewster and others, who have suggested that possibly the small mean density of the outer planets might be due to the existence of great void spaces in the interior of those bodies. So soon, however, as we make the roughest calculation of the pressures existing in the interior of



even a small planet like the moon, we perceive that there could be no cavities. The most solid materials—steel, adamant, platinum—become plastic under pressures far less than those brought into action by the attractive energy of a planet's mass upon all parts of its interior, except those not far from the surface. Be it noticed that it is not, as some seem to suppose who have written on this subject, the force of gravity at different depths which has to be considered. *That* diminishes as the centre of the planet is approached. What we have really to consider is the pressure produced by the weight of the superincumbent mass above any given level, and this of course becomes greater and greater as the depth below the surface increases. If the rigidity of the solid substances forming the solid crust of a planet were such that any amount of pressure could be borne without impairing it, then of course the various layers of the crust would form a series of arches, stronger and stronger with approach to the centre, because of the increased compression, and therefore the increased density of their substance. There is no *a priori* reason, perhaps, why this should not be so. Compression, for example, *might* increase the rigidity or force-resisting power of the materials of the earth's substance in such sort that mines might be dug to any depth, and horizontal tunnelling carried out from the lowest parts of any mine. But experiment shows that the fact is otherwise. Under great pressures the most solid substances become plastic. Steel behaved like a liquid in Tresca's experiments, affording the most conclusive evidence that at a depth of ten or twelve miles no steel walls, however massive, could defend a cavernous space from the surrounding pressures, which would simply crush in the steel until it formed one solid mass without interstices—at least with no interstices which could be seen if the steel were afterwards brought up from that depth to be cut open and examined. It will be readily understood that at the depth of ten or twelve miles there can be no caverns into which the water of the oceans could be bodily withdrawn. Extending similar considerations to the moon, we perceive that there can be no caverns in the moon's interior, at a greater depth than sixty or seventy, or at the utmost one hundred, miles. Now one hundred miles is less than the twentieth part of the moon's diameter, and the entire mass of the moon exceeds the mass of the outmost layer (to a depth of

one hundred miles) in about the proportion of four to one. So that even on the assumption that all the external parts of the moon, to the depth of one hundred miles, contracted in such a way as to leave cavernous spaces in the manner conceived by Frankland, there would not be nearly enough space for the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the moon's mass which our ocean bears to the mass of the earth.

But though cavernous spaces would not form throughout the interior of a planet, room would yet be found, even to the degree conceived by Frankland, for the waters of the planet. The greatest possible pressure to which the most solid rock can be exposed would not fill the capillary spaces which exist throughout the material of the rock, while the pressure on the water at great depths would force it into even minuter than capillary spaces. This has been conclusively shown during experiments entered upon for another purpose, viz., to determine the compressibility of water. For when in 1661 Florentine academicians tried to compress water which had been enclosed within a globular shell of gold, they found that the water under great pressure forced its way through the pores of the gold, and stood on the outside of the globe like dew; and since that time the experiment has been repeated with globes of other metals, a similar result being obtained.

It follows from these considerations, that, as a planet cools, more and more space is formed for the retreat of the planet's seas; and that in all probability in the extreme old age of a planet, when its whole frame to the very centre has been sufficiently cooled, space enough is thus formed to hold all the water which had once adorned the planet's surface.

If we consider the whole history of the moon's cooling, partly as indicated by her actual aspect, partly by the evidence given by the aspect of other planets, and partly as justly inferrible from the laws of physics, we shall find abundant reason for believing that *her* seas at any rate might thus have been withdrawn. During the earlier stages of a planet's history, considered in the essay entitled "When the Seas were Young," the seas are floating in the form of cloud and vapor above the planet's surface. In the next stage, when the crust is still hot, but not too hot for the waters to rest upon it, the process of cooling must take place more rapidly in the crust of the planet than in the planet's interior. All this time, then, the crust would be con-



tracting upon the nucleus — a process which would leave no cavernous spaces between the crust and the nucleus for the waters to retreat to. From time to time the contracting crust would give way, exactly as a non-contracting crust would give way under the pressure of an expanding nucleus. The scene of such a catastrophe would be marked thereafter by a great crater at the place where the crust first gave way, and a series of radiating streaks marking the places where the crust was split open all around that spot. The signs of events such as these in the moon's earlier history are very manifest. There is the great lunar crater Tycho, which is clearly visible to the naked eye, near the lower part of the disc of the moon; and from this as a centre radiations extend in all directions, some of which run right across the visible lunar hemisphere, and probably extend right round the moon. These also can be seen with the naked eye; and they are so well marked in photographs of the moon that some supposed the earlier photographs by Draper and Rutherford in America, and by De la Rue in this country, were in reality only photographs of a peeled orange, the crater Tycho representing one end of the core, and the radiations corresponding to divisions between the sections of the orange. Besides this most remarkable case, there are six others, centres of radiating streaks on the moon's visible hemisphere, and doubtless others upon the unseen hemisphere. We have here clear evidence of the tremendous nature of the forces which were at work throughout the moon's frame in the earlier stages of her history, the disturbance in particular by which the radiations from Tycho were made having apparently wracked the whole frame of the moon. Directly, indeed, these considerations do not affect the theory we are considering, because no large portion of the lunar seas can by any possibility have retreated beneath the surface during this stage of her existence. But as showing the enormous store of heat which existed at that time (by far the larger part of which must have remained unexhausted when the next stage began) the consideration of these amazing evidences of disturbance has an important though indirect bearing on our subject.

After the crust had parted with the greater portion of the heat which it had possessed when first formed, it would cool and therefore would contract but slowly. The nucleus, on the other hand, which had before contracted more slowly than

the crust, would now contract more rapidly, leaving spaces between itself and the crust. And then two things would happen. One would be the manifestation of vulcanian energy in consequence of the heat generated by the crust as it crushed its way downwards upon the retreating nucleus. The other would be the influx of water wherever it found access to the cavernous spaces between the crust and the nucleus. It is probable that before this vulcanian era of the moon's history was completed a considerable portion of the lunar waters had taken its place permanently beneath the crust. It should be noticed that this era corresponds with a part of the earth's existence which is as yet far from being completed, even if it can be regarded as much more than begun. It is far from unlikely that the era during which a planet's crust is thus kept in constant activity by the retreating motion of the nucleus synchronizes with the period during which life exists on the planet's surface. During all this period, which may have lasted tens of millions of years, not only were portions of the waters of the moon gradually taking up their place in cavernous spaces between the crust and the retreating nucleus, but another process must have been at work to exhaust the lunar seas. When water falls upon a large land-surface in the form of rain, so that the surface is thoroughly drenched, a portion probably disappears permanently from the water-circulation of the globe. Of course, the greater portion is conveyed into the sea in the form of running water. Then, again, the drying of the surface means that the water which had moistened it is taken into the air again in the form of aqueous vapor. And this eventually assumes the form of visible cloud, and after sundry changes (during which it may many times in turn appear as cloud or disappear as vapor) it falls again in rain, and *may* be either restored in this way directly to the sea from which it came, or so fall on land-surface as to run into some stream communicating by brook, rivulet, river, and estuary with the ocean. And some portion of the water which falls on land-surfaces, passing below the surface, feeds internal streams, and eventually appears again in the form of spring-water. But it cannot be doubted that a portion of the water which falls on dry land soaks its way downwards, very slowly, perhaps, but steadily and continuously, thus removing itself from sight, and *pro tanto* diminishing the planet's surface-waters.

How much of the water would be re-

moved by these causes, before the last stage of all began (at least the last change of a planet's existence as a body undergoing change) is not easily determined. Probably a quarter or a third of the water forming the original oceans of a planet might be withdrawn in one or other of these ways, leaving the rest to be removed during the refrigeration of the nucleus itself — a process requiring many millions, possibly hundreds of millions, of years for its completion.

In whatever way the withdrawal of the lunar seas was accomplished, it is certain that every particle of water has disappeared from the surface of the moon; and as there are clear signs of the former existence of extensive lunar seas, apart from the strong *a priori* considerations showing that the moon must once have had water on her surface, we have little choice but to admit that the waters of the moon have been withdrawn by such gradual processes as have been described above, and consequently that the era of the moon's existence as a habitable world is really removed from the present epoch by the enormous time-intervals required for the completion of those processes. In fact, we can see clearly pictured on the moon's face the evidence which shows that she has passed through all the stages of planetary life, from the time when her whole frame was glowing with intensity of heat, down to the period when she had reached the condition which our earth in the remote future must attain — that of a cold dead orb, neither living itself (regarding physical changes as corresponding with vitality) nor capable of being the abode of living creatures. Extending the range of our survey, we find in the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, the evidence of an earlier stage than any of which the moon's present aspect affords direct evidence. The sun presents a yet earlier stage, while the gaseous nebulae or masses of luminous star-vapor scattered through the immensity of space illustrate the earliest of all stages of cosmical existence of which we have any direct evidence. On the other hand we see in Mars, with his small ocean-surface and rare atmosphere, the picture of a stage intermediate between that through which the earth is now passing, and the decrepit or death-like condition of the moon. Mercury, if we could examine his condition more satisfactorily than is the case, would probably illustrate a stage somewhat nearer to the moon's present condition. Venus, on the other hand, so far as can be judged, though a somewhat

smaller planet than the earth, is in a somewhat earlier stage of planetary existence.

Although the moon may be regarded as to all intents and purposes dead, it must not be supposed that no changes whatever take place upon her surface. On the contrary, some of the peculiarities of the moon's condition must tend to cause even more rapid changes of certain orders than take place in the case of our own earth. Thus the great length of the lunar day, and the moon's waterless condition and rare atmosphere, must help to cause a comparatively rapid crumbling of the moon's surface. During the long and intensely hot lunar day the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand considerably, for it is raised to a degree of heat exceeding that of boiling water. During the long lunar night the surface is exposed to a degree of refrigeration far exceeding that of the bitterest winter in the Arctic regions, and must contract correspondingly. This alternate expansion and contraction must gradually crumble away all the loftiest and steepest portions of the moon's surface, and will doubtless, in the long run — that is, some few hundreds of millions of years hence — destroy all the most marked irregularities of the moon's surface.

The cases of change which have been recognized by telescopists who have carefully studied the moon's surface, may all, without exception, be referred to this process of gradual but steady disintegration. The most remarkable case hitherto known, for example, the disappearance of the lunar crater Linné, is far better explained in this way than as the result of volcanic outburst. This case has recently been described as follows, by the present writer. In the lunar Sea of Serenity there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature, even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mädler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers (who has in fact given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing), found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scientific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mädler's small telescope; but though they found a crater it was nothing like the crater described by Mädler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible

with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. "The most plausible conjecture," said he, "as to the cause of this disappearance, seems to be the filling up of the crater from beneath, by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity casting no stray shadows." "But how tremendous the volcanic energy," we note in the passage referred to, "required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly incredible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had once been the floor of the crater. The forces at work on the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater-walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity." \*

That the kind of vitality evidenced by such changes as these still exists in the moon's frame, is not merely probable but certain. Other changes, however, which were once supposed to have been observed, must be dismissed as having had no real existence. The effects of various kinds of illusion have to be taken into account in considering such phenomena. Thus the theory that a process of monthly change, due perhaps to vegetation, affects the floor of the large lunar crater Plato (called by Hevelius the greater Black Lake), is now rejected, because the supposed change has been shown to be a mere effect of contrast. The apparent change is of this nature:—As the sun first begins to rise above the floor of the crater—or, in other words, as the light of the filling moon gradually flows over the crater—the floor appears bright, getting brighter and brighter as the sun rises higher and higher, up to a certain point. But afterwards the floor darkens,

becoming darkest towards lunar midday. Lastly, as the lunar afternoon progresses, the floor of Plato gets gradually lighter again. The midday darkening was attributed to some process of vegetation or else to chemical changes. It has no real existence, however, but is due simply to the effect of contrast with the great brightness of the crater-wall all around, which is formed of some very white substance, and looks peculiarly bright and lustrous at the time of lunar midday, so that contrasted with it the floor looks peculiarly dark. On the other hand, during the morning and evening hours, the black shadow of the crater wall is thrown across the floor, which by contrast looks brighter than it really is. This explanation has indeed been denied very confidently by some who formerly advocated the theory that lunar vegetation causes the darkening of the floor; but there can be no doubt of its justice, for no one (not prejudiced in favor of a theory) who has tested the matter experimentally, eliminating the effects of contrast, has failed to find that there is no real darkening of the floor of Plato.

It seems as certain as any matter not admitting of actual demonstration can be that the moon is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Her frame is indeed still undergoing processes of material change, but these afford no more evidence of real planetary life than the changes affecting a dead body are signs of still lingering vitality. Again, it seems certain that the processes through which the moon has passed in her progress towards planetary death, must be passed through in turn by all the members of the solar system, and finally by the sun himself. Every one of these orbs is constantly radiating its heat into space, not indeed to be actually lost, but still in such sort as to reduce all to the same dead level of temperature, whereas vitality depends on differences of temperature. Every orb in space, then, is tending steadily onwards towards cosmical death. And, so far as our power of understanding or even of conceiving the universe is concerned, it seems as though this tendency of every individual body in the universe towards death involved the tendency towards death of the universe itself. It may indeed be said that since the universe is of necessity infinite, whereas we are finite, we cannot reason in this way from what we can understand, or conceive, to conclusions respecting the universe, which we cannot even conceive, far less understand. Still it must be admitted,

\* The present writer, in the *Spectator* for June 24, 1876.

that, so far as our reasoning powers can be relied upon at all, the inference, from what we know, appears a just one, that the life of the universe will have practically departed when the largest and therefore longest-lived of all the orbs peopling space has passed on to the stage of cosmical death. So far as we know, there is but one way of escape from this seemingly demonstrated, but in reality incredible, conclusion. May it not be that as men have erred in former times in regarding the earth as the centre of the universe, as they have erred in regarding this period of time through which the earth is now passing as though it were central in all time, so possibly they may have erred in regarding the universe we live in, and can alone comprehend, as though it were the only universe? May there not be a higher order of universe than ours, to which ours bears some such relation as the ether of space bears to the matter of our universe? and may there not, above that higher order, be higher and higher orders of universe, absolutely without limit? And, in like manner, may not the ether of space, of which we know only indirectly though very certainly, be the material substance of a universe next below ours,\* while below that are lower and lower orders of universe absolutely without limit? And, as the seemingly wasted energies of our universe are poured into the universe next below ours, may it not well be that our universe receives the supplies of energy wasted (in seeming) from the universe next in order above it? So that, instead of the absolute beginning and the absolute end which we had seemed to recognize, there may be in reality but a continual interchange between the various orders of universe constituting the true universe, these orders being infinite in number even as each one of them is infinite in extent. We find ourselves lost, no doubt, in the contemplation of these multiplied infinities; but we are equally lost in the contemplation of the unquestioned infinities of space and time amidst which our little lives are cast, while the mystery of infinite waste, which seems so inscrutable when we consider the universe as we know it, finds a possible interpretation when we admit the existence of other orders of universe than the order to which our lives belong. Thus should we find a new argument for the teaching of the poet who has said, —

\* The work called "The Unseen Universe," presents a portion of the evidence to this effect, but unfortunately the style of that work is not sufficiently lucid to bring its reasoning within the range of the general non-scientific reader.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster;

a new significance in the vision of him who said, —

See all things with each other blending,  
Each to all its being lending,  
All on each in turn depending;  
Heavenly ministers descending,  
And again to heaven uptending,  
Floating, mingling, interweaving,  
Rising, sinking, and receiving —  
Each from each, while each is giving  
On to each, and each relieving  
Each — the pails of gold; the living  
Current through the air is heaving;  
Breathing blessings see them bending,  
Balanced worlds from change defending,  
While everywhere diffus'd is harmony unending.

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HAND OF FATE.

THE afternoon was still, softer, brighter, warmer than the morning; the wind went down, and turned into the softest puff of a caressing breeze; the white caps of the waves melted away into a delicious ripple which crisped without agitating the broad, blue, sunny surface of the water. Over head a few flitting specks of white cloud sailed softly by like motes upon the unfathomable blue in which one lost one's self when one looked up. What a day it was! and what a strange dream of happiness to be floating there, between one blue and the other, suspended in that liquid world of air between the two, with soft blessedness of motion, and delicious tinkle of sound, and caressing of the air and of the sun! It was not too warm nor too bright, nor too anything, for the two who were afloat upon that summer sea. Their boat glided along as it pleased, with a little white sail to catch the little air that was blowing; and kind fortune watched over the voyage to see that no harm came — kind fortune, or some of the younger angels who watch over true lovers, for the captain of the little craft gave but small attention to the helm. Fortunately, the sea was broad, and they were out of the way of the many vessels issuing from

the Thames, the sight of which as they floated downward, with white sails wooing the breeze, or even with fussy paddle wheels or creaking screw which defied it, added, as far as sight could add, a certain additional charm to the blessedness of these two. They were like emblems of the race afloat upon that soft brightness at the edge of ocean, tempting the wind should it rise, tempting the waves should any storm caprice seize them to toss the unwary dreamers into peril, but heeding nothing, taking the sweet calm and the delight of peaceful nature for granted, and making everything subsidiary to their happiness. Never had the young man known such a soft climax of happiness; never had the young girl received out of the stepdame hands of Life, so bare and spare to her hitherto, anything at all resembling this hour. It was the first taste of the elixir and cordial which makes the fainting live, and transforms all heaven and earth to the young. Happiness! we can all live without it, and most of us manage to do so very fairly; but when it comes, what a change it makes! Agnes had never known that penetrating, exquisite touch from heaven, which transcends all vulgar things. Since she had been a child, happy without knowing why, the conditions of life had not been sweet to her — flat and dreary and dull, and without fellowship had been most of those youthful days which are so much longer than days ever are afterwards. But now! the flat preface had surely been designed by heaven on purpose to throw up into fuller loveliness this day of days. Had any one ever been so happy before? with the sun, and the sea, and the soft air, and nature, tender mother, all smiling, caressing, helping, as if there was any need to help! as if the chief fact of all was not enough to make the dullest skies and greyest space resplendent. Agnes felt herself the spoiled child of heaven. She looked up into the wonderful blue above, tears coming to her eyes and thanks into her heart. Was it not the hand of God that had turned all her life into joy and brightness — what else? when she had not been serving him as she ought. But that was heaven's celestial way; and oh with what fervor of grateful love, with what devotion and tender zeal of thanksgiving would not she serve him now! "Yes," she said, when Oswald displayed before her his pictures of happiness, and told where he would take her, how they should live, with what beautiful surroundings, amid what pleasures and

sweetness and delight. "Yes!" It was all a dream of impossible blessedness sure to come true; "but we must still think of the poor," she said, looking at him with those sweetest tears in her eyes. He called her all kinds of heavenly names in the admiration of his young love — "angel," as all lovers call all beloveds; and both of them felt a touch of tender goodness in them in addition to every other blessedness. Yes! they would think of the poor; they would help all who wanted help; they would be tender, very tender, of the unhappy. Were there, indeed, still unhappy people in the world? with what awe of reverent pity these two thought of them, would have succored them, served them on their own knees! This thought served to give a kind of consecration to their own height of visionary joy.

And yet there was one little thing that disturbed them both, which was no less and no more than the cap and poke bonnet which Agnes wore. She took them off as they floated along, and threw a white handkerchief over her head, which made her look more like a Perugino than ever; and then Oswald produced out of his pocket a letter-case which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, full of verses and scraps of composition, and read to her the lines which he had gone over so often: —

From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung  
Fair face!

With what a glow of happy yet subdued brightness the fair face was illuminated as he read! Agnes, who never had written a line, had a far more poetical mind than he had, who span them by the mile. Some mysterious tide seemed to rise in her veins as the words fell on her ears. It was all poetry, — the situation, the scene, the voice, the wonderful incredible joy that had come to her beyond all expectation. She sat as in a dream, but it was a dream that was true; and the sunshiny sea stretched round them, and the soft air caressed them, and the soft ripples of water tinkled against the boat with silvery, delicious sound, and the sky, unfathomable, awful, yet lovely, stretched over them. They were alone, absolutely free from all interruption, and the charmed hours flew. Oswald had provisioned the boat as he could, while she went to say good-bye to her little charge, and to announce her intention of returning early to town. Agnes had eluded the kind sisters, making a guilty pretence of having no time to see them. It was wrong, and a sense

of guilt was in her heart ; but the temptation was so great. He was her betrothed ; there was no real *wrong* in these few sweet hours together ; and he had pleaded so anxiously, and would have been so unhappy, so much disappointed, had she refused him. So nature won the day, as nature does so often, and this was the result. They ate a celestial meal together, biscuits and a little wine, which even in the happiness of the moment Oswald recognized as bad. They had floated out to the horn of the bay, and there lay moving softly with the gentle lapping of the water, wishing for no more, too happy in the moment to desire any change.

At last, however, the sunset became too apparent, attracting their notice with its low lines of gold that came into their very eyes, low as they were upon the surface of the sea. Agnes had no watch, and Oswald would not look at his. "There is plenty of time," he said ; "we shall get our train, too soon : let us have as much of this as we can ;" and Agnes assented timidly. "So long as we make sure of our train." "Perhaps there may never be such a day again," she added softly, under her breath.

"Better days, darling — hundreds of them," he said, and then looking at her, began to repeat softly poetry which was very different from his own : —

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a nun,  
Breathless with adoration ; the bright sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea.

These words hushed them, their pulses being toned to all manner of fantasies. The poetry was more real than the evening, and the evening more real than any thing in earth besides. And thus time glided, and the water rippled, and the sun went down, and the evening melted away.

"I am afraid we must get in now," he said, with a start, waking up. The long summer evening had just begun to wane, the first shadow coming into it from the east. Still all was bright, a high festival of color where the sunset had been, over the glowing sea towards the west ; but from the land the first chill of grey was already afloat, that told the approach of night. There was very little wind, but that was dead against their return, and so when Oswald took to the oars was the tide, which swept him round the horn of the bay with a special force of suction which he was not acquainted with. "All right," he said, "don't look frightened ; we'll let

ourselves drift past with the tide, and then run into the next little place. It is always a stopping train, and don't you remember we passed all those villages coming down?"

"But we did not stop," cried Agnes, dismayed.

"The last train stops everywhere," said the young man ; "you are not cold? Put your cloak round you ; and, ah, yes, the bonnet must go on again. I shall always love the bonnet. Yes, you shall keep one in your wardrobe, always ; there is nothing like it. 'The holy time is quiet as a nun——'"

"Oh," she said, "please do not think of anything but to get back ; if we should miss our train——"

"Is not this worth even missing a train?" he said, still looking at her. He was rowing indeed, and at last the boat was making way ; but what did he care? He was too happy to think about a train. But then, heaven help her, what was to become of *her* if this train was missed? Her face grew pale, then crimson, with the terrible thought.

"Oh, please, please ! do not delay ; yes, it has been delightful ; but my train ! What should I do? What would they say? Oh, for heaven's sake — for pity's sake !"

"If you said for love's sake — for your sake, Agnes——"

"Ah, I do!" she said, clasping her hands ; and he looked at her smiling, with eyes she could scarcely meet. He rowed, it is true — yes, rowed at last with a little energy ; but still smiled and talked, and would not see the anxiety that began to devour her. What was it to him? But to *her* ! She looked at him with beseeching eyes.

"Yes, darling," he said, "yes, sweet ; yes, my own !" and laughed, and looked, and made her face glow with his tender eyes. It was like throwing sugarplums to some one who was drowning. But Agnes was too much in love herself to be able to realize that this was not the best way of loving. It was very sweet, though it was almost cruel. How quickly the dusk seemed to steal on ! The color faded away bit by bit from the sky, the blue went out of the water, the wind grew a little chill — or was it only anxiety and terror that made her chill? She began to forget everything ; what had happened, and even *him*, in her anxiety to get to the shore. Her brain began to swim. What would become of her? what would they say? Oswald was half affronted at last



by her anxiety and silence, and swept along with long vigorous strokes that vindicated his character as an oarsman. Agnes sprang from the boat, almost neglecting his offered hand, when at last it grated upon the beach.

"I will run to the station," she cried, stumbling over the shingle, her heart beating, and dread in her soul. The train! the train! that was all she thought of; and oh, what would be thought of her? what had she been doing? She rushed along through the darkness, scarcely seeing where she went. Oswald had to stay behind, fuming, to settle about the boat, and engage some one to take it back. He overtook her only as she got to the station. A train was there just ready to start, about which he received rather unsatisfactory information; but she had seated herself in the dark corner of a second-class carriage before he got up to her. After a moment's pause he seated himself by her side. It was better, perhaps, at least to get as far on as they could — to get out of the village, which was quite near enough to the convalescent home to permit of gossip reaching that place; and by this time Oswald was as self-reproachful as could be desired. He went and sat down beside her, penitent. It was no trouble to him to take the blame on himself at any time, and Oswald, who had been subject to much mild blame all his life, though he had never done anything very wicked, knew that to take it upon yourself was to disarm your adversaries. He adopted this facile and touching method of self-defence.

"What a brute I am!" he said; "can you ever forgive me? to have risked your comfort, my darling, for pleasure to myself!"

"Oh no," she said, putting her hand timidly into his, which was held out for it. It seemed clear at once to Agnes that it was her fault.

"But yes," he said. "I ought to have been more thoughtful. Ah, forgive me, dearest! think what the temptation was. I have never had you to myself before. The day was too sweet to end; I was too happy; but I should have thought of you."

There was in this a subtle suggestion that she on her side had not been so happy — the delicatest shade of reproach — which Agnes could not bear.

"Oh, do not say so," she said, "as if I had not been — happy too." And then they were both silent, clasping each other's hands. "And we have not missed it after all," she added a moment after, with a quaver in her voice.

Oswald kept silence with a horrible misgiving. He knew, though she did not, that this was not the train she thought, and for once he was sincerely shocked and alarmed by the position he found himself in. All the way along, as the carriage rolled through the darkening twilight at a pace which seemed slow and tedious to travellers accustomed to express speed, he was trying to turn over in his mind the best thing to do, looking at her returning confidence and ease with a sense of guilt and horrible anticipations. What was to be done? There was a hope that a train which must pass the junction might be stopped by signal if this lumbering little branch would only push on its feeble engine fast enough. But if not — The perspiration came to his forehead in great drops. He had never before in his life been so confronted by the results of his own foolishness. He ought to have attended to all the symptoms of the waning afternoon; he ought to have listened to her appeal; he ought to have thought of something else than the pleasure of the moment, and a little lengthening out of the delightful day. Heretofore some happy chapter of accidents had always delivered Oswald from the penalty of his misdoings, or at the worst it had only been himself whom he had injured. But now the creature dearest to him in the world — the one whom he had chosen out of the world — was she to suffer for his foolishness? All that was manly in him was roused by the emergency. It may be supposed he was not a very entertaining companion during the long three quarters of an hour which it took them to reach the junction. It was almost dark, the soft dark of a summer night, when they were landed upon the desolate little platform, the sole travellers. One or two languid porters about were evidently waiting with impatience till this last disturber of their repose was cleared away. The day, which had been so deliciously fresh and sweet on the water, had been very hot inland, and the world in general was languid and anxious to be quite still and at rest.

"Wait here till I go and inquire," he said, depositing Agnes upon a seat. To be so far on her journey quieted her. She ceased to be anxious, supposing that the arrival of the other train was a simple matter of a few minutes' delay, and her mind floated back to the wonderful day just over, and to all the changes it would make in her life. She must tell Sister Mary Jane at once, who might shake her head



perhaps, but who would be pleased, Agnes thought, having long since assured her that she had no "vocation." And she must go home to the rectory, and make all known there, where, Agnes felt, there would be no great objection to parting with her, though her heart recoiled a little before all the questions, of what she thought a "worldly" description, that would be asked. She thought, as girls of a romantic turn often do, that all the fuss of marriage would be odious, and wished she could steal away quietly, and see nobody till all was over. How sweet that would be, she thought! without any "fuss," without the congratulations, the visits, the curiosity, the discussions about dress — all the vulgarities of the time. She sat in the corner where Oswald had placed her, running over all this prospect in her mind, at ease, though her heart was beating still with all that had just been, and all that must so soon be, for she must tell the sisters to-night, and to-morrow probably she would have to go home. Thus Agnes mused, not sorry to rest, but wondering a little why Oswald was so long away, and why there were no preparations for the train.

He came up to her in another minute so pale that even through the dark and dimness the girl was startled. "Is there an accident?" she cried. He seized her hand, and drawing it through his arm, led her away hastily beyond the gaze of the porters. "Oh, my darling!" he cried, "oh, Agnes, what will you say to me? It is my fault, and what can I do to mend it? The train has gone."

She gave a frightened cry, and drew her arm from his: then looked wildly up and down the lines of iron way, clasping her hands with a look first of unbelief, then of despair, that went to his heart. "Is it true? It cannot be true. Oh, what shall I do — what shall I do?" she cried.

And then, indeed, the whole horror of the position burst upon Oswald. A young woman — a young lady — in her peculiar dress remarked by everybody, left alone with him at a railway junction, night falling, no one to help them within reach, and no possibility, till the morning, of going either one way or the other, back to the sisters at Limpet Bay, or to the "house" in London, or to her own home where explanations could be made. It was nothing for him — that and a hundred escapades much worse than that would be forgiven to Oswald. But for her, what calamity worse than death, what horror of evil-speaking, was involved! He was more to

be pitied than she was at the moment, for he saw all that was to be feared with a clearer vision than hers, and felt that it was all his doing. His Perugino, his angel, his bride, his (all, in one word) Agnes, to be thus exposed to the world's jeers by him! The moment was bad enough for her, realizing as she did the painful interview at the "house," and more still, the scolding and suspicions of her mother, to whom all must be told in her turn; and not knowing what she could do for the moment, save sit there all through the night until the first morning train should come. But it was harder upon him, who was more acquainted with the ignoble part of the world than Agnes, and knew what people might say. She went away from him, trembling and crying, and sitting down once more on the rude bench, covered her face with her hands. What was she to do? As for Oswald, though it was (as he had just said a hundred times over) the happiest day of his life, this was perhaps the most terrible moment; for the question what he was to do was almost more difficult than for Agnes, since all the guilt was his.

At last he went to her and stood by her, grown timid, touching her shoulder softly with his hand. "Let me speak to you," he said. "Agnes — see, we are both in the same trouble, and I worse than you, for it is my fault. Darling, look here, you are going to marry me, anyhow, sooner or later. Why should not it be sooner, Agnes? Let me take you down to the inn and settle you comfortably — well, as comfortably as can be in this terrible scrape we have got into," he went on, his heart lightening a little as he saw that she listened to him, and encouraged even by the shake of her head at his suggestion, which she was too bewildered to understand at first. "Hush, dearest; hear me out. Then I will go up to town, and — get a license."

"No, no, no," she said once more, covering her face with her hands.

"Think a moment, darling. That is how it would end, anyhow. Well, it might be banns," said Oswald, gradually coming to the surface again, feeling his heart rise and a furtive smile come to his lips. "Think, only. In a week or two, in a month or two, this is what would happen, with nothing but fuss, and bother, and separation, and ceremony between. Agnes! oh, I know you are not just a girl like so many, that care for these foolish things, that like a fine wedding and all the folly of it. I will take you to the woman of the

inn, and put you in her care — and I will bring my mother if you please —”

“No, no,” she cried. “Your mother! Oh, she must not hear, must not see me like this.”

“But it is all my fault. Agnes, the license is far the shortest way. We will go quietly up to town and be married, and then what can any one say to us? They may say we have been silly. For my part, I think it is the wisest, by far the most sensible thing that any one could do,” said Oswald, getting up and up to his natural level of lightheartedness. Agnes seemed to feel her own heart sinking lower and lower as he spoke; but what was she to do?

“There’s an inn in the village, sir, that is clean and respectable,” said the station-master, coming up. “And I’m sorry to disturb you, and sorry for what’s happened, but you can’t keep the lady sitting out here; and the night’s getting a bit chilly, for the dew is heavy after such a day. And we’re going to shut up,” the man added, becoming imperative, as it were, in this postscript. Oswald asked when the first train stopped in the morning, while Agnes rose and stood by, her whole frame throbbing and thrilling. She whose life had been so calm and still, with never a shock or startling incident in it, no emergencies to call out her judgment, how was she to know now how to act in this terrible crisis which had come unexpected, without a moment’s preparation, into her life?

#### CHAPTER XL.

#### TWO — PARTED.

THIS early summer had been a time of little pleasure to any one in the square. Everything had seemed to go wrong from the day Miss Cherry went dolefully away, crying with wonder and disappointment to think that her darling should have been so unkind to her, and her brother fallen so completely out of her influence. Very hopefully she had come, prepared to do her duty, and sure at least of Cara’s sweet society and comfort, but as she drove away from the door Miss Cherry felt that this society was over forever. She had trusted in “the child” from Cara’s earliest days — and now the child shut up her heart, and would not, even after all she had seen with her own eyes, confide in her. She saw now how it was going to be. James would marry “that woman,” — which was the bitter name by which gentle Miss Cherry, so full of kindly charity,

had been driven by suspicion to call Mrs. Meredith, — and Cara would fall away from her own relations, and estrangement and doubt would take the place of affection. “Oh, that we had never seen them!” Miss Cherry said to herself, meaning the Meredith family generally — that “elderly siren” who had bewitched James, and that harum-scarum son who had persuaded Cara to bind herself to him without telling her nearest relations. For Edward Miss Cherry had a certain kindness. He had been very kind — he had behaved as young men used to do (she thought), as was becoming and respectful — and he too had been disappointed and wounded by the strange secrecy of the young pair, who had no motive to make them so desirous of concealing their engagement. Why should they conceal it? This was the most provoking, the most exasperating feature of all; there was no reason for concealment — the parents on either side would have been willing enough — no one would have thrown any obstacles in their way. Why had they made a mystery of it? And James? — Miss Cherry went down to the country with a sad heart. But it pained her infinitely to answer those questions which Miss Charity insisted upon having replies to. She could censure them herself in the recesses of her own bosom, but to hear others find fault with them was more than Miss Cherry could bear.

“You see I have got well without you,” Miss Charity said. “I hope you have done as well for James and his daughter, Cherry, as nature, without any assistance, has done for me.”

“Oh, they are very well, thank you,” said Miss Cherry, with a tremor. “Cara has a headache sometimes; but all girls have headaches — and as for James, he is in perfect health.”

“I was not thinking of his health. Is all safe about the other matter?”

“You know, her husband died,” said Miss Cherry, somewhat dreamily.

“What has that to do with it? A woman without a husband has just as much need to be circumspect as a woman with one. What are you insinuating, Cherry? I don’t understand you to-day?”

“Why should I insinuate — and what can I say? James was going away, because he could not make up his mind to give up going to her; but now — he means to stay.”

“So that is it!” said Miss Charity. She was not quite decorous in all her ways, but took the privilege of her age, and often

shocked her more scrupulous niece. She uttered a sound which was not unlike a low whistle of mingled astonishment and amusement. "So that is what it is! These men with broken hearts are *incroyable*, Cherry. And will she have him, I wonder?"

"Have him?" Miss Cherry echoed, with something which from her gentle lips was like scorn. She was over-severe in this case as naturally as in other cases she was over-charitable. "She had not seen her husband for I don't know how many years—there cannot be any very great grief on his account. And James goes there—every night."

"Ah! but I wonder if they'll care to marry," said the old lady; "that's different—I should think they would prefer not to marry——"

"Aunt Charity! James may be weak but he is not wicked. He would not do such a thing——"

"You are a little old maid, and you don't know anything about it," cried Miss Charity, peremptorily. She was an old maid herself, to speak by the book, but she thought she did understand. Miss Cherry said nothing of her other trouble. She went and got her knitting meekly, and settled down in the old way as if she had never left the Hill. Well! it was home, and this was her natural life, but when her old aunt, who was now quite strong again, went briskly out to the garden to look after the flowers and her gardener, Miss Cherry let her hands fall into her lap, and felt the stillness penetrate to her soul. The troubles of the square, the commotions and displeasures, Cara who would not open her heart, saucy Oswald who smiled in her face and defied her, poor Edward with his disappointment, and even James, who according to all appearance was going to marry again,—how angry she had been with them! how she had felt their different faults, crying to herself bitterly over them, and yet how she missed them! That was life; this, this—was *home*, which was quite a different thing. It was very wicked of her, very ungrateful to God who had given her such a lovely house, such a good kind aunt, nobody to trouble or disturb her; very ungrateful, very wicked. Had she not everything that heart could desire? and peace and quiet to enjoy it. Miss Cherry acknowledged all this—and cried. How still it was! nothing moving, nothing happening—and yet, ungrateful woman, to be so well off and not to appreciate it! What could she wish for more?—indeed,

Mrs. Burchell thought that she had a great deal too much, and that it was sinful for an unmarried woman without a family to be so well off as Miss Cherry was.

Meantime Cara, left alone in the square, fell into all the melancholy of her beginning. Oswald still came to see her from time to time in the morning, confiding to her all the steps of his progress, and receiving sometimes her sympathy, sometimes reproof, sometimes what they both called "advice." Though she had very good cause to be angry with him, yet it was very difficult to be angry with Oswald; for though he was so self-regarding, he was too light-hearted to be stigmatized with the harsher quality of selfishness. It came to the same thing often, but yet the name seemed too harsh. And he was Cara's only friend. She had not had time to form many acquaintanceships, and she was too shy to go by herself to return the calls, or even to accept the invitations of the people she did know. How was she to go anywhere? Her father took no interest, asked no questions—and Mrs. Meredith was no longer the confidant of everything that happened, to arrange all for her. Therefore she refused the invitations, and shrank more and more into her corner. Between her and Mrs. Meredith a great gulf had risen. Who had caused it or what had caused it no one could tell; but there it lay, separating them, causing embarrassment when they met, and driving them daily further and further apart. Mrs. Meredith was angry with Cara as Miss Cherry was. She saw no sense, no meaning, in the concealment which she too believed in; and it had done a positive wrong to Edward, who never, she felt sure, would have permitted himself to go so far had the position been definitely settled. Edward had resumed his work with greater energy than ever. He was going forward now for his final examination, after which very little interval was left. His mother could not think of it without tears. One of her two boys was thus lost to her—the half of her fortune so to speak, and more than the half, for Edward had gradually assumed all the kindly offices which Oswald had been too much self-occupied to undertake—and it was all Cara's fault. Thus they blamed each other, not saying a word except in their own hearts—as women will do, I suppose, till the end of time. Mrs. Meredith would have allowed, had you pressed her, that Oswald too was wrong; but in her heart she never thought of his fault, only of Cara's. It was Cara who had

done it; a little frankness on her part, natural confidence in one who was to be her mother, and who was so willing (Mrs. Meredith said to herself with genuine feeling) to accept that office, and care for the child and her comforts—how much evil might have been avoided had Cara possessed this quality, so winning in young people! Then Oswald would have been drawn closer to, instead of separated as he now seemed from, his family—then Edward would have checked himself in time, and his thoughts would have travelled in some other direction. All Cara's fault! With a real ache in her heart at the thought of the mischief done, this was what the elder woman thought. So that when Cara withdrew, wounded, and sad, and angry at the position in which she found herself, Mrs. Meredith made no effort to call her from her retirement. She was full of many reflections and questions of her own—and surely it was the part of the children to inform her of everything, to seek her consent, to conciliate her, not hers to do all this to them.

As for Edward he went no more to the house in which he had spent so many happy hours. Looking back at them now, how happy they seemed! No cloud seemed to have been on his sky when he sat there by the light of Cara's lamp, reading to her, seeing her through all his reading, feeling the charm of her presence. In reality they had been full of very mingled pleasure, and often the bitterness involved had overbalanced the sweetness; but he did not remember that now that they were past—they seemed to have been all happiness, a happiness lost forever. He made up for the loss, which seemed to have impoverished his whole life, by work. Fortunately he had lost ground which had to be recovered now, if he was to carry out his original intention about India, and he gave himself up to this with something like passion. All the evening through, in those hours which he used to spend with Cara, he worked, deadening himself, stupefying himself with this like a narcotic, exciting his brain to take the part of a counter-irritant against his heart. Now and then if the poor young fellow paused for a moment, a sudden softness would steal over him, a recollection of the room next door with Miss Cherry counting her stitches on the other side of the fire, and the soft rose-reflection on Cara's white dress. How could he defend himself against these remembrances? All at once, while his eyes were fixed on his book, this scene would come before him,

and lines of exasperating verse would tingle through him, reminding him of Elaine, and how she "loved him with that love that was her doom." Thus some malicious spirit played upon the boy.

I loved you and my love had no return,  
And therefore my true love has been my death.

No, he thought with a faint half-smile, it would not be his death. If such things happened once they did not happen now. It was not so easy to die. A man had got to live and make the best of it—to forget what was so near to him, yet so unattainable, and fix his thoughts on law-cases instead. This was the modern form of tragedy. To go and work, and to live, and do as other men did—yet never be as other men. Who does not know the poignant yet sweet misery that is in that thought: never to be as other men, to carry the wound all through one's life, to be struck with a delicate arrow which should vibrate in the wound forever! And then with renewed zeal he would plunge into his work. What notes he made, what reports he drew out, digests of the dreariest books, accounts of the dullest trials! I think he liked the dullest best; anything that was interesting, anything that had any humanity in it, seemed by some strange by-path or other to take him back to Cara. Poor boy! and then when it suddenly occurred to him that Cara was alone on the other side of the wall, the book would fall out of his hand or the pen from his fingers. She was alone as he was alone. Oswald, who ought to bear her company, was away somewhere following his own fancies, her aunt was gone, and her father was *here*. Then Edward trembled in mind and in body, under the force of the temptation to go to her, to cheer her, whatever might happen to him. He seemed to see her, lonely in a corner. She had not even work to do as he had, to force her from herself. How the poor boy's heart would beat! but then—if she were his he knew he would not fear solitude, nor dislike having nothing to do; to think of her would keep him happy; and perhaps if she loved Oswald as Edward loved her—this thought stung him back to his work again with greater energy than ever. Most likely she loved her solitude, which was sweet with recollections. Then there would break through all his law and all his labour a violent hot pulse of resentment. For Oswald's sake!—who went wandering about, gay and light-hearted, from club to club, from dinner to dinner,

and had not so much gratitude, so much decency, as to give one evening out of a dozen to her!

But Cara, as the reader knows, had not the consolation with which Edward credited her. Happiness of all kinds she thought had deserted her forever. There was not even a fire to keep her company, to make her an imitation of a companion. If one could choose the time to be unhappy it would be always best in winter, when one can cower over the glow of the fire, and get some comfort out of the warmth. It was like stealing away her last friend from her to take away her fire. When she sat in her usual place the dark fireplace seemed to glare at her like a kind of grave. And when she sat at the window, all the evening lights got into her eyes and drew tears, so sweet were they and wistful, even though it was but a London sky. Cara had once read a foolish little poem somewhere, in which the twilight was embodied in the form of a poor girl looking stealthily in at the open windows, to look for her lost lover, and sighing when she could not find him. At her age allegory is still beautiful, and the very dimness shadowed into visionary form about her, looking for something—for what? for happiness, that was lost and could not be found again, never could be found. She did not think any longer, as she had done at first with a half-superstitious tremor, of her mother who might be about, looking at her with anxious spiritual eyes, unable to make herself known. It was a lower level of thought upon which the girl had fallen—she had strayed from the high visionary ground, and had begun to think of herself. She wanted some one near, some voice, some touch, some soft words breaking the stillness; but these sweetnesses were not for her. By turns she too would study like Edward; but then she had no occasion to study, there was no bond of duty upon her. She read "Elaine" over again, poring over her book in the twilight, which was a congenial light to read by, and the same words which pursued Edward went thrilling through her also like the note of a nightingale floating through the dark—"Loved him with that love that was her fate"—but how fortune favored Elaine! what an end was hers! whereas there was nothing wonderful about poor little Cara, only a foolish mistake which she could not set right, which nobody cared enough about her to set right, and which must mar her whole life without remedy. The house was quite still, as it had been before

Miss Cherry came, but worse than that, for then there was no imbroglio, no web of falsehood about her poor little feet. Things had grown worse and worse for her as the days went on. She wrote little formal letters to the Hill saying that she and papa were quite well. She went out to take a walk every day with nurse, and according to the orders of that authority. She asked cook what there was to be for dinner, and agreed to it whatever it was. She made her father's coffee in the morning, and was very quiet, never disturbing him, saying yes or no, when he asked her any question, and sat at the other end of the table when he dined at home. He thought she was a very good little girl—not so clever as he had expected, but children so often grow up different from their promise—a very good little girl of the old-fashioned type, made to be seen and not heard. He had never been used to her, and did not require his child to sympathize with him or amuse him as some men do, and his mind was full of other things. It did occur to him as the summer went on that she was pale—"I think you ought to see Maxwell, Cara," he said; "you are looking very colorless; write a little note, and ask him to come to put you to rights."

"I am quite well, papa; I don't want Mr. Maxwell, or any one."

"Well, if you are sure—but you look pale; I will speak to Mrs. Meredith, and see what she thinks." Cara felt a sensation of anger at this suggestion. She denied again with much earnestness that there was anything the matter with her, and though the heat of her reply almost roused her father to real consideration, it did not after all go quite so far as that. He went to his library, and she to her drawing-room. The morning was the cheerful time of her day. It was the hour for Oswald, who came in quite pleasantly excited, and told her of the expedition he was going to make into the country on the chance of having an interview and explanation with his Agnes. Cara thought this was a very good thing to do. "She ought to know exactly what you feel about her," she said; "and oh, Oswald, you ought to tell everybody, and make an end of all these mysteries."

"That is one word for her and two for yourself, Cara," he said, laughing; "you want to be free of me. But no, wait just a little longer. Look here, I will send you the '*Vita Nuova*,' and there you will see that Dante had a screen to keep people from suspecting that it was Beatrice."

"I will not be your screen," said Cara with energy; "it is wicked of you to speak so."

"Why, it is in the '*Vita Nuova*'!" said Oswald, with indignant innocence; "but never mind, it will be over directly; and you shall come and see her, and help us. My mother must come too."

"I am glad of that. I am sure that Mrs. Meredith would go to-day if you were to ask her."

"Not to-day—let us get our holiday first. I want to see her blush and her surprise as she sees me, but after that you shall see how good and reasonable and correct I shall be."

He went away smiling. It was June, and the very atmosphere was a delight. He had brightened Cara for the moment, and she stepped out upon the balcony and breathed the sweet air, which was sweet even there. Oswald thought she was looking after him as he walked away, and was flattered by Cara's affection—and other people thought so too. As she looked down into the square she caught the eyes of Edward who had just come out, and who took it for granted that this was a little overflowing of tenderness on her part, a demonstration of happy love. He looked up at her almost sternly she thought, but he did not mean it so. He had grown pale and very serious these last few weeks. And he took off his hat to her without a word. Cara went in again as if she had received a blow. She covered her face with her hands and cried. Oh, if it really was in the "*Vita Nuova*"! Cara hoped the lady who was the screen for Beatrice did not feel it as she did—and what did it matter? that lady, whoever she was, must have been dead for hundreds of years. But *she* was alive, and this falsehood embittered her whole life.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### TWO—TO BE ONE.

JAMES BERESFORD was full of perturbation and troubled thoughts as well as his child. The romance of middle age is more difficult to manage than that of youth. It is less simple, less sure of its own aim; indeed, it has so often no aim at all, but cherishes itself for itself disinterestedly, as youthful sentiment never does. The death of Mr. Meredith had exercised a great, but at first undefined, influence on Mr. Beresford's affairs. He was as good as told by everybody that there was now no reason for putting restrictions

upon his friendship and intercourse with Mrs. Meredith, a thing which had been demanded of him as his duty a little while before; and he had accepted this assurance as an immediate relief, and had gladly fallen back into the old habits in which had lain so much of the comfort of his life. And he could not have left his friend, who had been so much to him in his trouble at this moment of distress for her. But there was something in the air which made him conscious of a change. He could not tell what it was; no one said anything to him; his own feelings were unaltered; and yet it was not the same. He evaded making any inquiry with himself into what had happened for some time; but the question was not to be evaded forever; and gradually he gleaned from all sides, from looks and significant words, and a hundred little unexpressed hints, that there was but one thing expected by everybody, and that was, with all the speed consistent with decency, a marriage between himself and his neighbor. Everybody took it for granted that the death of her husband was "a special providence" to make two good people happy; and that poor Mr. Meredith (though probably he had no such benevolent intention) could not have done a kinder thing than to take himself out of the way at this particular moment. There was not one of their mutual friends who did not think so; no one blamed the pair, whose friendship was supposed to have fallen into "a warmer feeling" in the most innocent way, without any intention of theirs, and who were ready to make the necessary sacrifice to propriety as soon as they found it out. What so natural as that this should have happened? An attractive and charming woman left in the position of a widow, year after year, by her uncongenial husband, and an intellectual, accomplished man, left alone in the prime of life, to whom in kindness she had opened her doors. Some people had shaken their heads, but everybody allowed that there was but one end to such an intimacy. And it was very seldom that anything so convenient happened in the world as the death of the husband so absolutely in the nick of time. Of course what would happen now was clear to the meanest apprehension. Probably being, as they were, excellent people both, and full of good feeling, they would wait the full year and show "every respect" to the dead man who had been so considerate of them; but that, at that or an earlier period, Mrs. Meredith would become Mrs.



Beresford, was a thing that every one felt convinced of, as sure as if it had already taken place.

It would be difficult to tell how this general conviction forced itself upon James Beresford's mind. The efforts which had to be made to send him away awoke him to a startled sense that his intimacy with his neighbor was regarded by his friends under a strange and uncomfortable light; and he had yielded to their efforts with no small agitation on his own part, and a sense of pain and desolation which made him ask himself whether they were right. Probably had he gone away, and Mrs. Meredith been forcibly separated from him, an unlawful object of affection, he would have ended by believing that they were right, and that the consolation and comfort and pleasures of his intercourse with her had grown into "a warmer feeling." But now that Mr. Meredith was well out of the way, and even the excitement attending his end over, he was by no means so clear in his mind, and the subject became one of great trouble and complication. Somehow it seems always possible, always within the modesties of nature even to the least vain of men, or women, that some other, any other, may regard him (or her) with a specially favorable eye. No one does wrong in loving us, nor are we disposed to blame them for it. So that there was perhaps a time in which Mr. Beresford took his friends' opinion for granted, and was not unprepared to believe that perhaps Mrs. Meredith would be happy in being his wife; and that, in his state of mind, was a final argument against which nothing could be said. But lately he had begun to doubt this; his coming did not clear away the clouds that had invaded her brows. She would strike into sudden talk about Edward and his going away, when her friend with much delicacy and anxiety was endeavoring to sound her feelings. She seemed unconscious of his investigation — her mind was pre-occupied. Sometimes, on the other hand, she would betray a certain uneasiness, and change the subject in a way that betrayed her consciousness; but that was only when her mind was quite free. From the time when she began to have a grievance, an anxiety of her own, she escaped from the most cautious wiles of his scrutiny. She was more occupied by thoughts of her son, than by thoughts of him. Was this consistent with *love*? Poor James Beresford, feeling that this would decide him in a moment, could he know, one way or another, what her feelings were, was

thus thrown out and forced to fall back upon his own.

And what were his own? A maze of conflicting ideas, wishes, prejudices, and traditions of old affection. There was nothing in the world he would not have given up cheerfully rather than lose this sweet friend — this consoler and sympathizer in all his troubles. But he did not want her to be his wife; he did not want to have any new wife. His Annie, it might be, had faded into a distant shadow; but that shadow represented to him a whole world past and over, the world of love and active, brilliant, joyous happiness. His nature, too, had fallen into the shadows — he did not want that kind of happiness now; one passion had been enough for him; he wanted a friend, and that he had — he did not want anything more. And the idea of disturbing all the unity of his life by a second beginning gave him a smart shock. Can a man have more wives than one? Can he have more lives than one? He was a fanciful man, of fastidious mind, and with many niceties of feeling such as ruder minds call fantastic. He shrank from the thought of banishing from his house even the shadow and name of her who was gone. To be sure if he could make up his mind that *she* wished it, all these resolutions would have gone to the winds; and it is very likely that he would have been very happy, happier than he could ever be otherwise. But then he could not make her feelings out. Would she go visibly away from him, even while he was sitting by her, into her troubles about Edward, eyes and heart alike growing blank to him, and full of her boy, if she had given to him a place above her boys in her affections? Surely no. I would not even assert that there was not the slightest possible suspicion of pique in this conclusion, for the man would have been flattered to know that the woman loved him, even though he was conscious that he did not so regard her. But "the warmer feeling" of which all their friends were so sure, of which everybody concluded that it had grown unconsciously *en tout bien et tout honneur* out of that friendship which the world holds to be impossible between man and woman, was just the one thing about which the principal person concerned could have no certainty at all. He knew what the friendship was — it was almost life to him; it was his strongest support, his best consolation; it was the only thing that could make a second, a kind of serious sweet successor, to the love that was never to



come again; but it was not that love — certainly not in his heart — so far as he could make out, not in hers either; but who could tell? Weak man! he would rather have preferred that she should have felt differently, and that it should have been his duty to marry for her sake.

His life had settled down into all its old lines since Mr. Meredith's death. He had his business about the societies — his meetings — his lectures to arrange — sometimes his articles to write. Now and then he dined out in the best and most learned of company. He was pointed out to the ignorant when he went into society as a distinguished person. He was in the front of the age, knowing a great deal more than most people knew, doing things that few people could do. His mornings were spent in these refined and dignified occupations; and when he dined out with his remarkable friends, or when he dined at home with only his silent little girl to keep him company, as regularly as the clock struck he knocked at the next door, and had his hour of gentle talk, of mutual confidence. They knew all about each other, these two; each could understand all the allusions the other made, all the surrounding incidents in the other's life. They talked as man and wife do, yet with a little element of unconvention, of independence, of freshness in the intercourse, which made it more piquant than that between man and wife. What could be more agreeable, more desirable, more pleasant? But to break off all this delightful ease of intercourse by some kind of antiquated courtship, by the fuss of marriage, by fictitious honeymooning, and disturbance of all their formed and regular habits of life, — what nonsense it would be, and all for the sake of their friends, not of themselves! But if *she* should wish it, of course that would give altogether another character to the affair.

This was what Mr. Beresford at last made up his mind to ascertain boldly one way or another. It was about the same time as Oswald, approaching the railway junction, was turning over his dilemma and seeing no way out of it. Mr. Beresford had been hearing a lecture, and was in a chastened state of mind. He had been hearing about the convulsions of the early world, and by what means the red-hot earth cooled down and settled itself, after all manner of heavings and boilings, into something of the aspect it wears. As he walked home he dwelt upon the wonderful grandeur of such phenomena. What did

it matter, after all, what happened to a few small insignificant persons on the crust which had formed over all these convulsions? What of their little weepings and lovings and momentary struggles, to one who could study such big and mighty strainings of force against force? A little while at the most, and the creatures who made so much fuss about their feelings would be a handful of dust; but volcanic action would go on forever. Notwithstanding this philosophy, however, it must be allowed that, whereas he had heard of these convulsions with the calmest bosom, his heart began to beat as he approached Mrs. Meredith's door. If the moon had tumbled out of the sky, or a boiling cauldron suddenly revealed itself in the earth, so long as it was at a safe distance, even Mr. Beresford, who was so fond of science, would not have cared a tenth part so much about it, as he did to know what his neighbor meant; which was inconsistent, but natural perhaps. The philosophy went out of his head as he approached the door. Little fusses of loving and of liking, momentary cross-lights, or, let us say, flickering farthing candles of human sentiment — what are they to the big forces that move the world? Is not a bit of chalk more interesting than all your revolutions and changes? — your petty sufferings, passions, heroisms, and the like? Mr. Beresford thought he believed all that, yet, heaven above! how calm he was when the chalk was under consideration, and how much perturbed when he went up the steps of the house next door!

"You have been out to-night?"

"Yes, I have been hearing Robinson — a remarkably interested, intelligent audience. Where are the boys? Edward should come — it would interest him."

"Edward is always at work. He is killing himself for this examination. I wish he could be interested in something less serious. Oswald has been away all day. I think he said he was going to the country. If we could only mix them up a little," said the mother, with an anxious smile — "to one a little more gravity, to the other a little more of his brother's light-heartedness."

Mr. Beresford did not say anything about the superior interest of volcanic action, as he might, nay, perhaps ought, to have done. He said instead, in the feeblest way, "That will come as they get older. You must give them time."

Mrs. Meredith did not say anything. She shook her head, but the faint smile on her face remained. There was noth-

ing tragical yet about either one or the other. Mr. Beresford was less calm than usual. He sat down and got up again; he took up books and threw them away; he fidgeted about the room from one point to another. At last even Mrs. Meredith's composure gave way. She jumped to one of those sudden conclusions which foolish women who are mothers are so apt to think of. It suddenly rushed upon her mind that some accident had happened to Oswald, and that Mr. Beresford had been sent to her to break the news.

"You are put out," she said; "something has happened. Oh, tell me — something about the boys? Oswald!"

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "Don't think it for a moment! The boys are perfectly well, I hope. I was going to ask you an odd sort of question, though," he added, with an awkward smile, rushing into the middle of the subject. "Did it never occur to you that you would be the better for having some one to help you with the boys?"

Now, there could not have been a more foolish question, for until a very short time back the boys' father had been in existence, and since then, there had been no time for the widow to take any such step. She looked at him with much surprise. "Some one to help me? Whom could I have to help me? Their poor dear father was too far away!"

"Ah! I forgot their father," said Mr. Beresford, with naïve innocence, and then there was a pause. He did not know how to begin again after that very evident downfall. "I mean, however, as a general question," he added, "what do you think? Should you approve of a woman in your own position — marrying, for instance — for her children's sake?"

"That is a curious question," she said, with a little laugh; but the surprise brought the color into her face. "I suppose it would depend on the woman. But I don't know," she added, after a moment, "how a woman could put her children into any stranger's — any *other* man's hands."

"Ah, a stranger! perhaps I did not mean a stranger."

"I don't think you know what you meant," she said, with a smile; but there was some terror in her eyes. She thought she knew what was coming. She was like him in her own sentiments, and still more like him in her speculations about himself. She had been brought to believe that he loved and wanted to marry her. And, if it could not be otherwise, she felt that she must consent; but she did not wish it any

more than he did. However, while he thought the best policy was to find out what ought to be at once, she was all for putting off, avoiding the consideration, trusting in something that might turn up. Mr. Beresford, however, had wound himself up to this interview, and was not to be put off.

"Between people of our sober years such questions may be discussed — may they not?" he said. "I wonder what *you* think really? There is nothing I so much wish to know — not the conventional things that everybody says — but what *you* think. You have been my other conscience for so long," he added, jesuitically, in order to conceal the cunning with which he was approaching the subject, asking for her opinion without specifying the subject on which he wanted it.

But she saw through him, with a little amusement at the artifice employed. He wanted to know what she thought without asking her. Fortunately, the being asked was the thing *she* wanted to avoid. But just when they had got to this critical point Edward came up-stairs. He was not friendly, as he had been, to his mother's friend; he came in with the gloom upon his face, and a look of weariness. Mr. Beresford heard the door open with great impatience of the new-comer, whoever it might be. Nothing could be more inopportune. He wished Edward in Calcutta, or wherever else it might be best for him to be on the other side of the seas. But, as for Mrs. Meredith, her attention fled on the moment to her boy. She forgot her friend and his questioning, and even the delicate position which she had realized, and the gravity of the relations which might ensue. All this went out of her mind in comparison with Edward's fatigued look. She got up and went to him, putting her hand very tenderly upon his shoulder.

"You have been working too long, dear. Oh, Edward, don't be so anxious to get away from me! You are working as if this was your dearest wish in the world."

"So it is," he said; "not to leave you, mother, but to feel that I am doing something, not merely learning or enjoying myself."

"Edward is quite right," said Mr. Beresford. "It is by far the most worthy feeling for a young man."

But Edward did not take this friendly support in a good spirit; he darted a half-savage glance at his backer-up.

"Oh, if you take it in that light, that is not what I meant," he said. "I am not

of that noble strain. It is not pure disinterestedness. I think it is a pity only to lose one's advantages, and I should have some advantages of connection and that sort of thing. At least, I suppose so; and it is what is called a fine career."

"Yes, it is a fine career."

"If it is fine to separate yourself from all you care for in the world," cried Mrs. Meredith, "from all who care for you — not only must we be left behind, but when you have got beyond me, when you have a family of your own —"

"Which I never shall have, mother."

"Nonsense! boys and girls say so, and end just like others; even your own, your very own must be taken from you. You must give up everything — and you call that a fine career."

"Men do, if women don't," said the young man, not looking at her. His heart was so wrung and sore that he could not keep the gloom off his face.

"And you don't care what women think? You might have put off that lesson till you were a little older. At your age what your mother thinks should surely be something to you still."

He gave her a look which was full of pain. Was that what he was thinking? Was he sure to care little for what women thought? "You know better, mother," he said, harshly. He was all rubbed the wrong way — thwarted, wearied, unhappy. "I only came for a book," he continued, after a moment, picking up the first one he got hold of, and then, with a little nod to the visitor, went up-stairs again. What did that visitor want here? Why did he leave his own house, and Cara alone — poor Cara! whom nobody loved as Edward did? It would be a great deal better for Mr. Beresford if he would stay at home. After this little episode Edward sat down stubborn and unyielding to his work again. What did it matter if a man was happy or unhappy? He had his day's work to get through all the same.

"Don't think him harsh. I am afraid my poor boy is not quite happy," said Mrs. Meredith, with tears in her eyes.

"That is nothing," he said. "I am not a friend of yesterday; but he came in when we were talking —"

"Ah yes," she said, but her eyes were still full of Edward; "what was it we were talking about?"

"I am afraid if you say that, it is sufficient answer to my question," said Mr. Beresford, more wounded than he could have supposed possible; for he wanted to

be first with her, though he did not wish it in the vulgar way that was supposed.

"You are not to be angry," she said, with a deprecating look, laying her hand softly on his arm; "you must not be hard upon me. When they are boys we wish them to be men, but anxiety grows with their growth; and now I think sometimes I should be glad to have them boys again."

"Boys, boys!" he exclaimed with natural impatience, "is that all you think of? Yet there are other interests in the world."

"How selfish I am!" she cried, rousing herself suddenly. "That is true. You must forgive me; but I am so used to talk to you of everything, whatever is in my heart."

This melted him once more. "Yes," he said, "we talk to each other of everything; we have no secrets between us. There is nothing in the world I would not do for you, nor you, I think, for me. Do you know what people are thinking about you and me? They think that being so near we should be nearer; that we might help one another better. That was what I wanted to ask you. Don't you think it is so?"

He wanted her to commit herself first, and she was willing enough that he should commit himself, but not that she should. She was embarrassed, yet she met his eyes with a half smile.

"I think it is not a case for heeding what people think. Are we not very well as we are? How could we be better than as fast friends, friends through fire and water?"

"That we should always be," he said, grasping her hand, "that we should always be; and yet without becoming less we might be more. Speak to me frankly, dear; you know all my heart. Do not you think so too?"

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A GREAT REVOLUTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the directness of this questioning, it was by no means a direct reply which Mr. Beresford got from Mrs. Meredith. It was not a refusal, but neither was it a consent. "Let us not do anything rashly," and "I think we are very well as we are," was what she said, and yet the change was certainly a step nearer accomplishment now that the possibility of it had been mentioned between them. He had grown rather earnest in

pressing the expediency of this step as soon as the ice was fairly broken, and had been piqued by her reluctance into more warmth than he had expected himself to feel. Nevertheless, when he came back to his own house, uncomfortable matters of detail came into Mr. Beresford's mind, and annoyed him more than he could have believed, more than they were worth. About the houses, for instance; if this happened, they could not go on living next door to each other. Would she come to his, or should he go to hers? — if indeed the matter came to anything. This bothered him, and suggested many other details — changes of habit which would bother him still more. Altogether it was a troublesome business. He liked her best in her own drawing-room; but then he liked himself much best in his own library, and there were moments in which he felt disposed to denounce the fool who had first thought of any change. All things considered, how much better it would have been that they should remain as they were! but that was no longer to be thought of. How was he to tell Cara? How was she to tell her boys, upon whom she was so much more dependent than he was upon Cara? If the boys disapproved strenuously, then Mr. Beresford felt it would come to nothing after all; and in that case how much better to have said nothing! for he felt that he would not like to stand in the position of a man refused. So that altogether this middle-aged romance was not without its troubles; troubles — as, for instance, that about the houses — which you may laugh at if you please, but which involved much more personal embarrassment and inconvenience, you will allow, than many of the sentimental difficulties which you are ready to weep over in the romances of the young.

Mrs. Meredith was kept in some uneasiness also by the fact that Oswald did not return that night. The servants sat up for him, and lights burned all night in the house, affronting the dawn which came so early; but he did not appear. This was not at all usual; for Oswald, though he liked his own way, and was frivolous enough, had never been dissipated in the ordinary sense of that word; and what made it more unpleasant still was the fact that next day was Sunday, and that no communication either by telegram or letter was possible. This fact drove everything else out of Mrs. Meredith's head. When James Beresford went to her, she could talk of nothing but Oswald; where he

could have gone, how he might have been detained. That he had not sent them any news of his movements was easily explained. Sunday! "I would not say a word against Sunday," said poor Mrs. Meredith, who went to church dutifully as Sunday came; "but, oh! when one is anxious, when there is no post and no telegraph, what a day!" They were all telling her how easily explainable Oswald's absence was; and when they stopped explaining it to her, she herself would take up the parable, and protest that she knew exactly how it must have happened. It was all as clear as daylight. He had been detained by his friends, whoever they might happen to be, or he had lost the last train. It was Oswald's way to lose the last train, and no one had asked where he was going when he said he was going to the country. And, of course, it had been too late to telegraph on Saturday night, and how was he to know, a boy of his late habits, that the telegraph offices were open early on Sunday morning? All these explanations were most plausible — the worst of such things, however, is that, plausible as they are, they satisfy nobody. But it annoyed Mr. Beresford immensely to find that Oswald's unexpected absence took up all Mrs. Meredith's thoughts. She had no leisure for him, though surely he ought to have been at least as important as Oswald. Whatever he talked to her about, she replied to him with something about her boy. As if her boy could have come to any harm! as if it was not all his own levity and selfishness! Mr. Beresford, having an object of his own to pursue, was quite indignant with and impatient of Oswald. What was he, a frivolous, do-nothing, unsatisfactory young man, that so much fuss should be made about *him*? He was one of "the boys" — what more could be said? and how unsatisfactory the best of women were when this motive came into play! Cara never thus distracted her father's mind; he did not think of her. To be sure she was a girl, and girls never get into scrapes. He did not quite like, it is true, the task of opening this question, of which his mind was full, to Cara. He thought, perhaps, that when all was settled *she* (meaning Mrs. Meredith) might do it. Women knew best how to deal with girls; but to make Cara, whatever might happen to her, into a hindrance of other intercourse, into an obstacle which stopped everything, that was not a weakness of which he would be capable. Mr. Beresford did not scoff at women; it

was not a sentiment congenial to him ; but still he had a feeling that in this respect the comparative strength and weakness of male and female character was certainly shown. But he would not say so rudely. He was obliged to submit.

On Monday morning a telegram did come from Oswald. He had been detained ; would write to explain, but did not expect to get home till Thursday or Friday ; please send portmanteau to cloak-room, Clapham Junction. "Do any of his friends live in that quarter?" Mrs. Meredith asked Edward, with astonishment. "He has friends everywhere," said Edward, with a half sigh. This pleased the mother, though he had not said it with such an intention. Yes, he had friends everywhere. He was a harum-scarum boy, too careless perhaps, but everywhere, wherever he went, he had friends ; and the portmanteau was sent, and the letter of explanation waited for — but it did not come. In short, the week had nearly run round again without any news of him, and everything else was arrested, waited for Oswald's reappearance. Mrs. Meredith evaded all recurrence to the more important subject by constantly falling back upon Oswald — perhaps she was rather glad of the chance of escape it gave her — and Mr. Beresford was no nearer a settlement than ever. This fretted him, and put him in a sort of secondary position which he did not like, but which it was useless to struggle against ; and so the days and the hours went on.

It was the Friday when two visitors, almost at the same moment, approached the two adjoining houses in the square, both of them with faces full of seriousness, and even anxiety. One of them was Mr. Maxwell in his brougham, who sprang out with a kind of nervous alacrity unusual to him, and knocked at Mrs. Meredith's door. The other was a solid and portly clergyman, who got out of a four-wheeled cab, paying his fare with a careful calculation of the distance, which produced bad language from his driver, and knocked at Mr. Beresford's. They were admitted about the same moment, and received in the two corresponding rooms with nothing but a wall between them ; and both of them had very serious business in hand. Cara's visitor was Mr. Burchell, from the rectory, who asked, with a countenance full of strange things, and with many apologies, whether Miss Beresford had lately seen "our Agnes." Agnes ! the name made Cara start.

"I have not seen any one but Roger since I left the Hill. I hope he — I mean all, are well. Is Agnes in town, Mr. Burchell?" Agnes was four or five years older than Cara, and therefore out of her sphere.

"I thought your aunt would certainly have mentioned it to you ; indeed, Mrs. Burchell was much surprised that she did not see her when she was in town. Agnes has been in — an educational establishment for some time. We are a little anxious about her," said the rector, with a quaver in his voice.

"Is she ill?" Cara did not love the clergyman, under whom she had sat for ten years, but her heart was touched by that unmistakable trembling in his commonplace voice.

"I don't suppose she is ill ; we — don't know. The fact is she left — the 'house' last Saturday — and has never come back. We don't know what has become of her," he said, with real trouble. "You won't mention it to any one. Oh, I suppose it is nothing, or something quite easily explainable ; but her mother is anxious — and I thought you might have seen her. It is nothing, nothing of any real consequence," he added, trying to smile, but with a quiver in his lips. He was stout and commonplace and indeed disagreeable, but emotion had its effect upon him as well as another, and he was anxious about his child. He looked Cara wistfully in the face, as if trying to read in the lines of it something more than she would allow.

"Agnes ! the 'house' ! Oh, Mr. Burchell," said Cara, waking up suddenly to a full sense of all that was in the communication, "do you mean to say that it was Agnes — *Agnes* ! — that was the Agnes in the 'house' ?"

Mr. Maxwell was more uncertain how to open the object of his visit. He sat for some time talking of *la pluie et le beau temps*. He did not know how to begin. Then he contrived little traps for Mrs. Meredith, hoping to bring her to betray herself, and open a way for him. He asked about Cara, then about Mr. Beresford, and how he heard he had given up all ideas of going away. But, with all this, he did not produce the desired result, and it was necessary at last, unless he meant to lose his time altogether, to introduce his subject broadly without preface. He did so with much clearing of his throat.

"I have taken rather a bold thing upon me," he said. "I have thought it my duty

— I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Meredith — I have come to speak to you on this subject."

"On what subject?" she said simply, with a smile.

This made it more difficult than ever. "About you and Mr. Beresford," he said, abruptly blurting it out. "Don't be offended, for heaven's sake! You ought to have known from the first; but I can't let you walk blindly into — other relations, without letting you know."

"Doctor, I hope you are not going to say anything that will make a breach between us," said Mrs. Meredith. "You have no right to suppose that I am about to form other relations — I only a few months a widow! I hope I have done nothing to forfeit my friends' respect."

"Then I am not too late," he said, with an air of relief. "There is still time! I am very glad of that. Respect — forfeit your friends' respect? who could suppose such a thing? You have only too much of your friends' respect. We would all go through fire and water for you."

"Thanks, thanks," she said; "but you must not let me be gossiped about," she added, after a moment, which made the doctor, though he was not of a delicate countenance, blush.

"That is all very well," he said, "but those who have so many friends, and friends so warmly interested, must expect a little talk. It has been spoken of, that there was something, that there might be — in short, that Mr. Beresford and you — forgive me! I don't mean to say that it would not be most suitable. Everybody knows how fond he is of you — and not much wonder."

"Indeed, indeed you must not talk to me so," cried Mrs. Meredith, distressed; "my affairs are not public business, Mr. Maxwell."

"I came to tell you," he said, doggedly, "something you ought to know. I have no dislike to James Beresford. On the contrary, we are old friends; we were boys together. I did my best to shelter him from any reproach at the time. Everything I could do I did, and I think I succeeded. Perhaps now when one comes to reflect, it would have been better if I had not succeeded so well. But I could not stand by and see him ruined, see his peace of mind destroyed."

"Are you talking of Mr. Beresford? Have you lost your senses, doctor? what do you mean?"

"You remember all that happened when Mrs. Beresford died?"

"I remember — oh yes, poor Annie! how she suffered, poor soul, and how truly he mourned for her — how heart-broken he was."

"He had occasion," said the doctor, grimly.

"Had occasion! I cannot imagine what you mean — there was never a better husband," said Mrs. Meredith, with some fervor; "never one who loved a woman better, or was more tender with her."

"Too tender. I am not saying that I condemn him absolutely. There are cases in which in one's heart one might approve. Perhaps his was one of these cases; but anyhow, Mrs. Meredith, you ought to know."

She got impatient, for she too had the feeling that to see her friend's faults herself was one thing, but to have him found fault with quite another. "I should have thought that I knew Mr. Beresford quite as well as you did, doctor," she said, trying to give a lighter tone to the conversation. "I have certainly seen a great deal more of him for all these years."

"You could not know this," said Mr. Maxwell, "nor would I have told you but for the extremity of the case. Listen! She might have lingered I cannot tell how long — weeks, months, it was even possible years."

"Yes!" the assent was no assent, but an exclamation of excitement and wonder.

"I believe he meant it for the best. She was mad about having something given to her to put her out of her misery, as soon as we knew that she was past hope. Mrs. Meredith, I feel bound to tell you — when you know you can judge for yourself. He must have given her something that day after the consultation. It is no use mincing words — he must have given her — her death."

"Doctor! do you know what you are saying?" She rose up from her chair, then sank back in it, looking as if she were about to faint.

"I know too well what I am saying. I huddled it up that there might be no inquiry. I don't doubt she insisted upon it, and I don't blame him. No, I should not have had the courage to do it, but I don't blame him — altogether. It is a very difficult question. But you ought not to marry him — to be allowed to marry him in ignorance."

She made no answer. The shock came upon her with all the more force that her mind was already weakened by anxiety. Given her her death! what did that mean?

Did it mean that he had killed poor Annie, this man who was her dearest friend? A shiver shook all her frame. "I think you must be wrong. I hope you are wrong," she said. It was all she could do to keep her teeth from chattering. The sudden horror chilled and froze her. "Oh, Mr. Maxwell, he never could have done it! No, no, I will never believe it," she said.

"But I know it," said the doctor; "there could be no doubt of it; I could not have been deceived, and it was no crime in my eyes. He did it in love and kindness — he did it to serve her. But still no woman should marry him, without knowing at least —"

"There was never any question of that," she said hurriedly, in the commotion of her mind. Then it seemed cowardly of her to forsake him. She paused. "He is worthy of any woman's confidence. I will not hear a word against him. He did not do it. I am sure he did not do it! or, if he did, he was not to blame."

The words had not left her lips when the door was opened and the subject of this strange conversation, Mr. Beresford himself, came into the room. They were both too agitated for concealment. She looked at the doctor with sudden terror. She was afraid of a quarrel, as women so often are. But Maxwell himself was too much moved to make any pretences. He rose up suddenly, with an involuntary start; but he was shaken out of ordinary caution by the excitement of what he had done. He went up to the new-comer, who regarded him with quiet surprise, without any salutation or form of politeness. "Beresford," he said, "I will not deceive you. I have been telling her what it is right she should know. I don't judge you; I don't condemn you; but whatever happens she has a right to know."

It is one of the penalties or privileges of excitement that it ignores ignorance so to speak, and expects all the world to understand its position at a glance. James Beresford gazed with calm though quiet astonishment upon the man who advanced to meet him with tragedy in his tone.

"What is the matter?" he said, with the simplicity of surprise. Then seeing how pale Mrs. Meredith was, he went on with some anxiety, "Not anything wrong with Oswald? I trust not that?"

Mrs. Meredith stirred in her chair and held out her hand to him. She could not rise. She looked at him with an agitated

smile. "I put perfect faith in you, perfect faith!" she said, "notwithstanding what any one may say."

"In me!" he said, looking from one to another. He could not imagine what they meant.

"Beresford," said Maxwell again, "I will not hide it from you. It has been in my mind all this time. I have never been able to look upon you as I did before; at a crisis like this I could hold my tongue no longer. I have been telling her all that happened at the death of your first poor wife."

"My *first* —!" the exclamation was under his breath, and Maxwell thought he was overcome with horror by the recollection; but that was not what he was thinking of. His first wife! — there was something sickening in the words. Was this his Annie that was meant? It seemed profanation, sacrilege. He heard nothing but that word. Maxwell did not understand him, but there was another who did. The doctor went on.

"I have never said a word about it till this day, and never would but for what was coming. You know that I took the responsibility, and kept you free from question at the time."

"What does he mean?" This question, after a wondering gaze at the other, Beresford addressed to Mrs. Meredith behind him. "All this is a puzzle to me, and not a pleasant one; what does he mean?"

"This is too much," said the doctor. "Be a man, and stand to it now at least. I have not blamed you, though I would not have done it myself. I have told her that you consented — to what I have no doubt was poor Mrs. Beresford's prayer — and gave her — her death —"

"I — gave her her death — you are mad, Maxwell! I, who would have died a dozen times over to save her!"

"There is no inconsistency in that. You could not save her, and you gave her — what? I never inquired. Anyhow it killed her, poor girl! It was what she wanted. Am I blaming you? But, James Beresford, whatever may have been in the past, it is your duty to be open now, and she ought to know."

"My God, will you not listen to me?" cried Beresford, driven to despair. He had tried to stop him, to interrupt him, but in vain. Maxwell had only spoken out louder and stronger. He had determined to do it. He was absolutely without doubts on the matter, and he was resolute not to be



silenced. "She ought to know," he went on saying under his breath to himself.

"But it is not true. It is an invention, it is a mistake! I do anything against her dear life! — even in suffering, even in misery, was she not everything to me?"

"That is all very well to say. You did it in love, not in hatred, I acknowledge that. Beresford, no one here will betray you. Why not be bold and own to what you did? I could not be deceived; it was from your hand and no other your wife got her death. How could I, her doctor, be deceived?"

"Dr. Maxwell," said a low voice from the door; and they all started with a violent shock, as if it had been Annie Beresford herself come back from the grave. Mrs. Meredith rose hastily and went towards this strange apparition. It was Cara, with cheeks perfectly colorless, with blue eyes dilated, standing as she had entered, transfixed by those terrible words. But the girl took no notice of her friend's rush towards her. She put out her hand to put Mrs. Meredith away, and kept her eyes fixed on the doctor, as if there was no one else in the room.

"Dr. Maxwell," said Cara, her young bosom heaving, "I have come just in time. You are making a great, great mistake, for that is not true."

"Cara, child, go away, go away; I never meant this for you."

"No one knows but me," she said; "I was in the room all the time. I have never forgotten one thing, nor a word she said. She wanted him to do it, but he would not. He rushed away. I did not understand then what it meant."

The girl stood trembling, without any support, so slight, so young, so fragile, with her pale face. Her father had scarcely thought of Cara before since she was the plaything of his younger life. All at once his eyes seemed to be opened, and his heart. He went to her by an irresistible impulse, and put his arm round her. Love seemed to come to life in him with very terror of what he was about to hear.

"It was not you!" he said, with a low cry of anguish; "it was not you!"

"She would not let me," said Cara. "I asked to do it, but she would not let me. She looked up — to God," cried the girl, the tears rushing to her eyes, "and took it. Did not he know everything? *You* would not be angry, papa? you would not cast me away if I had taken something to get free of pain? Would he? He was her father too."

"Oh, Cara, no one blames her — no one blames her!" said Mrs. Meredith, with unrestrained tears.

"She looked up to God," said the girl, with her voice full of awe. "She said I was to tell you; but I did not understand what it meant then, and afterwards I could not speak. It has always seemed to stand between us, papa, that I had this to tell you and could not speak."

"My child," said the father, his lips trembling, "it has been my fault; but nothing shall stand between us any more."

The two others looked on for a moment with conflicting feelings. Mrs. Meredith looked at them with generous tears and satisfaction, yet with a faint pang. *That* was over now. She had always intended it should end thus; but yet for the moment, such is the strange constitution of the heart, it gave her a passing pang. As for the doctor, he gathered his gloves and his hat together with great confusion. He had made a fool of himself. Whatever the others might do, how could he contemplate this solemn disclosure he had come to make, which had been turned into the officious interference of a busybody? He took no leave of any one; but when they were all engaged with each other, made a bolt for the door of the back drawing-room, and got out, very red, very uncomfortable, and full of self-disgust. He was touched too by the scene which had been so unexpectedly brought before him, and felt tears, very unusual to him, tingling in the corners of his eyes. He met Edward on the stairs; but Edward was too much preoccupied to observe how Maxwell was looking.

"Do you know," he said, "if Miss Beresford is in the drawing-room? There is a gentleman waiting for her down-stairs."

"If you mean Cara," said the doctor, "she is there, and the mistress of the situation, I can tell you. Oh, never mind; I can let myself out. You'll find them all there."

Edward stared a little, but went on to deliver his message. "I hope I am not disturbing any one," he said, in the formal manner which he had put on; "but there is some one, very impatient, waiting for Miss Beresford — I mean Cara," he added, half ashamed of himself, "down-stairs."

Cara roused herself from her father's arm. It revived her more than anything else to see that Edward was turning away again to leave the room. She shook the tears from her eyes, and roused herself into sudden energy. "That was why I

came," she said. "Oh, Mrs. Meredith, where is Oswald? We must find him, or they will all break their hearts."

"Who — you, Cara, my darling? no one shall break your heart."

"No, no," she cried, with a little start of impatience. "It is time this was over. He never would tell you the truth. Oh, we must find him, wherever he is, for Agnes has gone too."

They all gathered about with looks of wonder, Edward making but one step from the door where he stood. His countenance gleamed over with a sudden light; he put out his hands to her unawares.

"Agnes — who is Agnes?" said Mrs. Meredith. "Oh, Cara, what does it all mean? I know nothing about him — where he is. He was to come back to-day."

"Agnes is Agnes Burchell," said Cara. "He has been telling me of her all this time. He has been spending his whole time going after her. And she has gone too, and it is her father who is down-stairs. Oh, think how we can find them! Her father is very anxious. Oswald should not have done it," said Cara, with the solemnity of her age. "I always begged him, and he always promised, to ask you to go."

"This is extraordinary news," said Mrs. Meredith, dropping into the nearest chair. She was trembling with this renewed agitation. "And you knew it, Cara; you have been his confidant? Oh, what a strange mistake we have all made!"

"It was not my fault," said Cara softly. She gave a furtive glance at Edward as she spoke, and his mother looked at him too. Edward's countenance was transformed, his eyes were lit up, smiles trembling like an illumination over his face. Mrs. Meredith's heart gave a leap in her motherly bosom. She might have been wounded that it was none of her doing; but she was too generous for so poor a thought. He will not go to India now, she said to herself in her heart. The pang which Cara had given her unwittingly was nothing to the compensation thus received from her equally unconscious hands.

From The Examiner.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE CRISIS.

THINGS had indeed "come to a bonny cripus;" and he was altogether unaware of it. He was vaguely conscious, it is true, that his married life was not the married life he had looked forward to; and he was sorry that Lady Sylvia should insist on moping herself to death in that solitary house in Surrey. But then if her sense of duty to her ailing father demanded the sacrifice, he could not interfere; and there was some compensation for her in the beauty of the summer months that were now filling her garden with flowers. As for himself, he let no opportunity slip of paying her small and kindly attentions. He wrote to her every day. When he happened to have an idle forenoon, he would stroll into Christie's and buy some nick-nack for her. Lady Sylvia had never had the chance of gratifying her womanly passion for old china; but now that Balfour had discovered her weakness for such things, she had them in abundance. Now it was a Dresden milk-jug, now a couple of Creil plates, again a Sèvres *jardinière*, that was sent as a little token of remembrance; while he scarcely ever went down on Saturday morning without carrying with him some similar bit of frail treasure, glad that he knew of something that would interest her. In the mean time he was intensely busy with his Parliamentary work; for, not having been in office, and having no hope of office, the tremendous overthrow of his party at the general election had in no way damped his eager energy.

When the blow fell, it found him quite unprepared. One afternoon he received a telegram from his wife asking him if he could go down that evening. It was a most unusual summons; for she was scrupulously careful not to interfere with his Parliamentary duties; but of course he immediately hastened down to the Lilacs. He was more surprised than alarmed.

He went into the drawing-room, and found his wife standing there, alone. The light of the summer evening was somewhat dimmed by the multitude of leaves about the verandah; but his first glance told him that she was deadly pale, and he saw that she was apparently supporting herself by the one hand that caught the edge of the table.

"Sylvia," said he, in dismay, "what is the matter?"

"I am sorry to have troubled you to come down," she said, in a voice that was strangely calm, "but I could bear this no longer. I think it is better that we two should separate."

He did not quite understand at first; he only felt a little cold about the heart. The next moment she would have fallen backwards had he not caught her; but she quickly recovered herself, and then gently put his hands away from her.

"Sylvia," said he again, "what is the matter with you?"

He stared at the white face as if it were that of a mad woman.

"I mean what I say, Hugh," she answered. "I have thought it over for months back. It is no hasty wish or resolve."

"Sylvia, you must be out of your senses," he exclaimed. "To separate! Why? For what reason? Is it anything that I have done?"

He wished to take her hand; she withdrew a step.

"The sooner this pain is over the better for both of us," she said, and again the trembling hand sought the support of the table. "We have been separated—we are separated now—except in name. Our married life has been a mistake—I do not think it is either your fault or mine—but the punishment is more than I can bear. I cannot any longer suffer this—this pretence. Let us separate. We shall both be free to live our own lives, without pretending to the world to be what we are not——"

"My darling!" he exclaimed—but somehow the warmth of his protest was chilled by that impassive demeanor; it was no outburst of temper that had summoned him down from London. "Sylvia! why won't you tell me your reasons? What is it you want altered? I have tried in every way to make your life just as you wished it——"

"I know you have," she said; "you have been kindness itself. But it is not a thing to be reasoned about. If you do not know already how far we are apart, how can I tell you? We ought never to have married. We have not a single thought or feeling, a single opinion, occupation, or interest in common. I have tried to bear it—God knows how I have tried, night and day, to school myself into believing that it was only the natural way of the world. I cannot believe it—I cannot believe that any other woman has suf-

fered what I have suffered, and now I must speak. Your life is in your work. I am only an encumbrance to you—a something apart from yourself and your interests, that demands attentions which are paid by you as a duty. I wish to release you; and to release myself from a life of hypocrisy which I cannot any longer bear. Have I said enough?"

He stood for a moment or two absolutely silent: he never forgot those moments during his life.

"You have said enough," he answered, calmly; and then he absently turned to the window. The daylight was going; the hush of the evening had fallen over the birds; there was not a leaf stirring. "Yes, you have said enough. You cannot expect me to answer what you have said, at once. Apparently you have been thinking about it for some time. I must think about it, too."

He took up his hat, which he had mechanically placed on the table beside him, and passed out into the garden. His face had a strange grey look on it; the eyes were sunken and tired. Probably he himself scarcely knew that he opened the great wooden gate, went out into the road, and then by-and-by chose a familiar path across the fields, where he was not likely to meet any one. He did not seem to care whither his wandering steps led him. His head was bent down, and at first he walked slowly, with the gait of one who was infirm or ailing; but presently he quickened his pace, his manner became more nervous and excited, occasionally he uttered a word as if he were addressing some one in an imaginary conversation.

The woods grew darker; the first stars came out. Far away there was the sound of a cart being driven home in the dusk; but all around him was still.

Then he came to a stone bridge over a small river; and here he paused for a time, leaning his arms on the parapet, and staring down—without seeing anything—at the black water. How could he see anything? For the first time since he had reached manhood's estate, he was crying bitterly.

He was now a good many miles from home; but his wanderings had brought him no relief. It was all a mystery to him; he knew not what to do. How could he move by any piteous appeal that cold resolve? It was no mere whim or fancy he had to deal with; but something at once strong and subtle, a conviction of slow growth, a purpose that despair had rendered inflexible. But the origin of it?

His brain refused to act; he wondered whether he, too, were going mad.

Now a short distance from this river there stood a house that he knew; and as he aimlessly began to retrace his steps he passed the gate. There was a light burning in one of the rooms; the window was open; he heard a faint sound of music. Suddenly it occurred to him — surely Lady Sylvia, before she had come to this terrible resolve, must have spoken, in however indirect a fashion, of her manner of life to some sympathetic woman friend; and to whom more likely than this kind person for whom she had professed so great an admiration and love? He went nearer to the house; she was alone in the room, playing some sufficiently sorrowful melody to herself. In his desperation and bewilderment, he determined that he would demand the counsel of this kind friend, who would at least understand a woman's nature, even supposing that she was not in Lady Sylvia's confidence. He was too anxious and perturbed to think twice. He entered the house; was at once shown into the drawing-room, and there and then told the whole story to his startled listener.

And it was with a great interest and sympathy that she heard the story, for she could not fail to observe that once or twice tears started to the young man's eyes as he tried to find some excuse in his own conduct for Lady Sylvia's resolve; and, moreover, she had a great liking for the young wife whose griefs and troubles had just been revealed to her. But what was the young man's surprise to find that this gentle and kindly lady, as he hurriedly told his brief story, began to grow monstrously angry; and when he had finished was quite wrathful and indignant. There were no tears in her eyes; but there were tears in her voice — of proud and pathetic remonstrance.

"The cause of it!" she exclaimed, with the beautiful dark eyes — it must be owned — a trifle moist. "If she had some real sorrow to think of, she would have no room in her head for these morbid notions. Look at the other young wife who is our neighbor — my greatest friend and companion — who has bravely made up her mind to go and live for a whole year in America without those young children that are the very life of her life. That is a trial — that is a sorrow that demands some sympathy; and if Lady Sylvia had some real grief of that kind to undergo, depend on it she would not be torturing herself and you with her imaginary disappointments. Her disappointments! What is the truth? She is

too well off. She has been too carefully kept aside from any knowledge of the real misery that is in the world. Her notion of human life is that it should become just what everybody wants it to be. And her cure for her fancied troubles is separation from her husband? Very well. Let her try it!"

And here, of course, she did cry a bit, as a woman must; but Balfour did not at all resent her angry vehemence, although it was far from complimentary to his young and unhappy wife.

"Yes," said she, with a passionate indignation, "let her try it! You cannot argue her out of her folly; let her have her will! Oh, I know the dreams that young girls have — and that is her excuse, that she has never known what life is. It is to be all rose-color. Well, let her try her own remedy! Perhaps she would like to see what real trouble is — a young mother tearing herself away from her children and going to a distant country where she cannot hear for weeks if one of them were to die. I can tell you if she came with us it might be possible to show her something of what human beings have really to suffer in this world — the parting of emigrants from their home and their kindred — the heartbreaking fight for money —"

"But why should she not go with you?" he said eagerly. "Do you mean that you are going with the Von Rosens?"

She paused; and the nimble wit within the beautiful little head was busy with its quick imaginings. She had not thought of this as a practical proposal when she held it out as a wild threat. But why not — why not? This woman was vehement in her friendships when they were once formed. What would she not do to purge the mind of this young wife of fancies begotten of indolence and too good fortune? There was some color in her face. Her breath came and went a trifle quickly.

"Why not, to be sure?" said she; and she regarded the young man with a strange compassion in her eyes. "I do think if you trusted her to us for a time — if she would go with us, we could do her some good. I think we could show her some things. I think she might be glad enough to alter her decision — yes, glad enough!"

"But a year is a long time," said he, staring absently at the open window and the black night and the stars outside.

"But we are not going for a year," said she — and it was clear that now she was most anxious to attempt this soul-cure. "We are only going to accompany our

friends on their outward trip, and see them comfortably settled — comfortably, indeed! when that poor girl has to leave her children behind. If there was any righteousness in the law they would give her the land and the money at once, and pay no attention to that ridiculous will. Oh no, Mr. Balfour, we shall only be going for a three months' trip or so; but we shall see many things in that time; and I think I could speak a little now and again to Lady Sylvia. Distance does a great deal. I don't think she will be sorry when we turn and begin to get home again to England. I don't think you will ever hear another word as long as you live about separation."

His face had brightened wonderfully.

"Do you know what a great favor it is you are offering me?" he said.

"Oh, no, not at all," said she eagerly. "We are going for a pleasure excursion. It is a mere holiday. We shall have a sharp wrench when we bid good-by to the Von Rosens, but Lady Sylvia will have nothing to do with that. And she will see plenty to amuse her; and the change will do her health good."

Well, this young man was grateful enough to her; but he was not at all aware of what she had done for his sake. What had become of all those pet theories of hers about the false ideals formed before marriage; and of the inevitable disappointment on the discovery of the truth after marriage? This — if the humiliating confession must be made to the indulgent reader — was the identical Surrey prophetess and seer who used to go about telling us that nearly everybody who was married was wretched. The man had dowered his sweetheart with qualities she never possessed; after marriage he learned the nature of the woman who was to be his life-companion; and never ceased to look back with an infinite longing and sadness to that imaginary woman with whom he had fallen in love. The girl, on the other hand, married her lover with the notion that he was to be always heroic and her lover; whereas she woke up to find that she had only married a husband, who regarded her not as life itself, but as only one of the facts of life. These we knew to be her pet theories. When this young man came to tell her of his troubles, why did not this Frau Philosophin, as we called her, fall back on her favorite theories, as affording all the explanation that he needed? The fact is — though it requires a good deal of courage to put the words down — the heart of this person was much

more trustworthy than her head. It was a very lovable and loving heart; answering quickly to any demand for sympathy; and most firmly tenacious of friendships. When she was told that Lady Sylvia was in trouble — when she saw that this young husband was in trouble — her fiddlestick theories went to the winds; and her true woman's heart gave prompt and sure answer. She was a little nettled and indignant, it is true; for she had had, for some evenings before, mysterious fits of crying in quiet corners of the house over this journey we were about to undertake; but her indignation had only made her frank; and she had spoken bravely and honestly to Hugh Balfour. Yes, he had more to thank her for than he imagined, though his gratitude was quite sufficiently sincere and warmly expressed.

The tender-hearted little woman held his hand for a moment at the door.

"I shall not speak a word of this to any human being," said she — just as if she had no husband to whom she had sworn allegiance — "until you tell me that I may, and then I hope to hear that Lady Sylvia has accepted my offer. Don't argue with her; you might drive her into a sort of verbal obstinacy. Don't ask her to change her decision; she has not come to it without much heartrending, and she cannot be expected to abandon it for the sake of a few sentences. Accept it; the cure will be more permanent."

"Thank you, and God bless you," said he, and then he disappeared in the night.

"What if she should object?" he asked himself, as he hurried on through the darkness, his only guidance being from the stars. He had been so stunned and bewildered by the announcement of her resolve, that he had never even thought of what she would do further — whether she would prefer to go back to Willowby Hall, or to remain in sole possession of the Lilacs. Either alternative seemed to him to be a sufficiently strange ending to the dreams that these two had dreamed together as they walked on that lonely terrace of a summer night, listening for the first notes of the nightingale, and watching the marshalling of the innumerable hosts of heaven. To go back to her father: to be left alone in that Surrey cottage.

He found her in the same room — calm, and apparently self-possessed; but he saw from her eyes that she had given way to passionate grief in his absence.

"Sylvia," said he, "if I thought you had sent for me from any hasty impulse,

I should ask you to let me reason with you. I see it is not so. You have made up your mind; and I must respect your wish. But I don't want to have any public scandal attaching either to your name or mine; and I believe — whether you believe it or not — that you will repent that decision. Now I am going to ask a favor of you. The —s mean to accompany their friends, the Von Rosens, to their new home in America; and will then return — probably they will be away about three months. They have been good enough to offer to take you with them. Now, if you really believe that our rela-

tions are altogether so wrong that nothing is left but separation, will you consent to try three months' separation first? I will not seek to control your actions in any way; but I think this is reasonable."

The mention of her friend's name brought some color to the pale, thoughtful, serious face; and her bosom heaved with her rapid breathing, as he put this proposal before her.

"Yes," she said, "I will do what you wish."

"And your father?"

"I have not spoken to my father. I hope you will not. It is unnecessary."

**FOSSIL HIPPOPOTAMUS.** — Remains of a fossil hippopotamus recently discovered at Bone, in Algeria, have been carefully studied by M. Albert Gaudry. The remains indicate a species differing markedly from the living *Hippopotamus amphibius* in the character of its dentition, which is much less divergent from that of the pig type. After a critical examination of the various fossil species of this genus, the author concludes that the new specimen cannot be referred to any previously described species, and he therefore suggests that it should be distinguished under the name of *H. hippone*; the specific name referring to the locality in which the fossil was found, not far from the ruins of the ancient Hippo. The species has six pairs of incisors, and thus differs from the typical species, which has only four; but M. Gaudry holds that the presence or absence of a pair of incisors is not sufficient to constitute a distinct genus. He does not, therefore, accept Cautler and Falconer's *Hexaprotodon*, except as the name of the sub-genus; and to this sub-genus the new African fossil may be referred.

**THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.** — The Archbishop of Canterbury has determined upon holding a pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth Palace in the autumn of 1878, and with that view has recently been in communication with the whole of the English, Irish, Colonial, missionary, and Scottish bishops, with a view to ascertain whether they acquiesce in the propriety of the proposed synod, and whether they will attend it. The Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Llandaff, Bangor, Lichfield, Oxford, and Chichester approve, and will attend. Many express doubts, but will attend. The Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, and Peterborough disapprove. All the Scottish bishops approve, with the exception of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, who doubts. Only one Irish bishop (Cashel) disapproves. All the Colo-

nial and missionary bishops who have replied to the archbishop approve, with the exception of Sierra Leone, Wellington, and Nelson. None of them positively say they will attend, but three — Nelson, Wellington, and New Zealand — say they will not attend. Of the American bishops, twenty-eight say they approve, but five — New Jersey (Dr. Odenheimer), western New York (Dr. Close), Virginia (Dr. Whittle), Vermont (Dr. Bossel), and assistant, New Jersey (Dr. Scarborough) — disapprove and will not attend. Amongst many subjects which the archbishop proposes for consideration are: "Book of Common Prayer and authorized Version of the Bible," "Doubts and Fears," "Counteraction of Infidelity," "Missionary Bishoprics and Missions," "The Eastern Church," "Old Catholics and Scandinavian Church," "Unity among Catholics of the Anglican Communion," "Position of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Anglican Communion."

#### ELECTRO-MAGNETIC THEORY OF LIGHT.

— In a recent note in Poggendorff's *Annalen* on Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light, Dr. Fröhlich finds that the application of that theory to good electric conductors leads to results which are in direct contradiction with experience. It is not, however (he considers), to be therefore wholly rejected, as the researches of Boltzmann, Schiller, Silow, and Root show that its consequences agree with experience very well in the case of dielectrics (solid bodies, liquids, and gases). And the cause of its divergence in the case of metals may probably be found in the simplicity of the theory. The processes in the interior of metals are of course more complicated than those which occur in transparent or non-conducting dielectric media. And as little as the reflection of light on metallic surfaces can be deduced from the simple undulation theory, is it possible for Maxwell's theory to represent such complicated processes.

RUSSIA. — The manifesto of the czar at the commencement of hostilities is worthy of preservation for reference, having far broader than political bearing. "That document," said the *Times*, on its appearance, "will, in all probability, rank historically with the most important declarations of this century."

"Our faithful and well-beloved subjects know the warm interest we have constantly felt in the destinies of the oppressed Christian population of Turkey. Our desire to ameliorate and assure their lot has been shared by the whole Russian nation, which now shows itself ready to bear fresh sacrifices in order to alleviate the position of the Christians in the Balkan Peninsula. The blood and treasure of our faithful subjects have ever been dear to us. Our whole reign attests our constant solicitude to preserve for Russia the blessings of peace. This sentiment did not cease to animate us at the time of the sad events which happened in Herzegovina and Bulgaria. The end we, above everything, assigned to ourselves was, by means of pacific negotiation and in concert with the Great European Powers, our allies and friends, to ameliorate the position of the Christians in the East. In concert with the great friendly and allied Powers, we have for two years made incessant efforts to effect reforms which might protect from the arbitrary will of the local authorities the Christians of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. The accomplishment of these reforms was entirely involved in the previous engagements solemnly contracted by the Porte towards all Europe. Our efforts, backed by diplomatic representations made by the other governments in common, did not attain the desired end. The Porte remained immovable in its categorical refusal of any effective guarantee for the security of the Christians, and it rejected the conclusions of the Conference of Constantinople. Desiring to try every possible means of conciliation in order to persuade the Porte, we proposed to the other Cabinets to frame a special Protocol, comprising the essential conditions laid down by the Conference, and to invite the Porte to share in this international act, tracing the extreme limits of our pacific demands. Our expectation, however, has not been realized. The Porte has not deferred to the unanimous will of Christian Europe; it has not assented to the conclusions of the Protocol. Having thus exhausted all pacific efforts, the haughty obstinacy of the Porte obliges us to proceed to more decisive acts. A respect for equity and our own dignity dictates this to us. Turkey, by her refusal, places us under the necessity of resorting to the force of arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause, and

humbly trusting in the divine grace, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment has now arrived which we foresaw when we uttered at Moscow the words to which all Russia responded with such unanimity. We expressed an intention of acting independently of the other Powers when we should judge that this was necessary and that the honor of Russia required it. To-day, invoking God's blessing on our brave armies, we order them to cross the frontier.

"Given at Kischeneff this 12th (24th) day of April, in the year of grace 1877, and the 23rd of our reign. — ALEXANDER."

---

TURKEY. — It is only right to append the counter-manifesto of the sultan, addressed to his armies.

"The Russian government has declared war upon us. Confident in the aid of Providence and the Prophet, we have been forced in our turn to have recourse to arms. We have always wished for peace and tranquillity, despite the drawn sword which we have held in our hand, and in our desire for peace we listened to the counsels of Europe, and worked with it to attain the desired result. Our enemy having, however, but one object in view—that of completely annihilating our rights and independence—it is impossible to satisfy his desire without sacrificing everything. Thus, without right or real cause, he has marched to attack us. We are convinced that the Judge of Judges, the Protector of right and justice, will grant us the victory by the aid of our own efforts and bravery, and by the union of the material and moral support of our faithful subjects. The enemy will not attain the desired end. I trust in God, who will grant the victory to the just cause. I hope my soldiers will guard the honor and glory of the Osmanli name and that of our ancestors, and keep our flag without stain. I salute all my generals, officers, and soldiers. They will show at this solemn hour all their ardor, zeal, and courage. Every foot of ground occupied by our soldiers was bought with the blood of our glorious ancestors. Let them defend the rights and independence of the Osmanlis. In so doing they will obtain the victory. The nation takes under its protection the wives and children of the soldiers. The Padisha is with them in his prayers. If needful he will take in hand the sacred banner, and will join them, ready to sacrifice his life at the head of the army for the rights, the honor, and the independence of Turkey. May God grant us the victory."



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1729. — August 4, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. PASCAL AND MONTAIGNE. By the late Professor Grote, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	259
II. THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE BATIGNOLLES. A Chapter from a Detective's Memoirs. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the French of . . . . .	<i>Emile Gaborian</i> , . . . . .	266
III. THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA. From the Notes of a Staff-Officer, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	278
IV. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part IX., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	287
V. THE PLANET OF WAR, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . . .	293
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXIII., . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , . . . . .	302
VII. MISS MARY CARPENTER, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	305
VIII. NOTES ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. By W. F. Kirby, . . . . .	<i>Popular Science Review</i> , . . . . .	308
IX. JAPANESE CHILDREN, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	312
X. THE DEBATE ON THE SALE OF LIVINGS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	315
XI. PARLIAMENTS, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	317
XII. A NEW ZEALAND DIVINE ON EARLY CLOSING, . . . . .	<i>Otago Daily Times</i> , . . . . .	319

## POETRY.

SWITZERLAND, <i>viâ</i> PARIS AND NEUCHÂTEL, . . . . .	258	SPRING'S SECRET, . . . . .	258
--	-----	----------------------------	-----

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	320
-----------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents

SWITZERLAND; *via* PARIS AND NEUCHÂTEL.

## I.

## THE EVENING.

JINGLE, tinkle, rattle, rumble through the  
glittering, shimmering street,  
Hark to coach and carriage chiming with the  
pattering tramp of feet !  
Crop-haired waiters run white-aproned to the  
call of ringing glass,  
Lazy idlers, round small tables, eyeing idlers  
as they pass.

All the air is heated, heavy, gritty; oh, 'tis  
hard to tell  
Whether fruit it be, or gravy, or tobacco that  
you smell ;  
For a very complex perfume goes up steaming  
to the stars  
From twice twenty thousand cook-shops, from  
a million of cigars.

Jingle, tinkle, rattle, rumble through the glit-  
tering, shimmering streets,  
Drive in time to ticket luggage, and get com-  
fortable seats ;  
With a shoving, and a shouting, and a bang-  
ing-to of doors,  
Off at last, the train creaks, moves, grates,  
quickens, hurries, rushes, roars.

## II.

## THE NIGHT.

Happy he who sleeps securely in the arms of  
an express,  
Whom nor row nor racket troubles, nor the  
jolts and jars distress !  
Sweet it is to slumber soundly through the  
livelong summer night,  
With legs propped upon the cushions, with  
dim blind drawn o'er the light.

Does a station break the sameness of monoto-  
nous rush-on ?

Then queer dreams confuse the future with  
adventures that are gone.

Then he preaches from a "Murray;" stetho-  
scopes with alpenstock ;

Speculates in railway coupons ; dooms a land-  
lord in a dock.

Then an avalanche o'erwhelms him ! 'Tis a  
hat-box from the rack ;

Or he tumbles down an ice-hill with a moun-  
tain on his back,

And half wakes to find he's falling on a fellow-  
dreamer's knees,

Stiff and weary of contraction, like a wretch  
in *Little Ease*.

## III.

## THE MORNING.

But behold wan dawn before us, whispering a  
new day's birth ;

See her roses bloom in cloudland, hear her  
morning hymn to earth ;

Sending thankful music Godward, flinging  
incense in the air,

All the world's awake, and wondering how it  
came to wake so fair.

Hail, old lichened woods, that waft us dear  
remembered scent of pine ;

Hail, mysterious winds that gladden like the  
giant's draught of wine ;

Hail, high hills, that whoso loveth, loveth  
with a yearning love,

Everlasting shrines of worship, stepping-  
stones to things above.

Through rent rocks, down winding gorges,  
rushes on our steed of steel,

Till a blue lake's shining waters purest heaven  
in earth reveal ;

Cares, begone ; unrest, go packing ; come,  
contentment with the light ;

Take the omen that the morning shall be gain  
upon the night.

Spectator.

BLOMFIELD JACKSON.

## SPRING'S SECRET.

GIRDLED with gold, my little lady's bower  
Stands at the portals of a world in flower ;  
And on her shield the changing blossoms  
mark

How the spring grows each day from dawn to  
dark.

When forth she moves, her dainty foot is set  
On cowslip, hyacinth, and violet ;

And all day long the woodland minstrels ring  
Changes of measure for her pleasuring.

And all night long a passionate music stirs  
Without her walls the guardian belt of firs ;  
Hushed in their waving boughs, the low winds  
brood,

Murm'ring the sea's song for an interlude.

Within the darkness does my lady wake,  
To hear her nightingales their music make,  
And musing, weep and wonder at the pain  
That breaks through all the rapture of their  
strain ?

Does the dawn rouse her with its murmurous  
flight

Of swallows glancing grey against the light,  
To dream again of all the joys that lie  
Folded within the new day's mystery ?

Nay, through her world of blossom, flower-  
wise,

My lady moves with unawakened eyes ;  
She heeds not if the apple bloom be shed,  
Nor if the hours pass by rose-garlanded.

No soft hopes greet her with first lily bells,  
No memories smite her in wan asphodels,  
Nor hears she when the autumn winds are  
borne

By their low cadence in the summer corn.

While thus unmoved my lady keeps her state,  
Without her walls I year-long watch and wait ;  
Till she awake and summon me to bring  
Low to her feet the secret of the spring.

Good Words.

C. BROOKE.

From The Contemporary Review.  
PASCAL AND MONTAIGNE.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR GROTE.

It has been said of Pascal that, ahead of his age in this as in other points, he anticipated and prepared for the controversy about the evidences of religion which reached at a later period.

This is true, but it is no less true that his feeling was retrospective as much as it was prospective; and that, if not the controversy, yet the irreligious feeling of a past age was producing effects on his mind after it had ceased to affect others; and again, that it was the revival of this feeling in the minds of others which led to the subsequent controversy. Minds like Pascal's are not swayed by the mental fashions of their time to the extent to which literary history often supposes. Involved though he was in the Jansenist and Jesuit controversy, he was not absorbed in it, as most men similarly circumstanced would have been; in his deeper heart another controversy stirred him more — the general controversy between religion and infidelity.

The period immediately preceding and accompanying the beginning of the Reformation was not so much a time of evidentiary controversy, the more ardent controversial spirit being then diverted to the contest between the old faith and Protestantism; but it was a time in which irreligion was as rampant as it has ever been since. Independently of the question which of the two sides held the greater amount of doctrinal truth, the rise of Protestantism did very much at the time to preserve the existence of religion in any shape. The old faith had then within its bosom two classes of enemies: despisers and indignant opponents. Protestantism drew off the latter class to itself; while the former, having as little respect for it as for its rival, were led to attach themselves to the old faith, in the way of obedience and profession, more than would otherwise have been the case. Thus, besides the vigorous reaction, as of the Jesuits and others, excited by the Reformation, there was much in it to check the tendencies both

to the profession of irreligion and to irreligion itself.

The character of mind as to religion which we see strongly shown in Montaigne, and to a less degree in Erasmus and in others like him, may be called neo-paganism. It arose from the revival of letters and the ancient philosophies, and from the vigor of criticism, not from the revival or progress of science, with which it had very little to do. It was a mental Renaissance, mixing up the ancient philosophies in a *bizarre* manner with a tone of thought which on the whole was full of modern life and vigor, and pouring contempt on mediævalism, under which the whole of religion was in danger of being included. Such use of the ancient philosophies was in reality as alien to their spirit as was the fantastic misuse of details of the ancient architecture by the architects of the time. Montaigne, with all his admiration of the ancient Stoicism, had nothing of the serious spirit or substance of it; there was no real attempt to substitute even such merits as there were in the old philosophy for religion. The result of the mixture was a general inconclusivism and indifferentism, acquiesced in while half laughed at.

Pascal, unlike the ordinary reader of Montaigne, took him *au sérieux*: from his natural turn of mind he made little allowance for individual peculiarity and oddity, and probably gave to Montaigne's language a more literal interpretation than is admissible in the case of any such self-describer, whatever he may say to the contrary. Never were two men at once so similar and so different. Montaigne's Neo-paganism was associated with that wonderfully clear, sharp, and practical view of human nature which has been the permanent element of interest in what he has written, and which must have had strange charms for the truth-seeking mind of Pascal. But there was a new element of strength added by Pascal himself to the side of irreligion. This was derived from his scientific habit of mind, and his exacting view of the evidence required for satisfaction. At the time of the Reformation the Neo-pagans had no difference with the Church as to the view of physics which

it sanctioned, which was indeed mainly borrowed from the ancients, and they stood quite aloof from the new physical philosophers. But now the Church was threatened from the side of science as well as from the side of philosophy.

The scientific spirit is formed of two elements, one hostile to religion, one favorable to it: the hostile one is *positivism*, or the habit which scientific research may engender, of neglecting or disbelieving anything super-physical, anything beyond simple physical fact: the favorable one, is the idea fostered by it that there is such a thing as truth and that it is attainable; in this respect the scientific spirit is directly opposed to all inconclusivism. Thus, while Pascal may have felt, more than was possible to Montaigne, the force, as against religion, of the merely physicalist and positivist tendency, his scientific spirit must have strengthened his earnestness and seriousness of mind in opposition to Montaigne's easy acceptance of the notion that truth is probably not to be found, and anyhow is of little consequence.

The first chapter of Pascal's "Thoughts" as it appears in the old edition, is clearly directed against Montaigne's inconclusivism. In many respects it resembles Butler's chapter on the "Importance of Christianity." While speaking in terms of strong indignation and contempt of the state of mind expressed by Montaigne's motto, "*Je ne sçay*," Pascal himself reproduces Montaigne's view in his chapters headed "Contrarieties of Human Nature," "Greatness, Weakness, Vanity, etc., of Man." But he says much besides; and where he follows Montaigne's description of man, it is not in Montaigne's tone of satisfaction and acquiescence, but, in the first instance, with much of perplexity and sadness. More than this, he never allows us to forget that there is another side to the picture, and that everything which is said in depreciation of man is really in truth also for his exaltation: he shows this to a great extent, and suggests it very much more.

And then, accepting Montaigne's description with, in general, an opposite conclusion from it, he argues from the wants and weaknesses of man, not to Montaigne's

despairing scepticism, but to the necessity and probable reality of religion. Man's known condition furnishing thus on the one side a presumption in favor of religion, Pascal then proceeds on the other side to give the actual or positive evidence for the religion which we are already prepared to expect.

There is a curious contrast between the proceedings of Pascal and Montaigne where they approach most nearly to each other, in arguing from the weakness of man to the truth of religion. That the evidentiary controversy is a continuous one, and not one of times and seasons, may appear from the fact of one of the employments of Montaigne's earlier days having been a translation (a last request of his father's) of a treatise on "Natural Theology" by Raymond Sebond, from a sort of Latinized Spanish into French. His defence of this book, contained in one of the most remarkable of his essays, is, in point of fact, nothing else than an elaborate depreciation of human nature, the bearing of this upon the argument for religion being simply that, since man is unable to judge of religion, it is his duty therefore to accept it as offered — a line of argument which we are by no means led to suppose was that of Sebond himself. It is a very different argument from Pascal's, that man's condition is such as to suggest the necessity, desirableness, and, in that way, probability, of religion.

I said that Pascal's feeling in the first instance was one of sadness at man's incapacity and deficiencies, but he also sometimes takes the tone here assumed by Montaigne, of attempting to overthrow, in aid of religion, proud human reason. This tone of denunciation is in reality alien from the general tone of both; it agrees neither with the usual complacency of Montaigne nor with the earnest truth-seeking of Pascal. Pascal's argument is directed as much against those who do not care to examine the proofs of religion, thinking that nothing can be known about it with certainty, as against those who dispute them. The existence of these two hostile parties should be remembered by all writers on evidences, because it is very possible that the arguments used against

the latter may be such as would strengthen the hands of the indifferentists. This is certainly the case with the arguments used by Montaigne, nor can we suppose he would have cared much for its being so. But Pascal had every reason to care.

Pascal, as was not unnatural, carries his argument too far. Starting from the side of a despairing scepticism, he arrives in the course of his argument at that sort of view of the importance of revealed religion which leaves no value to morality without it, or even in conjunction with it, a view which I conceive to be entirely mistaken.

I have endeavored, in all that I have written about human nature, to avoid both the cynic indifference of Montaigne, and what we must call the complaint and repining of Pascal. In Pascal, there is an intolerance of the weaknesses and necessary feelings of man's nature and life, which seems to me as far from the view befitting one who shares those weaknesses, as is Montaigne's easy contempt for them. We may have Pascal's earnestness without his bitterness or his determined looking at things on the worst side.

It is this last tendency of Pascal which led him in various particulars to anticipate La Rochefoucauld. Here he came upon ground in which his manner of thinking would be, more or less, in sympathy with that of his Port-Royal associates. His anxiety about religious evidences was, as I have said, a good deal his own, and not shared either by them or by his contemporaries generally. But from the Port-Royalists he may have learnt to take a dark view of human nature, as he had learnt from Montaigne to take a depreciatory view of human intelligence.

The position of a man like Pascal, as a writer on religious evidence, is in some respects a difficult one. At one moment he writes as one who is himself painfully conscious of the weakness, the complications, and difficulties of human life; at another, as one who is simply satisfied to turn them to account in proof of religion. Hence, when he makes the worst of human nature and human weakness, we are sometimes led to doubt in which of these views he does it; whether

what suggests it is the feeling of human sympathy and compassion, or the purpose and course of his argument. The same thing appears in a slightly different form in Montaigne. There is in him an inconsistency of view between the over-strained depreciation of human nature, especially as compared with the animals, in the apology for Raymond Sebond which I have noticed, and the cool, careless observation and record, as of matter of fact, which is the more general tone. Both Pascal's frame of mind and his express argument speak (to different minds perhaps) in evidence of religion; probably the former the most to the most deeply feeling minds. In it we see the struggle and process of conviction, where the faith in the goodness of God, which more or less accompanies all serious thought about human nature, raises him out of the despair which threatens him, as it is likely after his example to raise those who read him in this view; while in the latter, he appears as a dogmatic demonstrator, convincing by his argument alone, and perhaps sometimes inclining us to feel that in regard of himself there is a side of hardness and not a little hasty intolerance.

Pascal, like most who have written in striking language on points such as we are dealing with, was a man narrow-minded and large-minded at once. He could enter into the varieties and inconsistencies of human nature, and understand a mind so different from his own as Montaigne's. But though he could understand (which is more than an ordinary mind would do) that such things were, he could not cease wondering they should be so: there is no end to the reiterated expressions of wonder throughout his "Thoughts." After describing admirably the satisfied inconclusivism, careless of religion, which is in fact the feeling of Montaigne, he says, "Il faut qu'il y ait un étrange renversement dans la nature de l'homme pour faire gloire d'être dans cet état, dans lequel il semble incroyable qu'une seule personne puisse être." Montaigne, on his side, would probably have said the same sort of thing about the distressed and anxious tone of Pascal, about his indignant revolting against the undoubted facts of human

nature, and his refusal to accept them as natural. In the only applicable meaning of the word "strange," both are strange, both being different from the proceeding of the mass of men, who are neither carelessly acquiescent like Montaigne nor burdened with anxiety like Pascal. However fascinated by Montaigne, Pascal was thus very far from sympathizing with him. Montaigne's self-contemplation, satisfied without vanity, attentive without anxiety, was quite a mystery to him. Hence his remarkable misappreciation of the interest of Montaigne's book in one respect, with all his true appreciation of it in another. "Ce que Montaigne a de bon ne peut être acquis que difficilement. Ce qu'il a de mauvais (j'entends hors les mœurs) eût pu être corrigé en un moment, si on l'eût averti qu'il avait fait trop d'histoires, et qu'il parlait trop de soi." And again: "Le sot projet qu'il a de se peindre," etc.

Again, the word "étonnant," as Pascal uses it, loses all other signification than a general poetic suggestiveness, such as might be associated with the corresponding word in Sophocles or any similar author. "Toutes choses sont sorties du néant et portées jusqu'à l'infini. Qui suivra ces étonnantes démarches?"

The description given in this passage of man, as a being in the middle of an infinite nature, without any ground to rest his feet on, any point to attach his knowledge to, is of noble eloquence. In those times, when the wonders of the telescope and microscope were beginning to show themselves, it had more force than, so variously repeated as it has been, it can be considered to have now; but even where it is furthest from mere rhetoric there is some danger of its being misleading. The point of Pascal's description is that this is a *pitiable* condition of man. We are "incapables de savoir certainement et d'ignorer absolument. Nous voguons sur un milieu vaste, toujours incertains et flottants, poussés d'un bout vers l'autre. . . . Nous brûlons de désir de trouver une assiette ferme et une dernière basse constante, pour y édifier une tour qui s'élève à l'infini; mais tout notre fondement craque, et la terre s'ouvre jusqu'aux abîmes."

Now when anything is described as pitiable, it appears to me that people ought to present to themselves the alternative: what is it that by their complaint they apparently give themselves out as wishing? "Floating between ignorance and knowledge" seems to me to be the description

of all active reason, the One Perfect Intelligence alone excepted, and I cannot see what there is pitiable in it. That ignorance and knowledge involve each other is true for every conceivable form of finite intelligence. Without ignorance there would be no such thing as imagination, no such thing as learning anything, no such thing, in fact, as knowing anything, for knowledge is sifted perception, a part of the perceived being forgotten and let go into ignorance, in order that the other part may become knowledge.

What with Montaigne are *bizarries*, or oddities, with Pascal are distressing contrarieties or inconsistencies of human nature and human feeling. Those about knowledge are treated of first. Nature confounds the Pyrrhonians, reason confounds the dogmatists. What are we then to think? We cannot help being certain of some things, yet reason tells us we are fools to be so. Pascal, in reality, as I have said, while stating the Montaignist difficulty, answers it himself, and gives the other side. "La nature soutient la raison impuissante." "L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau, suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt, et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui. L'univers n'en sait rien. . . . Travaillons donc à bien penser: voilà le principe de la morale."

Then for happiness. Everybody aims at happiness, yet everybody has a different idea what it is, and everybody complains of having failed in gaining it. What is this in reality but saying how infinitely variable are the individual natures of men? And if the fact is so, what I should conclude about this happiness, from the two facts that nobody can get another to agree with his view of it as an object of pursuit, and that nobody can describe it as an acquisition from his own experience, is that the thing, as thus put before us, is not a practical reality, but a philosophical abstraction.

There is of course another side of this view of men's continual complainingness. Horace has given it, though Pascal has not. Men's ideas of happiness are formed from imaginative comparison with each other: they complain, and yet they will not (generally) change with each other; in spite of their complaining, therefore, they do think themselves happy, as compared

with others. The fact really being that they do not know what to think.

The true and nobler view which Pascal has given of man is in such sentences as the following, where the application to religion is natural and equally true: "L'homme est visiblement égaré, et sent en lui des restes d'un état heureux, dont il est déchu, et qu'il ne peut recouvrer." And the continuation from natural to revealed religion, as we may call it, is true again: "Il le cherche partout avec inquiétude et sans succès dans des ténèbres impénétrables."

Why, then, should it be necessary for Pascal to say that the desire for truth and happiness, impossible in our present state to be gratified, is left to us from our former one, not only to show to us that there has been such a former one, but *to punish us*? Would it not have been a greater punishment to us if it had not been left to us? This is what I have called his needless severity, and making the worst of everything.

I have said that, in regard of the contradictions of man's nature, Pascal gives the double view, sometimes the two sides of it in noble union, sometimes separately, with apparently inconsistent over-statement.

As an instance of the former, some philosophers, he says, have undertaken to exalt man by exhibiting his greatness, some to abase him by representing his pitableness. Strange as it is, each party uses the other's view differently interpreted to establish his own. For the pitableness of man is best concluded from the consideration what it is that he makes his greatness; and his greatness from the fact that his actual state is one in which he is to be pitied. And so Pascal continues: "Who is to be pitied for not being a king, except one who *has* been or *should* be one, and is dispossessed or excluded?" Who, on the other hand, would care so much as man does for the opinion of others, for reputation and glory, and again for action, agitation, distraction, except one who felt and had reason to feel the "néant de son propre être?"

It is plain that it is more true to say that the arguments for the littleness of man prove his greatness, than that the arguments for his greatness prove his littleness. In fact Pascal to a certain degree shows here that inconsistency which I have just spoken of. Man's love of glory is plainly capable of a double, or rather of a various view. Pascal, anticipating La Rochefoucauld, dwells at length on the vanity of man, but in doing so he shows

how this vanity is not only a proof of man's misery or littleness, but also of his excellence, *i.e.*, of man's opinion of his own excellence and greatness. For why does he value so the opinion of his fellows? Why are wealth, health, pleasure, no happiness without this? The worst depreciators of human nature (Montaigne, to wit) are anxious for man's good opinion of them. Why? "Leur nature, qui est plus forte que tout, les convainquant de la grandeur de l'homme plus fortement que la raison ne les convainc de leur bassesse."

It is in regard of human *activity* that Pascal's inconsistency and severity show themselves most. It is this activity joined to the love of reputation, which, while it seems to prove man's greatness, in reality, according to Pascal, proves his littleness and pitableness. It might be well, in a religious way, to say that the love of true rest is a relic of a past better state and an anticipation of a future one, and that, in comparison with this, man's restless activity is to be condemned. But Pascal has not as much indulgence for activity as we have seen he has for vanity. His determination to find fault makes him, wonderfully for him, even speak without meaning. "Le présent n'est jamais notre but." How could it be? If man is a being to have a "but" at all, must he not be prospective? Is not such prospectiveness a condition of will, choice, and action? What is Pascal really here complaining of? See here again the alternative. Would he have us unprospective like the animal? "Nous ne vivons jamais, mais nous espérons de vivre."

There is no occasion to call any one's attention to the fact, how all that Pascal says about human activity suggests an exactly opposite view which he does not say anything about. The whole chapter which in the old editions bears the title "Misère de l'homme," is an investigation of the causes of the continual agitation in which men pass their lives. Under this name Pascal describes the mass of human action. It is an insupportable pain, he says, for a man to be obliged to live with himself, and to think of himself. This is the origin of all the tumultuary occupations of men, and of all that is called pastime or diversion.

J'ay souvent dit que tout le malheur des hommes vient de ne savoir pas se tenir en repos dans une chambre; . . . mais quand j'y ai regardé de plus près, j'ai trouvé que cet éloignement que les hommes ont du repos, et de demeurer avec eux-mêmes, vient d'une cause bien effective; c'est à dire, du malheur



naturel de notre condition foible et mortelle, et si misérable que rien ne peut nous consoler, lorsque rien ne nous empêche d'y penser, et que nous ne voyons que nous.

The chapter is most powerfully written, and there is much magnificence in Pascal's language, especially where he says, —

Les hommes ont un instinct secret qui les porte à chercher le divertissement et l'occupation au dehors, qui vient du ressentiment de leur misère continuelle. Et ils ont un autre instinct secret, qui reste de la grandeur de leur première nature, qui leur fait connaître que le bonheur n'est, en effet, que dans le repos.

But of all the various views which may be given of that contradiction, so to call it, in man's nature, by which he is always seeking rest, and yet engaging himself in action, wishing to enjoy himself, and yet directing his thoughts away from himself, this is one of the least true. The view is rather a French one; the French have the special word *ennui* for that restlessness and desire of action and employment which is a necessary part of human nature; and it is one of La Rochefoucauld's maxims that the mischief done by *ennui* is far from duly appreciated.

What I have said elsewhere, in treating of Juvenal's "Satires," is in many respects applicable to Pascal's language about human activity. When you depreciate this, what is the alternative? What is it compared with? So far as Pascal depreciates it in itself, whether from gloominess of mind, or from desire to found upon depreciation of it an argument in favor of the fact of religion, he is surely wrong. Montaigne is more right than he. Montaigne has little active interest in life, cares but little about it, looks very coolly at it, represents himself as doing what is before him and taking what comes without any very definite purpose, but respects and admires human intelligence as applied to practice, as indeed any person professing to take at all a true view of life must do. When Pascal says all the troubles of life arise from a man's not being able to sit still and dwell with himself, we ask why, *a priori*, he should rather thus sit still and dwell with himself than engage himself abroad? As the facts go, it appears he finds the former at least as little to his happiness as the latter; quite as legitimate a conclusion as that which Pascal draws is, that man was not made thus to sit still and dwell with himself, but was made for action and outlook.

So far as Pascal may be conceived to

be taking his stand upon religion, considered as an acknowledged fact, and depreciating human life and activity in comparison with that, the case is different. If he already knows of something better, and therefore thinks slightly of this activity, it is well. But if he only infers the existence of something better from the apparent worthlessness of this activity, then the view is not legitimate. For we cannot allow it to be of itself thus worthless. That man cannot rest in satisfaction, but is always setting before himself one purpose after another to strive after, is no more a proof of the pitiableness of his condition, than of its nobleness; in fact we can conclude nothing from it except that it is his nature.

There never was a person more inclined to sit still in his chamber than Montaigne, and the thought of this might have led Pascal to consider that non-activity of itself is in no respect more akin to elevation of mind and to religion than the worst fuss and bustle. Rest, in the high or religious view, is nobler than labor, contemplation nobler than action; but Pascal seems to mistake and misapply the manner in which it is so. Rest is perfection in the first instance, or purpose attained in the second, to which the effort of attaining is by its nature subordinate. And in intelligent natures short of perfection we must conceive of rest and effort as being always in a way mixed together, for there is attainment, but it is not complete. Rest will still remain the higher and leading idea, but if we could ever hold it absolutely in our grasp, intelligent life, short of perfection, would seem to cease; man cannot live, even in heaven, without something out of himself to live for; with more intimate knowledge of and nearness to God he may rest in him, but such resting is the noblest effort of which man's mind is capable.

In comparison then with such rest as this, a rest involving the spiritual effort to rise to God and hold communion with him, we may perhaps say that the active life of earth is to be little thought of. And then again as to this active life: there is a form of it which we may conceive applied to the setting forward the purposes of God and his glory; and here too we may perhaps say that in comparison of this, the ordinary and non-religious part of the life of earth is little to be cared for. But then in saying this we must be cautious: we must be sure we are at liberty to draw a line thus, to the comparative desecration of the one side, between

thought and action, between religious action and action for society. And in any case, except in comparison of something better, we must honor and not talk slightly of the active life of men.

Let us suppose the alternative which Pascal's language and that of a good many other people suggests to us, and that man was as content and self-satisfied as he is dissatisfied and restless — what sort of a world do we imagine we should have? Let us remove from the world, in imagination, all the trouble which arises from man's restlessness, and leave to it only the physical trouble which is independent of this. Supposing then, as we must suppose, the existence of this, would the world go better if men were less restless? if they were less eager after employing themselves somehow, though it be but in the sham employment, or amusement, to which men have recourse in default of real employment? if they were contented, not only with their own condition, but with that of their community and of every one else about them? Should we not be cutting the wings of virtue by all this, as effectually as those of vice and of selfishness? Are we not introducing all the bad side of Stoicism without the good? And if we urge upon men to be contented with their own lot and portion, and not to be forever striving to change and add to them, but to be able, so far as they themselves are concerned, to sit still and be quiet, is not the real reason why we should do this that they may have more leisure and calmness to see what is wanting and wrong in the lot of others and in society about them, that they may turn their unsatisfiedness to account in this direction, by doing what they can to help others, to set the wrong right, and to make things better?

Mere freedom from restlessness (the content of moralists) is a thing which the world in no respect wants to have more of. Pascal wrote the famous chapter which I have been commenting on in Paris; would he have written it in Constantinople? It is a thing we should bear in mind, in respect of tempers which we condemn or praise, whether in other parts of the world they may not have given examples of themselves which might modify our opinions about them.

The necessity and the fact of distraction or diversion may be taken as to some extent a sign of the weakness and pitableness of man's condition, but attention must be given to what we mean by the word *distraction*. We use it with different applications, in the main reducible to

two: distraction from self-consciousness, self-enjoyment, or self-thought of any form, and distraction from the serious business or purpose of life. The term implies in it something of disparagement, because it conveys the idea of turning away our thoughts from what they should be directed to, and thus wasting a part of life. But while by the word distraction we convey this view, viz., that we cannot live our whole lives as we would or should, but that we must often turn away or divert our thoughts from what is nearest to us, what we are most anxious about, and should most like to be thinking about, to what can less truly be called our life and its business, we must, nevertheless, remember that this is only one view, and that there are other views of the same thing, equally true and equally important. Much which we call distraction, if it is not life in its direct meaning and purpose, is at least the medium or vehicle of living, is that which must be mixed up with the more essential life if that is to be in any way possible to us. Pascal seems to suppose that the ideally desirable life would be necessarily, or, *a priori*, one of entire quiet self-occupation: there is no reason to suppose this, and purpose, with action for such purpose, as a distraction from this, is in no respect a lowering of man's condition. Nor again need we suppose that the ideally desirable life (so far as it is not a life of rest) is one of entire employment for conscious purpose; man's condition is not necessarily lowered by a distraction from this life of conscious purpose to a life in which feelings and energies are simply called forth without any definite reference or aim. The life of an intelligent being is likely, in the idea of it, to be various: self-occupation, serious employment, and again simple *living*, without ulterior purpose, may all be not unfit parts of it.

The word *living*, it will have been seen, is a term as doubtful and difficult in its application as distraction is. Pascal depreciatingly says man does not live, because he lives not in the present, but only in hope and in the future. This is merely saying that, according to the ordinary view of men, action and effort is life, rather than rest and self-enjoyment. And why should this be considered less true than Pascal's view? Our life is threefold: in the past, in the present, in the future; of the three I think the last is what we most truly feel as our life. We have a life in the *past*, and can look upon what we have enjoyed, and suffered, and done,

as something in a manner which we possess (perhaps indeed to our loss and calamity) and which nothing can deprive us of. We have a life in the *present* moment, the one of most moral importance, because it is that which is most specially in our power, and in which our actual enjoyment or otherwise, goodness or otherwise, lies. But whatever moralists may say about it, it is the life which each moment begins with us, and which we are each moment entering upon, the life *before* us, which is what our thoughts are most employed upon; and fitly, for it is that upon which our present resolves and actions bear. It is a folly of Stoicism to say that it is the fool only who "*semper incipit vivere*:" to live thus is the character of all human activity.

### THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE BATIGNOLLES.

#### A CHAPTER FROM A DETECTIVE'S MEMOIRS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

EMILE GABORIAN, AUTHOR OF "WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE," ETC.

J. B. CASIMIR GODEUIL.

THREE or four months ago, a man about fifty years of age, neatly dressed in black, entered the office of the *Petit Journal*.

He brought a manuscript, written in a hand that would have overjoyed the famous Brard, the prince of calligraphists.

"I'll call again in a fortnight," said he, "to know what you think of my work."

The manuscript was carefully placed in the box of "works to be read," no one having had curiosity enough to untie the string.

Time passed on.

It ought to be added that a great many manuscripts are offered to the *Petit Journal*, and the reader's position is no sinecure.

The gentleman, however, did not appear again, and had been entirely forgotten, when one morning the member of our staff who examines the manuscripts entered the office in high spirits.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, as he came in, "I've just read something that's really extraordinary."

"What?" we asked.

"The manuscript of that gentleman, you know, the one dressed entirely in black. Ah, there's no denying it, I've been carried away."

And as we laughed at the enthusiasm of a man by no means disposed to rhapsodize, he threw the manuscript on the table, saying, —

"Read it."

.....

This was enough to puzzle us.

One took the manuscript, and at the end of the week it had gone the rounds of the whole editorial staff. The unanimous opinion was, —

"The *Petit Journal* must certainly publish that story."

.....

But here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. The author's name was not attached to the manuscript, which merely contained a visiting card on which was engraved, J. B. Casimir Godeuil.

There was no address, nothing.

What was to be done? Publish the story without the author's knowledge? That was dangerous. There must be some one to endorse every printed line.

It was then agreed that search should be made for this over-modest author, and during several days the editors of the *Petit Journal* made inquiries in every quarter.

In vain. Nobody knew J. B. Casimir Godeuil.

.....

Then in despair the enigmatical placards were posted, which for a week so greatly puzzled all Paris — and some of the provinces.

"Who is this J. B. Casimir Godeuil, who is advertised for in this way?" people asked each other.

Some thought him a prodigal son who had left his father's house, others a missing heir, the larger number a runaway cashier.

But our object was gained.

The paste on the placards was scarcely dry, when Monsieur J. B. Casimir Godeuil appeared, and the *Petit Journal* made arrangements with him for the publication of the story entitled "The Little Old Man of the Batignolles," which commenced the series of his recollections.\*

Having said this we make way for J. B. Casimir Godeuil. He had preceded his tale by the short preface which we have thought it a duty to publish, because it states what was the praiseworthy object he had in writing his recollections. [EDITOR'S NOTE.]

#### PREFACE.

A PRISONER had just been taken before the examining magistrate, and, in spite of his denials, tricks, and an alibi he pleaded, was convicted of forgery and burglary.

Overwhelmed by the evidence I had collected against him, he confessed his crime, exclaiming, —

"Oh, if I had known the power at the command of justice and the police, and how im-

\* Unfortunately J. B. Casimir Godeuil, who promised to bring the rest of his manuscript, has disappeared, and all the steps taken to discover him have been useless. Nevertheless, we have decided to publish his only tale, which contains a most touching drama.

possible it is to escape, I should have remained an honest man."

This answer suggested to me the idea of publishing my recollections. "People ought to know," I said to myself.

And in publishing my memoranda now, I have the hope, nay, the conviction, that I am doing a moral work of great usefulness.

Is it not being useful to strip crime of its gloomy romance and show it as it is—base, ignoble, abject, repulsive?

Is it not being useful to prove that there are no creatures in the world so wretched as the madmen who have declared war against society?

That is what I intend to do.

I will establish irrefutably, that we have every interest, and I mean an immediate, positive, mathematical, even discountable interest in being honest.

I will clearly demonstrate that with our social organization, thanks to railways and telegraph lines, impunity is impossible.

Punishment may be delayed, but it will always come.

Then doubtless there will be some poor creatures who will reflect before yielding to temptation.

More than one, whom the feeble whisper of conscience would not have restrained, will be checked by the salutary voice of fear.

Need I now explain what these notes are?

I shall try to describe the struggles, successes, and defeats of a handful of devoted men, to whom the safety of Paris is entrusted.

How are they to hold in check all the criminals in a capital, which with its suburbs, numbers more than *three millions* of inhabitants?

There are two hundred of them.

To them I dedicate this book.

And having said this, I'll begin.

## THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE BATIGNOLLES

### I.

WHEN I was finishing my medical studies—it was high time, for I was twenty-three years old—I lived in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, almost at the corner of the Rue Racine.

There at thirty francs a month, attendance included, I had a furnished room which would now be well worth a hundred; it was so large that I could easily put my arms through the sleeves of my overcoat without opening the window.

Leaving early in the morning to go to my hospital, and returning very late because the Café Leroy possessed irresistible attractions for me, I scarcely knew by sight the lodgers in the house, who were all quiet people of independent property or small tradesmen.

There was one, however, with whom I gradually became intimate.

Monsieur Méchinnet was a man of middle height, with a commonplace countenance, always scrupulously well shaved. The *concierger* treated him with marked consideration, and never failed to hastily raise his cap whenever he passed his room.

As Monsieur Méchinnet's door opened upon a landing directly opposite to the door of my room, we often met, and on these occasions were in the habit of bowing to each other.

One evening he came in to ask me for some matches, one night I borrowed some tobacco of him; one morning we happened to go out at the same time and walk some distance talking together.

Such were our first relations.

Without being either curious or suspicious—people are not at the age I was then—one likes to know something about the persons with whom one is acquainted.

Therefore I naturally began, not to watch my neighbor's life, but to think of his acts and movements.

He was married, and Madame Caroline Méchinnet, a fair, plump, merry little woman, seemed to worship her husband.

But this husband's mode of life was not very regular. He often left the house before dawn, and the sun had frequently risen when I heard him return to his domicile. Sometimes he disappeared for weeks.

How pretty little Madame Méchinnet could tolerate this, was what I could not understand.

In my perplexity, I thought our *concierger*, who was usually as talkative as a magpie, might enlighten me.

Wrong! I had scarcely uttered the name of Méchinnet when he sent me about my business, saying he was not in the habit of being a spy upon his lodgers.

This reception so increased my curiosity, that, banishing all shame, I set about watching my neighbor.

Then I discovered things that seemed abominable.

Once I saw him come home dressed in the latest fashion, his button-hole adorned with five or six orders; the next day but one I met him on the stairs attired in a dirty blouse, and with a ragged cloth, which gave him a most sinister expression, wrapped round his head.

This isn't all. One beautiful afternoon, as he went out, I saw his wife follow him to the threshold and, passionately embracing him, say:—

"I beseech you, Méchinnet, be careful, remember your little wife!"

Be careful! Why? For what reason? What did this mean? Was the wife an accomplice?

My astonishment was soon redoubled.

I was sleeping soundly one night, when some one suddenly knocked hurriedly at my door.

I rose and opened it.

Monsieur Méchiné entered, or rather rushed into the apartment, his clothes torn and disordered, his cravat and shirt crushed, his head bare, his face covered with blood.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed in terror.

He signed to me to be silent.

"Lower," said he, "somebody might hear you. It may be nothing, though I'm suffering terribly. I thought, as you were a medical student, you could doubtless attend to me!"

Without saying a word, I made him sit down, hastily examined the injury, and gave him the necessary assistance.

The wound, although it had bled freely, was very slight. In fact, it was only a scratch commencing at the left ear and stopping at the lips.

"Well, I'm safe and sound this time," said Monsieur Méchiné, when the dressing was finished. "A thousand thanks, my dear Monsieur Godeuil. Please say nothing about this little accident to anybody, and good-night."

Good-night! I was very likely to sleep!

When I remember all the absurd ideas and romantic fancies that passed through my brain, I can't help laughing.

Monsieur Méchiné assumed fantastic proportions in my mind. The next morning he quietly came in to thank me again, and invited me to dinner.

It may be supposed that I was all eyes and ears when I entered my neighbor's home. But it was in vain that my attention was on the alert, I detected nothing calculated to dispel the mystery that so greatly perplexed me. From the time of this dinner, however, our relations became more intimate. Monsieur Méchiné had evidently taken a fancy to me. A week rarely passed without an invitation to eat his soup, as he expressed it, and almost every day he joined me at the Café Leroy, and we played a game of dominoes together.

So on a certain evening in the month of July, one Friday about five o'clock, he was on the point of beating me, when a man of very shabby appearance, it must be confessed, entered and whispered in his ear a few words I did not understand.

Monsieur Méchiné started up with a troubled face.

"I'll go," said he, "run and say I'll go."

The man set off at full speed, and my old neighbor held out his hand to me, saying, —

"Excuse me, duty first — we'll continue our game to-morrow."

And as, burning with curiosity, I showed great annoyance, saying how much I regretted that I could not accompany him, —

"Well," he muttered, "why not? Do you want to come? Perhaps it will be interesting."

My only reply was to seize my hat, and we went out.

## II.

I WAS certainly far from suspecting that I was taking one of those apparently insignificant steps, which have a decisive influence on the whole life.

"Now," I thought, "I shall get the key to the puzzle."

And full of foolish satisfaction, I trotted like a lean cat by Monsieur Méchiné's side.

I say trotted, because I really had some difficulty in keeping up with the worthy man.

He walked on and on, along the Rue Racine, elbowing the passers-by as if his fortune had depended on his speed.

Luckily a *fiacre* passed us at the Place de l'Odéon.

Monsieur Méchiné stopped it, and opening the door, said: —

"Get in, Monsieur Godeuil."

I obeyed, and he took his seat beside me after calling to the driver in an imperative tone, —

"Rue Lécuse, 39 aux Batignolles — and be quick!"

The distance drew a volley of oaths from the driver. No matter, he gave his horses a violent blow and the carriage rolled on.

"Ah! so we're going to the Batignolles?" I asked with the smile of a courtier.

But Monsieur Méchiné made no reply; I doubt whether he heard me.

A complete metamorphosis was taking place in him. He did not seem exactly agitated, but his compressed lips and the contraction of his large bushy eyebrows betrayed intense preoccupation of mind. His eyes, fixed on vacancy, seemed to be studying the terms of some insoluble problem.

He had drawn out his snuff-box, and was constantly taking immense pinches,

which he kneaded between his finger and thumb and raised to his nose, but did not inhale.

This was a trick I had noticed, and which greatly amused me.

The worthy man, who had a horror of tobacco, was always provided with a snuff-box worthy of a stage financier.

If anything unforeseen occurred, whether pleasant or disagreeable, he pulled it out of his pocket and began to take snuff furiously.

The box was often empty, but his gestures remained the same.

I afterwards knew it was a trick of his, to conceal his impressions and divert the attention of his questioners.

Meantime we drove on.

The *fiacre* ascended, not without difficulty, the Rue de Clichy, crossed the outer boulevard, turned into the Rue de Lécluse, and ere long stopped at some distance from the address given.

To go farther was impossible, the street was so blocked by a dense crowd.

Before the house bearing the number 39, two or three hundred persons were standing with outstretched necks and sparkling eyes, panting with curiosity, and with difficulty kept back by half-a-dozen policemen, who vainly shouted in their harshest tones: "Pass on, gentlemen, pass on!"

Alighting from the carriage, we approached the house, forcing our way through the loungers with great difficulty.

We had already reached the door of number 39, when a policeman rudely thrust us back.

"Stand back! No admittance here!"

My companion eyed him from head to foot, and drawing himself up, said, —

"So you don't recognize me? I am Méchiné, and this young man," — he pointed to me — "is with me."

"Pardon me! Excuse me!" stammered the man, raising his hand to his hat. "I didn't know — walk in."

We entered.

In the vestibule, a stout woman, evidently the *concierge*, redder than a peony, was talking and gesticulating amid a group of lodgers.

"Where is it?" Monsieur Méchiné asked, roughly.

"On the third floor, my dear monsieur," she answered; "third floor, right hand door. Oh Lord, what a misfortune! In a house like ours! Such a good man!"

I heard no more. Monsieur Méchiné had darted up the stairs, and I followed, my heart beating as if it would stifle me.

The right-hand door on the third floor stood open.

We entered, crossed an ante-chamber, dining-room, drawing-room, and at last reached a bed-chamber.

If I could live a thousand years, I should never forget the spectacle that met my eyes. As I write, after so many years, I can see the smallest details.

Two men were leaning on the mantel-piece opposite to the door: a commissary of police, with his scarf round his waist, and an examining magistrate.

On the right, seated at a table, a young man, the clerk, was writing.

In the centre of the room, on the floor, amid a pool of black, coagulated blood, lay the body of an old man with white hair. He was stretched on his back, with his arms extended.

Terrified, I stood rooted to the threshold, so near fainting that to save myself from falling, I was obliged to lean against the door.

My profession had familiarized me with death; I had long since conquered the terrors of the hospital, but this was the first time I found myself confronted with crime.

For it was evident that an abominable crime had been committed.

My neighbor, less impressionable than I, had entered with a firm step.

"Oh! it's you, Méchiné," said the commissary of police. "I'm very sorry to have troubled you."

"Why?"

"Because we sha'n't need your wits. We know the criminal. I have given my orders, and he must be already arrested."

Strange! From Monsieur Méchiné's gesture, one would have supposed this assurance annoyed him. He drew out his snuff-box, took two or three of his imaginary pinches, and said: —

"Ah! the criminal is known?"

The examining magistrate answered, —

"And known in a very certain and positive fashion, yes, Monsieur Méchiné. The crime having been committed, the assassin fled, believing that his victim had expired. He was mistaken. Providence watched the deed. The unfortunate man still breathed. Summoning all his strength, he dipped one of his fingers in the blood that was flowing in streams from the wound, and wrote on the floor his murderer's name, thus denouncing him to human justice. Look."

Thus informed, I perceived what I had not noticed at first.

On the floor, in large, ill-shaped, scarcely

legible letters, was written with blood: MONIS.

"Well?" said Monsieur Méchainet.

"That," replied the commissary of police, "is the beginning of the name of the poor old man's nephew—a nephew of whom he was very fond, and who is named Monistrol."

"The devil!" said my neighbor.

"I don't suppose," continued the magistrate, "that the scoundrel will try to deny it. The five letters are an overwhelming charge against him. Besides, who profits by this cowardly crime? He alone, the sole heir of the old man, who leaves a large fortune, they say. There is more evidence: the crime was committed yesterday evening. Well, yesterday evening no one visited this poor old man except his nephew. The *concierge* saw him come in about nine o'clock and go out a little before midnight."

"That is plain," said Monsieur Méchainet, "that's very plain. This Monistrol is a fool."

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he continued, —

"Did he steal anything, did he break any article of furniture, to put people on a wrong scent in regard to the motive of the crime?"

"Nothing seems to be disturbed," replied the commissary of police. "The scoundrel hasn't gone away. When he finds that he is discovered, he will confess."

The commissary of police and Monsieur Méchainet then retired into the recess of a window and conversed together in a low tone, while the magistrate gave some instructions to his clerk.

### III.

HENCEFORWARD my mind was settled.

I had wanted to know exactly what my mysterious neighbor did. Now I knew. Now his desultory mode of life was explained, his absences, the late hours at which he returned, his sudden disappearances, his young wife's fears, the wound I had dressed.

But what was the use of my discovery?

I had gradually recovered my senses, the power of reflecting and deliberating had returned, and I scrutinized everything around me with eager curiosity.

From the place where I stood leaning against the door, I could survey the whole apartment.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, betrayed the scene of a murder.

Everything, on the contrary, revealed

comfort, but at the same time parsimonious and methodical habits. Everything was in its place; there was not a fold awry in the curtains, and the frames of the furniture glittered, implying daily polishing.

Besides, it seemed evident that the suppositions of the magistrate and commissary of police were correct, and the poor old man had been assassinated the evening before, just as he was preparing to go to bed.

In fact, the bed-clothes were turned back, and on the quilt lay a shirt and night-cap. On the table, at the head of the bed, I saw a glass of sugar-and-water, a box of matches, and an evening paper, the *Patrie*.

On one corner of the mantelpiece glittered a candlestick, a large solid copper candlestick. But the candle that had illumined the crime was consumed, the murderer had fled without blowing it out, and it had burned down, blackening the alabaster save-all on which it was fastened.

These details I had perceived at once, without effort, without, so to speak, any exertion of my will.

My eye performed the part of a photographic object-glass, the scene of the murder was fixed in my mind as if on a prepared plate, with such precision that no circumstance was omitted, with such firmness that even now I could draw the chamber occupied by the "little old man of the Batignolles," without forgetting anything, without omitting even a cork half-covered with green wax which I can still see on the floor, under the clerk's chair.

The faculty of investigation, which has been bestowed upon me, is a very extraordinary one. I had never before had occasion to exert it, but it suddenly revealed itself.

At that time I was far too deeply agitated to be able to analyze my impressions. I had but one obstinate, burning, irresistible desire to approach the corpse, lying two yards away from me.

At first I struggled against this wish. But there was a fatality about it. I approached.

Had my presence been noticed? I think not.

At any rate, nobody was paying any attention to me.

Monsieur Méchainet and the police officer were still talking together near the window; the clerk was reading his report to the magistrate in a low tone.

So there was nothing to prevent the accomplishment of my plan.

Besides, I must confess, a sort of feverish eagerness had taken possession of me,



which made me insensible to external circumstances and utterly isolated me.

I ventured to kneel down by the side of the body, to see it better and more closely.

Far from thinking that somebody was going to exclaim: "What are you doing here?" I moved slowly and steadily, like a man who, having received a mission, is going to execute it.

The unfortunate old man seemed to be about seventy or seventy-five years old. He was small and very thin, but had evidently been strong and likely to live to be a hundred. He still had a great deal of hair, of a yellowish white color, curled on the back of his neck. His grey beard, strong and thick set, did not seem to have been shaved for five or six days; it must have grown since his death. This circumstance, which I had often noticed among subjects brought to the hospital for dissection, caused me no surprise.

What did astonish me, was the unfortunate man's face. It was calm, nay smiling.

The lips were parted as if for a friendly greeting.

Death had been terribly sudden, since he had kept that pleasant expression.

This was the first idea which presented itself to the mind.

Yes, but how could I reconcile these two irreconcilable circumstances: a sudden death, and the five letters — *Monis* — which I saw in characters of blood upon the floor?

What efforts must it not have required for the dying man to write that! Only the hope of vengeance could have given him such energy. And what must have been his rage to feel himself dying, ere he could trace the whole name of his assassin!

And yet the face of the corpse seemed to smile at me.

The poor old man had been struck in the throat, and the weapon had cut the neck from ear to ear.

The instrument of the crime must have been a poniard, or rather one of those terrible Catalonian knives, as wide as the hand, which cut on both sides and are as sharp as a needle.

Never in my life have I experienced such singular sensations.

My temples throbbed with unprecedented violence, and my heart swelled as if it would burst.

What was I going to discover?

Urged on by a mysterious and irresistible

power, which annihilated my will, I took between my own hands the cold, rigid hands of the corpse.

The right one was clean; it was one of the fingers of the left, the forefinger, that was stained with blood.

What! The old man had written with his left hand! Come, come!

Overwhelmed by a sort of giddiness, with wild eyes, bristling hair, and a face paler than the corpse lying at my feet, I started up uttering a terrible cry.

"Great heaven!"

All the others, startled, surprised, and bewildered, exclaimed in a breath, —

"What is it? what is the matter?"

I tried to answer, but my emotion stifled me, it seemed as if my mouth was full of sand.

I could only point to the dead man's hands, stammering, —

"There! there!"

Quick as lightning, Monsieur Méchainet had thrown himself on his knees beside the corpse. He saw what I had seen, and received the same impression, for, starting quickly to his feet, he exclaimed, —

"It was not this poor old man who traced these letters."

And as the magistrate and commissary of police stared at him with mouths wide open, he explained to them the circumstance that the left hand alone was stained with blood.

"And to think that I didn't notice it," said the commissary, mournfully.

Monsieur Méchainet took snuff furiously.

"That's always the way," he remarked.

"The things in plain sight are the very ones that are not seen. But no matter, the situation is entirely changed. Since the old man did not write the letters, his assassin did."

"Evidently," assented the commissary.

"Now," my neighbor continued, "can we imagine a murderer stupid enough to denounce himself by writing his name beside the body of his victim? No, that isn't it. Now let us suppose.

The magistrate had become anxious.

"It is plain," said he, "that appearances have deceived us. Monistrol is not the criminal. Who is he? It is your business, Monsieur Méchainet, to find out."

He paused. A police officer entered, who addressing himself to the commissary said, —

"Your orders are executed, monsieur. Monistrol has been arrested and imprisoned. He has confessed everything."

## IV.

THE shock was the ruder because so unexpected.

It was impossible to describe our astonishment.

What! While we were there, trying to find proofs of Monistrol's innocence, he was confessing his guilt.

Monsieur Méchiné was the first to regain his composure.

He hastily raised his fingers from his snuff-box to his nose five or six times, and advancing towards the policeman, said, —

"You are mistaken, or are deceiving us; there is no half-way course."

"I assure you, Monsieur Méchiné —"

"Silence! Either you have misunderstood what Monistrol said, or you are intoxicated by the hope of astonishing us by telling us that the affair is settled."

The policeman, hitherto humble and respectful, now rebelled.

"Excuse me," he interrupted. "I'm neither a fool nor a liar, and I know what I'm talking about."

The discussion was verging so near a quarrel, that the magistrate thought it his duty to interfere.

"Keep your temper, Monsieur Méchiné," said he, "and wait till you have all the information, before you form an opinion."

Then turning to the policeman he continued, —

"And you, my friend, tell us what you know, and the reasons for your confidence."

Thus supported, the policeman crushed Monsieur Méchiné with a sarcastic glance, and with a very perceptible touch of conceit, began: —

"Well, then, this is the state of affairs. The magistrate and commissary here present ordered us, Inspector Goulard, my colleague Poltin and myself, to arrest the man named Monistrol, dealer in imitation jewelry, living in the Rue Vivienne, No. 75, the aforesaid Monistrol being charged with the assassination of his uncle."

"That is correct," said the commissary in an undertone.

"Thereupon," continued the policeman, "we took a *fiacre* and drove to the address. On our arrival we found Monsieur Monistrol in his back shop, just about to sit down to dinner with his wife, a remarkably beautiful woman twenty-five or thirty years old.

"On seeing us all three enter in a row, my gentleman started up. 'What do you

want?' he asked. Goulard instantly drew out the warrant and answered, 'I arrest you in the name of the law!'"

Monsieur Méchiné seemed to be on thorns. "Couldn't you hurry a little?" he said to the policeman.

But the latter continued in the same quiet tone, as if he had not heard the remark: —

"I have arrested several individuals in my life, but I never saw any one so discomposed as this man. 'You are joking, or have made a mistake,' said he. 'No, we haven't made any mistake.' 'But why do you arrest me?'"

"Goulard shrugged his shoulders.

"'Don't act like a child,' said he, 'your uncle — the body is found, and there are overwhelming proofs against you.'"

"Oh! the rascal. He tottered and at last fell into a chair, sobbing and stammering some reply which it was impossible to understand.

"Seeing this, Goulard shook him by the collar of his coat, saying, —

"'The shortest way is to confess everything.'"

"He looked at us with a bewildered expression, and muttered, —

"'Well, I'll confess everything!'"

"Well managed, Goulard!" said the commissary approvingly.

The policeman was triumphant.

"The point in question was to make no disturbance in the shop," he continued.

"We had been ordered to avoid causing any gossip, and loungers were already assembling. Goulard seized the prisoner by the arm, exclaiming, 'Come, start, we are expected at the prefecture!' Monistrol managed to stand on his trembling limbs, and in the tone of a man who is plucking up his courage, said: 'Let us go.'"

"We thought the worst was over, but we hadn't considered the wife.

"Up to that moment she had remained in an armchair as if fainting, without uttering a word, or seeming to understand what was passing.

"But when she saw that we were really taking her husband away, she started up like an angry lioness and threw herself before the door, crying: 'You shall not pass!' Upon my word, she was magnificent, but Goulard has seen a great many people. 'Come, come, my good woman,' said he, 'don't interfere with us; you shall have your husband again.'"

"But, far from making way for us, she clung still more convulsively to the door, swearing that her husband was innocent;

declaring that if he were taken to prison she would follow him, sometimes threatening us and overwhelming us with curses, sometimes pleading with us in the sweetest tones.

"Then, when she realized that nothing would prevent us from doing our duty, she moved away from the door, and throwing herself into her husband's arms: 'Oh! my dearest,' she moaned, 'is it possible that you can be accused of a crime, you — you! Tell these men you are innocent!'"

"We were all touched, but he, more callous than any of us, had the cruelty to push his poor wife away so brutally that she fell like a lump in a corner of the back shop.

"Fortunately this was the end.

"The wife had fainted, we took advantage of the opportunity to pack the husband into the *fiacre* we had brought.

"Pack is the right word, for he had become like a lifeless thing, he could no longer stand, and had to be carried. And to forget nothing, I must add that his dog, a sort of a black pug, actually tried to jump into the carriage with us, and we had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of it.

"On the way, as was right, Goulard tried to divert our prisoner's thoughts and make him talk. But it was impossible to get a word out of his mouth. Not until we reached the prefecture, did he seem to recover his senses. When he was safely and duly installed in one of the 'close confinement' cells, he threw himself full length on the bed, repeating, 'What have I done, oh God, what have I done!'"

"At that moment Goulard approached him for the second time — 'So,' said he, 'you confess that you are guilty?' 'Yes, yes,' said Monistrol, and then added in a hoarse voice, 'Pray let me alone!'"

"We did so, taking care, however, to station an attendant at the grating of the cell, to watch lest the fellow should attempt to commit suicide.

"Goulard and Poltin remained there, and I — came here."

"That report is exact," muttered the commissary of police, "it could not be more so."

This was also the opinion of the magistrate, for he murmured, —

"How can there be a doubt of Monistrol's guilt after this?"

I was confounded, yet my convictions were immovable. I even opened my lips to hazard an objection, when Monsieur Méchainet anticipated me.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 954

"All this is very fine!" he exclaimed. "Only, if we admit that Monistrol is the assassin, we are also forced to admit that he wrote his name there on the floor — and, zounds, it's hard —"

"Stop!" interrupted the commissary of police, "since the criminal confesses, what is the use of troubling ourselves about a circumstance that will be explained."

But my neighbor's remark had once more aroused the magistrate's doubts. So without pronouncing any opinion, he said, —

"I am going to the prefecture, I want to question Monistrol this very evening."

And after having told the commissary of police to carefully execute all the formalities required by the law and wait for the physicians summoned to make a post-mortem examination of the body, he went away, followed by his clerk, and the policeman who had come to tell us of the success of the arrest.

"If these doctors only don't keep us waiting too long!" grumbled the commissary, who was thinking of his dinner.

Neither Monsieur Méchainet nor I answered him. We remained standing face to face, evidently haunted by the same idea.

"Perhaps the old man wrote it after all," murmured my neighbor.

"With his left hand? Is that possible? Without considering that the poor man's death must have been instantaneous."

"Are you sure of that?"

"From the nature of his wound, I would take my oath upon it. Besides, some doctors are coming, who will tell you whether I am right or wrong."

Monsieur Méchainet tormented his nose in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

"Perhaps there is really some mystery in it," said he.

"Inquiries must be made again. Well, let's make them. And to begin, let us question the *conciergerie*."

And running to the staircase, he leaned over the railing, calling, —

"*Conciergerie! conciergerie!* Come up here for a few minutes, if you please."

v.

WHILE waiting for the *conciergerie*, Monsieur Méchainet proceeded to make a rapid and close examination of the scene of the crime.

The lock of the door leading into the apartment was what principally occupied his attention. It was uninjured, and the key turned in it without the slightest difficulty.

This circumstance entirely precluded the idea that a stranger had entered at night by the help of false keys.

On my part, mechanically, or rather inspired by the astonishing instinct that had been revealed in me, I had just picked up the cork half covered with green wax, which I had seen on the floor.

It had been used, and the waxed portion still showed the marks of the cork-screw, but in the other end was a deep notch, evidently produced by some sharp instrument.

Suspecting the importance of my discovery, I imparted it to Monsieur Méchainet, who could not restrain an exclamation of pleasure.

"At last," he cried, "we have a clue. This cork was dropped here by the assassin. It was fastened on the point of the weapon he used. Inference: the instrument of murder is a poniard, fastened into a handle, and not a knife that shuts. With this cork I am sure of finding the criminal, whoever he may be!"

The commissary of police was finishing his work in the bed-chamber, and Monsieur Méchainet and I had remained in the drawing-room, when we were interrupted by the sound of panting breath.

Almost instantly, the stout woman whom I had seen in the vestibule haranguing in the midst of the lodgers, appeared.

It was the *concierge*, redder, if possible, than when we arrived.

"What can I do for you, monsieur?" she asked Monsieur Méchainet.

"Sit down, madame," he replied.

"But, monsieur, I have some people below."

"They will wait for you. I tell you to sit down."

Nonplussed by Monsieur Méchainet's tone, she obeyed. Then fixing his little grey eyes upon her, —

"I need certain information," he began, "and am going to question you. In your own interest, I advise you to answer without evasion. In the first place, what is the name of the poor old man who has been murdered?"

"His name was Pigoreau, monsieur, but he was best known by that of Anténor, which he had formerly borne because it was better suited to his business."

"Has he lived in this house long?"

"For eight years."

"Where did he live before?"

"In the Rue Richelieu, where he had his shop — for he was a hairdresser, and made his fortune in the business."

"So he was considered a rich man?"

"I've heard his niece say he hadn't less than a million."

This matter could be easily decided, since an inventory had been made of the old man's papers.

"Now," continued Monsieur Méchainet, "what sort of a man was this Monsieur Pigoreau or Anténor?"

"Oh! the best of men, monsieur," replied the *concierge*. "He was very troublesome, eccentric, and miserly as possible, but not a bit proud. And so comical too! One could have listened to him all night, when he was in the right mood. He knew so many stories. Just think, an old hairdresser, who, as he said, had arranged the hair of the handsomest women in Paris."

"How did he live?"

"Like everybody else. Like everybody who has an income, I mean, and yet is careful of money."

"Can you give me any particulars?"

"Oh, yes, seeing that I had charge of his housekeeping. And it gave me very little trouble, for he did almost everything — sweeping, dusting, and polishing — himself. It was his hobby. Then, every day of his life, when the clock struck twelve, I took him a cup of chocolate. He drank it, swallowed a glass of water directly after, and that was his breakfast. Then he dressed, and this occupied nearly two hours, for he was more coquettish and particular about his person than a bride. As soon as he was dressed, he went out to walk. At six o'clock, he dined at a boarding-house kept by the demoiselles Gomet, Rue de la Paix. After dinner he went to the Café Guerbois to drink his coffee, and at eleven o'clock came home and went to bed. The poor old man had but one fault. He had too much regard for the fair sex. I often said to him, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, at your age?' But nobody is perfect, and we can understand this in an old perfumer, who had had a great many favors in his life."

A smile flitted over the face of the stout *concierge*, but nothing could make Monsieur Méchainet unbend.

"Did Monsieur Pigoreau receive many visitors?" he asked.

"Very few. I rarely saw any one come to see him, except his nephew, Monsieur Monistrol, who dined with him every Sunday at Père Lathuile's."

"And on what terms were the uncle and nephew?"

"They were like hand and glove."

"Did they never have any disputes?"

"Never, except that they were always squabbling about Madame Clara."

"Who is this Madame Clara?"

"Monsieur Monistrol's wife, a magnificent creature. Monsieur Anténor couldn't bear her. He said his nephew loved her too much, that she led him by the nose, and made him see everything as she wished. He declared that she didn't love her husband, that she felt above her business, and would end by doing something foolish. Madame Clara and her uncle were at loggerheads last year. She wanted the old man to lend Monsieur Monistrol a hundred thousand francs, to buy the stock of a jeweller in the Palais Royal. But he refused, declaring that they might do what they chose with his fortune after his death, but until then, having made it, he meant to keep and enjoy it."

I thought Monsieur Méchainet was going to dwell upon this circumstance, which seemed to me very important. No; I vainly made signs; he continued:—

"I have still to learn by whom the crime was discovered."

"By me, monsieur, by me!" wailed the *concierge*. "Oh, it is terrible! Imagine me, when the clock struck twelve to-day, coming up-stairs as usual, to give Père Anténor his chocolate. As I attend to the housekeeping, I have a key to the door. I open it, I enter, and what do I see? Oh, merciful heaven!" And she began to utter piercing shrieks.

"This grief shows your kind heart, madame," said Monsieur Méchainet, gravely. "Only, as I'm in a hurry, try to control it. What did you think, when you saw your lodger murdered?"

"I said to whoever cared to hear, 'It's his nephew, the wretch, who dealt the blow to secure the inheritance.'"

"What gave you this certainty? To accuse a man of so great a crime is to thrust him upon the scaffold."

"Why, monsieur, who else could it be? Monsieur Monistrol came to see his uncle yesterday evening, and when he went out it was nearly midnight. Besides, though he always speaks to me, he said nothing when he came or went away. And from that moment till the one when I discovered everything, no one, I am sure, went up to Monsieur Anténor's room."

I confess that this testimony bewildered me.

Still a tyro, I should not have thought of pursuing the examination. Fortunately, Monsieur Méchainet's experience was great, and he was thoroughly skilled in the

difficult art of drawing the whole truth from witnesses.

"So, madame," he continued, "you are certain that Monistrol came here yesterday evening?"

"Certain."

"You saw him distinctly? recognized him?"

"Oh, excuse me — I didn't see his face. He passed very quickly, trying to hide himself, like the wretch he is, and the corridor is dimly lighted."

I started at this reply, whose importance was incalculable, and advancing towards the *concierge*, —

"If that is so," I cried, "how dare you assert that you recognized Monsieur Monistrol?"

She eyed me from head to foot, and, with a sarcastic smile, answered, —

"If I didn't see the master's face, I saw the dog's muzzle. As I always pet it, it came into my room, and I was just going to give it a mutton-bone, when its master whistled for it."

I looked at Monsieur Méchainet, anxious to know what he thought of these answers, but his face faithfully kept the secret of his impressions.

He merely added, —

"What kind of a dog is Monsieur Monistrol's?"

"A pug, perfectly black, with a white spot over its ear. They call it Pluto."

Monsieur Méchainet rose.

"You can go," he said to the *concierge*; "my mind is made up."

And when she had gone, —

"It seems to me impossible," said he, "that the nephew is not the criminal."

Meantime the doctors had come, and when they had finished the post-mortem examination, their conclusion was:—

"Monsieur Pigoreau's death was certainly instantaneous. So it was not he who traced the five letters *Monis* which we had seen on the floor, near the corpse."

I had not been mistaken.

"But if it wasn't he," cried Monsieur Méchainet, "who was it? Monistrol? Nobody will ever get that through my brain."

And as the commissary of police, delighted to be able to go to his dinner at last, rallied him on his perplexities, — absurd perplexities, since Monistrol had confessed, —

"Perhaps I am only a fool," he answered; "the future will decide. And meantime, my dear Monsieur Godeuil, come to the prefecture with me."

## VI.

WE took a *fiacre* to go to the prefecture of police, as we had taken one to come to the Batignolles.

Monsieur Méchiné was very much pre-occupied; his fingers never stopped travelling from his snuff-box to his nose, and I heard him muttering between his teeth:

"I will have a clear understanding! I must have a clear understanding!"

Then he drew the cork I had given him out of his pocket, turned it over and over like a monkey examining a nut, and murmured, —

"The criminality is proved, and yet — some expedient ought to come out of this green cork."

I, leaning back in my corner, did not utter a word.

My situation was certainly a most singular one, but I did not think of it. All the intelligence I had was absorbed in this business. I was turning over in my mind the various and contradictory elements, and exhausting myself in trying to penetrate the secret of the drama, of which I had a presentiment.

Night had closed in when our carriage stopped.

The Quai des Orfèvres was deserted and silent. Not a sound, not a step was heard. The few shops in the neighborhood were closed. All the life in the quarter had collected in the little restaurant at the corner of the Rue de Jérusalem, on whose red curtains appeared the shadows of the customers.

"Will they let you have access to the prisoner?" I asked Monsieur Méchiné.

"Certainly," he answered. "Haven't I been ordered to follow up the affair? Isn't it necessary, in consequence of unforeseen circumstances which may occur during the inquiry, that I should be able to question the prisoner at any hour of the day or night?"

And he entered with a rapid step, saying, —

"Come, come; we've no time to lose."

There was no necessity to hurry me. I followed close behind, agitated by indefinable emotions, and quivering with vague curiosity.

It was the first time I had ever crossed the threshold of the prefecture of police, and Heaven knows what my prejudices were.

"There," I said to myself, not without a certain emotion of terror, "there is the secret of Paris."

I was so absorbed in my reflections

that, forgetting to watch my steps, I nearly fell down.

The shock recalled me to a consciousness of my situation.

We were then passing along an immense passage with damp walls and rough pavement. My companion soon entered a little room where two men were playing cards, while three or four others, stretched on a camp-bed, were smoking pipes. He exchanged a few words with them, which did not reach my ears, then came out, and we continued our walk.

Having crossed a courtyard and entered a second passage, we soon reached an iron grating with heavy bolts and formidable lock.

At a word from Monsieur Méchiné, an attendant opened the grating; we passed on the right an immense hall where I seemed to see all the policemen in Paris, and at last climbed a steep staircase.

At the top of this staircase, at the entrance of a narrow corridor on which opened a number of little doors, sat a stout man with a pleasant face, who certainly bore no resemblance to the classic jailer.

"Why, it's Monsieur Méchiné!" he exclaimed, as he saw my companion. "I was expecting you. I'll bet you've come to see the murderer of the little old man of the Batignolles."

"Exactly. Is there anything new in the case?"

"No."

"But the magistrate must have come."

"He has left here."

"Well?"

"He didn't stay three minutes with the prisoner, and looked very well satisfied when he came away. At the foot of the stairs he met the warden, and said, 'The business will be easily settled; the murderer doesn't even attempt to deny.'"

Monsieur Méchiné jumped at least three feet, but the jailer did not notice it, for he continued, —

"I'm not at all surprised. When I saw the prisoner, as he was brought in, I said to myself, 'Here's one who won't know how to hold out.'"

"And what is he doing now?"

"He's groaning. I was told to watch him, lest he should commit suicide, and of course I do — but it's useless. He's one of the rascals who think more of their own skins than other peoples'."

"Let's take a look at him," interrupted Monsieur Méchiné, "but make no noise."

All three of us instantly moved forward on tiptoe to an oaken door, pierced at the height of a man with a grated window.

Through this window we could see everything that was passing in the cell, which was lighted by a dim gas-burner.

The jailer looked in first, Monsieur Méchainet next, then my turn came.

On a narrow iron bedstead covered with a grey woollen quilt striped with yellow, I saw a man lying face downward, with his head almost hidden on his folded arms.

He was weeping; the sound of his sobs reached my ears, and at times a convulsive shudder shook him from head to foot.

"Open the door now," said Monsieur Méchainet to the jailer.

He obeyed and we entered.

At the grating of the key, the prisoner had risen, and seated on his pallet, with legs and arms hanging, and head bowed on his breast, looked at us with a stupefied expression.

He was a man thirty-five or thirty-eight years old, with a figure somewhat below the middle height, but stout, and an apoplectic neck sunk between broad shoulders. He was ugly, his face had been disfigured by small-pox, and his long, straight nose and retreating forehead gave him a resemblance to the stupid countenance of the sheep. But his blue eyes were very handsome, and his teeth remarkably white.

"Well, Monsieur Monistrol," Monsieur Méchainet began, "so we are in trouble."

And as the unfortunate man made no reply, —

"I admit," he continued, "that the situation isn't cheerful. But if I were in your place, I would show myself a man. I would do myself justice, and try to prove my innocence."

"I am not innocent."

This time there was no opportunity for mistake, no room to doubt the intelligence of a messenger. We heard the terrible confession from the criminal's own lips.

"What," exclaimed Monsieur Méchainet, "you!"

The man had started up on his tottering limbs, with bloodshot eyes and foaming lips, evidently in a fit of terrible rage.

"Yes, it is I," he interrupted, "I alone. How many times must I repeat it? A magistrate has just been here, I confessed everything and signed the confession. What do you ask more? I know what is before me, and I'm not afraid. I killed and must be killed. Cut my throat, the sooner the better."

Monsieur Méchainet, who was at first somewhat bewildered, quickly regained his composure.

"One moment," said he, "people's throats are not cut like that. They must

prove that they are guilty. Then the law takes into consideration certain errors, certain fatalities, if you please, and for this very purpose has invented extenuating circumstances."

An inarticulate groan was Monistrol's only reply, and Monsieur Méchainet continued: —

"So you bore your uncle a terrible grudge?"

"Oh no!"

"Then why?"

"To inherit his property. My business affairs were involved. I needed money, my uncle, who was very rich, refused to give me any."

"I understand, you hoped to escape the law."

"I hoped to do so."

Hitherto I had been surprised at the way in which Monsieur Méchainet conducted this rapid examination, now I understood it. I guessed what would follow, I saw the snare he was spreading for the prisoner.

"Another thing," he continued abruptly; "where did you buy the revolver you used to commit the crime?"

Monistrol's face showed no surprise.

"I've had it in my possession a long time," he answered.

"What did you do with it afterwards?"

"Threw it down on the outer boulevard."

"Very well," said Monsieur Méchainet gravely, "search shall be made, and it will immediately be found." After a moment's silence, he added, —

"What I can't understand, is that you should have let your dog follow you."

"What — my dog —"

"Yes, Pluto — the *conciierge* recognized it."

Monistrol clenched his hands and opened his lips to answer, but some sudden recollection crossed his mind, and he threw himself back on his bed, saying in a tone of immovable firmness, —

"I have been tortured enough, you won't get another word out of me."

It was evident that it would be a waste of trouble to persist.

We therefore retired, and once outside on the Quai des Orfèvres, I seized Monsieur Méchainet by the arm, exclaiming, —

"You heard; the unfortunate man doesn't even know how his uncle died. Is it possible to have any farther doubt of his innocence?"

But the old policeman was a terrible sceptic.

"Who knows!" he replied. "I've seen



famous actors in my life. But this is enough for to-day. I'll call for you to eat my soup this evening. To-morrow it will be daylight and we shall see."

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.

FROM THE NOTES OF A STAFF-OFFICER.

EGYPT has ever been the land of marvellous tales, from the days when the "Father of History" lent a credulous ear to the fables of the priests of Isis down to the present time, when the land of the Pharaohs is made the football of speculators and stock-jobbers. Having obtained the true story of the late Egyptian campaign from the lips and the note-books of the foreign officers connected with it, as well as some most interesting details as to the character of the country and people, I have jotted them down for publication, that light may be thrown on the dark places in Abyssinia, the Ethiopia of the Scriptures.

The quarrel between Egypt and Abyssinia originally arose, not simply from questions of disputed boundary—which, on that wild frontier, are of little consequence to either party—but from the incessant raids made by the nomadic and warlike Abyssinians upon the peaceful and timid Egyptian *fellahs* dwelling in convenient proximity to these uncomfortable neighbors,—who harry their own peasantry as well with a most laudable impartiality. In fact, in these remote regions, the old Border feuds and forays, once so familiar on the Scottish border, are still actively carried on by these *sans-culottes* African caterans. To protect the frontier, and overawe these predatory chieftains, who, while nominally acknowledging the rule of King Kassa or Johannes, the successor of Theodoros, are really obedient to their own special headman or *ras*, the khedive in October 1865 despatched a column of about thirty-four hundred men under command of Colonel Arendrup, a Dane in Egyptian service, with instructions to enforce peace if possible between the respective residents of this border-land, believing a display of force would accomplish those objects without bloodshed.

Ignorant of the country and of the character of the people with whom he had to deal, and despising his savage adversary too much, the unfortunate Arendrup divid-

ed his force and neglected the most ordinary precautions. While marching through the defile of Goundel on Abyssinian territory with but eight hundred men, he fell into an ambuscade, and after desperate resistance he and almost his whole force were cut to pieces, the few survivors being afterwards butchered in cold blood by the victors. This slaughter was planned, and participated in, by King Johannes himself, who thus commenced hostilities, setting up the alleged invasion of his territory by an armed Egyptian force as his plea for the bloody act.

With Arendrup perished the gallant young governor of Massowah, Arakel Bey, nephew to Nubar Pasha—one of the ablest and most intelligent of the younger generation of Egyptian statesmen. Count Zichy, a volunteer, brother of the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, met a still more tragic and terrible fate. Two weeks after the slaughter, the French consul at Massowah, traversing the theatre of combat where the mutilated and unburied bodies of the slain still were lying as they fell, was startled by the apparition of a bloody and ghastly object—whether bestial or human he could not tell—crawling through the bushes towards his party. It proved to be the unfortunate Count Zichy, who had been left for dead on the field, and who, though fearfully wounded and disfigured, had contrived to drag himself about on all fours, subsisting on berries during the interval. They placed the almost dying sufferer on a litter, and so strong was his will, and such his tenacity of life, that he rallied sufficiently to show his indomitable spirit by humming some favorite airs as they bore him along. For some unexplained reason the people with whom he was afterwards left in charge, delivered up the poor creature, thus miraculously rescued, to some of the followers of Johannes to be taken to the king; but these soon released him from his sufferings by putting him to death, having recognized him as one of Arendrup's force. It has been reported and believed that the whole of Arendrup's original force was massacred; but this is untrue, as not more than one-third accompanied him on his fatal march through the valley. It is stated by officers who accompanied the second expedition, that on their arrival at Massowah they found more than two thousand of the survivors of Arendrup's force, who had been stationed at various points remote from the scene of his massacre, and who therefore took no part in that affair.

A detachment of these was menaced by the Abyssinians, flushed with victory; but owing to the skilful generalship of the foreign officers commanding, especially of Major Denison, a young American, it presented a bold front during the day, and retreated successfully under cover of the night, until it safely reached Massowah.

In consequence of this disastrous event, it became absolutely necessary for the khedive to despatch a second and stronger expedition, into Abyssinia, for the double purpose of restoring Egyptian authority and prestige on the frontier, and of preventing incursions from an opponent flushed with victory, and menacing Egypt with a war of invasion.

Accordingly, early in December, 1875, a second expedition was despatched for Abyssinia, numbering in all about sixteen thousand men, well officered, armed, and provisioned, under command of Ratib Pasha, the Egyptian generalissimo, accompanied by General Loring, an American in Egyptian service, an old and experienced soldier, who had left an arm in Mexico twenty years before; with it was a very able staff of American and other foreign officers.

The troops composing this expedition were the picked men of the Egyptian army, armed not only with the Remington rifle, but provided with artillery, including Krupp guns. It was, in all respects, an admirably well-equipped and well-appointed force, fully adequate (as was supposed) to carry out the double purpose aimed at. The subsequent narrative will show why it fell short of full success. This force was sent in steamers from Suez nearly one thousand miles down the Red Sea, to Massowah, an Egyptian post, ceded some years ago by the sultan, and ever since an Egyptian possession, its natural and trading advantages being very great.

Massowah is a picturesque-looking Oriental town, in whose port vessels of the largest class can safely lie at anchor. It is built on an island of coral formation, and connected with the mainland by a causeway a mile long. On another coral island adjoining, the late governor, Arakel Bey, had built a palace, in excellent taste and Oriental style, which forms one of the most attractive objects in the vicinity. The town is of Arab character and construction, but of considerable extent; the population very mixed, comprising specimens of the sixteen different nationalities which people Egypt, in whose faces every shade of brown, black, or coffee-color could be witnessed. They constitute a busy, peace-

ful, orderly, trading population; keen for a bargain, but inoffensive. The climate in winter is delightful; in summer, trying to European constitutions.

With this expedition Prince Hassan, third son of the khedive and present minister of war, went as a volunteer *aide* to the general-in-chief.

The expeditionary force remained some months at Massowah before penetrating far into the Abyssinian country, which is shut in by ranges of hills, rising in succession until they almost attain the dignity of mountains, by which latter name they are usually designated.

The difficulty of passing these natural barriers has been greatly exaggerated, as there are passes through all of them, many of which are well wooded, affording the protection of cover to an invading as well as to an ambushed force. Many of them can also be dominated and swept by artillery, as the Abyssinians found to their cost during their second encounter with the Egyptian troops.

Officers who had served in Mexico declare that the general features of Abyssinia reminded them of that country, though with less majestic mountains and feebler vegetation; for Abyssinia only nestles among her hills; and marching into the interior from the coast, the country, though rugged, is hot, lying comparatively low, between the ninth and sixteenth degrees of latitude. Proceeding further inland, from thirty to eighty miles from the coast, you reach plateaux two thousand feet above the level of the Red Sea, and enjoy one of the most delightful and salubrious climates in the world, bright and sunny in winter, and in summer refreshed by constant rains. From June to October you have several variations of climate every day. The morning breaks bright and clear, with unclouded sunshine; at midday it becomes cloudy; and two hours later the rain comes down in torrents; then follows a splendid sunset, succeeded by a clear night, the heavens studded with stars, both the North Star and Southern Cross being plainly perceptible at the same time. The continual rains temper the heat, until the summer solstice becomes as endurable as the spring season. Hence the tablelands of Abyssinia, though lying in the midst of a burning region, are both temperate and healthy all the year round.

Large and numerous watercourses fertilize and refresh this region, among which are the Mareb, Taccaze, Blue Nile, and Atbara—the two latter being the great fertilizers which, for thousands of years,

have rendered their annual tribute to old Father Nile, and have added immensely to the fertility and productiveness of Egypt, by bringing down with their turbid waters the rich deposits of the valleys and hillsides of Abyssinia, washed down by the annual floods.

So that, in despite of its wild and untamable chieftains who interpose a barrier to the encroaching civilization of their powerful neighbor, Abyssinia still continues to pay her rich annual tribute to Egypt, and must continue so to do until the affluents of the Nile have altered their course. The khedive himself, when taxed with the intention of absorbing or annexing Abyssinia in whole or in part, referred to this, when he said that, as nature already was sending him down the best part of Abyssinia, he had no desire for the residue.

From the notes of officers attached to the expedition, the following statement of the military operations is taken:—

"Our force of sixteen thousand men was under the command of Ratib Pasha, an Egyptian, of Circassian blood, general-in-chief of the Egyptian army. With him was sent General Loring of the American contingent, an old officer of much experience, whose hand the khedive placed in that of the pasha before leaving Cairo, enjoining brotherly concord between them. With them also went a picked staff of American and other foreign officers. The armament comprised a splendid park of artillery, including Krupp guns, and the men were armed with the Remington rifle, the best small-arm in the world. No army ever was fitted out with better material of war and equipment, and the comfort both of officers and men was thoroughly provided for.

"After establishing two depots *en route* to keep open our communication, we marched from Massowah, on the coast, to the plateau, crossing the mountain of Kayakhor for almost eighty miles inland. We then marched to a valley six miles distant, and established breastworks, intrenching ourselves in a strong fortification deemed impregnable, which received the name of Fort Gura. At the same time we also fortified the mountain of Kayakhor, which we had just passed. It is necessary to bear in mind that the two positions were only six miles apart. The valley extended from Kayakhor to eight miles beyond Fort Gura, with a width of from one and a half to two miles.

"At Fort Gura we had about seventy-seven hundred men, rank and file, and at Kayakhor about five thousand. These

figures included all arms of the service, the depots being filled with abundance of ammunition and provisions. The balance of our command and supplies were rapidly moving up to join us. Such was the state of affairs when we received information from our scouts that King John was moving in the distance around our front with a large force. Finally he commenced a movement along our right flank, keeping under shelter of the mountains, twenty or thirty miles distant, endeavoring to draw us out into the open country. Not having our forces all up and concentrated, we were not in a position to move out, even had we desired it; so we pursued the waiting policy, well knowing that, with his large force, swelled by the numerous camp-followers, in the shape of women and children who always accompany the fighting men, he must soon exhaust the country over which he was passing, which cause, together with the want of water, would compel him to make an effort to cross our path and attack us.

"From his position he could not cross the valley in any other way than between our two fortified positions above described. Such being the situation, Ratib Pasha was advised to leave the impregnable Fort Gura, with eight hundred men and the artillery, which could sweep the valley, and marching the rest of his force back to Kayakhor, there effect a junction with the rest of his forces as soon as possible, and await the enemy, who was daily expected there, in his forced march across the valley in quest of water and provisions. This counsel was given on the 4th of March; and had the pasha adopted it, and acted promptly, a splendid victory, which would at once have terminated the struggle, would certainly have resulted. But Ratib Pasha could not be persuaded to move until three days later; and it was not until the 7th of March, when we knew the enemy was moving on the Amhoor road leading into the valley, that any movement was made by the Egyptian troops. Then, late in the day, Ratib Pasha moved out with five thousand men, only about three miles from his fortified position, and took up a stand, equally distant from that and Kayakhor, immediately opposite the Amhoor road, making no effort to unite forces; and on the opposite side of the valley to that on which it was known King John would debouch into it, and which he did in full sight of our forces.

"We now believe that Ratib Pasha took out his corps for observation, not intending an engagement; but he was antici-

pated by the Abyssinians, who at once made a savage and desperate onslaught in mass, variously estimated at from forty to fifty thousand men of all arms. Of this horde not more than eight to ten thousand were armed with single-barrelled shot-guns, old Tower muskets, etc.; as many more with swords and shields; the rest with clubs. But they were never able to display or actively use more than fifteen or twenty thousand at a time, from the nature of the ground. Being in a favorable position for judging, this is my estimate.

"The battle lasted two hours, and there was fearful carnage, with considerable loss to the Egyptians, and far greater to the Abyssinians, owing to the inferiority of the latter in respect to arms and position.

"No skilled soldier present doubts that had Ratib Pasha united his army as advised on the 4th, or even as late as the 6th, instead of taking up the intermediate position, and there inviting attack with a divided force, he might have crushed the enemy at one blow.

"The valley of Gura commands on the left the rich valley of Gouzi Gorai, and on the right that of Hamacen, both of which contain what for Abyssinia may be considered large and thriving populations, displaying not only a friendly feeling towards Egypt, but manifesting a strong desire to be permanently annexed to that country.

"We had fortified and provisioned some of the strongest mountain passes on our route, such as Bahr Réza, Adderasso, and Kayakhor, giving a line of frontier protection against the wandering nomads of Abyssinia, who live by plundering their own peaceful cultivators as well as those of Egypt."

Why the Egyptian general-in-chief delayed until too late carrying out the advice of his staff-officer and second in command, General Loring, and fought the enemy in detail, instead of concentrating his forces, has never been satisfactorily explained. Neither has the conduct of Osman Pasha, one of his superior native officers, who, with a force of three thousand men within hearing of the guns, did not move from his position nor take part in the fighting; though if he had brought up his reserve, he might have utterly routed and dispersed the army of the Abyssinians.

These two mistakes opened the campaign with advantage to the Abyssinians, and encouraged them to continue the war. To resume the narrative:—

"On the 8th of March there was little

or no fighting. On the 9th we fully expected that King John would be compelled to attack us; for his people, who had suffered severely on the 7th, and with insufficient supplies of food and water, were, we learned, becoming almost mutinous, and crying out to be led at once to the attack.

"So with a force of about three thousand men, in our intrenched position at Fort Gura, well supplied with artillery and all munitions of war, we expected his assault.

"As we anticipated, King John, early on the 9th, commenced his movement in a soldier-like manner by throwing out large bodies of skirmishers under cover of the undergrowth which extends through the valley, and by firing into our breastworks, about half a mile distant. While this was going on, he commenced a movement from his camp, pouring out his masses along the hillsides and slopes, and even crowding the slopes and crests of the hills with men, women, and children, making an imposing display of force, about a mile distant. In addition to these, he moved on to the fort with his fighting men, probably thirty or forty thousand in number. Simultaneously he detached several thousands to attack our works, moving up under cover of some old breastworks which had not been destroyed, contiguous to the fort now occupied by us. A large force was thus enabled to approach the fort to within thirty or forty yards.

"Ratib Pasha had been cautioned by the staff and by the engineers as to the necessity of destroying these old breastworks, but had neglected to order their removal. With this assaulting force, which came up boldly to its work, sustained by a rattling fire from their skirmishers, it was not long before we had a desperate and deadly conflict at all points, which lasted for several hours, in which our artillery did deadly execution; and their frantic efforts to storm our position were beaten back with great loss of half-naked warriors. Their masses, spread out by thousands along the hillsides, kept swaying and surging to and fro, yelling and brandishing their lances and clubs, ready to move on us *en masse* as soon as they saw their attacking column leap our breastworks, when we should be overwhelmed by numbers. A well-directed fire from our artillery into the swarms on the hillsides inflicted immense destruction among the poor wretches, forcing them constantly to shift their position.

"Our Krupp gun did great execution, while the Remington rifle decimated the assaulting column to such an extent that after several desperate efforts to scale the works they attempted to retreat. But a charge being ordered on the broken and retreating columns, which took them in the rear and flanks, very few were allowed to escape, those who fled leaving their wounded and dead on the field.

"Our victory was complete and overwhelming. The masses on the slopes, seeing the failure and fright of their picked warriors, rapidly retreated, and soon there remained in sight not a single Abyssinian out of the countless thousands who had peopled the hillsides but a short time before. The warfare of this people resembles that of the North American Indians, who, like them, often come up boldly to the conflict when their numbers are greatly superior; but once repulsed and badly beaten, retreat so rapidly as to render it impossible to follow or overtake them. With the Abyssinians it is the same. Encumbered by no baggage or wagons to impede attack or retreat, their movements are far more rapid than those of a regular army, and they fight to death, neither asking nor expecting quarter.

"Shortly after, without further fighting, King John sued for peace, and no hostile movement has since taken place in Abyssinia.

"All of our prisoners who had not been put to death (as many were after the first battle by the Abyssinians, while others were sent back terribly and inhumanly mutilated) were exchanged; and the bulk of our expeditionary force returned to Egypt in steamers *via* Suez.

"Of these the larger portion of rank and file under command of Osman Pasha Ferik, were sent as a Turkish contingent by the khedive, and are still doing duty in Turkey. All the marvellous stories about the capture and ransom of Prince Hassan the general-in-chief, the taking of Massowah by the Abyssinians, etc., circulated in European journals, are pure fabrications.

"Before our army was withdrawn from Abyssinia, strong posts were established and garrisoned at Kayakhor and other points, so as to secure the frontier against further raids, and small reinforcements have been despatched for that purpose; but this is all that remains of the war with Abyssinia, the accounts of which, so far as we have seen them, have been generally so exaggerated and so false."

From one of the American officers at-

tached as surgeon to the expedition, Dr. T. Johnson, who was captured in the fight of the 7th March, and kept forty days a prisoner in the tent of the chief, or *ras*, next in rank to Johannes, and who had several interviews with the king himself, the present writer obtained many curious particulars, and graphic accounts of the manners and habits of prince and people.

Captured on the field of battle after receiving a slight lance-thrust in the leg, although a non-combatant from the nature of his functions, Dr. Johnson was tied to the bridle of his captor's horse, and dragged along, being compelled to keep up with the pace of the animal, which fortunately was not rapid. Whenever he lagged, stumbled, or fell—as he did several times from weariness or the unevenness of the ground—he was incited to activity by the monitory pricking of a lance, until, half dead with fatigue, he was placed under guard in the camp, composed of tents, one of which, he afterwards learned, was occupied by King Johannes in person. He was given neither bed nor covering of any kind though the night was chill, but slept on the ground as best he might, with no pleasing anticipations of the morrow. Early next morning, looking out from his place of captivity, he saw small squads of the Abyssinian soldiers armed with guns and lances, driving before them like sheep numbers of the captive Egyptians, with their hands tied behind their backs.

Halting on the steep hillsides, they caused the poor bound wretches to run a little distance by pricking them with their spears, and then shot them down as they ran, as coolly as if they had been coveys of partridges, despatching those who were only wounded at close quarters with spear-thrusts. There was no semblance of a military execution, or of orders from superior officers, in this wholesale massacre of prisoners taken in the battle of the previous day. The poor wretches seemed to have been delivered up to the savage soldiery to be disposed of according to their will or pleasure, without any regard to the laws of war, or to the rules of civilized warfare as practised by modern belligerents. Not only slaughter, but brutal mutilation was inflicted on the unhappy prisoners, both before and after death, so that the survivors had often to envy the slain. Many of these unfortunates were sent back in mockery to the Egyptian army, with menaces of the like being done to the rest, did they not promptly evacuate the country.

Witnessing these proceedings, the captive resigned himself to what he regarded, sooner or later, as his certain fate also, and nerved himself to meet it like a man. He thought his hour had come when, roughly summoned by his captors by means of significant signs (for he could not understand their speech), and with several of his Egyptian companions in misfortune, he was dragged along to the hillside, where this tragedy was being enacted.

But interposition and relief came to him from a most unexpected quarter. An Abyssinian chief, apparently of high rank from the deference which was paid him, though differing from the rest but little either in costume or in appearance, suddenly interfered, and after a short and angry colloquy with the men who had him in custody, took the doctor by the arm, and led him away from the scene of slaughter, and from the fate of his comrades. This preserver proved to be a *ras*, second only in power and consideration to King Johannes himself among those wild chieftains, whose relations to their king, and to each other, strangely resemble those depicted by Homer as existing between Agamemnon, "*anax andrôn*," and the Greek chieftains before Troy. Taken to his own tent by this *ras* the captive was treated less like a prisoner than a guest, and finally almost as a brother, although the want of a common language rendered communication between the two of a most restricted character in the way of conversation, until an interpreter was found. Then the *ras* plied his guest with questions, and exhibited an insatiable curiosity only surpassed by his ignorance of everything outside of his native wilds. Finding it impossible to make his captors comprehend the difference between an American and an Englishman, the western continent being a *terra incognita* to them, and also that they considered the English as friends and allies, the doctor accepted that nationality, for the nonce thus forced upon him.

During the whole term of his captivity—more than a month—he shared the bed and board of his protector and preserver; the bed consisting of a mat on the ground, the food of the coarsest description, chiefly hard bread and vegetables, washed down with milk, or *merissa*, the brandy of the country. At occasional feasts meat was eaten, either raw or cooked, the Abyssinians appearing to prefer it in the natural state, and greedily devouring what literally was the "bleeding beef," with

greater gusto than a Frenchman accuses an Englishman of doing. His host, however, coolly appropriated, though with much courtesy, most of the small wardrobe and all the trinkets his guest had on his person, or which were sent him from the Egyptian camp; considering them as "presents" which were his due. Thus the *ras* observing that the doctor wore two shirts, one of linen, the other of flannel, gravely remarked that one shirt was all that was needful for one man: giving his guest the option of retaining whichever of the two he preferred, and accepting the other. In view of the absence of laundries in camp, and of the general disregard for ablution or water, by which they mark their contempt for the frequent washings of "the Turks," as they term all Mohammedans, the doctor chose the flannel, and taking off his linen one, the *ras* forthwith endued his manly frame with the confiscated garment.

The same fate awaited the doctor's watch and other trinkets, which were gravely, and almost affectionately, appropriated by this courteous host, who in return presented his guest with several curious articles of Abyssinian workmanship, such as cups made of the rhinoceros' horn, hippopotamus-hide whips, and other articles of rude native workmanship.

In all their conversations, through an interpreter as already stated, the *ras* displayed a most childlike ignorance of the manners and customs of civilized men. He was kind enough to send out his prisoner every day, under escort, to take exercise; and contrasting his kindness, and even gentleness, with the terrible barbarities he had witnessed, and the general brutality of the people, Dr. Johnson could only wonder at his own exceptional good fortune, which he attributes to the fact of his being a white man and a Christian. This view was confirmed by an interview which he had a few days after his capture with the terrible Johannes himself. On returning one day from his walk, the prisoner was astonished by being accosted in good English by one of the men squatting at the tent-door, who differed from his companions in appearance or dress in no respect, but who proved to be one of the king's interpreters, sent specially to see him. Informed by this person that he had been sent to question him as to the numbers, strength, and disposition of the Egyptian forces; the doctor, of course, gave as little information as possible, pleading his position as a *hakim* (or doctor) as an excuse for his alleged igno-



rance of all the military matters on which he was questioned. The interpreter, evidently dissatisfied, intimated as much, significantly adding that probably the prisoner would remember more when brought into the presence of the king and questioned by him on these matters.

The next day the interpreter returned, announcing that he had been sent to bring the prisoner before the king, an invitation there was no refusing, so the doctor rose up and accompanied him. They proceeded to the tent of King John, not far distant, which differed but little from that of the ras, except in being larger, and in having a tent for women adjoining it; and there they found the "king of kings," as he loves to style himself. King Johannes had evidently made his preparations to impress the stranger at this audience. He was carefully *posé* upon his mat at the extreme end of the tent on a kind of raised platform, his left arm thrown carelessly over the neck of a tamed lioness, whose two cubs gambolled like kittens about the tent. Several of his chieftains or ras, were grouped around him. The king himself seemed a man in the prime of life and vigor, his expression of countenance sullen, almost apathetic; he kept his eyes cast down, seldom looking straight at his interlocutor, but giving sudden, swift, sidelong glances, full of penetration and suspicion.

His complexion was not black, but coffee-colored, many shades lighter than that of the negro. His features, like those of all the Abyssinians, were high and aquiline, with nothing of what is commonly regarded as the African type in Europe, clear cut, with thin, compressed lips.

His speech was measured and slow, and almost hesitating, as though neither his words nor his ideas flowed rapidly. There was much native dignity in his manner, which was more reserved than that habitual to the Abyssinians, though he is of pure blood, of a distinguished but not royal family, having succeeded Theodoros, through English assistance, after the defeat and death of that king of Abyssinia.

He wore the dress common to Abyssinian chieftains, consisting of a long cotton cloth with a red band running through the centre, worn much in the style of the old Roman toga, with no covering for the head or feet (though on great occasions he wears the triple crown of Ethiopia in a gold circlet); shoes, stockings, and even fez caps being unknown luxuries in Abyssinia. The king's wives, like the other

women, wore the scanty cotton cloths, similar to those of the men, scarce sufficient to cover their nakedness, all coquetry of dress or ornament being conspicuously absent. Like the North American Indian squaws, whom they closely resemble, they are treated as drudges and beasts of burden, and accompany the camp in that capacity. Although some of the young girls are pretty, with graceful figures, yet the maturer women generally have but small pretensions to good looks, owing to the hard lives they lead, and the hard work they do, carrying, on a march, not only their young children on their backs, but their cooking utensils also. The chief, indeed the only, coquetry in costume practised both by men and women in this primitive region, consists in the elaborate hair-dressing to which they submit themselves. Both sexes spend days in dressing their hair — worn long by men as well as women — copiously anointing it with butter, and plaiting it when well greased into heavy folds on the top of the head.

When once these solid structures have been reared with pain and labor, they leave them in that state for several weeks. Into these tresses a pin of wood or metal six inches long is thrust, to loosen the folds if necessary, as well as to scratch the scalp beneath. You can see their head-dress from a distance, glittering with its greasy covering; and as the butter is far from fresh, "distance lends enchantment to the view," in this as in many other cases.

When the application is first made, it is curious to observe how, as the fierce rays of the African sun begin to melt the butter on the crown of the head, the chieftain throws off his cotton toga, and allows the rivulets of grease to trickle down his shiny black black, and afford by its covering a protection against insects and the sun. The reference in the Old Testament to the oil running down the beard of Aaron is strongly suggestive of the origin of this curious custom, adopted possibly as much for protection against heat and insects as for the purpose of adornment.

There were many women, in addition to the men, crowded into, as well as outside of, the king's tent; the captive "Ingleeze" being a subject of much curiosity, so that his interview with the king could scarcely be considered as private and confidential.

At this and subsequent interviews with King Johannes, during which the conversation was carried on through a native interpreter, the doctor was closely interrogated, not only as to Egyptian move-



ments, but concerning his own personal connection with the Egyptians. The first query addressed to him by the king was, how it happened that he, an "Ingleeze," and friend to the Abyssinians, as well as co-religionist, should have come to fight against them for "the Turks"? To which the reply was that he did not come to fight at all, but to act as *hakim* in attending to the wounded on both sides, to improve in his profession. Finally, the king proposed taking him into his own service, offering to double the pay he was receiving from the khedive, and to make him governor of a province. But these brilliant offers the captive declined, on the plea of an imaginary wife and children at home in Europe who needed his care.

Finally, the king asked if he would undertake, if liberated, to convey a letter from the "king of kings" to his sister, Queen Victoria, without letting the khedive know anything about it—obstinately insisting on his being an "Ingleeze," America being an unknown geographical expression to this enlightened "Christian prince"! On the doctor's faithfully promising to fulfil this duty, Johannes consented to write the letter, and send him through safely to Massowah, whence he might proceed to England. Days and weeks elapsed, during which the interpreter constantly informed the prisoner that the king's counsellors, the priests, were vainly endeavoring to get his consent and signature to the letter they had prepared, complaining and appealing to Queen Victoria of the proceedings of the khedive; but that they could not conquer his constitutional indolence, only shaken off under the strong excitement of war or the chase. So that when the exchange of prisoners took place in which the doctor was included, no letter was ready, and he was allowed to leave without it—which was probably a saving of labor, since it is more than doubtful whether it would ever have reached its destination under the circumstances. Dr. Johnson represents the manners, habits, and customs of the Abyssinians in their daily lives as filthy, squalid, and barbarous in the extreme, their immorality being as conspicuous as their fanaticism. His health suffered severely from the privations and bad diet to which he was subjected, though the guest of a chief, and faring equally well with his entertainer. Captain Deerholtz, a Swiss officer, captured at the same time, fared even worse than the doctor; being brutally maltreated by his captors throughout, and his wounds shamefully neglected.

So that Dr. Johnson was exceptionally fortunate.

Some idea of the natural features of the country has already been given, and some additional details may not prove uninteresting; for most of Abyssinia is still *terra incognita* to the rest of the world, so jealously have these wild warriors guarded their country, the episode of the English expedition being a very short and imperfect one.

The Blue Nile and Atbara both take their rise in the heart of Abyssinia, in a lake called Tsana. The country bordering this lake is tropical in its vegetation, yielding the orange, lemon, lime, and banana; and here, as well as far into the surrounding country, the products both of the temperate and tropic zones can be raised in abundance.

The lower valleys produce corn, *teff* (a small grain much prized by the natives), indigo, and *dourah* or maize. Barley, wheat, flax, etc., grow upon the most elevated plateaux. The vine, and most fruit and vegetables, can also be cultivated with little effort; though little attention is paid to their cultivation by this wandering and restless race, more nomadic than agricultural still in their tastes and habits. Like most of the Semitic barbarians, they prefer the production of that food which costs the least labor; hence they live chiefly on *teff* and *dourah*, grains easily cultivated, and on cattle, of which they have enormous herds, as well as sheep. Good cotton lands are to be found between the Blue Nile and Atbara rivers.

When Dr. Johnson, in his famous "Ras-selas," placed his "happy valley" in Abyssinia, whose wandering herdsmen still proudly style themselves princes, he drew largely on his imagination; for its valleys are and have been the reverse of happy under their past and present rulers. Yet the pride of these half-naked barbarians is surprising, for they claim descent from King Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and in the name of "Menelek" still arrogated by their king, reproduce that of the issue of that union, and boast that all other kings are but *parvenus* and pretenders compared to theirs.

Though the "king of kings"—as the Abyssinian potentate styles himself—squats on a mat for a throne, and possesses neither hat nor shoes, yet is his pride none the less absolute, and the traditions of this people confirm his pretensions. It is a curious fact, that all of the Abyssinians of more than average intelligence insist that they were Jews before

they were Christians, and that "Menelek" introduced among them the laws of Moses — retained by them in part even to this day. These they observe in common with the Copts of Egypt, from whom they draw their spiritual head or high priest; and at the same time they claim, like the Copts, to have derived their Christianity from St. Mark, who, as is well-known, lived and died at Alexandria; insisting that the bones of that saint are still preserved in the old Coptic church there, though history records that they were stolen by the Venetians for the famous church bearing his name at Venice. You still see many old Jewish customs in daily practice among this primitive people, such as circumcision, the choice of meats, the veil of the temple, etc., and fancy yourself in the midst of the Jewish race while among them, from their striking resemblance in face and figure to that ancient people.

Their Christianity is more in form than in substance. As far as the outside observer can judge, it consists in long fasts and correspondingly long feasts — in fierce fanaticism rather than rational belief, whilst neglecting the chief canons of the Christian Church in their lives and practices; all the sacraments being practically disregarded by them, according to the published testimony of the bishops of their own Church, sent on a special mission to them by their patriarch at Jerusalem.

One article of faith they cling to with fanatical fervor — undying hatred to the Moslem people and faith, fostered by continual warfare, and kept alive by their priests, who accompany them to, and encourage them in battle. As far as can be ascertained, there are among them about ten thousand Mussulmans, about the same number of Catholics, and perhaps fifteen thousand Jews, — all of whom are apparently of the same color and race.

The Jews in Abyssinia are workers in gold and iron, as they are throughout the East, and by their skill and industry furnish the rest with their barbaric appliances of show and splendor, — such as rings and trinkets for men and women; crosses, etc., for the priesthood; the emblazonments of the shields of the warriors with gold and silver; as well as the rich trappings for their horses. Hence this class is indispensable both to the vanity and the needs of the class calling itself Christian. The estimate as to the respective numbers of the different classes of population must of course be conjectural, as neither the Abyssinian government nor people deal

much in statistics, and much of the interior of the country has been unvisited by Europeans, or merely passed through under circumstances not admitting of accurate observation.

As to minerals, iron and copper are frequently met with, and Sir Samuel Baker speaks of gold found along the streams. He describes a fine and extensive country, with very fertile lands, lying on both sides of the Atbara River, and its tributary the Settite, much of which is claimed to be within the Egyptian boundary. These lands he regards as suitable to the cultivation of cotton, as they can easily be irrigated. But he warms into enthusiasm in describing the great herds of elephants wandering through these pastures whose ivory would be so rich a prize. Other large game, such as the lion, leopard, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, wild boar, giraffe, and other animals common to north Africa, roam over this paradise of hunters. Besides these you find such smaller game as the gazelle, elan, etc.; and the guinea-fowl, pheasant, pigeon, and a vast quantity of birds of variegated and rich plumage abound. Search the wide world over, you can find no finer field for the sportsman — both as regards large or small game — nor any where the products of the hunt may be made more profitable, from the ivory of the elephant to the plumage of the birds. But there is danger from man as well as from wild beasts in pursuing the chase within the realm of Abyssinia.

After passing through the rich cereal region of Abyssinia, you come to Lake Tsana, at the head-waters of the Blue Nile, where the coffee-plant, lemon, citron, orange, and banana, are found in tropical abundance.

Among the ruins of Axium, an ancient city near Adua the present capital of Abyssinia, are still to be seen some relics of a mighty but forgotten past, when Ethiopia was one of the great powers of the earth, and Solomon in all his glory "did not disdain to entertain her queen."

Amid these ruins is one of what seems formerly to have been an obelisk, similar to those of Egypt, covered with hieroglyphics, recording the names and histories of unknown kings, and dedicated to "the Son of the God of War." Another crumbling fragment commemorates in hieroglyphics King Makeka, coeval with the queen of Sheba; and yet another, the famous queen herself, from whom Abyssinian royalty traces its descent. Herodotus tells us that about two hundred and

forty thousand Egyptian troops stationed at the Isle of Elephantis (Philæ) deserted to the king of Ethiopia, assigning as their reason "their non-payment and retention there for three years," responding to the expostulations of Psammeticus in "language unfit for ears polite." In his very clever book of adventure recently published, Colonel Long, the lieutenant of Gordon Pasha, thus sums up the situation of all central Africa: "A continual internecine war of tribes exists in central Africa. The stronger takes from the weaker cattle and slaves. That 'might makes right' is essentially a savage instinct."

That this really is the unwritten law of Abyssinia, and of the rest of that "*arida nutritrix leonum*" (as Horace denominated Africa) outside of civilized Egypt, the concurrent testimony of all disinterested witnesses goes to prove, although those whose zeal is greater than their knowledge may deny it. In the great interests of civilization and humanity it would indeed be well if some more enlightened and less barbarous ruler (whether Christian or Mohammedan) than the savage warrior who now rules with a rod of iron, should be called to govern Abyssinia. So long as this fair and fertile country is subjected to the sway of savage chieftains, neither civilization, progress, nor true Christianity, can be hoped for. The true emblem of Johannes, and of his cruel compeers, is indeed, as he boasts, that untamable beast of prey, the lion; and the triumphs of peace are, and must continue to be, alien to the character of both prince and people.

While, therefore, Egypt really has no need of Abyssinia, the latter has great and pressing need of Egypt, or some other civilizing agency, if the ancient realm of Ethiopia is ever again to emerge from "the double darkness of Night, and Night's daughter Ignorance."

Since the preceding article was written, an ambassador from King Johannes has arrived at Cairo, and, after two months' stay, returned without effecting any positive understanding between the two potentates. This ambassador is said to have died at Massowah, on his way back home. The most recent attempt made towards a positive understanding, has been the mission of Gordon Pasha to the Abyssinian ruler in the month of March last, the result of which is not yet known.

Gordon Pasha, on his way down to his new province, which embraces all equatorial Africa from the First Cataract, was empowered to treat with Johannes *en*

*route*, and to make a treaty with him on behalf of the khedive; and, by the latest advices, he was still at Massowah engaged in that business.

## PAULINE.

## WALES.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## AGREE TO DIFFER.

It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes  
Present the object, but the mind describes;  
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise.  
When minds are joyful, then we look around,  
And what is seen, is all on fairy ground;  
Again they sicken, and on every view  
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue.

Our feelings still upon our views attend,  
And their own natures to the objects lend.

THERE is a certain old-fashioned inn, set down in a warm and sheltered spot among the valleys of northern Wales.

It is a quaint, still, sunny spot, dear to the lovers of the romantic and the picturesque.

Two broad and beautiful streams unite beneath its windows, spanned here and there by arches of dark grey stone; cottages nestle along the banks; and the village, which straggles in a desultory fashion to the left, is enclosed on every side by thickly wooded heights.

These had never showed more rich in foliage, more lovely in the varied tints of early spring, than they did on one Saturday evening, at the close of the first week in May, when we now take up our tale.

The sun was sinking in a bright and peaceful glow, betokening a continuance of the fine weather, which had already lasted for some weeks, to the dismay of anxiously foreboding husbandmen, but to the great enjoyment of all who had no agricultural interests at stake.

So dry a season had rarely been known; and the only visitors to the inn who could bring forward a grievance, were such fishers as had been foolish, or heedless, or ignorant enough to dream of indulging in the sport which, on former occasions, had lured them thither.

The water had not risen to fishing trim for weeks; and now trickled lazily over the rocks, and made only a feint of bubbling in the hollows, where, during the winter months, it had raved and thundered.

Artists were more fortunate — their riches were only too abundant.

A background of pale mountains, set

in silvery haze, was to be had turn where they might; and what was wanted further for a wondrous foreground, than glancing network of sunshine, cast over cliffs half smothered in foliage? Every shade of color, from the deep blue-green of the pine, to the emerald prickles of the larch, and the pink buds of the oak, was flickering there; whilst beneath the intruder's feet, and spreading themselves everywhere over the newly sprung grass, hyacinths, violets, and primroses blossomed into masses of blue and yellow mist.

Daylight was beginning to wane, on the evening in question, as an open travelling carriage, somewhat shabbily appointed, and drawn by hacks, was leisurely traversing the highroad leading towards the village.

It contained two ladies, one of whom, reclining far back upon the cushions, exhibited frequent signs of weariness and impatience, as point after point of the landscape was passed, without any indications that their journey was near its end.

"These roads are all very tiresome," she exclaimed, repeatedly, to her companion. "I don't think I ever saw such roads in my life! One can never see beyond the next turning; it is up and down, up and down, the whole way! I *had* indulged in a hope that the top of this terribly long hill would bring us in sight of a farmhouse, or inn, or *something*; even a church," with a sigh, "would be — well, it would not do much for us, certainly, for I am exhausted, *quite*; and so must you be, poor child — but still, it would be better than these dreary wilds, without a human habitation! How far off do you imagine we are, still? A mile? Oh dear, I wish that were all! I am certain, *positive*, that we have many, *many* miles still before us. A mile? My dear, what could you have been thinking of? Do you take what that man says? I doubt much if he even knows the way! Now that I think of it, it would not in the least surprise me to find that we had taken the wrong turning! Suppose we have! What *are* we to do? Speak, child; it makes me quite nervous. We cannot go back among those frightful moorlands; we really *cannot* — it is growing late —"

"Don't be afraid," replied the other, cheerfully. "Do you see that this valley is just going to meet another, and pass into one? And that the road is keeping close to the river? And —"

"And what of that?" said her companion. "What does it signify if we are in one valley, or two, or a hundred? I am

tired of valleys. These trees are a pleasant shade, but, depend upon it, we shall not have them long; we shall emerge —"

"At our destination," cried the younger lady, pointing triumphantly in front. "I knew it was in a wood, and I knew it was where two rivers meet; and that was what I meant by showing you the signs you could not interpret, dear auntie. See, here is the village close at hand."

"Indeed! I could not have believed it," responded the complainant, upright in a moment, and restored to curiosity and good humor. "This is a charming surprise. Actually at our feet! Who could have dreamt of a little enchanted nook being so completely hidden, that one is in the midst of it before — Why, it was not even that mile away we disputed about, was it? Certainly," with a laugh of pleasure, "we have no need to speak to our good driver about taking the wrong way! He has done very well, very well indeed; we are in excellent time for dinner, and I shall take care he has something more than his charge, for driving us so comfortably. It was better, much better, than if he had hurried the poor, good horses; for then, after all, we should only have arrived too soon! Now, all is right, and we will think no more of the perils of the way."

Her spirits and volubility increased every moment.

"It is actually further off than it looks, however," she commented. "How odd! It seemed far away, when it was in reality near; and now it recedes from us, when we are almost touching it! Surely," in alarm, "we are not about to plunge into this never-ending wood again!"

It was but a momentary apprehension; they turned a corner and the village lay before them.

"I am glad for your sake we are here," said the other traveller, as their pace quickened to a brisk trot, "but, for my own, I wish we might go on for a long, long time like this! I wish we need not go in-doors to-night! What I should like, would be to encamp by the side of one of those dark pools down there, with the waterfall to lull me to sleep, and the sun upon my face to wake me in the morning. How sweet the scent of the larches is! And how beautiful that cloudless sky!"

"Yes, my dear, yes," replied her companion, opening her reticule, and searching among its contents. "As you say, beautiful; quite. I hope I am not very dusty and dirty, am I? One would not wish to drive up to such a nice-looking place an absolute fright. Not but what a

veil *is* a protection. You are burnt, my love, a great deal more than I, for want of one—a little sunburn is not unbecoming, however, to brunettes, as you know, no doubt; for blondes it is different altogether—a fair skin tanned is *horrible*. However, this veil, which is, as you see, double gossamer, has prevented that, I hope. Is my shawl tolerably straight? What a *very* nice little town. Quite a *town*. Railway-station, church, everything comfortable. We shall do very well here, for the Sunday; very well *indeed*. What do you say? Oh, charming, yes, a delightful drive, and the scenery is enchanting—no other word for it. But still—one does get a little tired, you know, and hungry. Which is the inn, I wonder? That large grey house, shaded by creepers? Yes, we are going to stop, I am sure. I hope it may be, for it looks most substantial.”

She was not responded to. The other traveller was leaning forward intent on something different.

“That cannot be a nightingale,” said she, musing. “I don’t suppose they come so far north as this. It can only be a fine, deep-toned black-bird.”

“Wetherell tells me there is a *table d’hôte*, and everything done most correctly. Only women servants, too. Odd, is it not?”

“Listen to the cuckoos! One has started another, and they are answering each other across the river. What a bright, hopeful, spring-like sound it is!”

Mrs. Wyndham. “Ah! here we are! And that is the landlady, I suppose!”

Pauline. “Good-bye, cuckoos!”

The inn fulfilled all that had been said in its praise, and that was a great deal. It was clean, comfortable, quiet; good rooms were secured to our travellers, and the cookery was excellent.

Mrs. Wyndham was in the best of humors.

She commended everything. She did not know when she had been in so nice a place, certainly not for a very long time. The furniture was unexceptionable; the pictures on the walls, gems; the servants the most attentive, respectful, and considerate she had ever met with.

“We shall do very well, here, my dear, very well *indeed*, I think. We will breakfast at the public table to-morrow, as it is Sunday, to avoid giving trouble; and we will go to that nice little church afterwards. Go to bed early; don’t sit up, Pauline; don’t lose your ‘beauty sleep,’ my dear. Neither you nor I can do without that, you know. Your room opens

out of mine, does it not? And they both look to the front, as this one does? We were quite in luck to get such rooms, for the inn is full, Wetherell says. There are more people expected to-night, besides. A man rode in just now to say so. From the Chester Races, Wetherell says. Where they are to be put, I cannot imagine, for quiet as the place seems now, it was all alive with people an hour ago! Gone to their rooms, probably. They appeared to be coming in from all quarters about ten o’clock. This is really a perfect little paradise of a place! So glad we found it out, and for Sunday, too! Well, good-night, love, I’m off!”

A few minutes afterwards she popped in again.

“Sure you don’t want anything, Pauline? Wetherell will attend to you, remember, precisely as she does to me. She has unpacked for you comfortably? And you have really everything? Then don’t sit up longer, my dear, and be sure to lock the outer door. *This* door is mine, remember. So convenient having rooms opening into each other! I would leave the door ajar, but you prefer having your window open, and one must beware of draughts.”

She retired at last, and in half an hour all was quiet in the adjoining chamber.

Pauline leaned out over her broad window-sill.

There was scarcely a sound to interfere with the low, monotonous gurgle of the waters beneath; scarcely a movement throughout the dim and hushed atmosphere.

Birds had ceased to sing, and were asleep on their roosts, cattle and sheep had nestled down among the high grass of the meadow, and only here and there a wayfarer trudged along the footpath.

At length even the sound of casual footsteps died away, and silence prevailed over all.

The scene was one to attune a pious mind to devotion, and the solitary watcher from her window owned its tranquillizing influence.

Her heart was at rest with God, at peace with all the world.

No sighs nor regrets intruded, no anxious cares were suffered to assail.

A strange happiness filled her soul, and suffused every subject on which her fancy rested.

With comfort, hope, and simple trustfulness she thought of her brother, her aunt, all whom she knew.

She could not fear, nor forebode. Her

own life seemed almost too fair and pleasant, so wonderfully had its roughness been smoothed, its sharp edges been softened.

Where were the wild and foolish dreams that once had threatened to disturb its even tenor? Dead, buried, and forgotten, thank God!

To him her spirit rose in pure and holy communion, the while grand old psalms of praise floated across her memory, and found an echo in her swelling bosom.

And there took possession of her heart a great love, casting out all other loves, and a great peace that trouble and sorrow move not.

Yea, soft and tender was the touch of the everlasting arms, and yet, methinks, in that quiet hour, they were girding sword and buckler, making ready with shield and breastplate.

She, knowing it not, was arming for the fight, and the time was at hand.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### TRAVELLERS MEETING.

Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour,  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast,  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast,  
Pallid lips say, "It is past,  
We can return no more!"

It was dark ere Pauline rose to withdraw, and as she paused for a moment to let down the blind of her window for the night, the sound of carriage-wheels and horses' feet, approaching at a great pace, over the hard highroad, fell upon her ear.

With this was presently intermingled voices, snatches of songs, and noisy laughter, grating harshly upon the peaceful solemnity of the scene.

The carriages whirled to the door.

It was immediately beneath her bedroom, and as the travellers proceeded to alight, with the confidence of expected guests, she concluded they could be none other than those whose messenger her aunt's maid had overheard engaging rooms for the night.

Such an arrival was too late to be agreeable, even had the party been composed of sober-minded and considerate people; but in the present instance, the bustle of greeting inseparable from an inn, was magnified into more of a tumult than was in keeping with the time and place.

Orders issued every instant at the full pitch of rollicking voices, interlarded with asseverations, jests, and nicknames not always polite, indicated that there were no ladies present, and the free joviality of all, pointed further to a party of pleasure, of

which some, at least, were under the influence of liquor. Their spirits were at excitement pitch.

Luggage was missing, servants were backward, blunders were, it appeared, rife; but whatever might be the cause of the disturbance, it produced, and was settled by, a laugh.

Once there was the sound of a fall, and the merriment increased prodigiously.

"Asleep!" There was a shout.

"Asleep? Who is asleep?" "Nonsense!" "Did you throw him out?" "He's not awake yet!" From each in turn.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" From all.

Then followed a feminine remonstrance. "Come now, gentlemen!" And tittering from the doorstep.

At last the vehicle was slowly dragged round to the stables, and the rioters were prevailed upon to go indoors.

There was a lull. Supper was being served, and in the quiet interval, the weary girl overhead, fell asleep.

She dreamt she was dancing again at Elsie's Highland harvest-home.

Again she heard the shuffling, stamping of many feet; the shouting; and, above all, the twanging of dance music.

Again she saw by her side a motionless figure, and felt the first chill touch of a fear, that, ere the night was over, had deepened into a certainty.

That cruel night!

She moaned and muttered in her sleep.

Louder came the notes of mirth, and still more distinctly, as her eyes unclosed!

She was awake, and still she heard them!

Some one was speaking to her. It was Mrs. Wyndham, who stood in the doorway between the two rooms, uncertain whether to retreat or advance.

"My dear child, I would not wake you for the *world*! Are you awake? If you *are*—eh? *Can* you sleep through all this? *I* can't. What a dreadful noise! How shameful to *allow* such a noise! It is as bad in my room as it is here, I assure you. They must be dancing in a large hall underneath, or it could not be heard so distinctly in both rooms. Do, my dear Pauline, tell me what to do? How shall we put a stop to it?"

"I don't suppose we can, auntie." Pauline sat up, with long, brown, plaited hair falling over her shoulders, and drowsily regarded her visitor. "I don't think we can do anything, now that it is so late. They will stop soon, I daresay. It must

be those people who arrived so late, and who have not gone to bed yet."

"My dear, it is *dreadful*! They *ought* to go to bed! They ought to be *made* to go to bed. Past two o'clock in the morning—Sunday morning, too—it is abominable, perfectly abominable! It ought not to be permitted! My dear Pauline, are you really asleep again?"

"Ah, yes! I'm afraid I am, auntie. I cannot keep awake. If I—could—do—anything——"

"We can speak about it, my love. We can, and we really *should*, for the sake of *others*, say something. People have no *right* to think only of their own convenience; and that every one in this large house should be deprived of rest—should be at the mercy of a set of ill-mannered, disreputable creatures—is not to be borne! I don't approve of this inn at all, now. I shall get no sleep to-night, and not be fit to be seen to-morrow! Pauline!"

No answer.

"She is actually over again! That is rather hard. She might have felt for me a little. Young girls are selfish, somehow; not that Pauline is so *very* young; I thought I should have had some sympathy, if nothing else!"

She then concluded to take a glass of water.

The bottle clinked against the tumbler, and the tumbler rattled against the basin; a chair fell over; worse than all, she hit her head a pretty smart rap against the open door, for the flickering moonshine afforded only a partial and uncertain light.

Pauline turned in her sleep.

("She will surely wake *now*," considered the unfortunate lady.) "Pauline, my dear."

"Whoo—oop!" from below.

"Wretches!" ejaculated Mrs. Wyndham, with the comfort of thorough exasperation, "they have awakened you again, my poor child, and now you will get no more sleep to-night, and neither shall I!"

Saying which, she sat down to exclaim, lament, and, conjecture; until at length the music, after breaking off fitfully, and being renewed with vigor, several times in succession, finally ceased, and only the hum of voices was distinguishable at intervals, when these were raised above ordinary pitch.

This was endurable, and better than this could not be expected.

Mrs. Wyndham retired, and slumber again visited the eyes of Pauline, who,

truth to tell, had been more weary of her aunt's presence and complaints than of all the other torments of the night.

Others, however, as well as our travellers, had smarted under these.

"This won't do, you know," said a stout elderly gentleman, during breakfast on the following morning. "We must have this looked into. I could hardly get to sleep the whole night!"

"Nor I." "Nor I."

Several others said the same.

Such a disturbance was intolerable, and a repetition of it must be prevented at all costs.

Who were the offenders? And what was the meaning of such a disgraceful revel?

The maids were humble, and explanatory; nor, it was plain, had they regarded the affair with the disfavor which was its due. (In fact, they had participated in the sport, and enjoyed themselves immensely.)

The gentleman, they said, had been at the races, and they were full of spirits, and they would not be quiet. They had only run down for the day, just for a frolic. There was nothing wrong "whatever" (in the pretty Welsh accent).

"I don't know what you call wrong," replied the head and front of the complainants, aware that he carried an overwhelming majority with him; "but all I can say is, that if such a detestable riot is to occur again, rather than stay here to endure it—Sunday though it be—you must furnish me and my party with carriages, and we will take our leave at once."

He had all the best rooms; and, like Mrs. Wyndham, was only attending the public meal out of consideration. Accordingly great was the alarm caused by so dire a threat.

The carriages? Oh, he would not need the carriages whatever! The gentlemen—they had their own carriage—and it was ordered that evening, and they would be off immediately—that was, before night.

Oh, they were very well known gentlemen—very well known, indeed. They were the —s, and they were on their way to the Castle.

"Well, well," with impatient disregard of the name held in such high estimation, "whatever they are, it matters not to us! Order and decency is expected in a place of this kind; and if you receive visitors who will not conform to the ordinary usages of society, such of us as are accustomed to see these maintained, will withdraw our



countenance. You may rest assured of that."

"A vulgar man, my dear," whispered Mrs. Wyndham to her niece. "I wish he had not taken it up! All that was required was a quiet word to the landlady; it would have been amply sufficient without this bluster."

The bluster, however, was not without its effect. Assurances were given over and over again, that no further annoyance need be anticipated. The gentlemen, they were quite quiet this morning, they were going down to bathe in the river, and they would not disturb anybody.

Breakfast over, the little church-bell tinkled its summons to morning service.

The door next our travellers' sitting-room burst open as Pauline passed, and was then banged, amid a scuffle and laughter, but she escaped down the staircase without seeing anything of those within.

Her aunt was waiting, and they set out together.

Mrs. Wyndham surveyed her niece proudly.

"My dear, you look very nice — *very* nice. That bonnet just suits you. So simple, too. So suitable for the little church. Who are those people in front of us, I wonder? No one very particular; their dress makes one sure of *that*. I hope they will not sit near us; if I were to have that head before my eyes it would put me into a perfect fidget. Preposterous! Is it not? And for a place like this — a little country spot — for which one ought not to dress up *at all*! Not to *appear* to have dressed, at all events. One ought to have the effect of having slipped into a little bonnet and scarf; all that one had room for. That woman is *en grande tenue*! Nothing could be in worse taste."

"Yes," said Pauline.

She had fallen into the habit of not hearing one word in ten that fell from her aunt's lips.

"I thought, my love," continued the amiable monitor, "of giving you a little hint on this subject. It might not have occurred to you, although I see that it *has*, and I am rejoiced to see it — but really a nice perception on points such as these is given to few. It is in trifles that a woman ought to shine, Pauline. *That*," gloomily regarding the luckless robe on which her text was founded, "is, as any one might perceive, a *fête* dress! Had it been mine, nothing would have induced me to make such an unsuitable display! To be sure," with deepening dissatisfaction, "Wether-

ell might have found something for me a *little* better than this! Wetherell's judgment is not altogether to be depended upon. Although, indeed, I had no idea it was so faded, when she laid it out."

"Faded? Oh, it has not faded much."

"Has it not? But it is certainly shabby. However, one would always prefer being underdressed to being overdressed. It is nothing to be underdressed; nothing. It merely argues a desire to pass unnoticed; in fact it acts as a sort of incognito. Dear me! Are all those people going to church?"

They had met another stream of villagers, and a wagonette, containing several gaily-dressed ladies, drove past.

"I certainly did not expect such a congregation," observed Mrs. Wyndham, only half pleased. "This is an extraordinary place. At first sight it would appear to be buried in the wilds, and now we are in the midst of a perfect concourse of people! Well, I am quite satisfied that I was in the right to come thus to *church*; but for *dinner*, if you think Wetherell has carried out my ideas rather too strictly, we might make a little change. Although it is only an early dinner — a sort of luncheon — still that might pass. It is quite *en règle* to change for luncheon when one has been out before. And," with reviving spirits, "if noticed, it would serve to mark only the more distinctly my disapprobation of dressing up for *church*. What do you think?"

"I think you look very nice."

"Wetherell could get me out another in a minute."

"Could she?"

"You might at least give an opinion, my dear!"

Mrs. Wyndham was vexed. Nothing hurt her more than a suspicion that she had been thought frivolous.

"I am sure," she continued, with the same shade of annoyance on her brow, "no one cares less than I do about such matters, if I had only myself to think about; but for the sake of *others* I really consider it is one's *duty* to be a *little* particular."

Pauline confessed her fault. She had been giving her attention to — to — the folly of sweeping a dusty road with yards of fresh muslin — among other things.

Her aunt was delighted.

So that was it! Certainly such a sight was sufficient to distract any one's attention. She hoped her own train was out of the way; but it did not signify (carelessly), as she believed she should change

it when she went in. She would be more comfortable in something cooler.

"We are in good time," said Pauline, as they approached the door. "Where shall we sit? There appears to be plenty of room."

"Choose a back seat then, my love. Let us be quite away from all those people we have been looking at. I think I always say my prayers better in a back seat, Pauline," whispered the poor woman, plaintively. "You are different, dear. Your head is full of better things, and you are not diverted from them, as I am. You must try to help me, child, for I need it."

"Dear aunt," said Pauline, greatly touched, and scarcely knowing how to reply, "so gladly—most gladly, I mean—Here is a seat close at hand." And she opened the pew-door, relieved that no further response was needed.

The sun was at its height as the worshippers issued once more into the open air, and so sultry was the heat, that many lingered to enjoy the shade cast by a row of overhanging boughs, on their way back to the inn.

At the door lounged the young men, who had returned from the river, breakfasted, and were now inhaling cigars.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham, descriing them with a woman's quickness. "There are those—Dear me! what nice-looking—I cannot understand their behavior last night! I thought we should have seen *clowns*!"

"Set of scamps!" muttered a voice behind. "Dissipated, disreputable—"

So much reached the ladies' ears.

Pauline, not inclined to confront the subjects of such unfavorable criticism, averted her eyes from the doorway, and fixed them on outward objects.

Following her aunt's lead, however, she was about to enter, when a sudden movement among the group, and a loud exclamation of her name, made her stop short.

She turned, and found herself face to face with Blundell.

midnight skies, though not so splendidly as he will shine in August and September of the present year. In the early spring of 1854,

at a time of the year  
When the face of night is fair on the dewy  
downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Char-  
ioteer

And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,

the spirit of Maud

seem'd to divide in a dream from a band  
of the blest

And spoke of a hope for the world in the  
coming wars—

and pointed to Mars  
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's  
breast.

The poet expressed the feeling of the day, though the hope of which he sang was not the hope with which men now watch the signs of war. But if Mars were in truth the planet of war, if his influence, poured from near at hand upon the nations of this earth, excited them to war and bloodshed, we might well fear that the coming months would bring desolation on many fair terrestrial fields. For Mars has not blazed so fiercely in our skies since 1845, nor will he so shine again for forty-seven years, as during the last days of August and the opening days of September. Moreover, twice during his time of greatest splendor his rays will be closely conjoined with those of the malignant planet Saturn, the greater Infortune, as Mars himself is the lesser Infortune of astrological systems.

The ruddy hue of this planet, justifying the evil qualities attributed to it by nations believing in planetary influences, has been noted from the earliest times. The Greeks called Mars the fiery planet; the Hebrews gave to it a name signifying "enkindled;" the Indians called it Angaraka, or burning charcoal, and sometimes Lohitanga, or the red orb. Ruddy stars also were compared to Mars, as the chief of all the ruddy stars, so that the name Antares, given to the star which glows like a fiery coal in the heart of the Scorpion, signifies that in ruddiness that star is a rival of Mars or Ares.

Recent researches among the ruins of Nineveh have brought to light cuneiform inscriptions relating to the celestial bodies, and among others to the planet Mars. It would appear that a treatise, in sixty books, called "The Observations of Bel," belonged formerly to the public library of

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE PLANET OF WAR.

AMIDST wars and rumors of war, the planet which has for its symbol the spear and shield of the old Assyrian warman approaches one of those points of its epicyclic orbit about the earth where it is at its nearest to us. In the earlier part of the Crimean War, Mars shone in our

Nineveh. Its date cannot have been later than the seventeenth century before our era, and the observations recorded in it extend over more than five hundred years, so that the earliest bore date about 2540 B.C. One of the books was devoted to the pole-star,—not our present pole-star, but the star Alpha of the Dragon, at that time the bright star which lay nearest the pole of the heavens. Another book was devoted to Venus; a third to Mars. We find that even at the remotest time to which these records relate, that is, more than twenty-five thousand years before our era, the planet Mars presided (as a deity) over the third day of the week, the other planets ruling the days in the order indicated by the present nomenclature, the sun presiding over Sunday, the moon over Monday Mars over Tuesday, (or Mardi), Mercury over Wednesday (or Mercredi), Jupiter over Thursday (or Jeudi, Jove's day), Venus over Friday (or Vendredi), and Saturn, the gloomiest and most malignant, but also the most powerful of the planetary deities, over Saturday, the Sabbath day, when, owing to his evil influence, no work could safely be undertaken. Doubtless Tuesday was as rigidly set aside for the initiation of all warlike enterprises as Saturday for the avoidance of all labor whatsoever.

If only astrology had been a true method of prediction, the discovery of the true nature of the solar system would have brought within our range much fuller information respecting the other planets, and in particular the planet Mars, than we are ever likely to possess. Astrologers claimed such perfection for the principles of their art, that the whole history of our earth might have been predicted from the planetary configurations alone; and indeed they were very successful in showing that all past events corresponded with the aspect of the heavens when they occurred. Now if other planets thus influence the fortunes of our earth, which is itself one of the planets, it follows that each of the planets is in like manner influenced by the positions and motions of the rest. But these can be quite easily calculated. Therefore the fortunes of the inhabitants of every planet can be determined, and the entire past history of each planet can be read by terrestrial astronomers. Only one circumstance must be ascertained telescopically. (At least so it appears to us, for we confess we are not such adepts in the methods of astrological divination as to be quite sure whether astrological principles, properly applied, might not

have determined everything which the telescope has revealed. As a mere matter of fact astrology discovered nothing of this kind. But that is the merest detail.) It should be known how a planet is posed in space, what are the pole-stars of its northern and southern hemispheres, and at what rate exactly it rotates upon its axis. For the astrologer, in determining the future fortunes of his "native," or in calculating the native's past history, has to take into account the aspect of the star-sphere at the moment of the native's birth, as well as at the critical stages of his career; and to do this properly account must be taken of course of the hour and of the position of the pole of the heavens.

We do, however, know fairly well the position of the axis of Mars, and we know the length of his day within the tenth part of a second, so that if only astrology were a sound method of divination, we might learn much of the past history and of the future fortunes of this planet. As De Morgan has remarked in an article on astrology in the "Penny Cyclopædia," "we have lost," in the rejection of astrology, "a charming opportunity of discovering what goes on in other planets."

The astronomer who watches, during the approaching close approach of Mars, the slowly rotating lands and seas of the planet, can scarcely, however unimaginative he may be (and we fear it is an essential requisite of the surveying astronomer that he should be as free from imagination as a man well can be), avoid the thought that contests such as have raged upon our earth for the possession of various regions of our planet's surface, may be in progress out yonder in space. Armies may be desolating the fairest regions of Mars at the very time when they are under the telescopic survey of the terrestrial observer. Warlike fleets may be urging their way across those seas and straits which our astronomers have marked down in their charts of the planet. We may hope, if we choose to forget our own experience of "nature red in tooth and claw with ravine," that in yonder peaceful-looking world there is peace among all creatures. But our own earth, amid the fiercest tumults and the most desolating wars, presents to the other worlds that people space the same peaceful scene. Distance lends so much, at least, of enchantment to the view. The sun himself, over every square mile of whose surface turmoil and uproar prevail compared with which the crash of the thunderbolt is as silence and the fiercest

blast of the hurricane as absolute rest, looks calm and still in our skies, and even in the telescope shows signs of activity only to the mind's eye, none that our natural vision can appreciate.

It is a strange thought too, that expeditions such as man makes to discover the hidden places of the earth may be in progress in other planets. Some among those lands and seas of Mars, which the astronomer contemplates in the ease and quiet of his observatory, may not as yet have been seen by inhabitants of Mars, because of the dangers which prevent access to them. We may well doubt, for instance, whether the bravest and most enterprising Martians have yet succeeded in reaching either pole of the planet. Our eyes have rested on those polar regions, even on the very poles themselves, of the planet. But so, an observer on Venus, possessing optical instruments of adequate power, could see, on turning them upon our earth, those terrestrial polar regions which the most daring of our voyagers have in vain attempted to reach. And as the eyes of creatures in other worlds may thus have looked upon regions of the earth of which we know nothing from direct observation, so the eye of man has rested on the poles of a planet which is never at a less distance than thirty-three million miles, while the inhabitants of that planet, if such there are, may have been foiled again and again in all attempts to penetrate within their polar fastnesses.

We wonder, in passing, whether the idea has ever occurred to the inhabitants of Mars that Martian regions have been made the subject of a war, and a somewhat lively war, though of words only, among terrestrial astronomers. Such has actually been the case, insomuch that if analogy may be our guide, astronomers in Mars and Venus are not improbably contending about the distribution of the four quarters of our earth, and our principal seas, and lakes, and islands, and peninsulas, among living and dead celebrities in those planets. The story of a recent short but sharp terrestrial war over the lands and seas of Mars is not without its lesson, even if that lesson be only a response to the time-worn question, "*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*" It would seem that an English student of astronomy who had found occasion often to refer to Martian regions until then unnamed, had for convenience assigned to these regions, after charting them (a work of some labor and difficulty), the names of those astronomers whose observations had thrown light

upon the geography of the planet, — or its areography, as, if pedantically inclined, we may name what corresponds with the geography of our earth. Thus to Sir W. Herschel one continent was assigned, to Secchi another, to Mädler a third, and to Dawes (the "eagle-eyed" observer to whom we owe the most exact observations of Mars yet made) a fourth. To divers other astronomers, all observers of the planet, various lands and seas were assigned. This was not done with the idea of honoring those astronomers, but simply of giving convenient names to features which have often to be referred to. A Belgian astronomer, Dr. Terby, of Louvain, who has laboriously examined and compared an immense number of pictures of Mars, adopted the nomenclature just referred to, adding one or two names (including that of the author of the English chart), but making no changes. Unfortunately, however, he had somewhat misapprehended the object of the names, and described them as "in honor of" such a one's labors, "in recognition of" the discoveries of such another, and so forth. This proved too much for the patience of a French writer on astronomy, who found neither continent nor ocean (as it chanced) assigned to any French observer, though large tracts of land and sea were given to Laplace, Leverrier, Arago and other distinguished Frenchmen. He therefore incontinently reconstructed the chart, altering it in many respects (all the alterations singularly enough corresponding more or less closely with Dr. Terby's suggestions as to what might have to be done when Mars was re-examined). He called this chart his own, and proceeded to rename most of the lands and seas. He treated some English observers rather contemptuously, dismissing Sir J. Herschel altogether, relegating Dawes to a small sea, De la Rue to another, Lockyer to a third (all three seas close together). The most marked feature of all, a dark sea, shaped somewhat like an hourglass, had been assigned to Kaiser, a German astronomer, who had made many interesting observations of the planet. M. Flammarion dismisses the German to a corner of that sea, and leaves the sea itself without any name except one descriptive of its shape, — possibly intending that the name of a French writer on astronomy should fill the space.

On this Dr. Terby of Louvain rose indignant. In astronomic ire and areographic grief, he solemnly denounced the new nomenclature. To say truth, he had some reason to be annoyed, because his

labors had been freely used with a form of acknowledgment which, though seemingly profuse, by no means did justice to his claims. "Nine times," said M. Flammarion, "does the name of Dr. Terby appear in my account of the lands and seas of Mars." "I would you had mentioned it once only," retorts Dr. Terby, "with the statement that the account is entirely taken from my labors," where it is not borrowed from the before-mentioned English astronomers. M. Flammarion promises, in return, never to mention Dr. Terby again. "*Mea culpa*: je ne le ferai plus," he says, adding, as a pleasant parting word, "à tout bien prendre cependant, il n'y a rien d'étonnant à ce qu'on se batte à propos de Mars; espérons qu'il n'y aura pas de sang versé, et que la colère du petit lion Belge se calmera d'elle-même."

Let us turn, however, from these small bickerings to the consideration of the planet itself. Already in these pages \* we have discussed two theories of the planet Mars regarded as another world. One is the theory that he is at present inhabited, and that too by creatures which, though they may differ very much from the inhabitants of this earth in shape and appearance, may yet be as high in the scale of living creatures. In particular this theory assumes as probable, if not certain, the belief that among the inhabitants of Mars there are creatures endowed with reason. According to the other theory, which we have called the Whewellite theory, Mars is altogether unfit to be the abode of creatures resembling those which inhabit our earth; neither vegetable nor animal forms known to us could exist on the planet; in fine, "all the conditions of life in Mars, all that tends to the comfort and well-being of Martian creatures, must differ utterly from what is human on earth." We have also in our essay on "Life past and Future in other Worlds" (in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June, 1875) considered a general theory which in our opinion is far more probable than either the Brewsterian or the Whewellite,—the theory, namely, that each planet has a life-bearing stage, but that the duration of this stage of its existence, though measurable perhaps by hundreds of millions of years, is yet exceedingly short by comparison with the duration of the preceding stage of preparation and the sequent stage of decay and death. From the direct application of the laws of probability to this

theory, the chances are shown to be very small indeed that life exists at this present time on any planet selected at random and without reference to what observation has revealed. Precisely as, when we know that a bag contains several thousand black balls and only a few white ones, the chance that a ball taken at random is a white one is exceedingly small; so, the period of a planet's fitness for life being short compared with the preceding and following stages, the chances are very small that this present time, which is, so far as other planets are concerned, taken at random, falls within the period of any given planet's fitness to be the abode of living creatures. The telescope and the spectroscope may correct this inference, just as on looking at a ball taken from such a bag as we have described the drawer of the ball might find to his surprise that he had taken one of the white ones, few though they were compared with the black ones. But *apart* from such observations, the chances must be regarded as exceedingly small (according to this theory) that any given planet is at this present time inhabited. Nevertheless, two conclusions, according well with ordinary conceptions as to the fitness of things, follow from this theory: first, our earth is but one among many millions of worlds inhabited at this present time; secondly, every planet is at some time or other, and for a very long period, the abode of life. These three points—the small probability (apart from telescopic observation) that any given planet is inhabited now; the great probability that many millions (out of thousands of millions of planets) are inhabited now; and the equally great probability that every planet has been, is, or will be inhabited—are demonstrated in the third of the essays above mentioned. That essay presents the view towards which the present writer had been gradually led—from the Brewsterian theory which he accepted until 1871, through the Whewellite, towards which he had inclined until 1873, when finally the intermediate theory seemed pressed upon him by overwhelming weight of testimony.

Our present purpose is to show more particularly how this theory accords with what is known respecting the planet Mars. We wish also to show how both the lines of reasoning which had been before employed, one pointing to the Brewsterian theory, the other to the Whewellite theory, converge in the case of Mars upon this intermediate theory.

In the first place, we saw, in consider-

\* See *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1871, "Life in Mars;" and for July, 1873, "A Whewellite Essay on Mars."

ing the conditions which favor belief in the existence of life in the planet Mars, that he presents the clearest possible evidence of being one in origin and structure with our own earth. We cannot tell what the nature of the soil of Mars may be, but its generally ruddy tinge — so well marked that, though the telescope shows an almost equal part of the surface to be greenish in hue, the red prevails, giving to the planet as seen by the naked eye its obvious red color — seems to show that it resembles the red sandstone of our own earth. This, we know, is one of the older geological formations, and if we could safely compare terrestrial with Martian geology, or, let us say, geology with areology, we might almost be tempted to find in the present prevalence of a tint belonging to one of the earlier of our terrestrial formations an argument in favor of the theory that Mars passed through fewer stages of development during its life-bearing condition than our earth, and that thus the later formations of our earth's surface are wanting in the surface of Mars. This reasoning would not be very safe, however; it implies a resemblance in details which is unlikely, the observed rule of nature seeming, so far as we can judge, to be similarity in generals, variety in details. We may well believe that the ruddiness of the soil of Mars is due to the same general cause as the ruddiness of our red sandstone, — the general prevalence of certain organisms; but neither the actual character of this particular formation, nor its position in the terrestrial series of strata, can be safely predicated of the ruddy formation constituting the chief part of the visible land surface of Mars. Few will now suppose with a French writer, that the ruddiness of Mars is due to the color of vegetation there. A certain support is given to the idea by the circumstance that the degree of ruddiness is variable, and is somewhat greater during the Martian summer than in spring and autumn. In this sense, we may say of the summer of Mars with the poet Wendell Holmes, —

The snows that glittered on the disc of Mars  
Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb  
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year.

But the ruddiness of the planet's summer — which will be well marked this year, for on September 18, only eleven days after its time of nearest approach and greatest splendor, it will be midsummer's day for the southern half of Mars — can be otherwise and better explained than by

supposing that the Martian forests glow with fiery foliage during the summer days.

We can see, as the summer proceeds, the white mists which had hidden the planet's lands and seas breaking up, and the features of the surface being gradually revealed with more and more distinctness. It is to the disappearance of these mists and clouds, not to the red leaves of Martian trees, that the change in the planet's color must most probably be referred.

We have less reason for doubt as to the nature of the greenish markings. The spectroscope, as we have already explained in "Life in Mars," shows that the air of Mars is at times laden heavily with the vapor of water. We can no longer therefore follow Whewell in doubting the real nature of the green parts of the planet, or refuse with him to accept the explanation of the white polar markings long since advanced by Sir W. Herschel. Undoubtedly wide seas and oceans, with many straits and bays and inland seas, exist on Mars. Snow and ice gather in the winter time about his polar regions, diminishing gradually in extent as summer proceeds, but never entirely disappearing.

Thus we are not left doubtful as to the general resemblance of Mars, so far as the structure of his surface is concerned, to the earth on which we live. He has a surface of earth, probably in large part formed by deposition at the bottom of former seas and subsequently raised above the sea-level by subterranean forces, or rather caused to appear above the surface by the effects of the gradual shrinkage of the planet's crust. Of the existence of Vulcanian energy we have unmistakable evidence in the fact that lands and seas exist, for a continent implies the operation of Vulcanian forces. The shapes, too, of the outlines of the lands and seas indicate the existence of mountain ranges, and these, too, of considerable elevation. Then we have the presence of water, and of a stable atmosphere in which the vapor of water rises. It seems no daring assumption to suppose that this air is constituted much like our own air. In the first place, if the air were formed of other gases, the spectroscope would probably reveal their existence, which has not happened; and secondly, with the evidence we have of a general similarity of structure and origin, an atmosphere of nitrogen and oxygen would naturally be formed while the planet was developing to its present condition, and would remain after other constituents



of the planet's primeval atmosphere had been removed. For a similar reason we may safely infer that the greenish hue of the water implies the presence of the same substances, though not perhaps similarly proportioned, which are carried in suspension in our oceans, and give to them their green, green-blue, and blue tints.

It is important to notice these general resemblances, either demonstrated or safely to be inferred. We no longer propose to deduce from them the conclusion that the planet's present condition is like that of our own earth. We might, indeed, dwell on some considerations which naturally suggest themselves here. We might see in imagination the waves of those distant seas beating upon the long shore-lines, and hear "the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave." We can imagine the slow progress of the Martian day, — the mists of morning gradually clearing away as the sun rises; the winds raised by the midday heat, zephyrs murmuring among the distant hills or blasts roaring loudly over desolate rock-bound seas; the gathering of clouds towards eventide, though probably to pass from the skies at night (because condensed by cold), leaving the same constellations we see to shine with greater splendor through a rarer atmosphere. We can imagine all this, because we know from what the telescope has revealed that such must be the changes of the Martian day. We see in the telescope the long white shore-lines, the clearing mists of morning, the gathering mists of night, and we know that there must be air currents in an atmosphere undergoing such changes. There must be rain and snow and hail, and electrical disturbances, thunder and lightning at times, beside tornadoes, and hurricanes, blowing probably more fiercely than our own, though their destructive effects must be less because of the greater tenuity of the Martian air.

But while we recognize in imagination the progress of such events as these, we must not forget that for countless ages in the past mighty processes of disturbance and continuous processes of steady change took place in our earth when as yet there was no life, nor that probably life will have ceased to exist on this earth millions of years before the land and sea and air will cease to be the scene of nature's active but unconscious workings. We cannot deduce from the mere fact that if living creatures existed on Mars they would witness such and such phenomena which are familiar to the inhabitants of earth, the

conclusion that such creatures do exist there. We do not assert that no such creatures exist there. Our theory of life in other worlds does not require that any given planet should be shown to be uninhabited. Nevertheless, there are so many reasons for regarding the fulness of Mars's life-bearing season as belonging to a very remote past, that it is necessary to note the insufficiency of the mere evidence of the activity of nature's unconscious forces to prove the existence of living conscious beings on the planet.

In fine, the arguments by which, in the essay on "Life in Mars," we endeavored to indicate probability of the planet's being inhabited, prove only that the planet had an origin like our earth's and is similarly constituted.

On the other hand, the arguments by which, in the essay entitled "A Whewellite Theory of Mars," we endeavored to show that Mars is not in a condition fit to be the abode of life, tend to show that while similar to the earth in origin and structure, Mars is in a far later stage of planetary development.

One of these arguments, indeed, does not relate to the condition of the planet itself, but to its position with reference to the sun. Being much further from the sun than we are, the planet receives much less direct heat. The supply is partly dependent, however, on the planet's condition; for if the air of Mars is very rare, then apart from the diminished supply there is a more rapid cooling owing to the readier radiation of heat into space. But in any case the supply of solar heat has to be considered as one of the factors of a planet's condition, considered with reference to the question of habitability. If through its inherent heat the planet Mars was once as warm on the whole as the earth now is, that heat making up for the smaller supply of solar heat, then it seems reasonable to believe that the creatures inhabiting the planet were so far like those now existing on our earth that the same degree of heat suited their requirements. If then we find reason for believing that *now* the inherent heat of the planet is much less than that of our own earth, so that on this account the descendants of those creatures would be unable to exist unless great modifications had taken place in their requirements, which modifications seem outside any effects which could be attributed to natural selection, then the inference that therefore these races of creatures have died out is certainly strengthened, and in no small



degree, by the fact that the supply of heat received from the sun is much smaller in the case of Mars than in the case of our earth. Seeing, then, that the average daily supply of light and heat on Mars (taking square mile for square mile of his surface) is less than the average daily supply on our earth in the proportion of two to five, we have here a strong argument, we will not say in favor of the belief that Mars is not now inhabited, but in favor of the belief that the duration of the life-supporting era has been, is, or will be much more rapidly shortened than in our earth's case, by the cooling of his globe. For the life-destroying influence of the cooling is much more effectively strengthened in his case than in our earth's, by the effect of distance from the central source of light and heat.

All the other circumstances in the condition of Mars point directly to the conclusion that Mars must have long since passed his planetary prime. His orbit being outside the earth's, he was probably formed far earlier, though this is not so certain as it was held to be when Laplace's nebular theory was first advanced. It is however very unlikely that he began to be formed later; and as he is much smaller, he would probably be fashioned more quickly. It is still more probable, in fact very much more probable, that he cooled much more quickly than the earth. His mass is not much more than a ninth of hers, while his surface is only about one-third of hers. He had, then, originally, even if of the same temperature when first formed, only one-ninth her amount of heat to distribute, so that if he had radiated away at one-ninth of her rate, the supply would have lasted as long. Pouring it away at one-third of her rate — for the radiation taking place from the surface is proportional to the surface — he parted with it three times faster than he should have done in order to cool at the same rate as the earth. Hence he cooled three times faster than the earth, and must have attained a condition which she will not attain until three times as long an interval has elapsed from the era of her first existence, than has already elapsed. Since most geologists assign many hundreds of millions of years to the last-named period, and all agree that it must be measured by many millions of years, it follows that twice as many hundreds of millions of years must elapse if the former are right, but only twice as many millions of years if the latter are right, before our earth will be in the same condition as

Mars. In reality our argument is not at all effected by the difference of opinion among geologists in this respect. For the question is of the condition of Mars, not of the number of years which may have elapsed since he was in the same condition as our earth, or of the number of years which may have to pass before our earth will be in the same condition as Mars. Whether Mars requires hundreds of millions, or millions, or only thousands of years to pass through one stage of its planetary existence, our earth requires about three times as long; and taking the entire development of Mars and the earth (assuming they began planetary existence together), Mars must be some three times as far on the way towards planetary decrepitude and death as our earth.

Only one circumstance in the discussions of geologists on the question of the time required for the development of a globe like our earth, bears very strongly on our opinion as to the existence of life on Mars. It is not altogether certain that the life-bearing era of a planet is exceedingly short compared with the era of growth and preparation, and the era of decrepitude and death. So far, indeed, as astronomical considerations are concerned we perceive that the fashioning of a planet must be a process requiring an enormous length of time. The slow aggregation of nebulous matter, the separation of ring from ring, the breaking up of a ring into separate nebulous masses, and the gathering of each ring of them into a single mass, must have proceeded very slowly; and few who consider all the circumstances of the case will doubt that hundreds of millions of years must have elapsed between the time when first the matter of a future planet began to have separate existence, and when at length it was all gathered together in a single mass. But what followed, — the gradual contraction and cooling of that mass till it became a true planet, the gradual cooling of the planet until its surface became separable into land and water, the further cooling till life became possible, the progression of life through all its various stages till earth and sea and air had each their various races of living creatures, all these stages of the planet's existence belong to the domain of geology and biology, not to that of astronomy. Doubts have arisen respecting the duration of these eras, and as yet these doubts remain. Nor have biologists as yet determined how long life may be expected to continue upon our

earth. Some see already the signs of what may be called biological decrepitude. It has been asserted that man, the highest race of living creatures which the earth has yet known, is not only the highest she will ever know, but that the race, regarded as a type of animal life, has already passed its prime, and has advanced perceptibly towards decadence.\* Lower races, however, seem capable almost of indefinite multiplication—we refer, be it understood, to the multiplication of races, not of the individuals composing races. And so far as mere life is concerned, it would seem as though the earth might undergo vast changes of condition, and the sun himself lose largely in heat-emitting and light-emitting power, without the earth being depopulated, so long at least as the changes took place gradually. It may well be that life begins at so early a stage of planetary development and continues to so late a stage, that the entire duration of a planet's life-bearing era bears a much greater proportion to the entire duration of the planet than our reasoning (a few paragraphs back) implies.

But after all, the question of mere life in other worlds is not what we are interested in. Mere consciousness can scarcely be regarded as a more interesting phase of nature than unconscious activity such as we see in the vegetable world, or than the motion of inert matter, or even than the mere existence of matter. If we could be assured that Mars and Venus and Mercury are crowded with animal and vegetable life of those lower forms which owe their inferiority to decrepitude of the type, or that on the youthful planets Jupiter and Saturn some of the monstrous forms exist which flourished on the earth when she was young, —

dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,

what to us would be those teeming worlds of life? They might as well be mere inert masses circling idly round the sun, neither now nor ever in the past the abode of life, and never to become so in future ages. The story of such life would be to us as

\* One of the evidences for this discouraging conclusion, advanced by a well-known American zoologist, is the relative length of the period of old age in the individual man. In youthful races, the individual does not attain old age till very soon (relatively to the entire life) before death. The relative duration of old age grows longer and longer as the race grows older, until, in races which are about to pass away, it becomes nearly equal to half the entire interval between birth and death, soon after which the race dies dies out.

a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury  
Signifying nothing.

It is the existence of intelligent beings on those remote worlds that alone has any interest for us, the thought that the wonders of the universe are recognized by beings in some sort like ourselves, that the problems which perplex us may have been dealt with, perchance even solved, by others, and again that our world may be a subject of interest and study for creatures thinking as much, but knowing as little, about us as we think and know about them.

In this respect certainly, if analogy can be any guide at all, we find little reason for regarding with present interest either the younger giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, or the probably aged dwarfs, Mercury, Mars, and our moon. Few believe that men have existed on the earth many hundreds of thousands of years, and those even who assign to the human race its greatest duration in the past, regard it in its earliest form as little better than a race of brute beings. If we supposed that men sufficiently intelligent to consider the heavens and the earth have existed in our world for one hundred thousand years, we are certainly giving the widest possible allowance of duration to intelligent man. Nor can it be denied that the existence of such a race as ours seems far more definitely limited in the future by the slowly changing condition of our earth and the life-giving sun, than that of lower types of animal existence. We would not assert that beyond all question a hundred thousand years hence the earth will no longer be a fit abode for man, who has already begun to draw very largely on the garnered stores of our globe; but we consider this view altogether probable, and that indeed a nearer limit might be assigned to the duration of the human race, by one who should carefully consider the progress and requirements of the race on the one hand, and the condition, changes of condition, and capabilities of our earth, on the other.

If we assign two hundred thousand years as the extreme duration of the period during which men capable of observing the phenomena surrounding them and of studying the problems of the universe have existed and will exist, we assign to our earth a reason-life (if we may so speak) which, compared with the full life of the earth, is but as a second compared with centuries. So far as the existence of beings capable of thought and

reflection is concerned, our theory assuredly holds. It is on *a priori* grounds utterly unlikely that any one of the orbs we can actually observe is inhabited by creatures like ourselves in those circumstances which distinguish us from the brutes and from savages.

So far as observation extends, in the case of Mars, it seems altogether unlikely that the present era of his existence corresponds with that very brief period during which reasoning creatures inhabit a planet. Supposing we have rightly taken two hundred thousand years for the duration of that period in our earth's case — and it seems far more likely that the estimate errs in excess than in defect — the duration of the corresponding period in the case of Mars would probably be about seventy thousand years. Mars would probably have entered on that stage of his existence millions of years ago; but supposing for a moment that he reached it at about the same time as our earth, or, according to our estimate, a hundred thousand years ago, then the period would have been completed about thirty thousand years ago. The appearance of the planet implies a much later stage, however, of planetary existence. The seas of Mars present all the appearance of exhaustion during millions of years, in the course of which their waters have nourished the surface of the planet with rain. The water thus raised from the Martian oceans has no doubt been always restored to them in large part, either falling directly on the water surface in rain, or being gathered by streams and rivulets and rivers on the land-surface, to be discharged by the river-mouths into the seas. But a portion has always been retained by the land, soaking slowly and steadily into the interior of the planet. This portion has doubtless been exceedingly small each year, but during the long ages which have elapsed since first the seas of Mars had separate existence, the total amount thus drained off must have been enormous. We see the effect in the relatively small area of the Martian seas. They cover barely half of the planet, while terrestrial seas occupy nearly three-fourths of the surface of our globe. They have the shape also which our seas would have, if somewhat more than two-thirds of the water were dried up. The variety of tint which they present show that but few of those seas are deep, for few of them are dark. Many are so light as to suggest the idea that a large part of the area shown in the charts as aqueous, consists in reality of land and

water so broken up into small islands, lakes, straits, isthmuses, and the rest, that the telescope cannot distinguish the details. Again, the unchanging color of the land regions implies that they are naked and sterile. Unless we adopt the theory that not only is the vegetation of Mars rubescent, but that all the principal glories of the Martian forests are ever-reds, and the Martian fields covered with herbage of unchanging ruddiness, we must accept the conclusion that the land surface is an arid desert. This evidence alone is almost strong enough to assure us that none but the lowest forms of life, animal and vegetable, exist on Mars at present. The evidence against the fitness of Mars to support the higher forms of life seems overwhelmingly strong.

But after all, why should a conclusion such as this dishearten the student of other worlds than ours? Whether it relates to a planet here and there, to Mars or Mercury or the moon because of their decrepitude, or to Jupiter and Saturn because they are as yet too young, or whether it is extended according to the laws of probability to the universe of planets, does it not accord with what we know of our own earth? We do not mean merely that our earth as a planet was once unfit, and will one day become again unfit to support life; but that even during the present life-supporting era of its existence we do not find all regions of the earth at all times fit to support life; nor do we find all races existing simultaneously. As various races begin, develop, and die out, as various regions are at one time sterile at another clothed with life, so among the orbs inhabiting space, now one set of races may exist and anon an entirely different set, the series of planets which during one era are the abode of life being the nascent worlds of a former, the dead worlds of a later era. A modern believer in the universality of life says: "On those worlds, as on ours, there are cities passing through all the stages of glory and of power; there also, as here, there are cities like Rome, and Paris, and London, altars and thrones, temples and palaces, wealth and misery, splendors and ruins. And perchance from the venerable ruins of an ancient capital two lovers at this moment on the planet Mars may be gazing on the traces of the grandeur and of the decay of empires, and feeling that amid all the metamorphoses of time and space, life, eternally young, pervades the universe, reigning forever over all the worlds, and pouring forth endless youth in the golden

rays of all the suns which people infinity." But the very scene which suggested these ideas should have taught another lesson. Not every region of earth is inhabited, not every inhabited region is a Rome, or an Athens, or a Paris, or a London. While some great nation or city is enjoying the fulness of its vigor, others are perishing or have long since passed away, others are as yet unknown, or but begin their existence. So may it well be, so *must* it be if analogy is our guide, so *is* it if our observations can be trusted, with other planets than this earth, with other systems than our sun's. As each orb occupies but the minutest portion of the infinity of space, so is the lifetime of each but a wavelet in the ocean of eternity. Two wavelets, or many, may run side by side upon an endless sea, and so may a lifetime of our earth synchronize with life upon another world, or many others. But for each wave that thus runs beside the wave of life on which our lot is cast, a myriad—nay, ten million million others are far removed from ours, lie even beyond the horizon bounding what we call time. The universe as we know it, the region of space to which our most powerful telescopes penetrate, is not more utterly lost in the true universe of infinity than is the range of time past, present, and to come, over which our researches extend, amid the infinities of time eternal.

---

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ISOBARS.

It was an eager and anxious time with our women-folk, who began to study the weather-charts in the newspapers, and to draw from thence the most dismal forebodings. The air was full of isobars: we heard their awful tread. Areas of low pressure were lying in wait for us; the barometer curves assumed in imagination the form of mountainous waves, luring us to our doom. And then we had a hundred kind friends writing to warn us against this line and that line; until it became quite clear, that, as we were to be drowned anyhow, it did not matter a brass farthing which line we selected. And you—you most amiable of persons—who gave us

that piece of advice about choosing a star-board berth, our blessings on you! It was an ingenious speculation. When two vessels meet in mid-Atlantic—which they are constantly doing, and at full speed too—it is well-known that they are bound to port their helm. Very well, argued our sympathetic adviser, porting the helm will make your steamer sheer off to starboard, and the other vessel, if there is to be a collision, will come crashing down on the port side; hence take your berth on the star-board side, for there you will be at least a trifle safer. It was a grain of comfort.

But there was one of us who feared none of these things—and she was to be the commander and comptroller of the expedition. She would have faced a dozen of the double-feathered arrows that appeared in the weather-charts. "Beware the awful isobar!" we said to her. "Beware the awful fiddlesticks!" she flippantly answered. And on the strength of her having done a bit of yachting now and again, she used solemnly to assure Lady Sylvia—on those evenings she spent with us then, talking about the preparations of the voyage—that there was nothing so delightful as life on the sea. The beautiful light and changing color, the constant whirling by of the water, the fresh breezes tingling on the cheek, all these she described with her eyes aglow; and the snug and comfortable evenings, too, in the ruddy saloon, with the soft light of the lamps, and cards, and laughter. Here ensued a battle-royal. The first cause of this projected trip of ours was a dear friend and near neighbor called Mrs. Von Rosen—though we may take the liberty of calling her Bell in these pages—and in the days of her maidenhood she once made one of a party who drove from London to Edinburgh by the old coach-roads, stopping at the ancient inns, and amusing themselves not a little by the way. This young lady now stoutly contested that life in a yacht was nothing to life in a phaeton; and for her part she declared there was nothing half so beautiful as our sunny English landscapes, far away in the heart of the still country, as one drove through them in the sweet June days. It was the rude-spoken German ex-lieutenant who brought ridicule on this discussion by suggesting that the two modes of travelling might be combined: apply to Father Neptune, livery stable-keeper, Atlantic.

Lady Sylvia was indeed grateful to her kind friend for all the attentions shown her at this time. Of course it was as a mere pleasure-excursion that we outsiders were

permitted to speak of this long journey by land and sea. We were not supposed to know anything of that cure of a sick soul that our sovereign lady had undertaken. Balfour was busy in Parliament. Lady Sylvia was very much alone; and she had not been looking well of late. These her friends happened to have to make this trip to America: the opportunity of the double sea-voyage, and of the brisk run through the continent on the other side, was not to be thrown away. This was the understood basis of the agreement. We were not supposed to know that a courageous little woman had resolved to restore the happiness of two wedded lives, by taking this poor petted child and showing her the kingdoms of the earth, and the hardship and misery of human life, and what not. As for Lord Willowby, no one knows to this day whether that reticent peer suspected anything or not. He was kind enough to say, however, that he was sure his daughter was in good hands, and sure, too, that she would enjoy herself very much. He deeply regretted that he could not ask to be allowed to join the party. We deeply regretted that also. But we had to conceal our grief. After all, it was necessary his lordship should stay at home, to keep down the rabbits.

The command went forth; a proclamation from the admiral-in-chief of the expedition that all ceremonies of leave-taking were to be performed within doors and at home; and that she would on no account allow any friend or relative of any one of the party to present himself or herself at Euston Square station, much less to go on with us to Liverpool. She was very firm on this point; and we guessed why. It was part of her never-failing and anxious thoughtfulness and kindness. She would have no formal parting between Balfour and his wife take place under the observation of alien eyes. When Lady Sylvia met us at the station down in Surrey, she was alone. She was pale and very nervous; but she preserved much outward calmness; and professed to be greatly pleased that at last we had fairly started. Indeed, we had more compassion for the other young wife who was with us — who was being torn away from her two children and sent into banishment in Colorado for a whole long year. Our poor Bell could make no effort to control her grief. The tears were running hard down her face. She sat in a corner of the carriage; and long after we had got away from any landmark of our neighborhood that she knew, she was still gazing southward through these

bewildering tears, as if she expected to see, somewhere over the elms in the roseate evening sky, some glorified reflection of her two darlings whom she was leaving behind. Her husband said nothing; but he looked more savage than ever. For the past week — seeing his young wife so desperately distressed — he had been making use of the most awful language about Colonel Sloane and his flocks, and herds, and mines. The poor colonel had done his best. He had left his wealth to this girl simply because he fancied she knew less about his life than most of her other relatives, and might cherish some little kindly feeling of gratitude towards him. Instead of paying for masses for his soul, he only asked that this young niece of his should remember him. Well, there is no saying what her subsequent feelings with regard to him may have been, but in the mean time the feelings of her husband were most pronounced. If he prayed for the soul of Five-Ace-Jack, it was in an odd sort of language.

The homeless look about that big hotel in Liverpool; the huge trunks, obviously American, in the hall and round the doors; the unsettled people wandering around the rooms, all intent on their own private schemes and interests! What care had they for the childless mother and the widowed wife who sat — a trifle mute, no doubt — at our little dinner-table, and who only from time to time seemed to remember that they were starting away on a pleasure-excursion? The manager of the trip did her best to keep us all cheerful, and again and again referred to the great kindness of the owners of our noble ship who had taken some little trouble in getting for us adjacent cabins.

The next day was hot and sultry, and when we went down to the side of the river to have a look at the ship that was to carry our various fortunes across the Atlantic, we saw her through a vague silvery haze that in no way diminished her size. And, indeed, as she lay there, out in mid-stream, she seemed more like a floating-town than a steamer. The bulk of her seemed enormous. Here and there were smaller craft — wherries, steam-launches, tenders, and what not; and they seemed like so many flies hovering on the surface of the water when they came near that majestic ship. Our timid women-folk began to take courage. They did not ask whether their berths were on the starboard side. They spoke no more of collisions. And as Queen T., as some of us called her, kept assuring them that their appre-

hensions of sea-sickness were entirely derived from their experiences on board the wretched and detestable little Channel boats, and that it was quite impossible for any reasonable Christian person to think of illness in the clean, bright, beautiful saloons and cabins of a first-class trans-Atlantic steamer, they plucked up their spirits somewhat, and did not sigh more than twice a minute.

It was about three in the afternoon that we stepped on board the tender. There was a good deal of cerebral excitement abroad among the small crowd. People stared at each other in a nervous, eager manner, apparently trying to guess what had brought each other to such a pass. Leaving out of view the cheery commercial traveller, who was making facetious jokes, and exchanging pocket-knives and pencils with his friends, there was scarcely a face on board that did not suggest some bit of a story, and often that seemed to be tragic enough. There was a good deal of covert crying. And there was a good deal of boisterous racket in our quarter, chiefly proceeding from our young German friend, who was determined to distract the attention of his wife and of her gentle companion from this prevailing emotional business, and could think of no better plan than pretending to be angry over certain charges in the hotel bill, the delay in starting the tender off, and a dozen other ridiculous trifles.

Then we climbed up the gangway, and reached the deck of the noble and stately ship, passing along the row of stewards, all mustered up in their smart uniforms, until we made our way into the great saloon, which was a blaze of crimson cloth and shining gold and crystal.

"And this is how they cross the Atlantic!" exclaimed Queen T., who treasured revengeful feelings against the Channel steamers.

But that was nothing to her surprise when we reached our three cabins, which we found at the end of a small corridor. The yellow sunlight—yellowed by the haze hanging over the Mersey—was shining in on the brightly-painted wood, the polished brass, the clean little curtains of the berths; and altogether showed that, whatever weather we might have in crossing, nothing was wanting to ensure our comfort—not even an electric bell to each berth—so far as these snug and bright little cabins were concerned. Von Rosen was most anxious that we should continue our explorations of these our new homes. He was most anxious that we should at

once begin unpacking the contents of our smaller bags, and placing them in order in our respective cabins. What had we to do on deck? We had no relatives or friends to show over the ship. There was nothing but a crowd up there—staring all over the place. We ought to make those preparations at once; so that we should have plenty of time subsequently to secure from the purser good seats at the dinner-table, which should remain ours during the voyage.

A loud bell rang up on deck.

"Confound it!" cried the lieutenant, as if he would try to drown the noise with his own voice. "I have brought my latch-key with me! What do I want with a latch-key in America?"

But when that bell rang, our Queen T. turned—just for a moment—a trifle pale.

"Lady Sylvia," said she, "would you not like to go up on deck, to see the ship get up her anchor?"

We knew why she wanted the young wife to go on deck; and we were inwardly indignant that the poor thing should be subjected to this gratuitous cruelty. Was she not suffering enough herself, that she should be made the spectator of the sufferings of others? But she meekly assented; and we followed too.

It was a strange scene that this crowd on deck presented, now that the ringing of another bell had caused a good many of the friends and relatives of passengers to leave the large ship and take their stand on the paddle-boxes of the tender. At first sight it seemed rather a merry and noisy crowd. Messages were being called out from the one vessel to the other; equally loud jokes were being bandied; missiles, which turned out to be keepsakes, were being freely hurled through the air and more or less deftly caught. But this was not the aspect of the crowd that the mistress of Lady Sylvia wished to put before her eyes. There were other ceremonies going on. The mute handshake, the last look, the one convulsive tremor that stopped a flood of tears with a heart-breaking sob,—these were visible enough. And shall we ever forget the dazed look in the face of that old man with the silvery hair as he turned away from bidding good-bye to a young woman, apparently his daughter? He did not seem quite to understand what he was doing. One of the officers assisted him by the arm as he stepped on to the gangway; he looked at him in a vague way, and said, "Thank you—thank you; good-bye," to him. Then there was a mid-



dle-aged man, with a bit of black cloth round his hat. But why should one recall these moments of extreme human misery? If it was necessary that Lady Sylvia should drink this bitter draught, if it was necessary that she should have pointed out to her something of what real and definite sorrows and agonies have to be borne in life, why should these things be put before any one else? The case of Lady Sylvia, as every woman must perceive, was quite exceptional. Is it for a moment to be admitted that there could be in England any other woman — or, let us say, any small number of other women — who, being far too fortunately circumstanced, must needs construct for themselves wholly imaginary grievances and purely monomaniacal wrongs, to the distress equally of themselves and their friends? The present writer, at all events, shrinks from the responsibility of putting forward any such allegation. He never heard of any such women. Lady Sylvia was Lady Sylvia; and if she was exceptionally foolish, she was undergoing exceptional punishment.

Indeed she was crying very bitterly, in a stealthy way, as the great ship on which we stood began to move slowly and majestically down the river. The small and noisy tender had steamed back to the wharf, its occupants giving us many a farewell cheer so long as we were within earshot. And now we glided on through a thick and thundery haze that gave a red and lurid tinge to the coast we were leaving. There was a talk about dinner; but surely we were to be allowed time to bid good-bye to England? Farewell — farewell! The words were secretly uttered by many an aching heart.

It was far from being a joyful feast, that dinner; though Von Rosen talked a great deal, and was loud in his praises of everything — of the quick, diligent service and pleasant demeanor of the stewards, of the quality of the hock, and the profusion of the *carte*. The vehement young man had been all over the ship; and seemed to know half the people on board already.

"Oh, the captain!" said he. "He is a famous fellow — a fine fellow — his name is Thompson. And the purser, too, Evans — he is a capital fellow — but he is in twenty places at once. Oh, do you know, Lady Sylvia, what the officers call their servant who waits on them?"

Lady Sylvia only looked her inquiry: the pale, beautiful face was dazed with grief.

"Mosquito! — I suppose because he plagues them. And you can have cold baths — salt water — every morning. And there will be a concert in a few evenings — for the Liverpool Seaman's Home — Bell, you will sing for the concert?"

And so the young man rattled on, doing his best to keep the women-folk from thinking of the homes they were leaving behind. But how could they help thinking, when we got up on deck after dinner, and stood in the gathering dusk? England had gone away from us altogether. There was nothing around us but the rushing water — leaden-hued — with no trace of phosphorescent fire in it; and the skies overhead were dismal enough. We stayed on deck late that night, talking to each other — about everything except England.

---

From The Spectator.

MISS MARY CARPENTER.

IN Harriet Martineau's very vivid autobiography we receive an impression which is no doubt very much, and very naturally, in advance of the truth, of the effect produced by her writings on the legislative achievements of her day. Last week we had to record the loss of one whose life, though it had little influence on general politics, unquestionably gave rise to a far larger amount of definite and beneficent legislation of a particular kind than Miss Martineau, or, indeed, any other individual, however rich in personal gifts, could possibly have produced in that general political region in which the party-battles of political life are necessarily fought and won. To Miss Carpenter, more than to any one individual, — more in many respects even than to the late recorder of Birmingham, Mr. M. D. Hill himself, — far more certainly than to any other woman or all the other women of her day put together, is due that great series of moral and political efforts which has provided for children without homes, or with what are worse than no homes, homes of vice and crime, the best substitute for home life and for the education which every good home gives, the education of the affections, which can in the nature of things be provided. No one knew so well as Miss Carpenter that the organization and legislation for which she was in so large a degree responsible, consisted in providing a very poor second-best for children who had no



chance at all of the true best in early life. It was her intense belief in domestic life, — the kind of belief specially characteristic not only of her Church, the Unitarian Church, but of her family, which may be said to have embodied the most characteristic and devout type of Unitarianism, — which filled her with so profound a pity for the vagrant and criminal class, who are "cradled" into crime by the very influences on which the happy depend for their security against temptation. Beginning with ragged schools, Miss Carpenter was gradually led to see the necessity for all the gradations of schools of this kind which have since been established, and all of which are now recognized in our educational or penal system, — the reformatory, which is the beneficent modern substitute for that prison by which young offenders used to be carefully ripened into hardened criminals, — the industrial school intended for a class not of criminals, but of neglected and homeless children, who would be all but certain to become criminals if they were not trained to industry and honesty, — and lastly, the day industrial school, recognized for the first time by the State in Lord Sandon's measure of last year, wherein the "waifs and strays" who have not had exactly bad parents, but parents unequal to the task of home discipline, are prepared by a little wholesome preparatory training for the common schools into which they would otherwise bring the elements of anarchy. Miss Carpenter it was who chiefly amongst Englishmen and English women conceived, elaborated, and worked out by her own devotion, in the schools under her own individual care, this great network of provisions for the neglected, or worse than neglected, depraved children of a class to whom education has little meaning and to whom the word indeed suggests no vivid conception of either responsibility or risk, — and a nobler work can hardly be conceived. Hundreds of children owe their redemption from infancy to her individual labors. Tens of thousands in our own day, and millions in a future day will owe to the measures for which she, with other men and women of like mind, is responsible, their opportunities of honorable work, and perhaps, even of an honored name. In this sense, at least, Miss Carpenter will have earned the blessings of a greater and better, though a less sweet and grateful sphere of motherhood, than some of the best of those who have transmitted their name and nature to a posterity of their own race. Nor should any one forget that

Miss Carpenter's work in this respect was neither the work of a mere social and political advocate who had thoroughly studied the subject, nor that of an amateur who had just sufficient practical knowledge of it to bring the principles and details vividly before the mind. It was, in regard to reformatories at least, work of most careful, systematic, and long-continued organization, — organization carried out to the highest perfection on the minutest points. Of the school at Red Lodge, Bristol, as it is carried on at the present moment, — the school, which was the chief practical labor of her life, — a most efficient critic, who has himself given the utmost attention to the subject, Professor Sheldon Amos, after "spending two days in a minute investigation of every part of her work at Bristol," writes as follows: "No description we had met with, even from herself, had done justice to the patient and conscientious elaboration of every detail of the work, and we felt it a rare advantage and delight to hear her own logical and exhaustive explanation of the problems that had lain before her, and their solution."

And as it happens with all true enthusiasts, so it was with Miss Carpenter, — her sympathies were not bounded by her own world. She was essentially a missionary as well as a reformer; indeed, it is a sure sign of the inadequacy of any kind of enthusiasm to the work required of it, when it is contented to be restricted to one limited sphere. Miss Carpenter's four journeys to India, after she had already reached the age when rest is pleasant, attest how keenly she desired to see the educational advantages for which she had labored so hard in England extended to those aliens in blood, language, and religion for whose protection and civilization the British government is responsible. Of course she did not achieve as much in India as she did at home. The field was one less known to her, and certainly one into which she carried impressions and prepossessions that must have to some extent limited her usefulness. But even there the impressions she produced and the gratitude she inspired remain remarkable testimonies to the pure disinterestedness of her purpose, and the energy of self-sacrifice with which she worked for its attainment. Native princes vied with each other in endeavoring to persuade her to extend her labors in aid of female education and the improvement of the prisons to their dominions, and the heartfelt and often costly expressions of their gratitude for what she effected, prove that in their

belief, at all events, she had made some real impression on the dense mass of native prejudice and indifference.

A correspondent of the *Times*, who evidently knew Miss Carpenter well, declares that "none who knew her in public life could be aware how much she possessed of the artistic and poetic temperament, how keen was her enjoyment of nature, and how strongly she was interested in the general progress of scientific thought; and only those who shared her closest intimacy could know the depth of her religious fervor." That will, in all probability, cause some surprise to those who, with all their genuine admiration and sympathy for her zeal, must sometimes have been wearied with the earnest monotony of her social teachings, for Miss Carpenter, like almost all reformers who have effected much, knew the justice of Carlyle's remark, that the only oratorical figure that is worth anything for purposes of persuasion is the great figure of repetition. In season and out of season, Miss Carpenter was always ready with her pleas for the unfortunate victims of the world's negligence and folly, till too many regarded her merely as a sort of embodiment of philanthropic purpose and a living organ of reformatory counsels. This is the penalty which disinterested zeal almost necessarily pays for that intensity of belief, that uniformity of strain, by which alone, in so fluent and unimpressible a moral atmosphere as ours, great results can be accomplished; and yet it is generally, if not always true, as it certainly was in Miss Carpenter's case, that behind this apparently one-ideal purpose, there is a depth of sentiment which renders the interior of such minds utterly different from that imagined by the outside world, — a world seldom very skilful in interpreting the signs of what is deepest, and not unfrequently glad to avenge itself for a certain sense of moral inferiority by imputing inflexibility of purpose to deficiency of resource. Miss Carpenter had, of course, a full measure of that self-confidence without which a woman in her position could hardly, by any possibility, have achieved what she did, and which was assuredly perfectly justified by those achievements. Men, and perhaps still more women, who are penetrated with this high sense of the work they have to do, and their own competence to do it, are but too apt to be looked upon by their fellow-creatures as personified institutions, *i.e.*, as merging their individuality of feeling in the abstract objects which they propose to

themselves. And as far as regards the effect produced on the greater number of their acquaintances, of course it must be so. We remember men by the specific things they say or do in our presence; and if by far the larger number of those specific things are of the kind which have for us only a secondary interest — or at least something less than the personal interest attaching to far more trifling subjects in which our own interest happens to be greater, — of course we invest the person who says and does them in the comparatively sober dress of our own pallid sympathies. But though it necessarily happens that philanthropists take less interest in the personal incidents of life than they take in the moral objects of their own higher aims, while most men take a great deal more interest in these personal incidents, it is utterly untrue that behind those higher aims there need be any less — often, indeed, there is a very much deeper — world of personal sentiment than ordinary men and women carry about with them. The world's impressions of these things are always purely relative. And because they see so little evidence of the contagion of interests which affect ordinary people most deeply, and so much of what touches them with only a languid feeling of approval, they suppose that their own most passionate feelings are wanting in those whose lives are stamped with a very different class of aims. But this is generally false. In those in whom the philanthropic aim is uppermost, the love of poetry, the delight in nature, the appreciation of art, is often quite deep enough to beautify and dignify with a certain glow of color and grace of expression, the aspects of an ordinary domestic life; though what we should have seen, had the more beneficent aim been wanting, disappears under the shadow of that aim when it is present. So it was evidently with Miss Carpenter. The concentration of her purposes, and the tenacity of her just practical self-confidence, concealed from the eye of the world a depth of sentiment in other regions of life which, if it had been as visible as her great social aims, would have given her perhaps a greater charm, though at the cost of a considerable amount of effective work. It is well for the world to realize that, after all, what it sees of its noblest workers is often very inferior in quality, though not in result, to that which is hidden from its eyes. Perhaps, indeed, it may not unfrequently be the greatest sacrifice which the philanthropist undergoes, that while he is seen and estimated

by the world at large as a mere organizer of good deeds, the deepest interior life which he himself lives, and which he most values, is mulcted of its most precious moments and its rarest pleasures, in order to supply that monotonous strain of energetic work from which the world reaps so great a gain. Even the crowds who on Tuesday followed the remains of Mary Carpenter to her grave, and who loved and honored her for her long life of unselfish work and unwearied sympathy, probably never knew how much she must have sacrificed in order to be what she was. The great doers have at least this advantage over those whose chief fascination for their fellow-men consists solely in what they *are*, — that in this world at least, and in many departments of life, they refrain from being all that they otherwise might have been, for the sake of those for whom they could not in that case have achieved all they have achieved. In short, they give up an inward life of their own to redeem the inward life of others; and surely they will yet receive again with usury more than all they have so given up.

---

From The Popular Science Review.

NOTES ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

BY W. F. KIRBY.

ASSISTANT NATURALIST, MUSEUM, ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

THE study of the geographical distribution of living and extinct organisms has recently become one of the most important branches of philosophical natural history, from the light which it throws both on the former condition of the earth, and on the greatest scientific question of the day, namely, that of the origin of species. The geographical distribution of animals has lately received much attention, the most important contribution to the subject being a large work by Mr. A. R. Wallace; but in the present paper we propose to bring together such observations as may prove interesting, either from their importance or from their having been less fully discussed elsewhere.

Most naturalists are now agreed in recognizing six main regions of geographical distribution, as originally proposed by Dr. Sclater, viz., the Palæarctic, Ethiopian (or African), Indian (or Oriental), Australian, Neotropical (or tropical American), and Nearctic (or North American) regions.

The Palæarctic region includes Europe, north Africa, the northern half of Arabia, and the whole of western and northern Asia, as far as the Indus and Himalayas, and a line drawn eastwards, running south of Thibet and Mongolia, and somewhat north of Formosa. The Indian region includes, besides south Asia, the large islands of Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and the Philippines; but the islands further to the east belong to the Australian region. The Neotropical region includes the West Indies, Central and South America, and the south of Mexico; the remaining regions require no further explanation.

Although these regions are generally recognized as natural, we must not consider the divisions between them as hard and fast lines, except that between the Indian and Australian regions, where the island of Celebes is almost the only debatable ground. Indeed, the fauna of much of the west coast of America, especially that of California and Chili, exhibits such marked affinities with that of the Palæarctic region, that these countries have been regarded by some writers rather as outlying districts of the latter than as biological portions of the continents to which they actually belong. It is also to be observed that this division of the world into six main regions is more applicable to some groups of animals and plants than to others. Various attempts have been made to subdivide the regions, but though some subdivisions, such as the Mediterranean subregion, are eminently natural, our knowledge of the natural productions of most of the regions is not yet sufficiently exact to allow of their being divided in such a manner as to gain the general assent of naturalists.

Owing to the much greater competition of rival forms in large continents, the larger and more highly developed forms always appear to have originated and been brought to relative perfection on the greatest continuous districts of land. But notwithstanding the frequent alterations of level during geological ages, which have constantly united or separated various portions of the earth's surface, yet it appears that the largest masses of land, though differing in outline and continuity, have always occupied nearly the same places; that is, it is more probable that the contour of former continents has been changed by gradual increase or diminution, than that a whole continent should be submerged or elevated *de novo*. It also appears that the northern hemisphere, and more especially the Palæarctic region, has

been the birthplace of most of the principal groups of animals, including those now confined to tropical Africa, or even to South America.\* Nor need this surprise us, poor as is the present Palæarctic region, when we consider the great vicissitudes to which this region has been more especially exposed, and the many conditions unfavorable to animal life which it now presents. There is little doubt that the amazingly rich fauna possessed by Europe previous to the glacial epoch was then almost entirely swept out of it, a very large proportion of its original fauna and flora being either wholly exterminated or driven into distant regions, whence, on the abatement of the cold, their descendants would return very slowly, if at all. Besides, it is urged by Mr. Belt that during the glacial period such vast masses of water were locked up in snow and ice that the average level of the sea would be at least one thousand feet lower than at present, and probably far more. This would lay bare great tracts of land possessing a much warmer climate than any other portion of the globe at that time, where many tropical forms may have survived the glacial period, though some would doubtless have been subsequently exterminated by the great floods which Mr. Belt argues would have occurred towards its close, from the melting of the ice. This view receives considerable support from the numerous traditions of submerged countries in the Atlantic, and off the coasts of China, India, Ceylon, and east Africa.

Great changes have recently taken place in the inland seas of the Palæarctic region. It was formerly bounded to the south by a great inland sea, resembling the Mediterranean, occupying the place of the Sahara; and a chain of inland lakes appears to have extended from Spain to the Black Sea. Wallace believes the Mediterranean to have there consisted of two great lakes, while north Africa was connected with Spain and Italy by extensive tracts of land now submerged. At this time, too, much of northern Asia may have been depressed below the sea, or, at any rate, the great lakes, such as the Caspian, Aral, and Baikal, appear to have communicated with the Arctic Ocean. But there is still much obscurity relating to the geological history of northern Asia; and until increased

facilities of communication and changes in politics render China and Asiatic Russia more accessible to scientific men, it cannot be entirely cleared up. It is so difficult to account for the total disappearance of such forms as the mammoth from a country like Siberia, that some have suggested that they were destroyed by floods, to which indeed a great part of central and northern Asia was very probably subject, considering the much greater number and extent of the inland seas in former times, even if a large portion of the country was not actually covered by the Arctic Ocean. Much valuable geological information relating to northern Asia in recent times must be still locked up in Chinese annals; and I have not yet met with any history by a competent geologist of the series of great volcanic disturbances, inclusive of earthquakes and floods, which devastated China during the first half of the fourteenth century, and which were felt with great severity at least as far as Austria and Greenland, and indirectly over the whole of the then known world, and there is reason to believe even in America. A history of these extraordinary phenomena, which are unparalleled in modern times for their extent and severity, if collected from the numerous available materials, and worked up by a competent hand, would be of the greatest scientific value.\*

And here I may remark that I am convinced that great light would probably be thrown on the former state of the world in historic times by the study of Oriental literature by scientific men. There has been much discussion among the Orientalists about the identification of the islands of Wák-wák, mentioned by Arab geographers, as well as in the "Arabian Nights." These are the islands, seven years' journey from Baghdád, where the trees bear fruit in the shape of female heads, suspended by the hair, which cry out "Wák-wák" at sunrise and sunset. Then to connect these islands more distinctly with birds, they are inhabited by jinneeys, who fly about in feather dresses, which are sometimes stolen by some enterprising hero. Wallace describes the great bird of paradise (*Paradisea apoda*) as being very abundant in the Aru Islands, and settling on the trees in flocks at sunrise, uttering a loud and shrill note audible at a great distance, which sounds like "wawk-wawk-wawk-wök-wök-wök." Any

\* This is confirmed even by groups of which very few fossil remains exist. Mr. S. H. Scudder, in his recent work on fossil butterflies, only admits nine species, all European; but of these four are preponderatingly American in their affinities, three Oriental, one Mediterranean, and one African.

\* The most accessible account of this period is perhaps that in Hecker's history of the black death, in his "Epidemics of the Middle Ages."

one who will consult Lane's "Arabian Nights," vol. iii., chap. 25, note 32, and Wallace's account of the great bird of paradise, in his "Malay Archipelago," chap. 38, will, I think, be convinced, like myself, of the identity of the Aru Islands with the islands of Wák-wák of the Arabian writers.\* But even when animals are spoken of under their proper names, it will often be no easy matter to identify them in a translation; for I have generally found that the English, French, and German equivalents for the vernacular names of common animals or plants are rarely to be ascertained with any accuracy from the best existing dictionaries; and this difficulty would be greatly increased in the case of Oriental or ancient writings, in which animals, perhaps now extinct, would frequently be described in very hyperbolic language.

To return from this digression to Europe, we need not wonder that its present fauna is so much poorer than in post-glacial times, or even than a few centuries ago. The advance of cultivation, the felling of forests, and the draining of marshes have exterminated many species, even in our own day, while others have been destroyed as noxious creatures, as the wolf in Britain, and the lion in Germany † and Greece. Others were exterminated for food, as the great auk in the northern regions; and the urus and aurochs, both now almost extinct, the former only existing as *Bos scoticus*, and the other in Lithuania and the Caucasus, the last being the only locality where it is still actually wild. As, however, these wild cattle are fierce and dangerous animals, they may have been exterminated partly for this reason. A very interesting volume could be written on the animals which have disappeared from Europe within historic times. When the ancient world was overrun by huge and destructive animals, it must have been difficult for men to make any progress in civilization; but when the glacial epoch had swept all before it, it was much easier for men to improve their condition. So far as we know, the ancient centres of civilization, such as central Asia and Egypt, were less overrun with wild beasts than others.

The islands of Corsica and Sardinia, though barely alluded to by Wallace, are interesting from the number of peculiar

species which they already contain, and for the still larger number of local forms, which, if isolated for a sufficient time, will ultimately become perfectly distinct species. Their fauna appears to have been derived from the mainland of Italy at a period when that country was already fully stocked with its present fauna, as they possess a large proportion of the Italian species. They have apparently been separated from the mainland for a much longer period than Britain from France; for, although Guénée calls Britain "*le pays des variétés*," well-marked species have not yet had time to develop themselves. Here, however, other considerations step in. The much hotter and finer climate of Corsica and Sardinia may have stimulated the more rapid differentiation of species. And although we are still ignorant of many of the laws which govern the range of species, yet it appears from the large proportion of species common on the French coast, and not extending to Britain, that Britain was separated from France before France had fully acquired its present fauna and flora. The same reasoning will apply to Ireland, which is much poorer in species than Britain.

Some writers think that the glacial period has not wholly passed away, and that the earth has not yet recovered its normal temperature; and although it would require a long series of observations, extending over many years, if not centuries, to arrive at absolute certainty, yet there are some historical grounds for believing that the climate of all Europe was much more severe only two thousand years ago than at present.\* How far the clearing of forests, etc., may have influenced the climate we do not yet know, nor whether its gradual improvement is due to local or general causes. It is quite possible that the animals and plants now confined to eastern, southern, or central Europe are still extending their range north and west, so far as they meet with no barriers to their further migrations.

In the case of the British Islands, there are other conditions besides breaks of geographical continuity which hinder the spread of some species. The unfavorable climate of the northern and western portions is probably one cause of the restricted range of many species, and their total absence from Scotland, Ireland, and, in many cases, even from the north or west of England. Nothing strikes a

\* I am not aware that the reputed occurrence of this bird in New Guinea has been confirmed; and the islands of Wák-wák are always spoken of in the plural.

† Which it is believed to have inhabited during the heroic age.

\* Compare Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," pp. 242, 243.

naturalist, accustomed to the comparative abundance of insect life, even in the south of England, more than its usual scantiness in Ireland, although the latter country probably possesses about two-thirds of our English species.

The Mediterranean subregion presents us with several interesting problems, in addition to some previously mentioned. During the time that Spain and Italy have been separated from north Africa, great changes have occurred in the insects of the opposite coasts, as well as in the larger animals which now inhabit those countries. Oberthur, in his recently published work on the lepidoptera of Algeria, doubts if any Algerian species of *Zygæna* is identical with any European species. This, however, might perhaps be expected, for the genus *Zygæna* consists of a great number of closely allied and highly variable species which have their headquarters in the Mediterranean subregion; and while some groups of animals (as many mollusca) may remain almost unchanged for entire geological periods, yet others, which, like the species of *Zygæna*, are specifically unstable, may become modified very rapidly. But, notwithstanding the large amount of speciality in the Algerian insect fauna, it is essentially the same as the European, and the African element is exceedingly small. (There are some species of insects confined to south Spain and south Russia. These are probably very ancient forms, and may even be relics of the pre-glacial Palæarctic insect-fauna.) The large mammals of Algeria are apparently nearly all of African origin, having crossed from the south after the glacial epoch, and subsequently to the disappearance of the Saharan sea, and to the final separation of Europe and Africa, although some identical species of wide range penetrated into, or perhaps returned to Europe through Asia Minor, such, for instance, as the lion.

The Ethiopian region, or Africa, is at the present day chiefly remarkable for the great number of large mammalia which inhabit it. Many of these, though formerly abundant in Europe and India, have long disappeared from both countries; and Africa has now a highly specialized character of its own. The Malagasy subregion, including Madagascar and the adjacent islands, is peculiarly remarkable, and "appears to indicate a very ancient connection with the southern portion of Africa, before the apes, ungulates, and felines had entered it." (Wallace, "Geogr. Distr." i., p. 273.) The insects of Mada-

gascar, however, are closely allied to existing African species, and many of the most remarkable, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the island, have since been received from Natal or Zanzibar. There is also a considerable resemblance between the Mascarene fauna, and that of distant parts of the world, in which connection we may refer to the numerous traditions, previously mentioned, of recent subsidences in various parts of the Indian Ocean.

As a rule, competition is far more severe on continents than on islands; hence the great number of peculiar forms which survive in islands, though long superseded on continents, and it appears that according to this principle, the insects of Madagascar have become less strongly modified than those of the African continent, and therefore represent to some extent a more ancient fauna. A remarkable case is afforded by two pairs of butterflies, inhabiting different parts of the world. One is *Papilis Merope*, a large black-and-white butterfly, with tails on the hind wings, found all over tropical Africa, and varying considerably in different localities. The females are altogether unlike the male, being without a tail, and of a totally different shape and color, resembling butterflies of other groups, which are protected from birds, etc., by their nauseous odor. But *P. Merope* is represented in Madagascar by *P. Meriones*, the female of which only differs from the male in the presence of an additional black bar on the fore wings. The other example is that of *Argynnis Niphe*, a common Indian species, which is tawny, with black spots, and the female of which has the tips of the fore wings broadly dusky, with a black bar across them, giving it a great resemblance to *Danaus Chrysippus*, a widely distributed insect, which is "mimicked" in the same way by the females of several other butterflies besides *A. Niphe*, even including one of the female varieties of *Papilio Merope*, already referred to. But the Australian representative of *A. Niphe* (*A. inconstans*), though differing so little from the male of *A. Niphe* that it was long considered to be no more than a slight local variety, has the sexes alike, the female having no white bar on the wings, although a small *Danaus* (*D. petilia*) closely allied to *D. Chrysippus*, is also found in Australia.

Turning to the Oriental region, we find that north India is much richer in species than the south. This is partly owing to the greater variety of elevation (just as the southern peninsulas of Europe are poorer



in species than the districts in which the central ranges lie \*), but not entirely, since many north Indian species, not found in south India, reappear in the Malayan peninsula and islands. The spread of Indian forms into Europe has been much checked by the position of the mountain ranges. Where these are more open, as along the coast of China and Japan, we find Indian forms extending much further north, and mingling with those which really belong to the Palæarctic region.

One of the most striking features in the Australian region in recent times was the abundance of large wingless birds, now mostly extinct. Traditions, more or less authentic, relating to the great birds of the remote islands, are common in Oriental writers, who referred to them under the names of rukh, seemurgh, anka, etc. The rukh was said by Middle-Age writers to be found in Madagascar (doubtless referring to the *Epyornis* or its egg); but the Arabian writers always give the rukh the habits of an eagle or a vulture. The Arabs, we know, extended their voyages at least as far as Madagascar and the Aru Islands, and there is no improbability in their having also visited New Zealand, where I believe that remains of a gigantic bird of prey have recently been met with. The Arabs, of course, were well acquainted with the ostrich, now the largest living bird; hence, nothing but the great extinct birds could have given rise to the stories of the rukh. The Persians, less acquainted with these distant countries than the Arabs, made a mythological bird of the Seemurgh, but there is little incredible in the Arabian accounts of the rukh, except its gigantic size. The Greek or German griffin may have had a similar origin.†

The Neotropical region presents a great contrast to Africa, the other southern continent, for instead of a preponderance of large mammalia, we have here an enormous abundance of some of the smaller forms of life; in some groups, as, for instance, butterflies, more than half of all the known species come from tropical America.

The Nearctic region, though somewhat poor in special forms as compared with the Palæarctic, to which its affinities are so close that it could scarcely be separated

as a distinct region, if we confined ourselves to isolated groups, yet possesses as many large mammalia as South America. The fauna of both North and South America was formerly much richer than at present; but the glacial period was as destructive in North America as in Europe. What caused the destruction of the large mammalia in South America is less certainly known; but Africa is now the only region which is sufficiently rich in the higher forms of life to lead us to suppose that it in any degree adequately represents the zoology of former times; and it appears to have been exposed in a less degree than other countries to the agencies which have destroyed animal life to so great an extent elsewhere.

In concluding this somewhat desultory article, we may remark that, contrary to the general idea, extreme heat seems to have a tendency to reduce the size of animals. The largest known animals are, or were, natives of cold countries; and most insects common to Europe or Japan, and India, are considerably smaller in the latter country. Even the tropical representatives of widely distributed genera are nearly always inferior in size and beauty to temperate forms.

---

From The Spectator.

#### JAPANESE CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—One of the first problems presented to a foreign teacher in Japan is the reason of the great apparent happiness and light-heartedness of Japan children. One may walk for hours through the streets of Tokio, and scarcely ever hear a child's cry of distress. Four principal causes of this superiority of the children of Japan over those of other nations have been suggested by an English lady resident here. They are so well worthy of the attention of teachers at home, that I reproduce them here. They are:—

1. The style of clothing, loose and yet warm, is far more comfortable than the dress of our children.
2. Japanese children are much more out in the open air and sunshine.
3. The absence of furniture, and, therefore, the absence of repeatedly given instructions "not to touch." The thick soft matting, forming at once the carpet and the beds of all Japanese houses, and the raised lintel on to which the child may clamber as it

\* Andalusia scarcely produces more species of butterflies than Sweden; Austria, Switzerland, or south France have nearly twice as many.

† The rukh, or roc, as in our old translation of the "Arabian Nights," is only alluded to, so far as we remember, in connection with its egg; the egg was probably that of *Epyornis*, and the bird manufactured to suit it.—ED.



grows strong, constitute the very beautiful of an infant's playground. 4. Children are much petted, without being capriciously thwarted. A child is not cuffed one moment and indulged the next, as is too frequently the case at home. To these four most suggestive reasons I would add a fifth, which is that Japanese character is so constituted as to bring their elders into much stronger sympathy with the little ones than is the case in busy, bustling, money-making England. It has been well said that "Japan is a paradise of babies," for you may see old and young together playing at battledore-and-shuttlecock in the streets; while on holidays the national amusement of men, women, and children is flying huge paper kites; puppet-shows and masquerades also have their votaries in thousands, from amongst both sexes and all ages. It occurred to me, therefore, that it might be profitable to me as an educator, whose lines are cast amongst this strange people, to investigate the nature and value of the amusements and sports in vogue here, and I think that the results of these investigations may not be uninteresting or devoid of suggestions to my fellow-teachers at home.

Not without some misgivings as to the manner in which they would be received, I had brought out all the apparatus necessary for football and cricket. The latter game has, of course, not yet been introduced to my pupils' notice, but the football they took to as naturally as a duck does to water. They can now play a really good game. There is no want of pluck, while they show great quickness of eye and judgment. One national characteristic, however, soon showed itself in the form of "goal-sneaking;" indeed, I verily believe that a boy who sneaked in his opponents' ground and so kicked a goal, would be looked upon as a far greater hero than one who obtained a game in a fair and open manner. This game of football is not entirely unknown in the country, but it has been hitherto restricted to those immediately connected with the emperor's palace. The authorities have set apart a capital field for us, and football is all the fashion among our students now. Leapfrog, jumping, and running all seem quite naturalized here, as also skipping with ropes, as practised by girls at home. Walking, running, and wrestling on stilts also appear to be national sports amongst boys. There was also until quite lately a custom amongst schoolboys of forming themselves into companies under regularly appointed leaders, and of fight-

ing with bamboo sticks. These companies called themselves respectively Genji and Heiki (names of two famous faction leaders in olden times); each boy carried a flag behind his back, and a kind of earthenware cap on his head. The objects of the fight were to break these earthenware caps and to capture the flags. This sport, however, has been lately prohibited by the government. The game of snowballing is, however, carried on with great spirit, and in all these athletic games the boys appear to keep their temper admirably. We have instituted regular drills for all our students, and the results are, so far, very satisfactory. Thus much for games bearing more immediately on physical education. They seem to indicate a naturally manly and self-reliant disposition, on the part of the rising generation, which I am unable to discover in the adult population; but there is an evident want of *endurance*. Thirty or forty minutes at a game of football will quite fatigue a boy of fifteen years old. This want of physique also appears in the frequent absence from studies of pupils on the score of "a bad cold," "a bilious attack," "a severe headache," etc. These ailments I should attribute respectively to the draughty state of their houses, the nature of their food, and the poisonous fumes of the *hibache* (charcoal-boxes), which do duty instead of fire-places.

The young Japanese are also well provided with games and amusements of an intellectual nature, and for the account of these I am much indebted to a paper by Professor Griffis, read before the Asiatic Society of Japan in 1874. I found that some dissected maps which I brought out here excited much interest and attention, and some experiments with Butter's arithmetical cubes showed that there was great aptitude for notions of *form*. Some success has also attended a *class match* which we have held, from which it would appear that the boys have the power of retentiveness largely developed, but that they have little or no idea of generalization or abstraction. They seem quick at grasping some part of a truth, but impatient of learning anything (except words) thoroughly, and yet to recognize their deficiencies when pushed into a corner by cross-examination; but this dependence on *words* is easily accounted for, when one knows their system of national education, an outline of which I hope to send home before long; in the mean time some idea of it may be gained by reading between the lines in Professor Griffis's

account of the following games, all of them played by means of cards:—

In one of these, a large square sheet of paper is laid on the floor. On this card are the names and pictures of the fifty-three post stations between Yedo (Tokio) and Kioto. At the place Kioto are put a few coins, or a pile of cakes, or some such prizes, and the game is played with dice. Each throw advances the player towards the goal, and the one arriving first obtains the prize.

The *Iroha Garuta* are small cards, each containing a proverb. The proverb is printed upon one card, and the picture illustrating it on another. The children range themselves in a circle, and the cards are shuffled and dealt. One is appointed to be the reader. Looking at his cards, he reads the proverb. The player who has the picture corresponding to the proverb calls out, and the match is made. Those who are rid of their cards first win the game. The one holding the last card is the loser. If he be a boy, he has his face marked curiously with ink. If a girl, she has a paper or wisp of straw stuck in her hair.

Other games of the same nature are the *Hiaku Nin Ioshiu Garuta*, the *Kokiu Garuta*, the *Genji Garuta*, and the *Chi Garuta*, which all consist of cards, on which are written parts of verses or stanzas. One person reads out the portion on his card, and the one having the card containing the remainder of that stanza must produce it. These games test how far the children have learned their recitations. Some of the cards are written with Japanese characters, others with Chinese, and the reward of being allowed to take part in these games (which are usually played during the new-year holidays) is held out to backward pupils to induce them to study hard.

Two other games are played which may be said to have an educational value. They are the *Chieſe no Ita* (wisdom boards) and the *Chieſe no Wa* (ring of wisdom). The former consists of a number of thin flat pieces of wood, cut in many geometrical shapes. Certain possible figures are printed on paper as models, and the boy tries to form them out of the pieces given him. In some cases much time and trouble are required to form the figure. The *Chieſe no Wa* is a puzzle-ring, made of rings of bamboo or iron, on a bar. Boys having a talent for mathematics, or those who have a natural capacity to distinguish size and form, succeed very well at these games and enjoy them.

In connection with kite-flying, two points deserve notice,—a most peculiar semi-musical noise is produced, by the vibration of a piece of thin tense ribbon of whalebone at the top of the kite; also,

fight with these kites are of frequent occurrence. For this purpose, the string for ten or twenty feet near the kite end is first covered with glue, and then dipped into pounded glass, by which the skin becomes covered with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite in proper position and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist, the severed kite falls, to be reclaimed by the victor.

The concluding words of the interesting paper from which I have quoted deserve to be deeply pondered by teachers and parents. After stating the useful and beneficial effects of the games he has been describing, Mr. Griffis says: "The study of the subject leads one to respect more highly the Japanese people for being such affectionate fathers and mothers, and for having such natural and docile children. The character of the children's plays *and their encouragement by the parents* has, I think, much to do with that frankness, affection, and obedience on the side of the children, *and that kindness and sympathy on that of the parents*, which are so noticeable in Japan, and which is one of the good points of Japanese life and character."

But if Japan is the "paradise of babies," I think it may also be justly called the Elysium of teachers who are not "strict disciplinarians." Of course, the fact of being placed over pupils who are entirely supported by the government gives one immense power over these students; but independently of this, I find that Japanese are most easily managed. They seem to have the power of sustained attention largely developed,—their thirst for Western knowledge ensures the co-operation of their will, while the inherent awe of the "powers that be" renders them very tractable. As far as I can make out, corporal punishment is unknown in the country; it is very seldom necessary to resort to detention for imperfectly prepared lessons; punctuality is observed by the students, however much it is neglected by their elders. On the other hand, they are terribly given to coining excuses of the most paltry description; they are untidy in their personal habits, and they certainly have but little regard for truth. But they are very kind to one another, they seem to have a certain code of schoolboy honor among themselves, and there appears to be no such vice as bullying known to them. Adopting a custom of the country, we have the name of each student written on a piece of wood, and these names are

hung up in the lecture-room and the school-room, arranged in weekly order of merit. The chief punishments are cleaning out the rooms of their boarding-houses, and detention within college bounds on Sundays. The first seems to me to have all the objectionable character of corporal punishment, without any of its advantages; the second I look upon as a very good and effective means of discipline. I am, Sir, etc.,  
W. D. Cox, A.C.P.,  
Member of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE SALE OF LIVINGS.

THE House of Commons passed a resolution which may prove to be a mere "counsel of perfection," or a condemnation of an incurable evil, but may also prove to be the first serious blow at the existing system of patronage in the Church. It resolved, without a division and with the full consent of both parties, that measures must be adopted "to prevent simoniacal evasions of the law (intended) to check abuses in the sale of livings in private patronage," and the tone of the debate rendered the words a much more definite expression of legislators' opinion. It had been opened by Mr. Leatham, in a speech intended to denounce the sale of ecclesiastical patronage altogether, and throughout the practice was given up as indefensible, except upon grounds of practical expediency. Mr. Hardcastle, who moved the amendment which was carried, and which is quoted above, admitted the righteousness of Mr. Leatham's argument; and the home secretary, while he extenuated the sale of advowsons, denounced that of next presentations as almost infamous, "as a breach of a sacred trust," and as discreditable as the sale of a vote for the election of a member of Parliament. He unhesitatingly supported the amended resolution; not one single member in the most Conservative House of our time ventured to oppose it, and it was passed unanimously, amid expressions of regret, a very strong one in particular from Mr. Fawcett, that it was not quite broad enough. The direct sale of a presentation has in fact been pronounced by a Tory House of Commons an inexcusable, and indeed, shameful breach of trust.

Considering the excessive frequency of the practice, the enormous number of livings at present for sale, or exchange —

the agents engaged in the traffic estimate the number at 1,676, and Mr. Leatham at two thousand — and the high character of many of those who buy and sell, this is a remarkable explosion of indignation, but it is not difficult to understand the unanimity of the House. An advowson is legally a property, and the right to sell it is, of course, defended by all those who are alarmed when any kind of property is attacked; while it is also protected by the extreme difficulty of discovering any other mode of transfer which should not destroy private patronage altogether, and so either place all benefices at the disposal of the State — a most dangerous course, in a country where governments must conciliate political opponents — or turn the Church into a self-appointing, self-renewing corporation of ecclesiastics. But the right to sell next presentations is not a property question. The sale never has been legal; the practice, even in the worst times of the Church, has always been discreditable; and it has never been defended by the official defenders of property, the great owners, who have regarded their claim to present as a source of power, not of pelf, and as a rule no more sell their livings than they sell their recommendations to the magistracy. The lawyers, who defend so many abuses, have always denounced this one, which is opposed to their instinct of obedience to definite law; and the Church, so often silent when profits are concerned — for instance, it is very doubtful if she would defend marriage fees from the religious side of her head — has no interest whatever in this practice, and has steadily discountenanced it. A bishop who sold his patronage, which is as much his as it is a layman's, and pocketed the proceeds, would be considered by every clergyman in England a mere scoundrel, wholly unworthy of the lowest as well as of the highest position in the Church. The whole body of the clergy, including those who have bought their livings, feel that the system is a scandal; while the laymen who side with them, and who are often more conservative than they are, are uneasily sensible that here is a weak place, a point upon which every Dissenting sect has an obvious advantage. The Nonconformist may, on occasion, appoint or dismiss a minister from motives which they would not care too frankly to avow; but at all events, they do not sell an office regarded as sacred for a price in tangible cash. They are not bribed to nominate this man or that man to the pastorate.

There are, therefore, no official defenders of the practice, and for disinterested friends of the Church the task has long proved itself too hard. When we have said that the practice does not work all the mischief it ought to work, we have made the only defence any human being with a conscience can suggest. That a trust should be entrusted to a man for money may be defensible — though we begin to doubt it — and in a country where men inherit legislative and judicial power, and are vested with secular patronage, as in the case of lord-lieutenants, solely because they are rich, it is certainly not without precedent, but that he should sell the patronage so trusted to him is even in England indefensible. The secular patron who does so is disgraced, — the very suspicion of it unseated a chancellor — and when the appointment sold is a cure of souls, every instinct of Christians, however careless they may be of the precepts of Christianity, is revolted. Whatever mode of distributing patronage is right, it cannot be right to select a pastor for a sum down, to put up a cure to the highest bidder, or to make a pecuniary profit out of one of the highest imaginable trusts. A judge might almost as well sell decisions by auction, or a clergyman limit the communion to those who can outbid other applicants for his ministrations. The private patron, even though he purchased his right, is from the moment he purchases it a trustee, and has no more right to use his trust to make money than a minister has to recommend officers for promotion because they have sent him cheques.

It is, however, waste of time to denounce a practice which the law forbids, which the Church denounces, and which no Tory, even in this Parliament, can be found to defend, and it is more profitable to inquire in what direction a remedy can be found. It would be very difficult to strengthen the law, without a more radical change than the country is as yet prepared to accept. Suppose, for example, we prohibit the sale of "next presentations" altogether, by a penal statute, if you like, and still while the sale of advowsons is allowed nothing will have been accomplished. The keen-witted lawyers who deal in such wares will only purchase the advowson subject to an obligation, to resell when the next presentation has fallen in, and will be worse patrons than the young clergymen whose fathers or friends now pay down the money in order to ensure to them a profession and maintenance for life. The law as it is, only ren-

ders evasion more elaborate and perjury deeper, and a penal statute would only, we greatly fear, still further corrupt men's consciences, and give a further advantage to a still more unscrupulous class of candidates for benefices. The remedy must, we believe, be sought in a measure making purchase impossible or improbable, too great a risk, too insecure a chance for anybody with money at command to risk it in such a lottery. And we are inclined to suspect, with Mr. Hibbert, a stout Churchman, that the only measure which will secure this is one making lay patronage more complete, by giving some kind of veto to the parish council, the ratepayers, or the congregation. We would not give an absolute veto. That might be to transfer all advowsons to the parish, and establish a system of popular elections which works exceedingly ill, which deprives clergymen, as in America it deprives judges, of their independence; and which, in the existing condition of English opinion, would be fatal to variety and comprehensiveness within the Church itself. No one would be elected except a pronounced Low-Churchman. But we think the congregation, or the ratepayers, or the communicants — we are purposely avoiding for the moment that vexed question — might fairly be allowed to exercise their veto once or more, with a distinct understanding that they would exercise it and ought to exercise it, if they suspected that money had passed. The effect of that would instantly be the prohibition of purchase by the candidate himself, his agents, or his friends. The chance of being elected, or of defeating all the inquiries of all parishioners, would be too small a temptation on which to risk any considerable sum of money. The candidate would be questioned, too, closely questioned, and a lie under such circumstances — a lie from the pulpit, a lie sure to be found out, a lie made to men among whom he is to live all his life — is, to say the least, excessively improbable. It would not be accepted as a conventional lie, as unfortunately some of the declarations now made are, but as a deliberate breach of faith, intended to cheat a parish out of its veto, and it would never be forgiven. At the same time, this veto would not deprive the ordinary patron, except in the most exceptional instances, of the power he values, the right of vetoing an appointment personally unacceptable to himself. He could not indeed put in an unworthy relative merely because he chose, but he could put in any relative not unpopular

enough to induce the parish to quarrel with the lord of the manor in order to keep him out. The people of Dodding-ton, to quote a well-known instance, do not hate Stanleys and Hornbys, and the rest of the great clan of which Knowsley is the headquarters, enough to veto a nomination merely because it has fallen on one of them. If they do, that is a good reason for not appointing a man who is so weighted by local prejudice. The patron would retain to the full his right of selecting among the eligible, which is all the law gives him now, would have done just as great a favor to his presentee, and would, in nine cases out of ten, have had his choice ratified by a popular election. Of course if he is actually deprived of money—as might be the case in the instance of a hereditary living—he ought to be compensated, but in the majority of cases he would lose so little, that we believe the peers, with their immense ecclesiastical patronage, could be induced to pass the act. Mr. Cross may propose any palliative he pleases, and we do not doubt his capacity to suggest a very clever one, but to this—a strictly limited but efficacious lay veto—it must come at last, if all patronage is not to be entrusted to a patronage commission, under the crown.

---

From The Saturday Review.  
PARLIAMENTS.

THE institution of parliaments, or some sort of assembly more or less representative, has made so much progress in the modern world that not to have a parliament is now the exception, and even Turkey has at last come over to the majority, and has adopted that cherished product of Western civilization. In some countries, too, the parliamentary system is working better than the character and traditions of the nations concerned had led observers to expect, and Austria and Italy are for the moment brilliant examples of constitutional government. It must be owned, however, that there are some little clouds passing over the bright parliamentary sky. The kings of Denmark and Bavaria govern in despite of, rather than in accordance with, their parliaments; and the French Assembly, which, as its late president says, deserved so well of France and the republic, has been summarily dismissed by a high-handed exercise of authority. Even at home Parliament does not shine just at present. The confidence of England in

parliamentary government is not in the least shaken; but, for the time at least, Parliament does not occupy quite the same place which it once did in public attention and esteem. This is partly owing, no doubt, to the excitement of a war which makes home politics seem tame. But there are other reasons, less flattering to the House of Commons, to account for the growing feeling that the reports of Parliamentary proceedings are among the least interesting contents of a newspaper. In the first place, there is an obtrusive silliness in the conduct of members which, if it produces some amusement, produces more disgust. The time that ought to be devoted to public business is occupied in putting and answering foolish questions. It is not, for example, very edifying to find Mr. Whalley gravely asking, and the chancellor of the exchequer having gravely to answer, what are the mercantile nations which are interested in the Suez Canal being kept open. The way, too, in which business is blocked by an abuse of the forms of the House engenders a feeling of weariness. The House of Commons is perpetually in the ludicrous position of a man who cannot get up because some one has pinned his coat-tails to his seat. On Wednesday eleven members announced their intention to talk out a bill, one of them speaking against time for two hours; and a short time ago a bill was actually talked out by its own supporters. It is not surprising that to read debates should seem a wearisome waste of time when what is said is not meant to convince or refute, but simply to keep pace with the clock. It is also perhaps true that, to some extent, printing is taking the place of speaking. Men prefer being read to being heard. The new custom of writing magazine articles with the names of the writers attached affords politicians a means of publishing every month an exposition of their views which cannot be misrepresented, which is made at leisure and with no limits of space, and which appeals to the public more effectually than most speeches made in the House. Mr. Gladstone above all men loves this new mode of addressing the world. As soon as one of his interminable magazine articles is published, a mysterious announcement is made that he has another in hand. He began his attack on Sir James Brooke in Parliament, but he publishes it in a magazine. It is not in the House of Commons, but out of it, that he thinks proper to state his real case and dwell on it for the public benefit.

That the existence of the late French Assembly was brought suddenly to a close was known to every one; but few persons except those who have read the verbatim reports published in the official journal have any notion in what a very singular way a French Assembly goes on while it is still in existence, and what very troubled scenes prevail during its discussions. It is hard to understand how discussion goes on at all in an Assembly which permits itself to behave in such an extraordinary way. The interruptions to a speech often take up more space in the report than the speech itself. A running fire of provocative comments is kept up, and excited members shake their fists at each other, and are continually dashing into what is called the hemicycle in order to vent their fury against the occupant of the tribune. Perhaps no sitting of the late Assembly was more perturbed than its last, when it adopted the order of the day against the new government. Three speakers, all Republicans, alone spoke, and they neither had much to say nor said much; but they were so often interrupted that it took many columns of the official journal to report all that was said. M. Louis Blanc was one of the speakers, and said, in his accustomed rhetorical way, that just indignation was the salt which kept nations from corruption. On this his speech was interrupted by a member who thought it appropriate to observe that French citizens are not hams. M. Blanc proceeded to say that the republic would survive the attacks made on it, and on this one of his antagonists invited him to favor them with a lecture on '93 and the Commune. A supporter of the orator sprang forward to exclaim that this was a cowardly remark. The president implored him to come out of the hemicycle, and he obeyed; but disorder soon again prevailed. M. Blanc remarked that the Duke of Broglie often invoked order without understanding what it meant; and on this that notorious personage M. Paul de Cassagnac called out that M. Blanc had better say at once that the duke was *une bête*, but at least he could not be said to be a red beast. A little later on there was a general cry from the Left that M. Paul de Cassagnac ought to hold his tongue, to which he replied that he should hold his tongue only if he pleased. The president on this remarked that he must bow to the decisions of the Chamber, and received the reply that M. de Cassagnac would bow or not as he thought best. What could an affronted president do? We do not know, and per-

haps M. Grévy did not exactly know, but what he did was to observe, "*C'est un scandale que cette attitude-là*," and then the debate went on in its usual confused manner. Vivacity is a good thing in its way; but the French carry their vivacity in parliament to a point which is calculated to distress the calm admirer of representative institutions.

The latest flower of parliamentary life is, however, said to be the loveliest, and experienced observers ask us to study and appreciate the demeanor and conduct of the Ottoman Assembly. The Turks are stated to take their parliamentary pleasure in a very serious and satisfactory way. They do not sit, as it was anticipated, cross-legged on the ground, but bolt upright on benches in a state of grave discomfort. They have desks provided for them which they do not use. They make short speeches with sufficient fluency and much earnestness, and, above all, they actually listen with keen attention to what is said by successive speakers. There is no want of independence about them; they attack obnoxious ministers freely, sometimes refuse what is demanded of them, and bring to the notice of the sultan and the public the grievances which torment them. All this is very creditable to them, but they are quite powerless. The ministers whom they denounce flourish as supreme as ever. They tell the tales of suffering which they have witnessed in their provinces, but no one takes any heed. When our spangled friend the shah returned to his humble home, he hit on the ingenious expedient of having boxes put up in the streets where complaints of misgovernment were to be deposited. And he hoped, if he could but understand what his subjects wanted, to rival in a distant way the progress of the West. His feeble attempts at reform were, however, immediately suppressed by those who surrounded him, and the Ottoman parliament seems destined to fulfil a position not very unlike that of the shah's boxes. The sultan is said to look on his parliament with favor, and not to be above enjoying the denunciations of his favorites. But he does not venture to dismiss the imperious pashas who have got hold of him. He has something more pressing to think of than the grievances of his subjects. He has ever in his mind the thought how easily a dagger or a prison might terminate his career. A palace revolution is the eternal spectre of Oriental despots, and the fear of such a revolution always comes between the



sultan and his parliament. A parliament which has no power, and which can only state grievances, is not a parliament at all. It is only a rudimentary body out of which a parliament may one day, under new and favorable circumstances, be formed. What the Ottoman parliament would be like if its whole position were changed, and if it could really influence the government of the country, it is impossible to say. It might break down under the novel task or it might show unexpected capacities. Full justice ought to be done to the present parliamentary Turks. They are not ridiculous, they are dignified in the conduct of business, they are very much in earnest, and the intense misery they have seen or felt makes them too anxious for redress to permit of their being the pliant tools of a government. But they are only as yet on the threshold of real parliamentary existence, and whether they will ever get inside the sacred building, or how, if they enter, they will behave there, time alone can reveal.

---

From The Otago Daily Times.

#### A NEW ZEALAND DIVINE ON EARLY CLOSING.

THE Rev. R. L. Stanford preached at All Saints' Church, Dunedin, on April 22nd, on the subject of "A Wrong-doing in our Midst." In the course of his sermon the reverend gentleman said: "I want to speak more especially about a wrong-doing in our midst which does, I fancy, escape attention, but which is producing evils of which we shall sooner or later have to bear the consequences. I refer to the wretched habit of keeping banks especially, but also some commercial houses, open half the night. Open, that is, in so far as the clerks are concerned. In the first place, the forcing young men to stay till nine or ten o'clock at least at work, night after night, is a defrauding of a neighbor, for there is an unwritten law here declaring that a certain wage is given for a certain time of labor. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that it is becoming the settled habit of the banks to keep the men in their employment at work till ten or eleven night after night, by a sort of irresistible moral pressure, which it is utterly impossible for them to resist. This miserable policy arises from two causes. One great cause of it is simply bad management. The other mere greediness. I understand that these young men are often

by no means too busily employed all day. In some of those institutions which are the worst offenders, and where this is the case, the evil is one solely of bad management. In those cases where work goes on all day and half the night, it is simply a question of greediness. The place is short-handed, in the desire to give larger dividends, and every shareholder is concerned in the sin. I am well aware of the difficulty of dealing with a subject like this. It seems when we inquire into it to be just nobody's fault. It is one of those matters that ought to be banned by public opinion, and it can, I think, be cured in no other way. I should like to point out to you, some of whom may have brothers, or husbands, or sons, suffering under the enormous evil, the consequences that are almost certain to follow from this wrong-doing. It is simply impossible to hope that a young man, often a mere lad, entering one of these places, can go on leading a healthy, God-fearing, honest life, with nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to conceal, such as I love to think of as the ideal of a young man's life. God has implanted instincts of happiness and animal spirits in your son, which will find an outlet, healthy or unhealthy, as the case may be. To turn him out of his office at ten or eleven o'clock at night, after a whole day spent more or less in the vitiated atmosphere, is to deprive him of all means of healthy recreation, and as an inevitable consequence to drive him at last to unhealthy amusement. Don't suppose this a far-fetched prediction. I have seen this happen with my own eyes again and again in this country. You, the managers or shareholders in banks, you who have some influence more or less, and who are shutting your eyes and holding your tongues about this monstrous crime, are responsible before God for the ruin, moral and physical, of many a young man who might have lived to be a useful member of society. I trace swiftly his career. No chance is given the lad for cricket or boating, and so on. Every chance is given him for gambling and drinking at midnight. Gambling leads to debt, and debt leads to thieving. I say that we have all known young, promising lads run the gamut of disgrace, and lose their life's chances through nothing else but this miserable crime of keeping them at work all the evening. Do you ask how you can interfere? Oh, you can find plenty of ways if you really desire to bring about any moral reform. You can cut out these ulcers if you choose. Would to God it were only as easy to remedy the ill



effects they have left behind them. By your silence you are giving consent and approval, and helping the immediate manager to defraud his servant and rob him, — rob him of health, happiness, honors and honesty. I speak strongly of this social fraud, because I think it wants attention attracted to it, until it becomes well understood that an office that requires to be constantly open at night is thoroughly badly managed. I have nothing, of course, to say about occasional pressure on mail nights. There is a great deal of nonsense, remember, about all this pretence of hard work, constantly requiring night work, that wants exposing. I repeat it, and challenge contradiction; in every case where late hours have become the habit, it is either owing to miserly management or bad management. Once more, and in connection with this subject, I remind you of the social sin of late shopping on Saturdays, by which you defraud your neighbor,

and rob him of his holiday. The free-thinking part of the community are, I fear, strong enough to keep the shops open in their selfish indifference to their neighbors' wrongs. I am sure that no servant of Christ, when once his or her attention is attracted to the question will go on repeating the sin. The wrong done to the shopmen of this town is of the same nature as that wrong done to the bank clerks; it is greater in the numbers of the sufferers, it is less as regards the effects, because it is only on one night, not every night, that it is perpetrated. The offenders will have to answer for their sin one day, when it will seem a very poor excuse to say that you never meant any harm, that you never thought of what you were doing, or you never remembered what the consequences might be. You cannot escape the responsibilities under which you lie with regard to your brethren."

**DISTURBANCE OF THE LONDON SHIPPING TRADE.** — The following may be of interest as showing how the trade of the port of London has already been disturbed during the past month by the unsettled state of affairs on the Continent. The number of ships cleared with cargoes during April was 477, representing 233,626 tons. Of these 235 were British steamers, of 122,206 tons; 117 British sailing vessels, of 70,392 tons; 52 foreign steamers, of 27,092 tons; and 73 foreign sailing vessels, of 13,936 tons. The number of ships cleared during April, 1876, was 558, representing 269,444 tons, which comprised 290 British steamers, of 137,797 tons; 139 British sailing, of 79,120 tons; 65 foreign steamers, of 36,142 tons; and 64 foreign sailing, of 16,385 tons. These figures show a decrease of 81 in the number of ships cleared, and a decrease in the tonnage of 35,818. The disturbance is the more evident, as the clearances for the four months of the present year show an increase of 90 ships and 8,765 tons as compared with the first four months of 1876. The figures were: number of ships, 1,953; tons, 964,300. In 1876, 1,863 ships; tons, 955,535. The excitement in the shipping trade on the Tyne occasioned by the proclamation of war last week has subsided. The coal freights from the Tyne to the Mediterranean, which rose suddenly, have returned to their former conditions. Freights to Genoa, which ran up last week from £17 per keel to £22, are down to £17, and Carthage freights have fallen from £17 to £12 10s. Rates are still, however, a

little above the usual price, but are kept down by the difficulty of getting return cargoes.

Echo.

**LAWYERS' BAGS.** — "Middle Templar" writes to *Notes and Queries* of May 5: "It may not be uninteresting to note, for the benefit of the future antiquary, the actual existing use in regard to the above, a use which is minutely regulated by that *lex non scripta* of etiquette which no *causidicus* may with impunity transgress. Barristers' bags are either red or dark blue. Red bags are, strictly speaking, reserved for queen's counsel and serjeants; but a stuff-gownsmen may carry one if presented therewith by a 'silk.' Such presentation is a solemn business; the fortunate 'junior' is expected to bestow a guinea on the Q. C.'s clerk who brings the coveted distinction to his chambers, and is afterwards, in addition, fined for the honor by his circuit mess. It is an imperative rule that only red bags may be taken into court; blue bags are not to be carried further than the robing-room. I speak only of the practice of the Common Law bar; of the Chancery regulations on the subject I know nothing; nor can I say anything of the custom of the lower branch of the profession. As far, however, as I have observed as an outsider, every solicitor pleases himself in the matter, carrying a blue, red, or purple bag, as seems good in his own eyes."

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1730. — August 11, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. VIRGIL, AS A LINK BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN WORLD, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	323
II. THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE BATHGNOLLES. A Chapter from a Detective's Memoirs. Conclusion. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the French of . . . . .	<i>Emile Gaborian</i> , . . . . .	334
III. MORALITY IN POLITICS. By the Duke of Argyll, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	345
IV. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part X., . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	353
V. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude. Part II., . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	360
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXIV., . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , . . . . .	368
VII. DRESDEN CHINA AND ITS MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN, SAXONY, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	372
VIII. THE PEAK IN DARIEN: THE RIDDLE OF DEATH. By Frances Power Cobbe, . . . .	<i>New Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . .	374
IX. UNSUSPECTED WAYS OF EARNING A LIVELIHOOD, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	379
X. FAMOUS ENGLISH PRINTERS, . . . . .	<i>Globe</i> , . . . . .	381
XI. GOOD MATCHES, . . . . .	<i>Truth</i> , . . . . .	383
XII. ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WHICH PERISH IN SEVERE WINTERS, . . . . .	<i>Popular Science Review</i> , . . . . .	384

## POETRY.

### VARIATIONS.

I. — Outward Bound, . . . . .	322	THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE MEL-	
II. — Spring is here, . . . . .	322	LISH, . . . . .	322
		JUNE, . . . . .	322
		A WOMAN'S "NO," . . . . .	322

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## VARIATIONS.

## I. — OUTWARD BOUND.

FLOATING, floating, from dawn to dusk,  
 Till the pearly twilight dies,  
 And the mists float up from the sapphire sea  
 And cloud all the sapphire skies.  
 Floating, floating, while golden stars  
 Seem to float in a sea overhead,  
 And starry lights from a sea below  
 Glow orange, and purple, and red;  
 Till we seem floating out from the sea of life,  
 The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of  
 strife —  
 Out into strange, mysterious space,  
 Till God shall find us a landing-place.

Drifting, drifting, to lands unknown,  
 From a world of love and care,  
 Drifting away to a home untried  
 And a heart that is waiting there.  
 O ship, sail swiftly! O waters deep,  
 Bear me safe to that haven unknown,  
 Safe to the tender love that waits  
 To be forever my own!  
 Till we drift away from the sea of life,  
 The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of  
 strife,  
 Out to a haven, out to a shore  
 Where life is love for evermore.

## II. — SPRING IS HERE.

EXULTANT in the grey, uncertain light,  
 Out of a dream the bird-voice seemed to break,  
 As if it rang from woods and fields of home,  
 Proclaiming, "Spring is here. Awake!  
 awake!"  
 No mateless wanderer, I said, would roam  
 So far from sheltering copse and meadows  
 bright,  
 Some prisoned thrush is trying thus to drown  
 Memories of love and spring that haunt him  
 yet.  
 O restless songster! crying to be free,  
 Dost thou remember love and liberty —  
 And I forget?

I know where gold lent-lilies wave afield,  
 Where April keeps her white ungathered store  
 Of violets, where the trembling cuckoo-  
 flowers  
 Fringe the brown roots of budding sycam-  
 ore;  
 Green nooks where birds between the spring-  
 tide showers  
 Make passionate music; where old pastures  
 yield  
 Their cowslip bells to little children's hands:  
 Ah, weary bird! these are but shadow lands.  
 Then the dawn showed me where, unfaltering,  
 A thrush unfettered on a blackened tree  
 Thrilled these wild strains of love and  
 ecstasy  
 In praise of spring.  
 Good Words. C. BROOKE.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE MELLISH,  
 LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

*Born 1814. Died, June 15, 1877.*

FROM his youth up a martyr on the rack  
 Of unearned suffering that most wills had  
 tamed,  
 And turned a nature less heroic back  
 From strenuous effort, pitied and unblamed.  
 But, quenching sense in spirit, he so strove,  
 That early manhood found him early wise,  
 A sage in whom, as pain o'ercame not love,  
 Strong soul weak body bore on high em-  
 prize.

Till on the judgment-seat, as on the way  
 That led up to its honors, he was seen,  
 Bearing the heat and burden of his day,  
 Of soul unruffled, patient, and serene;  
 With a sweet sadness putting pain aside,  
 To bend his ripened judgment to the cause,  
 And turn the clear light of his mind to guide  
 His brethren through our labyrinthine laws.  
 When men, in after times, would have held up  
 The glass of all that a great judge should be,  
 The face of Mellish, with his bitter cup  
 Beside him, let the Bar of England see!

## JUNE.

AN English wife, whose passage o'er the line  
 That severs maid from matron leaves its trace  
 In wiser innocence and chastened grace;  
 With queenly eyes, love-loyal, frank, benign,  
 That warm, unheating, and unglittering shine;  
 A touch of cool bright color on her face,  
 A shape that curves part hide and part de-  
 fine, —  
 Figures our June, the summer's resting-place.  
 Promise is perfected, without excess;  
 The leaf fulfilled, the flower not overblown,  
 The beams of noontide in this kindly zone  
 Bless, and burn not; half-tints of pink and  
 pearl  
 Shimmer from wild-rose cluster, woodbine  
 whorl;  
 The wavy woods are dim for leafiness.  
 Spectator. H. G. HEWLETT.

## A WOMAN'S "NO."

HE spoke to her with manly word, —  
 With honest speech and slow;  
 She felt she loved him as she heard,  
 But yet she answered "No."  
 She saw him rise, she saw him stand,  
 As staggering from a blow;  
 She could have kissed his trembling hand,  
 But still she answered "No."  
 And so he goes — to come no more!  
 But let him only go,  
 Her voice will call him from the door —  
 Who trusts a woman's "No"?  
 Good Words. F. JAMES.

From The Contemporary Review.

VIRGIL, AS A LINK BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN WORLD.\*

WE give no small praise to Mr. Sellar's volume in saying that it has not disappointed the expectations with which we opened it. The recollections of his study of Lucretius had inclined us to look eagerly for a successor, and in many ways we cannot but think that the successor enters on more interesting ground. Of course no one will take those words as a comparative estimate of the two poets to whom they refer. Lucretius is the one original thinker on the long roll of Roman fame; no equally well-known poet is so distinctly an imitator as Virgil. But an echo may be richer and sweeter than the sound which awoke it. The pregnant words that form the seed-corn of thought may represent the vivid intuition of genius, or the transmuted memories and anticipations of a peculiar destiny. And it is not impossible that a second-rate thinker who stands at a turning-point of history, who catches the glow of a coming or a departing age, may embody more of the thoughts and beliefs which are interesting to posterity than some who stand in the first rank. Without attempting to decide on the exact position of the singer of whom so appreciative and thoughtful an estimate is given in the volume before us, we will attempt, taking it as our guide, to point out some of the qualities of his verse that have most interest for a modern; to trace in his picture of the life of the past that first dawn of the life of the future to which it appears to us to owe its most delicate and vivid coloring, and which for us who know that life must be its most important characteristic.

He is, we think, the most feminine of all great poets. This quality of his genius comes out most distinctly when we set him by the side of one with whom he has much in common — our own Scott. The love of nature, the fine ear for the traditions of his native land, the loyal heart for its faith — these were a common portion to the northern and the southern singer, but Scott's robust manliness presents a

striking contrast to the gentle and melancholy temperament of Virgil. A rough soldier, to whom in some imaginary counterpart of the civil wars Abbotsford should have been allotted, would have had a very much harder task than the veteran to whom the commissioners of the Triumvirate assigned Virgil's confiscated farm, and though we think Mr. Sellar is a little hard on the meek poet for the tameness with which he alludes to his spoliation, it is no doubt the expression of something that would seem to a modern more suitable to a woman than a man. And yet by a strange paradox it is the very quality which more opposes the modern than the ancient ideal of manliness which gives Virgil his peculiar interest for a modern. The most obvious point of contrast between the ancient and the modern world, perhaps — to single out any one point of contrast from so many must always be a matter of doubtfulness — is the prominence and development which in the latter is given to the feminine elements of character, and only a classical thinker in whom they were already present could be, as we think Virgil was, the herald of the modern world.

The paradox after all is easily resolved. An individual character cannot be at once feminine and manly, but the age which has no ideal of womanliness, has no ideal of manliness either. Here as elsewhere the opposites emerge at the same moment. The sense of personal honor which belongs to chivalry was utterly wanting in a Greek or Roman. It would be interesting to trace the connection between the new importance given to individual rights and claims, and the endless vista opened to every individual spirit by Christianity, a connection which could not be disproved by pointing out the narrowness of the chivalric ideal. The knightly sensitiveness to every shadow of insult is no doubt the privilege of a favored few; it could not exist as the heritage of the many; but those few form the ideal of humanity, and the very extravagance and exaggeration of feeling as to what affects them is an indirect tribute to the infinite future opened to all. But this line of inquiry, however interesting, would not be

\* *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age: Virgil.*  
By W. Y. SELLAR. Clarendon Press.

specially relevant to a study of Virgil, for what makes him in so many respects a prophet of the new world is his wealth where chivalry is poor. The reader will recall an eloquent and touching protest against the hardness and narrowness of this ideal, which the poet we have compared to Virgil puts in the mouth of a Jewish maiden. We can without difficulty imagine that remonstrance from one of a down-trodden race in the dialect of Virgil. In his sympathy with the humble—in his sense of the value of lowly toil and the claim of obscure suffering, we may say perhaps that he is more modern than chivalry. He is indeed the prophet, in some respects, of the feelings of our own day.

But one feeling which we trace for the first time in his page belongs rather to the ages which follow his, and precede ours, than to our own. In him we witness the birth of loyalty. It is easy to exaggerate the poor and slavish side of this feeling, and perhaps without exaggeration it is impossible not to discern something of it in him. But those who look upon his attitude to Augustus through the shadow of Imperialism—who see Nero, Caligula, Domitian, follow one to whom he more than once gives the appellation of divinity—who hear the base accents of Martial echo his devout reverence—may easily misinterpret this feeling in him. We would especially commend, in this volume, the justice with which Mr. Sellar treats a sentiment that is peculiarly repulsive to Englishmen. It would have been peculiarly repulsive to a Greek. All that is finest in ancient feeling, and all that is finest in quite modern feeling, agree in their vigorous recoil from the prostration of one human will before another not elevated above it by any inherent dignity or grandeur. But this approach of the modern and ancient world follows a long divergence. The modern and the ancient love of liberty are separated by an interval in which the feeling, which of course always exists, was something very different from what it was at first, and what it is at last. And the sentiment of loyalty which predominates in this intervening period, and which no doubt remains, though weakened

in our own day, seems to us to take its start with the dominion of Augustus. It is a feeling neither altogether impersonal, nor altogether personal. Strong individual preference or taste would disguise it, as gaslight would overcome moonlight; only where there has been a certain strain on the relation, could a son say, as J. S. Mill says of his father, "I was always loyally devoted to him." On the other hand the word would not be felt appropriate to any devotion that was entirely impersonal. The most unquestioning obedience may exist without loyal devotion: if my allegiance is to the office merely, and not the person—if the general at whose command I am ready to be shot to-day, may be the rebel I am ready to shoot to-morrow—then whatever else the sentiment of subjection is, it is not loyalty. Loyalty must be as closely allied to the reverence for law and the strong impulse of human affection as it is distinct from both. It is the feeling which links moral distinctions with something more tender and mysterious; it binds us together by an attraction that remains as something ultimate when reason and conscience have reclaimed their rights, and haunts with a sense of incompleteness the bonds which own no allegiance that may not adequately be met by a corresponding claim. Wherever this reverence refuses all surplusage of feeling—wherever it takes its stand on the basis of contract, and proclaims the relation to be a strictly correlative one, so much worth on your side, so much honor on mine—then the relation may illustrate many other excellences, but loyalty will be wanting.

It is by a fine and subtle indication of the true genesis of this feeling that our word *legal* comes straight from the Latin, its twin brother, *loyal*, through the French. Loyalty began to exist with the modern world. The comparison may seem fanciful, but we would illustrate its relation to the patriotism of the old world by the contrast between a Greek temple and a Gothic cathedral. The one is complete in itself; you would spoil it if you added to it; it suggests nothing that is not there. The other is a sort of embodied sigh of yearning and aspiration after that which is not there.

The one maintains its place with a serene and satisfied dominion over the earth it adorns; the other seems to soar upward to the heaven above it. The Greek who fell at Thermopylæ, the Roman who fell at Canæ, perished in defence of a reality that was complete and absolute. All modern loyalty, on the other hand, is a sad struggle with the sense of incompleteness. It attaches itself to a flawed, imperfectly realized ideal; it struggles upward, to something out of itself. It is one of the most characteristic and pathetic traits of the last days of the poet we have likened to Virgil, that he cared in Italy, as Sir William Gell noticed with much humor, less for all the classic associations of those spots which were most rich in classic associations, than for the tombs of the Stuarts. This undying interest in the embers of genius for a set of people as little worthy of interest on their own merits as any that ever lived is, we think, a specimen of and tribute to the kind of hold that this peculiar sentiment has had on the modern world. It is brought out and exhibited in all its purity by the failure of any responsive or correlative excellence in its object. Of course we are not denying that the Highlander who "sighed by Arno for his lovelier Tees," as Lord Macaulay has gracefully described him, was blind to something better than loyalty to his prince, still he may exhibit for us something of that sense of the infinite claim in a human bond which a more prosperous devotion could not illustrate to the same extent. And if this sense is, in some of the Eclogues of Virgil and in the invocation at the beginning of the Georgics, allied with baser elements, it is not altogether disguised by them. We may study them as the first utterance of one of the strongest and most powerful feelings which manifest themselves in the movements of history — the reverence for an individual, as the type and symbol of law.

It may be objected that Augustus should have been, to Virgil, the symbol not of law but of lawlessness. The bloody tyrant of the second Triumvirate — the murderer of Cicero — could never, it may be thought, have appeared arrayed in the dignity of "the patriot king" — the com-

monwealth could never have worn this strange disguise. But we believe that to reason thus is to look at ancient things with modern eyes. To Virgil, Augustus really *was* the saviour of society. His was, indeed, as far as his own intention could make it so, essentially a conservative revolution. His aim was to bring back the frugal, temperate, religious, law-abiding past; and whatever his reforms failed to bring back, they certainly gave the weary world stability and repose. How much would be forgiven to such a benefactor! The longing of a storm-tossed world for peace is a feeling which unhappily has never been very far from the possible experience of any time; but we can dimly enter into the weariness of a Roman who had lived through the civil wars. It is not merely that the images of fire and slaughter are dim to us, that the dear familiar scenes, fragrant with all tender memories, have never been polluted with horrors, that smoke and blood have never blotted out for an Englishman of our age the very meaning of home. Much more than this, we have to remember that the convulsions of modern Europe do not shake the order which the convulsions of ancient Rome menaced at its very foundations. While the two greatest nations of Europe wrestled with each other in deadly combat, the broad current of a common civilized life flowed on untroubled, ready to absorb them both when they were ready to return to it. There was nothing like this in the first century before Christ. All law, all order, all that was the very type of stability, rocked and swayed under the shock of a perishing world. The difference between war now and war then is the difference of a railway accident and an earthquake. The sufferings of the actual victims at the moment may be much the same, but in the one case there is, and in the other there is not, a stable world to recover in. The earthquake, in the days of Virgil, had lasted, with intervals of only feverish rest, for the better part of a century. The sense of insecurity and peril had become a tradition. The one thing the world craved with deep, heartfelt yearning was rest.

This craving has found an expression

so ardent, so touched with ecstatic hope, in the celebrated fourth Eclogue, that earlier opinion associated it with the birth of that deliverer who was looked for by another nation than the Romans. The general consensus of commentators, we believe, forbids us to connect this picture of a returning golden age, and the wondrous child whose birth should initiate it, with those prophecies of Isaiah which it so vividly recalls. Virgil was indeed as erudite a poet as our own Browning; no lore was strange to his pen, and some reflection of Messianic anticipation is not impossible here; but such a knowledge of the Septuagint as would convert these similarities to quotations is, we are assured by the most competent students, quite improbable. We own that we surrender the fancy with a certain regret. But if we must not believe that the Italian caught any direct echo from the Hebrew singer, we are not obliged to narrow the emotions which that eclogue represents to any association with the consulship of Pollio, or the triumph of Augustus. It speaks a language fresh and living for every age; it utters the groans of "the whole creation travailing for deliverance;" and we, in the nineteenth century after Christ, may hear in this lyric cry of the first century before Christ a tone of pathetic desire that is not alien from the deepest cravings of our own time. Still, it is also in a special sense, the expression of a time that was worn out with warfare and the traditions of warfare; and whoever the mysterious child was who was to rule the pacified world, and see the lion lie down with the lamb, there can be no doubt that the spirit that welcomed him was that which prepared subjects for Augustus. To such an imperious and overwhelming longing he appeared as a sort of incarnate peace. He was the type of a restored order of things; his name was the promise of a united, re-organized, coherent world. "O Melibœe, deus nobis hæc otia fecit!" was the exclamation of one who had seen a new world issue from chaos. In judging such utterances, we must make allowance for the pressure under which they were sent forth.

Doubtless the love of peace is compatible with the love of liberty. But partial and incomplete as we all are, it does not often happen that these two blessings are desired ardently by the same individual: the longing for peace quenches the longing for liberty; the longing for liberty burns up the longing for peace. We see in our own history how the security of the

Tudors rested on the national weariness of the Wars of the Roses; we can imagine how the civil wars to which the Wars of the Roses were a small matter, inevitably prepared a throne for tyrants. "Peace at any price," may be the most ignoble of desires, but it is possible that those words might be accepted, at a national crisis, as expressing the aspirations of the purest patriotism. After a century of civil strife, it is quite possible that to a noble and pure spirit *nothing* might seem so desirable as a condition of things in which what begins to-day may be finished to-morrow. "It were better," says Lord Bacon, "to live in a state where nothing was lawful, than where everything was lawful." Civil war creates a state where everything is lawful; those whose character has been moulded under such a condition can admit no rival to their imperious desire for its cessation. And everything we know of Virgil's character and circumstances is of a nature to enhance this tendency. This longing of his life comes out finely in the well-known lines where, in the midst of his half-indignant allusion to the battles of Pharsalia and Philippi ("nec fuit indignum superis"), he dreams of a day when these horrors shall be matter of dim recollection to the peaceful cultivator of the soil:—

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,  
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:  
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,  
Grandiaque effosis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

They are the expression of that longing desire with which the mind, overwhelmed by the pressure of painful circumstances, springs forward to a position from which they shall be contemplated from afar, and pictures their dim trace on the horizon of thought as a relief from the pressure of their actual details. It is a state of mind more expressive of profound weariness than any mere wish to escape altogether the memory of these circumstances; it speaks the oppression they have laid on the imagination, which it cannot shake off, which it can only relieve in changing the point of view, and contemplating afar off what it would so gladly cease to contemplate altogether.

And we must not forget that the feeling inspired by Augustus was something new in the world—that the identification of the nation's well-being with the life of an individual was such a sudden concentration of patriotic feeling as might well develop its heat. It is indeed true that in one sense the worship of the Cæsar was



not new; the apotheosis of Romulus had already accustomed the Roman mind to the association of a human ruler with the gods. But the deification of the founder of the empire was a different thing from the deification of the founder of the city. It was, we conceive, not the last ray of the hero-worship which is a part of the religion of the old world, but the first of an essentially different feeling — modern loyalty. And it is as true in the world of thought as in the world of sense, that the dawn of a new day has a radiance and purity of which those can know but little who have seen it only in its prosaic noon.

Augustus represented to Virgil the incarnate divine will which had enthroned Rome on the world's summit. The contrast between the monotonous success of Rome and the fugitive glory of Greece is very striking even to a modern. The glancing lights, the sudden vicissitudes of the elder power, bring the monotonous, unpausing advance to universal dominion of the younger into marked prominence even for us, who see it but as a small part of an infinitely wide scheme of human destiny; but how much more must this have been felt by those for whom it was the whole of history! The Romans turned to Greece for their whole literature; there is not a passage of any importance in Virgil, for instance, that is not more or less a translation from the Greek; and yet when they came to the actual Greeks of their day they felt about them not very differently from what we do. Their masters in thought, in eloquence, in art, had been set aside to make way for them. The latest historian of the Romans has called them "a great nation of commonplace men;" and, however we may regard that saying, it cannot be denied that their unvarying success was, with certain striking exceptions, not due to individual genius, but to a general tendency common to the whole nation. Such a destiny as this was fitted to impress strongly on the minds of those who watched and shared it the decision of an invisible power, acting through and above human wills, and often in direct opposition to them. This idea of the invisible fate of Rome (finely brought out by Mr. Nettleship in his reflections on the *Æneid*) was one of many preparations for the incorporation of this ideal in a visible ruler who should be the type and bond of that dominion to which Rome had advanced with unfaltering and undeviating pace. Apart from some such element as this in the

dominion of the Cæsars, that dominion is incomprehensible. What modern nation has endured at the hands of its rulers the injuries of the sovereign Roman people under the hands of a Nero, a Caligula, a Domitian? What modern ruler has lacked elements of strength which to all of these (as the easy overthrow of the first shows) were absolutely wanting? The solution of this problem is, as all historical explanation must be, a complex one, but one element in the mysterious strength of imperialism was, we cannot doubt, that new alliance between the belief in the invisible, and that reverence for the visible, which emerges first, in alliance no doubt with much that is a source of anything but strength, in the attitude of Virgil to his prince. Virgil, says Ste.-Beuve, saw in the coming emperors a line of sovereigns of which Trajan would form the type. With all possible desire to make the most of every excuse for the "undue subservience to power," of which Mr. Sellar is obliged to plead guilty on behalf of his client, it does not seem to us that this was with Virgil so much a delusive ascription of moral strength as a set of ideas that do not belong to morality. The sense of willing submission to superior power cannot co-exist in any mind with a belief in the absolutely evil character of that power, but it is compatible (perhaps it is commonest in this association) with a complete absence of any moral estimate whatever. This is indeed exactly Virgil's attitude towards the gods. Professor Conington translates "*Dīs aliter visum*," "Heaven's will be done." That seems to us a translation not only of language, but of feeling — a transference of Christian to heathen piety. Still it is a good illustration of the kind of change we have to make in his feeling before we can present it in a modern garb. His sense of stern unsympathetic dominion comes out again strongly in the opening lines of the third book of the *Æneid*: —

*Postquam res Asiæ Priamique evertere gentem  
Immeritam visum superis.\**

In both cases the gods pass over and act against human desert; they take no count of the virtue of Riphœus, the innocence of Troy. Yet not the less they have a claim on the submission of the worshipper, they are the rulers whom man must obey, and it is something more than slavish subjection which prompts the impulse

\* Cf. the passage already quoted, G. i. 490, "*Nec fuit indignum superis*" — i.e., to mere human feeling it would have seemed so.

to obey wholly and willingly. This is the very spirit that prepares subjects for Rome. It is not mere submission to brute force—it is by no means a mere prudent economy of all vain resistance, an enlightened discernment of the true interest of the party concerned. It is a real allegiance, but an allegiance which does not imply anything of the nature of moral approbation.

We shall understand this feeling better, as it is expressed upon the page of Virgil, if we remember that he was not originally a full Roman citizen.\* He contemplated the mighty rule of Rome from the point of view of one who was admitted to all its glory and triumph, but who had also stood outside the charmed circle of privilege, and regarded the mighty structure as it presented itself to aliens. He knew it as it is to those within, and to those without. He was not altogether a Roman. The influences which told upon his youth were those which bind the conquered to the conquerors, but do not entirely obliterate the sense of subjection. And the character thus formed seems to us to breathe through all his more important writings, and give them their more distinctive character. The shadow and the glory of Roman dominion are both there, but the first more than the last; this was the side to which his nature responded most keenly, to which alone it was fitted to give any adequate expression. This is the spirit of the *Æneid*. The quotations most familiar to the memory of the reader are those which breathe the spirit of endurance—of a patient, resolute acceptance of a hard fate, in the confidence of some ultimate adjustment to human need, if not to human desire.

O passi graviora! dabit deus his quoque finem!

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;  
Fortunam ex aliis.

Sentences like these, and the *Æneid* is full of them, are the utterance of a true subject of Rome. They paint that spirit of endurance which Livy demands by implication in his blame of Cicero ("nihil ut viro dignum erat tulit, præter mortem"), that endurance which is only possible to a thinking mind, when the sufferings to be endured are felt as part of some great coherent system of cause and effect

\* The Transpadani did not obtain the full franchise till B.C. 49.

—as incidents in a realm of order. Nothing pleases us better in the volume which has occasioned these remarks than Mr. Sellar's citation, in reference to the death of Turnus, of Sir William Napier's fine account of the death of Sir John Moore. "He saw the inspiring hopes of triumph disappear, but the austere glory of suffering remain, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate."

Usque adeone mori miserum est? Vos, o mihi manes  
Este boni quoniam superis aversa voluntas,

breathes the very spirit of that passage, it gathers up the Roman ideal with a touch of something that is not Roman. It seems to give a voice, in this victim of the ancestor of the Romans, to the whole subject world that lay at the feet of Rome.

The new ideal of Roman dominion, as a power binding the world in a framework of firm and coherent law, is indirectly manifest in another idea which in its fullest development belongs mainly to the modern world—the order of nature. No conception, indeed, is older than this—treatises "On Nature" are among the very earliest specimens of Greek literature, and the very fact that the Teutonic languages have borrowed the name from the Latin is a testimony to the deep root that the idea had cast into the soil of the old world. Still we may say that it appears, on the page of Virgil, in a new light, that it takes, with him, an aspect which belongs to the future as well as to the past. The nature of the *Georgics* answers to the fate of the *Æneid*. There is the same hesitation between the ideas of personal or impersonal power, the same latent analogy—the irresistible, mysterious, inexorable *imperium* of Rome. This strong political coloring comes out forcibly in one passage in the *Georgics* which exhibits as forcibly its entanglement with mythological ideas: "Thus nature at once imposed these laws, these eternal ordinances (*eterna fœdera*), when Deucalion first cast stones in an empty world whence the hard race of men arose" (G. i. 60–63). Did Virgil believe in the legend of Deucalion as he believed in the order of nature? Perhaps he could hardly have answered the question himself. He had the liveliest sympathy with a simple, unquestioning piety; he had a deep sense also of the value of that sturdy, scientific habit of mind which questions all received explanation; and he would have been puzzled, doubtless, to define their mutual limits. He seems to have found

refuge from the difficulty in a vague but real sense of superior power, under whose stern control men had been driven from their natural sloth to that hard, patient industry which was an essential part of the Roman ideal of virtue (G. i. 120-145), and the actual existence of the political type of this power must have given it new meaning, while it bound it closely to those mythological conceptions which logically were inconsistent with it. If in contemplation the ideals were irreconcilable, the simple life of the peasant, who even on holy days (G. i. 268) might set up hurdles, burn weeds, or drain land, attained a practical compromise between them, which might well appear as a harmony of both.

In the Virgilian idea of nature as a coherent body of universal law, corresponding to that body of law which the Roman rule had spread from the Euphrates to the Rhine, and which, severe and inflexible, was yet on the whole beneficent, modern feeling may find much that is in harmony with itself. But there is not less sympathy between the spirit of our day and this poetry, when we regard it on another side. Mr. Sellar indeed goes a little further in this direction than we can follow him, in saying that "he has some anticipations of that longing for communion with nature in her wilder and more desolate aspect, which we associate with modern rather than with classical poetry;" but doubtless the instinct of a true scholar discerns these anticipations where an ordinary reader is blind to them. If Mr. Sellar is right, we can only say that our parallel with Scott would be closer than we can ourselves feel it. Virgil's love of nature seems to us exactly the eighteenth-century love of nature at its best. His description reminds us of Addison's version of the twenty-third Psalm; it leads us

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

We glide along between tawny wheat-fields, by the ancient walls of illustrious cities, or under the shadow of citadel-crowned rocks (G. ii. 155); the mountain gloom and the mountain grandeur are remote. Still there is a very vivid touch of that peculiarly modern feeling — the love of the country. Till great cities arose, indeed, this feeling was impossible. As one of the charms of travel is the added appreciation of home, so the special development of a town life is an appreciation of the

*Secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,*

*Speluncæ, vivique lacus, et frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque boum, molles sub arbore somni,*

of which Virgil draws so loving a picture at the close of the second Georgic.\* The turmoil and the din of city life form a necessary background to those images of repose; you could not have the last without the first. We can imagine the hold of these peaceful images upon a shy and gentle nature who had been driven by rapine from a home where they blended with all early recollection; we can conceive how the life of rural industry he sought to ennoble and revive embodied all that was the object to him of admiration, sympathy, or regret. These pictures of rustic life, the ploughman bending over the share, the girl at her distaff, the old soldier with his beehives, the farmer's wife crooning out her ballad over her loom, the frisking kids, the lowing kine, would have been woven together, in modern art, by some human interest, such as two women of genius in our own country and in France have blended with their pictures of English and French farmhouse and cottage life. Such a mould for imagination and sentiment did not then exist, and Virgil, the most conservative of poets, was not the one to discover it; but the reader of George Sand or of George Eliot is reminded from time to time of some slight touch in the Georgics; and perhaps one reason that the poem is felt heavy, if we read much of it at once, is that we are accustomed to the same kind of images we find represented there in association with strong emotion and varied incident. We miss the foreground, because the background is not altogether unfamiliar to the eye.

But though this dramatic interest is conspicuously absent from the poem which, as the glorification of the peculiarly Roman quality of industry, and as the art to which Roman feeling attached most importance, may in some sense be accounted Virgil's most important, and which is his only great finished work; yet it appears to us that it is in his verse that we may trace the first dawn of that sentiment to which all modern drama owes its main interest.

\* The passage comes home to an English ear much more closely in Dr. Kennedy's charming translation: —

"Yet theirs are careless ease and guileless life,  
In varied wealth abundant; spacious parks,  
Grottoes, and living lakes, the cool deep vale;  
Kine lowing, and soft sleep beneath the tree  
They lack not, glades are there, the haunts of deer,  
And patient working, little craving men,  
Gods worshipped, sires revered."

Of course Dido is in outline a mere copy, like every other figure in the poem; the Medea of Apollonius Rhodius, a very inferior poet, supplied Virgil with the outline. But here, as elsewhere, the coloring seems to us to belong rather to the modern than the ancient world.

Throughout the whole range of ancient art you do not find any adequate delineation of that feeling which forms the main subject of modern fiction. We speak of it, of course, on that side on which modern feeling dwells most willingly; on another side ancient art is emphatic enough, but the peculiar note of *love as a sentiment*, which to us is made so flat and trivial by its incessant repetition, is absolutely wanting to the melody of the old world. Let any reader, for instance, try to imagine "the tale of Troy divine" on the lips of a modern, and then recur to its original utterance; the blank of all that would be emphasized in its modern version must strike him forcibly. Or take another tale which really has, though probably by accident, been treated by the greatest poets of the ancient and modern world; compare the story of Orestes and Hamlet, and mark how bare the Greek version of the son's revenge is of all that, in its English garb, gives its peculiar meaning, and he will realize vividly the different world that is created by modern and by ancient art. The ancients were in all respects simpler than we are; they knew the completeness that is impossible to those who have looked towards the infinite; and—as we have said of loyalty, so we must repeat here—that element in human bonds which makes them a suggestion of something beyond, was wholly wanting to them. But in this respect also Virgil is more than half a modern. Nothing in ancient verse seems to us so closely allied with modern feeling as the meeting of Dido and Æneas in the shades. The silence of wounded love, the hush of a mighty recollection that can as little revive as discard the emotions to which it points, are painted in those few lines, not certainly as a modern would have painted them, but with more force because with more reticence than a second-rate artist of our day would give them, and with more apprehension than any first-rate artist before Virgil could have given them. We meet in his verse for the first time with something like the romantic sentiment of love.

The episode of Dido is indeed from many reasons one of the most noteworthy in the range of fiction. Its interest is by no means confined to the region of fiction.

Without following out the elaborate hypothesis of a modern critic of the Æneid,\* who has found an Augustan prototype for all the principal personages, it is impossible to read the account of the dying queen and not think of another queen perishing by her own hand after an attempt to win a heart as cold as, and much harder than, that of Æneas. The proud farewell to life—

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi,  
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago—

seems to echo the "non humilis mulier" of Horace, and recalls the proud words of the dying attendant of Cleopatra: "It is well done, and worthy of a princess." And though the delineation is not free from a certain hardness, yet when we consider how a flatterer of Augustus might have painted a prototype of his victim, we shall discern in the actual picture no small evidence of the temperance and purity of the painter. But the gentleness of Virgil's nature comes out even more strongly in this picture, regarded under another of those cross lights which history throws upon it. It seems to us impossible to read the address of the suppliant Trojans to Dido, and not feel in them some reflection on the barbarous policy of the third Punic war. Who can think that when Virgil wrote,

Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates  
Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas  
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis,

he forgot, or remembered without a sigh, that the Romans, made proud by conquest, *had* devastated the Libyan homes, *had* turned the proud city of Carthage to a wilderness? Doubtless it was a very different kind of regret from that with which an Englishman would recall, for instance, the massacre of Drogheda. The feelings with which any virtuous modern would regard an act of cruelty on the part of his countrymen were still inaccessible to a Roman of the first century before Christ. Still we cannot but think there is regret here. "The time will come," so we would expand the passage, "when our descendants will indeed level your rising walls and leave these stately temples a shapeless ruin. The empire of the world, to which they are called, is not to be had on other than these hard terms. But for such tasks Heaven chooses other ministers. For us, disciplined by a stern fate—taught pity by terrible suffering—no

\* Dunlop: History of Roman Literature.

such cruel mandate is issued. Those who have known are not called upon to inflict the miseries of conquest and exile."

If the reader turns from the dying speech of Dido to Cicero's allusions to Hannibal, and contrasts the injustice of one of the greatest of orators to the purest of patriots with the grand space that is prepared for a heroic figure in her prophetic appeal, he will feel the power of that sympathy with misfortune, of that capacity for discerning greatness through failure, which was so unlike a Roman, or indeed an ancient, and was so characteristic of Virgil. The avenger whom Dido summons to arise from her tomb is excused beforehand for the desolation he was to carry to the very gates of Rome. The intolerable injuries which summon the youthful Hannibal to swear an undying hatred to Rome are here as it were at once prophesied and allegorized, and the "poet of the Capitol," as Ste.-Beuve calls Virgil, sets in the fairest light the great enemy whose javelin struck her walls. Not that he hesitates for a moment in his allegiance to the victorious power; this allegiance is his religion—the will of heaven is manifest in the triumph of Rome; but he, remembering perhaps the home he had lost, "where the hills bend in gracious slope to the aged beeches and the river," knew something of what that triumph had cost, and could regard his country's recollections, for a moment, from the side of her victims. He could, even in celebrating the glorious destiny of Rome, remember those she had crushed beneath her irresistible chariot wheels. His will is wholly with the conquerors, but his sympathy is with the vanquished.

Such appear to us the characteristics which render Virgil the prophet of a new political and social order in the world. A yet more interesting line of investigation has followed out this idea to a deeper region, and found in him the prophet of a new religion. Indeed a whole growth of legend clusters round this view. St. Paul is represented, in a mass of the fifteenth century, as weeping over his tomb and exclaiming, "What a man I would have made of thee, greatest of poets!" Three martyrs in the Decian persecution were said to have owed their conversion to his poetry, and Statius is made by Dante to greet him in purgatory with the acknowledgement, "To thee I owe it that I was a poet; to thee that I was a Christian." The fact that Constantine translated a part of his fourth Eclogue at the council of Nice as a prophecy of Christianity is

matter of history, and a greater than Constantine hailed him as a guide in his dark journey through the awful shades which lie beyond the grave. Virgil, indeed, had borne witness to that mysterious world; he had spoken—perhaps not with undoubting faith, but certainly with reverent solemnity—of the awful penalties at which his greatest predecessor on the heights of Roman poetry had scoffed as mere metaphor; he had been a witness to the Christian poet that a heathen might realize the depth of the abyss from which he could not conjecture the deliverance, to which he could not imagine the contrast. So far as this we may accept the fancy which reckoned Virgil among the prophets of Christ.

Perhaps we may go further than this. No Christian poet is so emphatically as Virgil the poet of resignation. A mournful acceptance of the decrees of heaven breathes throughout his verse and gives it that pathetic tenderness of which Dr. Newman speaks in words that echo its own beauty. His lines have indeed a power to soothe the oppressed heart, which is often wanting in those which have been uttered with that object. They steal upon the mind with a vision of some larger world, where the struggle and the weariness of life is seen as part of a general plan, through acquiescence in which man may shake off something of that sense of baffled effort which makes up so large a part of the burden of human experience, and feel himself at least a fellow-worker with the power which is to prevail in the end. They seem to repeat the strain of human trouble with some added keynote that robs it of its discord. Their plaintive minor sets itself to the sad rhythm of perplexity and defeat that haunts us all, and lends complaint a certain grace. They open no infinite vista of hope, nor do they ever quite attain that depth of current and volume in which the highest tragedy sweeps all minor emotions into one mighty stream, and, by supplying large and lofty ideal springs of feeling, seems to absorb that kind of distress which is weighted with the sense of inadequacy. But they present human sorrow in an aspect which links it to some mysterious development of a divine purpose; and this idea, even where it brings in no vision of heavenly love and fostering care, robs suffering of its worst sting.

It may be said, perhaps, that the feelings suggested by those words belong rather to the modern than to the ancient world. The word *fatum*, or *fata*, Mr.

Sellar reminds us, recurs more than forty times in the first three books of the *Æneid*, and the idea predominates throughout the poem. This supreme decision, identified by an Italian with the dominion of Rome, is rather accepted by, than originating with the will of Jove; it is a conception hovering above and near the world of Olympus, always tending to identify itself with the supreme power there, but never quite consistently embodied in a single will. There can be no doubt that this gradual attraction of the idea of fate to the will of Jove was a preparation for monotheism; but it is also true that this idea of fate, and the resignation which corresponds to it, is not characteristic of historic Christianity. Wherever the ultimate reason that I should suffer this or that lies in the decision of a person, my temptation will be to try to change that will; the sense of a superior wisdom is not so persistent a feeling as the objection to suffer, and our experience of human will as something changeable insensibly affects our view of all will. *Οἱ προσκυνῶντες τὴν Ἀδραστείαν σοφοί*, is not a Christian feeling; rather the Christian sympathy would be with the rebellious Prometheus, whom these words (not, of course, the whole spirit of the drama of which they form a part) condemn. The truth is that the surrender of individual choice, the merging of the self in a larger whole, in which resignation consists, is opposed by so much of our nature that it has, as a matter of experience, been attained most completely where it is aided by somewhat inconsistent allies. No man has ever resigned himself, in the deepest sense of that word, to the operation of unconscious law. But that blending of the idea of unconscious law and conscious will which we find in the "fate" of Virgil precludes any restless effort to change the will which frustrates man's aims and crushes his hopes by the awful inexorableness of law thus mysteriously associated, and yet not exactly identified, with the will of the divinity; while this mysterious association presents to the mind, in yielding up its aims and hopes, a being who can be the object of those sentiments which, between human beings, have made sacrifice possible. It suggests at once those motives for the surrender which, to our narrowly limited view, are not perfectly consistent. It presents to the imagination a will which motives cannot move, a law which puts forth a conscious claim to submission. The highest and, we believe, the only secure ground of resignation is belief in a

holy will. But the next possibility of this feeling is afforded by some such belief in a mystic combination of will and law as is the ideal of the *Æneid*, and, though the last belief has not been common, it is less rare than the first.

We must allow, therefore, that the religious element to which the *Æneid* owes the greater part of its interest (we are far from saying this of the poems of Virgil as a whole) is one that is not only not introductory to Christianity, it is in a certain sense alien from Christianity. It is a kind of feeling which, so far as it has been realized at all, has been by another form of religion altogether. Nevertheless the suggestion of the legend which connects Virgil with St. Paul does not appear to us altogether misleading. The word *pietas*, which we associate with the hero of the *Æneid*, is one of those whose signification has bifurcated in its Romance stage, the feeling which binds high and low in a mutual relation, and which the Latins expressed by that one word, being by us contemplated in its upward aspect under the name of *piety*, while *pity* is its responsive outflow from above. Thus the gods are "pia numina;" thus Priam can appeal with indignant prayer to him who witnesses the cruelty of Pyrrhus, "Dî, si qua est cœlo *pietas*." Piety is the common virtue of earth and of heaven, it binds the worshipped to the worshipper; reverence below implying compassion above. It is this belief which links Virgil to the world that is to follow him far more closely than to the world which had afforded him his models. It is a new thing in the world. In Homer we meet with the idea of a number of supernatural beings participating in the interests of humanity and extending their protecting care to individuals. In Plato we find the sense of an invisible Being above man, towards whom he may elevate himself. It is to a feebleness of genius than any of the great thinkers of Greece that we owe the first dawn of a feeling which though partly developed out of these elements is yet distinct from them, and is the distinction characteristic of the world which followed him,—the sense of the claim of weakness, of misfortune. This consciousness is finely brought out in the successful appeal to the compassion of the Trojans on the part of the Greek fugitive from Polyphemus. "I am," cries the suppliant, "indeed a Greek. I have indeed taken part in the attack on Ilium. Cast me into the waves if you deem our offence needs such expiation; gladly shall I perish, so it be by the hands of my fellow-



men." And though his prayer might well recall the treacherous appeal of Sino, and thus revive all the deadliest hate of the deceived and ruined Trojans, Anchises himself comes forward at once to remove all terror from the trembling suppliant, and the fleet of Troy saves a Greek. That sense of the revelation of a common humanity as the result of misfortune, of the power of compassion to submerge the deadliest hate, and find common ground with a suffering foe — that feeling which in its fullest development we associate with modern life — was certainly entirely wanting to the great nation of whose literature Virgil was almost a servile copyist. That resolution of resentment in pity, apart from which the true might of pity is untested — that power of compassion to create relation — would, we believe, have taken to a Greek a somewhat contemptible aspect. The fierce and impious Diomed would never in the earlier and more vigorous portraiture have reckoned on the compassion of Priam for the woes of his conquerors (*Æn.* xi. 252, "vel Priamo miseranda manus"). The pity of a vanquished enemy would have been, by a Greek, as little imagined as desired.

It is interesting to note how little touches of this feeling come in here and there with a sort of double significance, binding the reader's sympathies to those personages in the drama who are least worthy of sympathy, and bringing in the dumb companions of man's fortunes into sympathy with the world above them. Thus the fierce Mezentius, the "despiser of the gods," the ruthless tyrant of men, turns in his anguish for the death of his son to the faithful companion of his warfare, his horse Rhoebus; and, as though reckoning on his responsive sympathy, promises him, "This day thou shalt bear the bloody spoils of Æneas, and take part in my revenge, or else thou shalt share my fall — thou, bravest one, couldst never endure the command of a stranger" (*Æn.* x. 361-366). Here also Virgil has his model in the appeal of Hector to his steeds (*Il.* viii. 185), but the transference of this little trait from a character distinguished for tenderness, to one whose dying request is that his body may be protected from the hatred roused by his cruelties to his subjects, seems to us especially characteristic of the peculiar quality we are endeavoring to indicate, and which we can only describe as the opposite of ruthlessness. It seems as if some gentle influence held Virgil's hand in all the dark shades of his picture, and infused some

touch of light in the midst of the blackest shadow.

The *Æneid* is the epic of failure — of the failure that is pregnant with triumph, of the victory of the vanquished. The defeated Trojan exiles are the founders of imperial Rome. The defeated Italians are the ancestors of the victorious Romans. The victors are absorbed by the vanquished, they conquer the natives of the promised land only to endow their race with an eternal stability and a universal dominion. And if in the single case of Rome's great enemy this generous sympathy seems to fail, and the despair of the unhappy queen seems drawn with an unsympathizing pencil, this failure is only apparent. The glimpse of Dido reunited to her earlier love in the shadowy groves of the lower world comes in to soften the painful impression of repulse and despair left by her tragic history, and we are left to believe that for many beside her and Turnus, who have not found life altogether benign, something better may remain elsewhere. Mr. Sellar notes the pretty simile by which Virgil describes the shades upon the bank of Acheron, as suggestive of a deeper faith than appears. Those who have known a mature experience of life, and those who have left life almost untasted, — heroes and matrons, youths and girls unwed, — all cluster on the dark shore like flocks of migratory birds, whom the cold breath of winter drives forward to a *sunnier sky*. Perhaps the suggestion does not very exactly correspond to the vision that follows, yet the lines so perfectly express the spirit of what we feel best in our poet, that we can find no word of his more appropriate for our farewell to him, than this comparison of death to the wintry wind which, touching the swallows,

*Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.*

The vein of sympathy with suffering, of tenderness for the lowly, which we have endeavored to trace in Virgil, is unquestionably a modern feeling. For eighteen hundred years the lesson of compassion, of forgiveness, of consideration for the weak, has been a part of the ideal of civilization; it has penetrated every fibre of our moral being, and passed, by long inheritance, into a condition of life we can as little dispense with in imagination as we can with the atmosphere around us. The moral associations of a creed which has found its symbol in the instrument of an ignominious punishment are independent of its historical basis; they influence



profoundly many who hear that history with cold and inattentive ear, many who utterly reject it. Thus it has happened that the lesson of pity, repeated by a hundred voices, and not rejected in word by any, has become trite. Familiarized by every variety of statement and illustration, it has gained in its hold on the ethical side of our nature what it has inevitably lost in its fitness for literary expression. The artist, as much as the orator, needs the cynical warning of Quintilian, that the tear of pity is soon dry. That strange fugitiveness of sympathy, which is so often painfully impressed on hopeless sufferers, and perhaps still more painfully on those who witness hopeless suffering, has its intellectual correlate in the law which inseparably associates pathos and reserve. The expression to which we should apply the word *pathetic* must be always apparently incomplete; there can be no pathos where we are not made to feel "the rest is silence." And the superiority of ancient art on this ground corresponds to its inferiority on a moral ground — its narrower ideal implied a richer fountain of suggestion, a wider scope for the power that touches latent springs of feeling. The peculiar strength of our gentle poet lies in the fact that with him ancient art has been wedded to something like modern feeling. "*Il lui a été donné,*" says Ste.-Beuve, "*à une heure décisive de l'histoire, de deviner ce qu'aimerait l'avenir.*" But that vague presentiment was joined to a set of traditions, a standard of feeling and action, by which it was chastened and subdued, so that it only breaks through the barrier into a shy and incomplete expression — the very immaturity and incompleteness of the feeling supplying its own check. Hence, though much that is said here may suggest effeminacy, he has never been felt effeminate. Hence (to conclude with words to which we have alluded above), "his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, give utterance, as the voice of nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time." \*

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

\* Newman, Grammar of Assent, pp. 75, 76.

## THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE BATIGNOLLES.

### A CHAPTER FROM A DETECTIVE'S MEMOIRS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

EMILE GABORIAN, AUTHOR OF "WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE," ETC.

#### VII.

It was not far from ten o'clock, when Monsieur Méchiné, whom I still accompanied, rang the bell at the door of his suite of rooms.

"I never carry a pass-key," said he. "In our profession, one never knows what may happen. There are a great many rascals who bear me a grudge, and if I'm not always careful on my own account, I must be for the sake of my wife."

My worthy neighbor's explanation was unnecessary: I had understood the state of affairs, and even noticed that he rang in a particular way, which must have been a preconcerted signal between his wife and himself.

Pretty Madame Méchiné opened the door.

With a movement rapid and graceful as a kitten, she threw herself into her husband's arms, exclaiming, —

"Here you are at last! I don't know why, but I felt almost anxious."

But she suddenly stopped; she had just seen me. Her bright face clouded, she drew back, and addressing herself as much to me as to her husband, continued, —

"What! you have just left the café, at this hour, there's no sense in it."

Monsieur Méchiné's lips wore the indulgent smile of a man sure of being loved, who knows that he can appease by a single word the quarrel that is being sought with him.

"Don't scold us, Caroline," he replied, associating me in his cause by the plural pronoun, "we haven't just left the café, and we haven't been wasting our time. Some one came for me on business, a murder committed in the Batignolles."

The young wife, with a suspicious look, glanced alternately at her husband and myself, and when convinced that we were not deceiving her, merely said, —

"Ah!"

But it would require a page to enumerate everything this short exclamation contained.

It was addressed to Monsieur Méchiné, and plainly meant, —

What! You have trusted yourself to

this young man, revealed your position, initiated him into our secrets!

This was the manner in which I interpreted the eloquent "ah," and my worthy neighbor understood it in the same way, for he replied, —

"Well, yes. Where's the harm? If I have to fear the vengeance of the scoundrels I have delivered up to justice, what have I to dread from honest folks? Do you suppose I hide myself, that I'm ashamed of my profession."

"You misunderstood me, my dear," observed the young wife.

Monsieur Méchainet did not even hear her.

He had just mounted — I learned this afterwards — a favorite hobby, that always carried him away.

"Zounds!" he continued, "you have strange ideas, madame. What! I am one of the forlorn hopes of civilization, at the cost of my repose and the risk of my life, I secure the safety of society, and I am to blush for it! That wouldn't be pleasant. You will tell me that various absurd prejudices, bequeathed by the past, exist against us. What do I care? Yes, I know that there are sensitive gentlemen who look down upon us. But, deuce take it! I'd like to see their faces, if my colleagues and I struck work to-morrow, leaving the city to the army of scoundrels we hold in check."

Madame Méchainet, who was doubtless accustomed to outbursts of this kind, did not utter a word; and she was wise, for my worthy neighbor, meeting with no contradiction, calmed down as if by magic.

"But enough of that," he said to his wife. "There's something more important just now. We've had no dinner, and are starving, can you give us some supper?"

What had happened this evening must have occurred too frequently for Madame Méchainet to allow herself to be found unprepared.

"You shall have supper in five minutes," she replied, with the pleasantest of smiles.

In fact, a moment after, we were seated at table before an excellent piece of cold roast beef, attended by Madame Méchainet, who constantly filled our glasses with excellent Macon wine.

While my worthy neighbor was conscientiously devoting himself to his supper, I, looking at his peaceful home and pretty little wife, asked myself if this were really one of the "fierce" detectives, who have been the heroes of so many absurd tales.

But our hunger was soon appeased, and

Monsieur Méchainet began to tell his wife about our expedition. And he did not relate the affair carelessly, but gave the most minute details. She was seated by his side, and the way in which she listened asking explanations when she did not understand, revealed the bourgeoisie Egeria, who was accustomed to be consulted.

When Monsieur Méchainet had finished, she said, —

"You've made one great mistake, an irreparable mistake."

"What?"

"You ought not to have gone to the prefecture when you left the Batignolles."

"But Monistrol —"

"Yes, you wanted to question him. — What did you gain?"

"I have gained, my dear —"

"Nothing. It's to the Rue Vivienne you ought to have gone, to the wife. You would have surprised her under the influence of the agitation she must necessarily have felt at her husband's arrest, and if she is an accomplice, as may be supposed, by a little adroitness, you would have made her confess."

I had started from my chair at the words.

"What, madame," I cried, you think Monistrol guilty!"

After a moment's hesitation she answered, —

"Yes."

Then, in a very eager tone, she continued, —

"But I'm sure, perfectly sure, that the idea of the murder originated with the wife. Out of every twenty crimes committed by men, fifteen are conceived and inspired by women. Ask Méchainet. The concierge's testimony ought to have enlightened you. What is this Madame Monistrol? A remarkably beautiful person, you were told, coquettish, ambitious, consumed by covetousness, a woman who leads her husband about by the nose. Now, what were her circumstances? Poor, narrow, precarious. She suffered from them, as is proved by her asking her uncle to lend her a hundred thousand francs. He refused, thus baffling her hopes. Do you suppose that she did not bear him a mortal hatred? She must have often repeated, 'If this old miser were dead, we should be rich.' And when she saw him healthy and strong as an oak, she said to herself, 'He'll live a hundred years — when he leaves us his property, we sha'n't be able to enjoy it, and who knows whether he

won't bury us.' Is it so long a step from this point to the thought of committing a crime? And when the determination was once fixed in her mind, she gradually prepared her husband, familiarized him with the thought of murder, put, so to speak, the knife into his hand. And one day, threatened with bankruptcy, worn out by his wife's lamentation, he dealt the blow."

"All this is logical," said Monsieur Méchainet.

Very logical, undoubtedly, but what became of the circumstances discovered by us?

"Then, madame," said I, "you think Monistrol was stupid enough to denounce himself by writing his name."

She shrugged her shoulders, and answered, —

"Is that a folly? I don't think so, since it is your strongest argument in favor of his innocence."

The reasoning was so specious, that for a moment I felt bewildered. Then recovering myself: "But he confesses that he is guilty, madame," I insisted.

"An excellent way of engaging the law to prove his innocence."

"Oh!"

"You are a proof of it, my dear Monsieur Godeuil."

"Why, madame, the unfortunate man doesn't even know how his uncle was murdered."

"Excuse me; he doesn't *seem* to know — which is not the same thing."

The discussion became animated, and would have lasted a long time if Monsieur Méchainet had not put an end to it.

"Come, come," he said to his wife kindly, "you're too romantic this evening."

Then addressing himself to me, —

"As to you," he continued, "I'll take you with me to-morrow, and we'll call on Madame Monistrol. Now, as I'm almost dead with sleep, good-night."

He could sleep, but I could not close my eyes.

A secret voice in my heart cried out that Monistrol was innocent.

My imagination pictured with terrible vividness the tortures of the unfortunate man, alone in his prison cell.

But why had he confessed?

#### VIII.

WHAT I then lacked — I've had occasion to call myself to account for it a hundred times since — was experience, familiarity with the profession, and especially a thorough knowledge of the modes of action of the police.

I dimly felt that this examination had been badly, or rather superficially, conducted, but I should have been troubled to tell why, and especially to say what ought to have been done.

I was none the less deeply interested in Monistrol.

It seemed as if his cause was my own. And this was very natural: my youthful vanity was aroused. Was it not a remark of mine, that had raised the first doubts in regard to the unfortunate man's guilt?

"I must prove his innocence," I said to myself.

Unfortunately the arguments carried on during the evening had disturbed my mind so much, that I no longer knew on what fact to erect my structure. As always happens when we fix our minds too long on the solution of a problem, my ideas became as confused as a skein in the hands of a child. I no longer saw clearly, everything was chaos.

Leaning back in my armchair, I was still racking my brains when Monsieur Méchainet, faithful to the promise made the evening before, came for me.

"Come, come," he said, shaking me rudely; for I had not heard him enter, "let's be off."

"I'm ready," I said, rising.

We hastily went down-stairs, and I then noticed that my worthy neighbor was dressed with more care than usual.

He had succeeded in giving himself that easy, well-to-do air, which is so particularly attractive to the Parisian shop-keeper.

His good spirits were those of a man sure of himself, who is advancing to certain victory.

We were soon in the street, and while we were on our way, —

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of my wife? I pass for a sharp fellow at the prefecture, and yet I consult her. Molière consulted his servant — and I've often profited by her advice. She has one weakness: to her there are no clumsy crimes, and her imagination lends all villains the power of diabolical combinations. But as I have precisely the opposite failing, and am perhaps a little too positive, it's rare that the truth does not appear during our consultations."

"What!" I cried, "you think you have penetrated the mystery of the Monistrol affair?"

He stopped short, drew his snuff-box out of his pocket, took three or four of his imaginary pinches, and replied, —

"At least I have the means of penetrating it."

Meantime we had reached the top of the Rue Vivienne, not far from Monistrol's shop.

"Pay attention," said Monsieur Méchiné; "follow me, and whatever happens, let nothing surprise you."

He did well to warn me, or I should have been greatly astonished to see him abruptly enter an umbrella shop.

Stiff and grave as an Englishman, he turned over the whole stock, found nothing to suit him, and at last asked whether an umbrella could be made for him like a pattern which he would furnish.

He was told that it would be the easiest thing in the world, and went out saying he would come back the next morning.

The half-hour spent in the shop had certainly not been lost.

While examining the umbrellas placed before him, he had had sufficient art to draw from the shop-keepers all that they knew of Monsieur and Madame Monistrol.

It was an easy matter, after all, for the affair of the "little old man of the Batignolles," and the arrest of the dealer in imitation jewelry had caused great excitement throughout the neighborhood, and was the universal subject of conversation. "There," said he, when we were outside, "that's the way to obtain exact information. When people know with whom they are dealing, they strike attitudes, make stilted speeches, and then good-bye to the truth."

Monsieur Méchiné repeated this farce in seven or eight shops in the neighborhood, and even spent twenty francs in one, whose owners were quiet and not disposed to talk.

But after two hours of this strange occupation, which greatly amused me, we were thoroughly posted in regard to public opinion. We knew precisely what was thought of Monsieur and Madame Monistrol in the neighborhood where they had lived since their marriage, that is, four years.

There was but one opinion about the husband.

He was said to be the best and kindest of men, obliging, honest, intelligent, and industrious. If he had not succeeded in his business, it was because fortune does not always favor those who are most deserving. He had made the mistake of hiring a shop devoted to bankruptcy—four merchants had been ruined in it within fifteen years.

He worshipped his wife, everybody knew and said, but this great love had never passed proper limits, never exposed him to ridicule.

No one could believe in his guilt.

His arrest, it was said, must be a mistake on the part of the police.

Opinions were divided in regard to Madame Monistrol.

Some thought her too fine for her position, others said that a fashionable costume was one of the necessities of her business.

It was generally believed that she sincerely loved her husband, and she was universally praised for her prudence, a prudence the more meritorious because she was remarkably beautiful and besieged by numerous admirers. But she had never given occasion for gossip, not the slightest breath of suspicion had sullied her immaculate character.

This, I perceived, greatly perplexed Monsieur Méchiné.

"Strange," said he, "not a tale, not a slander, not a calumny. This isn't what Caroline supposed. According to her idea, we ought to find one of these shop-keepers who are always behind the counter, display their beauty more than their wares, and consign the husband—a blind fool or careless toad-eater—to the back shop. And she is nothing of the sort!"

I made no reply, being less puzzled than my neighbor.

We were a long way from the testimony of the concierge in the Rue Lécuse, so greatly does the point of sight vary according to the neighborhood. What is considered horrible coquetry in the Batignolles, is only a business necessity in the Rue Vivienne.

But we had already spent too much time in our inquiries to stop to exchange impressions and discuss our conjectures.

"Now," said Monsieur Méchiné, "before entering the place, let us study the approaches to it."

And trained to carrying on these prudent investigations amid the bustle of Paris, he made me a sign to follow him into a doorway, directly opposite Monistrol's shop.

It was an unpretending, almost shabby shop, compared with those that surrounded it. The front needed painting. Over the door, in letters once gilt, but now smoked and blackened, was the name of Monistrol. On the panes were inscribed *Gold and Imitation Jewelry*.

Alas! it was principally imitation jewelry that glittered in the windows. From the rods hung a quantity of plated chains, jet ornaments, diadems of brilliants, necklaces of imitation coral, and pins, rings,

and sleeve-buttons set with imitation gems of all colors.

A poor display, I perceived at a glance, and one that would not tempt shop-breakers.

"Let's go in," I said to Monsieur Méchainet.

He was less impatient than I, or understood how to control his impatience better, for he grasped me by the arm, saying, —

"One moment, I should like to catch a glimpse of Madame Monistrol."

But it was in vain that we remained at our post of observation for twenty minutes longer; the shop was still empty, Madame Monistrol did not appear.

"We have waited long enough," my worthy neighbor at last exclaimed. "Come, Monsieur Godeuil, we'll risk it."

#### IX.

To reach Monistrol's shop, we had only to cross the street.

This was done in four strides.

At the sound of the opening door, a little servant fifteen or sixteen years old, shabbily dressed, and with tangled hair, came out of the back shop.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" she asked.

"Is Madame Monistrol in?"

"Yes, gentlemen, and I'll tell her you are here, because, you see —"

Monsieur Méchainet did not give her time to finish.

With a somewhat rude movement, I confess, he thrust her out of his way and entered the back shop, saying, —

"Very well, since she is in, I'm going to speak to her."

I followed at my worthy neighbor's heels, sure that we should not go away without having the clue to the enigma.

The back shop was a gloomy apartment, which served for dining, drawing, and sleeping room.

It was in disorder, and had the incongruous appearance often seen in the homes of poor people, who try to seem rich. At one end was a bed with blue silk curtains and pillow cases trimmed with lace, and before the mantelpiece was a table loaded with the remains of a by no means simple breakfast.

A fair-haired young woman sat, or rather reclined, in a large armchair, holding in her hand a sheet of stamped paper.

This was Madame Monistrol.

Certainly, when her neighbors had told us of her beauty, their description fell far

short of the reality. I was actually dazzled.

Only one circumstance excited my disapproval; she was attired in deep mourning, a *crêpe* dress cut slightly low in the neck, which was marvellously becoming.

This showed too much presence of mind for great sorrow. It seemed like an actress dressing herself in advance for the part she is to play.

She started like a timid roe at our entrance, and in a voice apparently choked with tears, asked, —

"What do you want, gentlemen?"

Monsieur Méchainet had noticed what I had remarked.

"Madame," he answered harshly, "I am sent here in the service of the law, I am a detective."

At this statement she sank back in the armchair with a moan that would have softened a tiger.

Then suddenly, in a frenzy of excitement, with sparkling eyes and quivering lips, she exclaimed, —

"Have you come to arrest me? You are welcome. I am ready, take me away. I shall join the honest man you arrested yesterday. Whatever his fate may be, I wish to share it. He is as innocent as I am — no matter. If he must be a victim to an error of human justice, it will be a last joy to die with him."

She was interrupted by a low growl, which proceeded from one of the corners of the shop.

I looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a black dog, with bristling hair and blood-shot eyes, showing its teeth, just ready to spring at us.

"Down, Pluto!" said Madame Monistrol, "lie down; these gentlemen will do me no harm."

Slowly, still fixing its eyes fiercely upon us, the animal retreated under the bed.

"You are right in saying that we will do you no harm, madame," replied Monsieur Méchainet, "we did not come to arrest you."

She did not seem to hear.

"This very morning," she continued, "I received this paper, which commands me to go at three o'clock to the Palais de Justice, to the office of the examining magistrate. What do they want of me? Oh heaven! what do they want of me?"

"To obtain information, which, I hope, will prove your husband's innocence. So don't look upon me as an enemy, madame. I wish to ascertain the truth."

He took up his snuff-box, hastily thrust

his fingers into it, and in a solemn tone, which I did not recognize, continued, —

"It is for you to decide, madame, what answers you will make to the questions I shall have the honor of addressing to you. Will you reply frankly?"

She fixed her large blue eyes, wet with tears, upon my worthy neighbor, and said, in a tone of sorrowful resignation, —

"Question me, sir."

For the third time, I repeat, I was utterly inexperienced. And yet the manner in which Monsieur Méchainet had commenced this examination disturbed me.

He was betraying his perplexities in advance, it seemed to me, and instead of pursuing a fixed object, dealt his blows hap-hazard.

Ah, if he would have let me speak! Ah, if I had dared!

Monsieur Méchainet, with an impenetrable face, was seated opposite to Madame Monistrol.

"You must know, madame," he began, "that night before last, at eleven o'clock, Monsieur Pigoreau or Anténor, your husband's uncle, was murdered."

"Alas!"

"Where was Monsieur Monistrol at that hour?"

"Oh heaven! it is a fatality."

Monsieur Méchainet's face remained immovable.

"I ask you, madame," he persisted, "where your husband spent the evening of the day before yesterday?"

It was some time before the young wife replied; her sobs seemed to be choking her. At last, controlling herself, she moaned, —

"My husband spent the evening out of the house."

"Do you know where he was?"

"Oh, yes! One of our workmen, who lives at Montrouge, had promised to bring us a set of false pearls, and did not keep his word. We ran the risk of losing the order, which would have been a misfortune, for we are not rich. So at dinner my husband said to me: 'I'm going to that rascal's house.' And about nine o'clock he went out, and I accompanied him to the omnibus, which he entered before my eyes in the Rue Richelieu."

I breathed more freely. This might be an alibi after all.

Monsieur Méchainet had the same thought, and continued in a gentler tone, —

"If that is so, your workman will be able to swear he saw Monsieur Monistrol at his house at eleven o'clock."

"Alas, no!"

"How? why?"

"Because he had gone out. My husband didn't see him."

"That is certainly a fatality. But perhaps the concierge may have noticed Monsieur Monistrol."

"Our workman lives in a house where there is no concierge."

This might be the truth. It was certainly a terrible charge against the unfortunate prisoner.

"And at what time did your husband return?" continued Monsieur Méchainet.

"A little after midnight."

"You did not think he had been absent very long?"

"Oh, yes; and I even scolded him for it. He said, to excuse himself, that he had taken the longest way, strolled slowly along, and stopped at a café to drink a glass of beer."

"How did he look when he came in?"

"He seemed vexed, but that was very natural."

"What clothes did he wear?"

"Those he had on when he was arrested."

"You noticed nothing unusual about him?"

"Nothing."

#### X.

STANDING a little behind Monsieur Méchainet, I could watch Madame Monistrol's face at my leisure, and detect the most trifling expressions of feeling.

She seemed overwhelmed with grief, large tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and yet at times I fancied I could detect, in the depths of her large blue eyes, something like a gleam of joy.

Could she be guilty? I thought.

And this idea, which had already occurred to me, presenting itself still more obstinately to my mind, I hastily advanced and said, brusquely, —

"But you, madame, where were you during this fatal evening, while your husband was going on his useless errand to Montrouge, to find his workman?"

She looked at me with a bewildered gaze, and answered gently, —

"I was here, monsieur, there are witnesses who will prove it."

"Witnesses!"

"Yes, monsieur. It was so warm that evening that I wanted some ice-cream, but did not care to eat it alone. So I sent my servant to invite two of my neighbors, Madame Dorstrich, the wife of the shoemaker, whose shop adjoins ours, and Madame Rinaille, the glove-seller opposite.

They accepted my invitation, and stayed here until half past eleven. Ask them; they will tell you so. Amid the cruel trials to which I am subjected, this accidental circumstance is a special favor of Providence."

Was it an accidental circumstance?

This was the question Monsieur Méchiné and I asked each other, with a glance as rapid as lightning.

When chance is so very intelligent, serves a cause so aptly, it is difficult not to suspect it of having been a little arranged.

But this was not the right moment to reveal the depths of our thoughts.

"You have never been suspected, madame," said Monsieur Méchiné shamelessly.

"The worst that could be supposed, is that your husband told you something about the crime before committing it."

"Monsieur, if you knew us —"

"Stop! Your business is not very prosperous, we have been told, you are embarrassed.

"Temporarily, yes, but —"

"Your husband must have been unhappy and anxious about this precarious situation. He must have grieved especially for your sake, for you, whom he worships, you who are young and beautiful, for you far more than himself, he must have ardently desired the luxuries and pleasures wealth procures."

"Monsieur, I tell you once more, my husband is innocent."

Monsieur Méchiné, reflecting deeply, seemed to be filling his nose with snuff, then he said suddenly, —

"Deuce take it! Then how do you explain his confession? An innocent man, who declares himself guilty at the bare mention of the crime of which he is suspected, is rare, madame."

A fleeting blush crimsoned the young wife's face.

For the first time her glance, till now frank and clear, became wandering and troubled.

"I suppose," she replied in an indistinct voice, with a fresh burst of tears, "I think that my husband, terrified and bewildered at finding himself accused of so great a crime, lost his senses."

Monsieur Méchiné shook his head.

"Perhaps," said he, "a passing frenzy might be admitted, but this morning, after a long night spent in reflection, Monsieur Monistrol persisted in his confession."

Was this true? Did my worthy neigh-

bor invent it, or before calling for me, had he gone to the prefecture to get the latest intelligence?

However this might be, the young wife seemed on the point of fainting, and hiding her face between her hands, she murmured, —

"Merciful heaven! My poor husband has gone mad."

This was not my opinion.

Convinced henceforward, that I was playing a part in a farce, and the young wife's despair was only a lie, I asked myself whether, for certain reasons that escaped my detection, she had not determined the terrible resolution taken by her husband, and whether, if he were innocent, she did not know the real criminal.

After addressing a few words of commonplace consolation to the young wife, Monsieur Méchiné gave her to understand that she would dispel many prejudices by assisting with a good grace in a minute examination of her home.

She seized upon this opening with an eagerness that was evidently unfeigned.

"Look, gentlemen," said she, "examine, rummage everywhere. You will do me a service. And it won't take long. We have only the shop, the back shop, where we are now, our servant's room in the sixth story, and a little cellar. Here are the keys."

To my great astonishment, Monsieur Méchiné accepted them, and appeared to be making the most thorough and patient investigations.

What was his object? He must have some secret purpose, for the search would evidently end in nothing.

When he had apparently finished, he said, —

"The cellar is still to be examined."

"I'll take you there, monsieur," said Madame Monistrol.

And instantly, taking a lighted candle, she led us across a courtyard upon which a second door in the back shop opened, and guided us by a very slippery staircase to a door, which she unlocked for us, saying, —

"Here it is — walk in, gentlemen."

I began to understand.

My worthy neighbor had scrutinized the cellar with a rapid, practised glance. It was in wretched order. A small cask of beer stood in one corner, and directly opposite, fastened by sticks of wood, was a hogshead of wine, furnished with a wooden tap. On the right were ranged about fifty full bottles.

Monsieur Méchiné did not lose sight



of these bottles, and found an opportunity to move one after another.

What I saw, he also noticed; not one was sealed with green wax.

So the cork I had picked up, and which had served to protect the point of the murderer's weapon, did not come from the Monistrols' cellar.

"Well," said Monsieur Méchainet, feigning disappointment, "I find nothing — we can go back."

We did so, but not in the same order that we had gone down, for in returning I went first.

I therefore opened the door of the back shop, and the Monistrols' dog instantly rushed at me, barking so furiously that I started back.

"The deuce! it's your savage dog," said Monsieur Méchainet to the young wife. She had already driven it away by a wave of the hand.

"No, indeed, he isn't savage," she replied, "only a good watch-dog. We are jewellers, more exposed to thieves than other shop-keepers, so we trained him."

Mechanically, as one always does after having been threatened by a dog, I called this one by its name, which I knew.

"Pluto! Pluto!"

But instead of approaching me, the animal drew back, growling and showing its sharp teeth.

"Oh, it's useless for you to call him," said madame thoughtlessly, "he won't follow you."

"Why so?"

"Because he is faithful, like all dogs of that breed, and will obey no one but his master and myself."

This apparently unimportant remark was a flash of light to me. Without reflecting, for more hasty than I should be now, I exclaimed, —

"Then where was this faithful dog on the evening of the crime, madame?"

This point-blank question produced such an effect upon her, that she almost dropped the candlestick she still held in her hand.

"I don't know," she stammered, "I don't remember."

"Perhaps he followed your husband."

"Why, yes, now I seem to recollect."

"Then he is trained to follow carriages, for you told us you went to the omnibus with your husband."

She was silent, and I was about to continue, when Monsieur Méchainet interrupted me. Far from taking advantage of the young wife's agitation, he seemed to be trying to soothe her, and after having

urged her to obey the summons of the magistrate, drew me away.

"Have you lost your senses?" said he, when we were outside.

The reproach wounded me.

"Is it losing my senses," I retorted, "to find the solution of the problem? I have it. Monistrol's dog will guide us to the truth."

My eagerness drew a smile from my old neighbor, who answered in a fatherly tone, —

"You are right," said he, "and I understand you perfectly. Only if Madame Monistrol has guessed your suspicions, the dog will die or vanish before this evening."

## XI.

I HAD certainly committed a great piece of imprudence, but nevertheless I had found the weak point in the armor, the joint by which the most solid system of defence could be shattered.

I, a volunteer, had seen clearly where the old stager in the detective force was merely groping his way.

Another man would have been jealous and borne me a grudge. He was not one of that sort.

He thought only of turning my lucky discovery to account, and, as he said, it ought not to be impossible, now that the case turned upon a fixed fact.

We therefore entered a neighboring restaurant, to consult about the matter while breakfasting.

This was the state of the problem, which an hour before had seemed insoluble.

It was proved that Monistrol was innocent. Why had he declared himself guilty?

We thought we could guess, but that was not the question at present.

We were equally sure that Madame Monistrol had not stirred from her house on the evening of the murder. But everything proved that she was morally an accomplice in the crime, that she had been aware of it, even if she had not advised and planned it, and consequently was well acquainted with the assassin.

Who was this assassin?

A man whom Monistrol's dog followed as it did its owners, since he had made it follow him when he went to the Batignolles.

So it was some one who was an intimate friend of the Monistrol family.

He must hate the husband, however, since he had combined all the circum-

stances with infernal skill to throw suspicion upon the unfortunate man.

On the other hand, he must be very dear to the wife, since, knowing him, she would not give him up, unhesitatingly sacrificing her husband to him.

Then —

Oh! the conclusion was reduced to a formula. The assassin could only be a miserable hypocrite, who had abused the husband's affection and confidence, to win the love of the wife.

In short, Madame Monistrol, belying her reputation, undoubtedly had a lover, and this lover was necessarily the criminal.

Full of this certainty, I racked my brains to discover some infallible stratagem that would enable us to reach the scoundrel.

"This is the way we ought to operate, I think," I said to Monsieur Méchiné. Madame Monistrol and the murderer must have agreed that after the crime they would not see each other for some time; this is the most elementary prudence. But ere long the woman will grow impatient, and want to see her accomplice. Let us station a spy near her, who will follow her everywhere, and before twice forty-eight hours the affair will be settled."

Monsieur Méchiné paused a moment before replying, mumbling a few unintelligible words.

Then, suddenly bending towards me, he said, —

"You haven't hit it. You have the genius of the profession, that I don't deny, but you lack experience. Fortunately I have it. What! a remark about the crime puts you on the scent, and you don't follow it up."

"How so?"

"This faithful dog must be utilized."

"I don't understand."

"Then learn to wait. Madame Monistrol will go out about two o'clock, to reach the Palais de Justice at three, the little servant will be alone in the shop — you'll see, that's all I shall tell you."

And in fact my entreaties were useless, he would say nothing more, avenging himself for his defeat by this very innocent bit of malice. Willing or not, I had to accompany him to the nearest café, where he made me play dominoes.

I played badly, being absorbed in thought, and he was shamefully taking advantage of it to beat me, when the clock struck two.

"Up, to our posts!" he said, dropping the dominoes.

He paid the bill, we went out, and the

instant after were again standing like sentinels in the doorway, from which we had watched the approaches to Monistrol's shop.

We had not been there ten minutes, when Madame Monistrol appeared on the threshold, dressed in black, with a large *crêpe* veil, like a widow.

"A beautiful toilette in which to appear before the magistrate," grumbled Monsieur Méchiné.

She gave her little servant a few orders and walked rapidly away.

My companion waited patiently five minutes, and when he supposed the young wife was a long distance off, said, —

"It is time."

We entered the jewelry shop a second time.

The little servant was there alone, sitting behind the counter, nibbling a piece of candy stolen from her mistress.

As we entered, she recognized us, and started up blushing and terrified.

But Monsieur Méchiné, without giving her time to open her lips, asked, —

"Where is Madame Monistrol?"

"She has gone out, sir."

"You are deceiving me. She's in the back shop."

"I assure you she isn't, gentlemen. Look for yourselves."

Monsieur Méchiné, with an air of the greatest annoyance, struck his forehead exclaiming, —

"How unfortunate it is, how sorry that poor Madame Monistrol will be!"

And as the little servant stared at him with open mouth and eyes dilated with astonishment, he continued, —

"But perhaps you can take your mistress's place, my pretty girl. I came back because I have lost the address of the gentleman she asked me to visit."

"What gentleman?"

"You know very well, Monsieur — there now, I've forgotten his name! Monsieur — zounds, you know him! The gentleman your confounded dog obeys so well."

"Oh! Monsieur Victor."

"Yes, that's it. What does the gentleman do?"

"He's a journeyman jeweller, — a great friend of my master. They worked together when Monsieur Monistrol was a journeyman jeweller, and that's why he can do anything he likes with Pluto."

"Then you can tell me where Monsieur Victor lives."

"Certainly. He lives in the Rue du Roi-Doré, No. 23."

The poor girl seemed delighted to be so well informed, and I could not help feeling sorry to hear her so unsuspiciously denounce her mistress.

Monsieur Méchainet, who was more hardened, had no such scruples, and even closed the scene with a sorry jest.

Just as I opened the door for us to retire, —

"Thank you," he said to the young girl, "thank you. You have just done Madame Monistrol a great service, and she will be delighted."

## XII.

As soon as we were on the sidewalk, I had but one idea.

To rush to the Rue du Roi-Doré and arrest this Victor, the real criminal, was evidently the first thing to be done.

A few words from Monsieur Méchainet fell upon my enthusiasm like a shower bath.

"And the law," said he. "Without a warrant from the examining magistrate, I can do nothing. We must go to the Palais de Justice."

"But we shall meet Madame Monistrol, and if she sees us, she will warn her accomplice."

"Be it so," replied Monsieur Méchainet with ill-disguised bitterness, "be it so. The criminal will escape, and the forms of the law will be satisfied. But I can avert this danger. Walk on, walk faster."

And in fact the hope of success gave him the speed of a deer. On reaching the Palais de Justice, he went up the steep staircase leading to the magistrates' rooms four steps at a time, and speaking to the head sheriff, asked if the magistrate who had charge of the case of *the little old man of the Batignolles* was in his office.

"Yes," replied the officer, "with a witness, a young lady dressed in black."

"That's undoubtedly she," said my companion.

Then, turning to the officer, he continued, —

"You know me. Give me some materials to write a few words for you to take to the magistrate."

The officer went away with the note, and soon returned to tell us that the magistrate would see us in No. 9.

To receive Monsieur Méchainet, he had borrowed the office of one of his colleagues, leaving Madame Monistrol in his own room under the care of his clerk.

"What is it?" he asked, in a tone that enabled me to measure the gulf that sep-

arated a magistrate from a poor detective.

Monsieur Méchainet briefly and clearly related the steps we had taken, their results, and our hopes.

Need I say that the magistrate did not appear to share our belief?

"But since Monistrol confesses," he repeated with an obstinacy that exasperated me.

However, after numerous explanations, he said, —

"I will sign a warrant."

Once in possession of this indispensable document, Monsieur Méchainet went away so fast that I nearly fell as I rushed down the staircase after him. A *fiacre* horse couldn't have kept up with us. I doubt if we were fifteen minutes in going to the Rue Roi-Doré.

But when we were once there, "Be careful," said Monsieur Méchainet. And with the calmest air in the world, he entered the narrow hall of the house bearing the number 23.

"Monsieur Victor?" he said to the concierge.

"Fourth floor, right hand door."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes."

Monsieur Méchainet took a step towards the staircase, then seeming to change his mind, turned again to the concierge, saying, —

"I must treat this worthy Victor to a bottle of good wine. Do you know to what shop he goes?"

"The one opposite."

We rushed across the street, and Monsieur Méchainet, with the air of a customer, ordered, —

"One bottle, if you please, of the best; the green seal."

Upon my honor, that idea had never occurred to me during all this time! And yet it was very simple.

The bottle having been brought, my companion produced the cork found on Monsieur Pigoreau's floor, and it was easy for us to prove the identity of the wax.

Positive certainty was now added to moral conviction, and Monsieur Méchainet knocked at Victor's door with a firm hand.

"Come in," called a pleasant voice.

The key was in the door, we entered, and in a very neat room I saw a man about thirty years old, with a slight figure, pale complexion, and fair hair, who was working at a bench.

Our presence did not seem to disturb him.

Monsieur Méchainet advanced, and, seizing him by the arm, said, —

"I arrest you in the name of the law!"

The man turned livid, but did not cast down his eyes.

"Are you playing a trick on me?" he said insolently. "What have I done?"

Monsieur Méchainet shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't act like a child," said he, "your account is settled. You were seen to leave Père Anténor's rooms, and I have in my pocket the cork you used to prevent the point of your dagger from breaking."

This was like a blow on the rascal's neck. He sank into his chair, stammering, —

"I am innocent."

"Tell that to the magistrate," said Monsieur Méchainet coolly, "but I'm afraid he won't believe you. Your accomplice, Monistrol's wife, has confessed all."

Victor started up as if he had been moved by a spring.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "She knew nothing —"

"Then you did it alone? Very well. That's so much confessed."

Then addressing himself to me, like a man sure of his facts, he continued, —

"Search the drawers, my dear Monsieur Godeuil, you'll probably find this fine fellow's dagger, and undoubtedly his Dulcinea's love-letters."

The murderer's eyes gleamed with rage, and he ground his teeth, but Monsieur Méchainet's broad shoulders and iron grasp extinguished all desire to resist.

I found in a bureau drawer everything my companion had told me to expect.

Twenty minutes after, Victor, "neatly packed," that is the expression, in a *fiacre*, between my companion and myself, was rolling towards the prefecture of police.

"What," said I to myself, bewildered by the simplicity of the scene, "is the arrest of an assassin, a man doomed to the scaffold, so easy as this?"

I was to learn afterwards, to my cost, that there were more terrible criminals.

Victor, when he found himself in a cell, believing that he was lost, broke down and related all the particulars of his crime.

He had known Père Pigoreau a long

time, he said. His principal object in murdering him, was to bring the punishment for the crime upon Monistrol. That was why he had dressed like him and been followed by Pluto. When the old man was once assassinated, he had had the horrible courage to dip the finger of the corpse in the blood to trace the five letters, *Monis*, which had nearly destroyed an innocent man.

"It was cleverly arranged," he said with cynical boasting. "If I had succeeded, I should have killed two birds with one stone, got rid of my friend Monistrol, whom I hate, and of whom I am jealous, and enriched the woman I love."

It was simple and terrible, certainly.

"Unfortunately, my lad," observed Monsieur Méchainet, "you lost your wits at the last moment. People are never thorough. It was the left hand of the body that you dipped in the blood."

Victor started up.

"What!" he cried, "is that what betrayed me?"

"Precisely."

The scoundrel raised his arms to heaven, with the gesture of an unappreciated genius.

"That comes of being a real artist!" he cried.

Then, eyeing us from head to foot with a pitying air, he added, —

"Père Pigoreau was left-handed!"

The criminal's prompt detection was owing to an error in the examination.

This lesson was not lost upon me. I fortunately remembered it in other very dramatic circumstances, which I shall relate at some future time.

Monistrol was set at liberty the next day.

When the magistrate reproached him for the false confession that had exposed justice to a terrible error, he could get no answer except, —

"I love my wife, I wanted to sacrifice myself for her, I believed her guilty."

Was she guilty? I would swear it.

She was arrested, but acquitted by the same court that sentenced Victor to the galleys for life.

Monsieur and Madame Monistrol now keep a wine-shop of by no means good repute at Vincennes. Their uncle's fortune is squandered, and they are in abject poverty.

J. B. CASIMIR GODEUIL.

From The Contemporary Review.  
MORALITY IN POLITICS.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IN private life it is an accepted doctrine that "honesty is the best policy." Men do really believe it, and for the most part act upon it. There are a great many things which we never think of doing, however immediately expedient they may seem to be, because of the unquestionable immorality which attaches to the doing of them. For example, if over a family of children, or over any society or company of men, there were placed a guardian or a governor or a trustee who was friendly to ourselves, and who might in many ways be acting in our interest, but who on the other hand was exercising an immoral, or cruel, or debasing influence over those under him, we should consider it, in private life, a flagitious act to do our best to keep him in authority, or to shield him against the punishment he deserved.

Recent discussions on the Eastern question prove that no similar doctrine is accepted or believed as regards our national dealings with other people. On the contrary, it is the accepted doctrine with many men of the highest private character, that such doctrines are not applicable to the policy of nations; that they are mere "sentimentality" unworthy of statesmen; and that provided it is for our own immediate interest to do so, we may act towards the people of another nation in a spirit and for purposes which would be universally recognized as shameful in the transactions of private life.

This is the result of "politics." I do not mean party politics, or the mere effect of allegiance to party leaders, or of discipline in a party organization. It is only an accident that this result has lately been seen specially associated with what is called Conservatism or Toryism. It is true indeed that there is a natural tendency among Liberals to sympathize more or less actively with insurrections in support of popular liberties; and there is a corresponding tendency among Conservatives to sympathize with governments against insurgents, however bad those governments may be. And so far as these two natural tendencies go, they have had their effect on the attitude of the two parties in the Eastern question. The fact, too, that at the present moment a Conservative government happens to be in office, and that it is their policy which is accused of immorality, determines the attitude of all zealous partisans in favor of the policy in

question. But beyond this there is no natural connection between Conservatism and a low morality in politics. On the contrary I should be disposed to say that the natural connection is the other way. The utilitarian theory of morals is generally regarded with antipathy by Tories, and has in point of fact been specially associated with the prophets and apostles of radicalism. Yet in the Eastern question we have had this theory applied in the coarsest form by Tory secretaries of state — members and representatives of the old English universities where the doctrines of an independent morality have hitherto found an illustrious home. Indeed I am wronging the utilitarian theory of morals, as it has latterly been purged and corrected by its most distinguished teachers, when I connect it with the flagrant caricatures presented in the late speeches and writings of Conservatives both in and out of office, in relation to our policy on the Eastern question. The doctrines thus proclaimed are doctrines which Jeremy Bentham would have considered coarse, and which the higher instincts of John Stuart Mill would have repudiated with indignation and disgust.

Seeing, then, that these doctrines have only an accidental and temporary connection with the Conservative party, and are widely sympathized in beyond its ranks, the popularity of these doctrines with large classes of men who are themselves as good and virtuous as their opponents, is clearly due to the unquestionable fact that the ordinary principles and maxims of morality are not generally admitted to be applicable to such questions of policy as have been raised by the Eastern question.

I propose in this paper to examine very shortly what those principles and maxims are, as applicable to the case, and to indicate what appears to have been the natural result of our failure to recognize and to act upon them.\*

There is at least one doctrine of international morality which really is accepted, and universally acknowledged to be binding — and that is the obligation of abiding by the faith of treaties. Indeed it is under the cover of this plea that politicians have retreated, when the real objects they had in view, and the real motives by which they were actuated, were very different. Thus it has been said over and over again, that we are bound by treaty not to interfere in the internal affairs of the government of Turkey. But the fact is that there is no such obligation laid upon us by any treaty. What is referred to when

this allegation is made, is the ninth article of the General Treaty of Peace of 1856. This article has been constantly referred to as constituting an engagement on the part of the European powers that they are not "either collectively or separately to mix themselves up in the relations of the sultan with his subjects, nor in the interior administration of his empire." But this ninth article contains no such engagement. All that it says is this — that the "communication" to the powers in the form of an article by the Porte of its promised reforms on behalf of its Christian subjects, is not to be held as giving the right to other powers to interfere, etc. But nobody asserts that the right of these powers to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey rests on this "communication" by the Porte. It rests on facts of a very different order, and on considerations of a very different kind. Of all or of any of these the treaty says nothing. If the powers had intended to repudiate and renounce forever any right, in any contingency or in any circumstances, to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey, it would have been very easy to frame an article to this effect. The article which was actually framed, and was actually signed, is nothing more than this — that the Porte, in promising before the others powers of Europe to reform its administration as regards the interests of its Christian subjects, was not to be held as thereby acknowledging a right of interference which must in its very nature be exceptionable, and can never be expressly admitted by any State pretending to be independent. Nothing could be more just or reasonable than this declaration against any attempt to entrap Turkey into an admission of its own subjection, by taking advantage of the promises it consented to embody in the treaty; and it was in entire consistence with the sincere desire of the European powers to give Turkey another chance of establishing itself in Europe as capable of civilization, and of ceasing to be a standing danger to the peace of the world.

It is vain, therefore, to found upon this treaty any plea that the accepted doctrines of international morality in respect to treaty obligations, demand on our part abstention from any interference with the internal affairs of Turkey. If we do interfere, we are bound not to found or defend our action on any allegation that Turkey has admitted our right to do so. She has not admitted it, and we must not pretend that she has. This is all. Whatever

moral elements, then, there may be affecting the question of interfering or not interfering in the internal affairs of Turkey, they have nothing to do with any treaty obligation, neither have they anything to do with any abstract principle which can be alleged respecting the general legitimacy or illegitimacy of foreign interventions in the domestic concerns of other States. The general rule, indeed, must, of course, be the rule of non-intervention. Any other would be simply impossible, and, if it were possible, would be the fountain of perpetual wars. Obvious utility in this kind and degree, although it can never be the ultimate basis of morality, does unquestionably determine the particular course of conduct which is prescribed by duty. The presumption must, therefore, in all cases be in favor of non-intervention. Special circumstances and special considerations of very many and of very various kinds can alone determine the cases in which we may be called upon to depart from this rule. But, on the other hand, there may be some circumstances, and certain combinations of circumstance, which may make the departure from the rule a matter of the most solemn and immediate obligation.

It follows from this that no presumption can be raised against interference in one case, because no such interference has been practised in another. Hence the fallacy of the arguments raised on the passive attitude which Europe has maintained in respect to the real or alleged outrages which have been perpetrated by the Russian government against the Poles, or against certain Polish sects. Nobody alleges that it is a regular or standing duty of governments to watch and check each other in their treatment of their own people. Measured by the standard of the Western nations, the Russian is still a semi-barbarous and an oppressed government. It has, moreover, some peculiar features which must necessitate a policy inconsistent with what we understand by religious toleration. The intimate association of temporal and spiritual power, which makes the czar almost a pope, together with the deadly antagonism which the Eastern Church, especially the Russian branch of it, entertains towards the aggressive and arrogant pretensions of Rome, are enough to account for the violent and oppressive proceedings which the Russian autocracy is reported to have taken lately against a Romanizing sect. These proceedings are probably only too much in accordance with the spirit of the

great body of the Russian people, and of the politico-ecclesiastical system under which they live. But the Western nations have no share of responsibility, however remote, in that system, or in its results. If, indeed, the persecuted sects in Russia were driven into rebellion, and if we were to use our influence in any way, directly or indirectly, to thwart or frustrate their efforts for freedom, then, unquestionably, a large share of the responsibility would be ours, and we should be guilty of an unjust and immoral act.

And this is the immorality of which, to some extent, we have been guilty in the case of Turkey, and of which we should have been still more deeply guilty if the government had really adopted to its full extent the policy which their language too often indicated, and which, with unblushing front, was urged upon them by a large party in the press and in the country. Moreover, the immorality involved in supporting the Turkish government against its subjects is far greater than the immorality which would be involved in any other case of rendering help to an oppressive government. And this, because we have a very large share of responsibility in the very existence of that government. For very many years the Turkish government has lived, and lived only, upon the mutual jealousies of the Christian nations. The doctrine has grown up that the Turks are a garrison occupying a certain country in the interests and in the defence of a particular distribution of political power which it is desirable to maintain. I do not say that there is any immorality in this doctrine considered in itself. To defend weak states against the aggressive ambition of stronger powers is in itself a legitimate policy, and may often be prescribed by the highest considerations of duty. Nor is there necessarily any element of immorality in the policy which is friendly to the maintenance of a "balance of power" in Europe. It may be right and necessary in a thousand cases to resist overgrown monarchies or overgrown republics. These were the main elements which determined our conduct in the Crimean War — conduct which recommended itself all the more easily to the national conscience from the fact that in the particular circumstances out of which the quarrel then arose between Turkey and Russia, Turkey was unquestionably in the right, and Russia was unquestionably in the wrong, pursuing an exclusive policy by an odious combination of violence and of fraud. But the part which the Western powers took

in that quarrel, and the effective aid which they gave to Turkey, above all, the agreement which they came to among themselves that they would admit Turkey to a new position in the family of European nations, and support her in that position by special guarantees,—these circumstances did of necessity involve them in responsibilities altogether new towards the population subject to the government of the Porte. That government became, to a large extent, their child and creature. Its promises of amendment and reform were uttered in their ear; and, although they entrusted the fulfilment of those promises entirely to itself, they neither did nor could repudiate the burden which must fall upon them in the event of that trust being falsified and betrayed.

The simple fact is that our intervention in the foreign relations of Turkey, with a view to her protection from external enemies, is necessarily in itself the most violent of all possible forms of interference in her internal affairs. This would not be true of similar action on behalf of any other government in Europe. But it is strictly true of such action on behalf of the Turks, because of the peculiar fact that the government of the Turks is the government of a small minority "alien in blood, in language, and religion" from those over whom they rule. The external enemies of Turkey are, on the contrary, more or less the kindred in blood, in language, and in religion, with the subject population. If the mutual jealousies of the surrounding governments lead them to maintain this minority in power, they must necessarily run the risk of aggravating its tyranny and oppression in proportion as they relieve it from the fear of insurrections aided by the sympathies of surrounding populations. This is the natural check on bad governments. It is a check from which even the best government, founded on conquest, could not be safely exempted, and without which the peculiar vices of the Turks must necessarily tend to reach a rank and a terrible luxuriance.

And such, accordingly, we know by overwhelming evidence to have been the actual result. Twenty years of peace and of protection from external violence have seen no reform, but only a descent from one low level to another depth still lower of personal corruption, and of corresponding administrative oppression. There has been the confessed violation of every promise solemnly given in the face of Europe, that the Christian subjects of the Porte should



be admitted to some of the commonest rights of humanity, and this violation has gone on in the face of remonstrances, of exhortation, and of warnings perpetually renewed by one or other, or by all of the guaranteeing and protecting powers.

Can any man doubt what is the course which under such circumstances would be demanded of us by the most imperative considerations of personal honor, if the ordinary principles of morality were acknowledged as they ought to be in politics? We are bound either to withdraw from that oppressive intervention in the domestic affairs of Turkey which saves its government from the natural consequences of its vices and its crimes, or else we are bound to complete that intervention in a manner which shall give to its people so much at least of political liberty as will secure their life, their property, and their honor.

Yet, strange as it seems to many of us now, and stranger as it will seem to a still greater number in future times, there has been a great party in this country, embracing probably a majority of the classes which specially claim to be political, who have failed to recognize this obvious demand of honor. They have proclaimed that our assumed national interest in the existing distribution of power among the states of Europe, is the first consideration to be kept in view in determining the policy to be pursued; that the protection of the Christian population of Turkey from oppression, though a desirable object in itself, is of quite secondary importance; and that it ought not to induce us either to withdraw our protection from the Turkish government, or even to run the risk of weakening it by the employment of external pressure to impose reforms.

This deliberate sacrifice of the clear demands of honor and of justice towards some twelve or fifteen millions of people, for the sake of the assumed immediate convenience of a political interest, is a flagrant example of the low standard of morality which prevails in politics. The men who are guilty of it are, for the most part, either wholly unconscious of doing any wrong, or have only that half consciousness of it which is easily satisfied by verbal reprobation of the Turks, and by eager protestations that it is not for the sake of the Turks but solely for the sake of British interests that they would support a government which they acknowledge to be "unspeakably" bad. The doctrine so familiar in private life, that what is certainly unjust cannot possibly turn out to

be even expedient, never seems to occur to politicians under the influence of traditional views of policy, with which considerations of morality are not suffered to interfere, and to which its maxims are openly declared to be inapplicable. This condition of things, and this temper of mind, have been expressed in words so manfully open and honest by Sir H. Elliot in his famous despatch of September 4th, 1876, that I reproduce those words here as the best illustration of what I mean. And, in doing so, I must protest against being supposed to imply any blame to our late ambassador at Constantinople. His words do not go one iota beyond the feeling and the temper of thousands of politicians in this country who personally are as humane, amiable, and honorable as their opponents in all those concerns of life into which the moral code has been allowed to enter. Here is that temper and that feeling expressed without circumlocution, and without exaggeration:—

To the accusation of being a blind partisan of the Turks, I will only answer that my conduct here has never been guided by any sentimental affection for them, but by a firm determination to uphold the interests of Great Britain to the utmost of my power; and that those interests are deeply engaged in preventing the disruption of the Turkish empire is a conviction which I share in common with the most eminent statesmen who have directed our foreign policy, but which appears now to be abandoned by shallow politicians or persons who have allowed their feelings of revolted humanity to make them forget the capital interests involved in the question.

We may and must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down, but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves, is not affected by the question whether it was ten or twenty thousand persons who perished in the suppression.

We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us all cannot be a sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with a due regard to our own interests.

It would be most unjust to strain the incautious wording of the paragraph in this despatch which refers to the massacres. I do not read these words as meaning that the extent of those massacres is to be regarded as in itself a matter of indifference. All that was intended is, that as compared with the political interests at

stake in our support of the Turks, the sufferings they may inflict on the subject population are a matter of comparative unimportance. This is the "sentiment" common in "society." I venture to think it is essentially an immoral sentiment, and that under every disguise it ought to be denounced as such. When stated so nakedly as it is stated here, and when specially connected with the slaughter of even a small number of unarmed men and of defenceless women and children, it shocks the public conscience, because this is a kind of horror which takes hold of the popular mind, and which is not mitigated by the illusions either of military glory, or of political necessity. But the immorality of the sentiment would have been quite as great if there had been no massacres, — assuming, of course, that the ordinary and permanent administrative system of the Turks is what we well know it to be.

No doubt there are a great number of persons who are really ignorant of the abominable character of the Turkish government; and there are a still greater number who refuse to inquire too closely, and who administer a salve to their conscience by dwelling upon certain aspects of that government in which it may, by a little suppression of facts, be represented as having certain positive merits. For example, they dwell on the unquestionable fact that it has been friendly to the Jews, and that it tolerates equally every Church or sect of Christianity. But this equal toleration is nothing but equal and indiscriminate contempt, coupled with the very natural feeling entertained by Turks that the more Christians quarrel and are divided among themselves, the better for the Moslem. Certain missionaries, indeed, highly value this indifference, because it gives them more free scope for operations having for their aim to proselytize among the Eastern Churches in favor of a reformed theology. And it is indeed perfectly possible and even probable that any one of the Christian governments which might be substituted for that of Turkey would not be equally indifferent to operations of this kind. But nobody who chooses to look at facts as they are, could be deceived for a moment by this partial and temporary convenience, one which arises out of the very condition of Moslem tyranny over the whole non-Moslem population. Men who dwell upon this convenience or advantage, such as it is, choose to forget that the whole Christian population equally are subjected by the Turks to this most odious and cruel of all forms of

persecution, — that their evidence is not allowed to be received in any cause in which they are adversely related to a Moslem. Considering that all the officials, both executive and judicial, are notoriously corrupt, and that the very police of the country is left to pay itself out of arbitrary exactions from the people — considering farther that the law and custom of the country sanctions the rape of Christian women if by force or fraud they can be converted into Moslems\* — this one disability in respect to the reception of Christian evidence before the courts, constitutes in itself, and in its innumerable consequences, a systematic persecution of the most abominable kind. Men who, in the face of the knowledge of such facts as these, can speak of the toleration of the Turks, must be hard pressed indeed for some excuses to their own conscience in the selfish policy they recommend.

Another favorite excuse is the pretence that it is not possible to find any substitute for the Turks. No substitute for a people which has desolated every province subject to its rule, which is bankrupt in purse and in character, and whose systematic principles of government are founded on an insolent and barbarous fanaticism! Here again we have proof of the facility with which men will pass off upon themselves, as well as upon others, any argument, however rotten, which can administer some anodyne to an uneasy conscience. In comparatively recent times several large fragments of Turkey have been detached from this precious, this indispensable government for which no substitute can be found; and although the administration of these detached provinces may leave something to be desired, it is certain that they are more than tolerable — that they are fairly good. Moreover, it is known that as compared with the provinces still enslaved under Turkey, these revolted and independent States are as the promised land, to which all eyes are turned by the Christian subjects of the Porte. The simple truth is that any change must be for the better in Turkey; and those only who, being thoroughly comfortable themselves, choose not to think of or to realize the daily life and sufferings of others, can talk with doubt as to the possibility of devising for the Christian popu-

\* See despatch from Mr. Baring, Nov. 24, 1876, from Philipopolis: "I suggested that the act of carrying off the girls (from Batak) was in itself an illegal one, but I was told that by Turkish law a man could not be punished for carrying off a woman, provided he married her."

lation of Turkey some more tolerable rule.

Another excuse, stamped with the same character, is the pretence that foreign interference is more likely to do harm than good. This pretence is put forward in the face of that recent experience of an European intervention in Syria, which was called for by similar outrages on the part of Turkish officials, and which has been followed by a complete success. The simple remedy which has been found efficacious in that case is one which at first was capable of extensive application—the remedy, namely, of insisting that the administration of provinces shall be placed in the hands of men in whom the protecting powers could have confidence. Even if it were true that these or other provinces of Turkey are as yet absolutely incapable of self-government in a popular form—even if centralized and more or less despotic powers must still be placed in the hands of governors—there was no difficulty whatever in taking measures to secure that these governors should not be, as the vast majority of Turkish pashas are, corrupt, cruel, and fanatic.

But then comes another excuse: it is said that to choose governors for Turkish provinces would have been incompatible with the “independence” of the Porte. Yet many of those who use this argument are perfectly aware that all our representatives in Turkey—from the ambassador down to the pettiest vice-consul—are, and have long been, in the constant habit of treating the Porte, both by word and deed, in a spirit of supreme contempt. It is addressed by these officials on all possible occasions in language wholly inconsistent with the very idea of Turkey being a government on a level with the Christian governments of Europe. We interfere systematically with the administration of the law on the ground openly declared that the courts are corrupt, and that the Christian subjects of the Porte must depend for any hope of justice upon the close and vigilant watchfulness of British agents. It is only when the same principle is asserted by some other European power of which we are jealous or afraid, that we fall back upon this imposture of what politicians are pleased to call Turkish independence.

But there is another excuse which itself appeals to what professes to be a moral sentiment—the sentiment, namely, which aims at the maintenance of “peace.” When this sentiment is appealed to by

members of the Society of Friends, I may fail to understand, indeed, the applicability of such principles to the existing conditions of human society, but I am sure of the good faith of those who express the religious convictions of a body which is eminently sincere. No branch of the Christian Church has been more conspicuous in their application to the concerns of life, both public and private, of those maxims of morality which they have themselves drawn from the religion they profess. But I have a very different feeling when “peace” is spoken of as the supreme good by politicians who would not hesitate for a moment in waging the most bloody war in defence of some bales of cotton or a few chests of opium. Neither can I profess any sympathy with, or even understanding of, the sentiments of those who talk as if war, or measures involving the risks of war, are illegitimate in the interests of populations which, by our own connivance with, and actual support of the oppressors, are suffering under a tyranny which is perpetually shocking the conscience and disturbing the peace of the civilized world. If the great majority of those who hold this language would but examine carefully their own hearts and consciences, they would find, I am persuaded, that they are paltering with themselves. It is not war or the risks of war that they really object to. It is war, or the risks of war, which may possibly shake a government which, although odious, immoral, and tyrannical, they have come to be persuaded is convenient to “British interests.” I know indeed that there are some men of the highest character, and of the purest motives, who, rejoicing in the liberties they themselves enjoy, nevertheless look back, or pretend to look back, with theoretical condemnation and regret upon all the action of a former generation by which those liberties were acquired. I often wish that some of these excellent men could be carried back to the times of tyranny, and could be exposed to the alternative of submission or of fight. But indeed no tyranny from which we have been delivered by those who established the liberties of England—no tyranny of the worst days of the Tudors or the Stuarts—is to be compared for a moment with the tyranny under which the Christians of Turkey suffer. What is really desirable is that some of our “British-interests” politicians should be exposed for a time to the Turkish tax-gatherer, and to the domiciliary visits of the minions of Turkish pashas. It would do them a

great deal of good. The doctrines of passive obedience are all very well when they cost us nothing. There may be a few Tories who would stand even such a test. The great majority would probably break down under it. But this cry for "peace at any price," when that price is to be paid, not by ourselves but by others, does not deserve the respect which may be due to the purely theoretical High Toryism which would support every existing government, however bad. The cry for "peace at any price" in the affairs of Turkey, is generally the expression of a feeling purely selfish—a feeling which sees in any disturbance the risk of danger to a condition of things which we admit to be disastrous to some millions of men, but which is assumed to be convenient to ourselves.

In one of the amusing letters in which Mr. Canning used to describe his diplomatic controversies with ambassadors representing the Holy Alliance, we have an account of the way in which he met this kind of desire for peace when it was pleaded by the Austrian minister in favor of a policy hostile to the Greek insurrection:—

CANNING TO LORD GRANVILLE, April 12, 1825.

"We must stop this horrible war," says Esterhazy to me one day.

*Canning:* Must! Why so? I do not mean that I should not be glad to put an end to it, or to any other war in Europe, because wars have a tendency to propagate themselves; and I think peace necessary to all nations; but I have never understood why *this particular war*, of all others, is selected as the one that must be put an end to at whatever cost. I am quite of another opinion; and think the cost may be much greater than the mischief.

*Esterhazy:* Oh! very well for you, at a distance—but to us—with successful insurrection before our eyes, and on our frontiers!

*Canning:* Oh, oh,—you admit then, that there are interests which justify nations in taking their own measures with regard to countries in a state of civil war.

*Esterhazy:* Yes: but not in favor of insurgents against the parent state.

*Canning:* Nay then—what is the meaning of the proposed intervention? Is it to put down the Greeks?

*Esterhazy:* No, not *precisely* that. No, certainly not *that*: it is to discountenance the Greeks, perhaps so far as to let them see that they cannot attain their object, but to exhort the Turks to be reasonable.

History repeats itself. But it is not pleasant to hear the insincere expressions resorted to by Austrian ministers in 1827,

repeated *usque ad nauseam* by English politicians, and this too in connection of the same immoral purpose—that of discouraging or suppressing the efforts of an insurgent people to shake off an incorrigible tyranny.

But all this arises from the fact that men do not generally admit the code of individual morality to be applicable to nations. Of course it is true that there are regions of action in which the rights, duties, and obligations of governments are not identical with those of individual men. But it is not true that the rulers of nations are absolved, in their action towards the people of other nations, from the same general principles of morality which are binding on individuals. In certain matters, and within certain limits, indeed this is acknowledged. But the acknowledgment must be carried a great deal farther. And to effect this great work in politics is the province of "sentiment." This is the faculty in whose gift it is to apprehend some of the highest forms of political truth. Like every other faculty it must work in harmony with the judgment and the reason. But there are some primary matters in which reason must accept the judgment of the heart, and calculate upon the data which it supplies. Men who systematically, and upon principle, shut out "sentiment" from the field of national action, are quite sure to turn out no better than blind leaders of the blind in respect to policy.

That the policy of the British government during the last eighteen months has been deeply influenced by those motives which in this paper I have described as immoral, there can be no doubt. It may not be true that they ever contemplated warlike measures in support of Turkey. But I have no doubt whatever that the condition of public "sentiment," aroused by the massacres of May, helped most materially in preventing them from getting involved in this wickedness. The policy of selfishness was actually pursued quite far enough to bring about its own punishment through the operation of those trains of natural consequence to which nature commits the vindication of all her moral as well as all her physical laws. Never were "British interests," in so far as they are involved at all, placed in a worse position. The only possible way of serving those interests lay in the plain course which honor and morality demanded, namely, that of combining with the other European powers, and if necessary with Russia alone, in compelling Turkey to adopt at

least those easy administrative reforms which were forced upon her in the case of Syria. These would indeed have been only a beginning: but if it was possible or desirable at all to keep up the phantom of Turkish integrity and independence, this was the only possible way of doing it. Instead of this, our Foreign Office was intent, from the first, on nothing but hushing up the Eastern question altogether, on getting the insurrection if possible quietly suppressed, and on forcing the population once more to feed for another indefinite number of weary years, on Turkish promises and on hope deferred. The result has been that the whole matter has for the time been placed in the hands of that very power of which these same politicians were most jealous, and whose designs, whatever they may be, are now being pursued under conditions of advantage which have arisen almost entirely from our own misconduct.

I cannot pretend, however, to regard this result as an unmitigated misfortune. There are evils in this world from which there never yet has been any other means of release than war. There are knots which cannot be untied. The baneful influence of slavery extending as a permanent institution among our children and descendants in America, and becoming there the corrupting centre of all political conduct, was one of those evils. The great mass of the people of this country, unlike the great majority of its professional politicians, did, under the influence of sentiment, see and feel this truth as determining their attitude in the great civil war between the Slave and the Free States. They did so under many distracting influences arising out of the accidents of the contest, under many excuses for taking an opposite view, and under many temptations to think and feel that their own "British interests" would be promoted by recognizing a new commonwealth founded upon slavery. But they resisted all temptation, because through the influence of the heart they apprehended truth. Dreadful as the civil war in America was, there was, humanly speaking, no other remedy for the disease. The same may be said of the Turkish tyranny in Europe. In the history of the world, nothing but war has ever done that which has to be done in Turkey. I venture to disagree with those who talk loosely about Christianity condemning war. No doubt, if all men and all nations were to act up to the whole spirit of the Christian faith, wars would cease, and swords would be everywhere

replaced by the ploughshare and the pruning-hook. But in the existing condition of the world, war is a necessary evil, and by very much indeed less of an evil than the prolonged existence of debasing and corrupting governments. It may even be true that no war is legitimate except defensive war; but it is certainly not true that self and selfish interests are the only things which it is legitimate to defend. There is nothing in the precepts of Christianity which condemns the soldier any more than the policeman. These precepts sow the seed from which will come up and grow, in some later time, those purer manners and holier laws which may dispense with both. But until that time comes they leave the sword in our hands — to be wielded by reason, and by conscience, in a world full of the abodes of cruelty. This has been the language in all ages of the Christian Church. I do not see that the progress of knowledge gives any gleam of hope that this language was mistaken.

It is now the solemn duty of the British nation, as a great war has arisen mainly out of their inaction, to see that through mistaken ideas of self-interest their government does not interfere to prevent the population of Turkey from deriving whatever benefit may arise to them from it. This is the minimum of duty. I should say more. It is our duty to do our best to make those benefits as large and as secure as possible. For this purpose, and for the attainment of this end, our position is not what it was, and very much less good than it might have been. But it is a position which still involves great power and great responsibilities. Fortunately, as regards the political classes of this country, the most obvious considerations of expediency are becoming more and more evidently coincident with the lines of duty. It needs this coincidence to lead men to see the truth. It is this coincidence in the case of Russia which has determined her conduct, and has led to that series of despatches on the Eastern question during the last year, which are remarkable alike for frankness, dignity, and moderation. But all men must now see that our own interests and those of Europe lie in the same direction. It is clearer and clearer every day that there cannot possibly be any peace in the east of Europe till freedom has been secured to the Christian population. It is equally certain that though they might be relieved from many pressing and intolerable evils, they would not have the kind or the degree of liberty they ought to have, by being transferred

to the dominion of Russia. She is a civilizing power in central Asia, but, except as compared with the Turk, she cannot be so regarded in Europe. She will and she must derive many advantages from the part which she has singly taken in a course which ought to have been rendered needless by the co-operation of all. But these advantages, too, or some of them, may be necessary conditions of anything like a permanent settlement of the Eastern question. There are some significant expressions to this effect at the close of the paper contributed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to the recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is too soon to forecast all that may be required for such a settlement. But when the time comes it ought to be remembered that no arrangement can be final, no arrangement can be even lasting for such ordinary length of time as human policy can hold within its grasp, which places any great, or even any considerable people under restrictions incompatible with the natural and peaceful development of their industry and wealth, or incompatible with the due influence which may belong to these in the general politics of Europe.

It is enough here to say that the existing arrangements in regard to the access of European powers to the Bosphorus and Dardanelles are arrangements which originated solely in Turkish policy, and which were taken up and adopted by other powers only in the interests of the "independence" of Turkey. When that independence shall become a memory of the past, as it has long been a fiction of the present, it will become manifest that those arrangements are by no means such as would be recommended by general convenience or by "British interests."

As regards the possible or probable results of this present war, I venture to think that we have no interests which are not identical with the interests of the Christian population of Turkey. I deeply regret that they should have been taught again that in Russian armies lies their only hope of deliverance. But they cannot and do not wish to remain under Russian dominion. Europe has a right to forbid this result. But we have no interest in keeping even Constantinople in its "present hands." Those hands are notoriously corrupt as well as weak. What the Duke of Wellington regarded with hope in 1829 we can afford to regard at least with equanimity in 1877. These are his words, and with these I conclude: "There is no doubt it would have been

more fortunate and better for the world if the Treaty of Adrianople had not been signed, and if the Russians had entered Constantinople, and if the Turkish Empire had been dissolved."

---

PAULINE.

WALES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE LLUGWY.

Dost thou not know I am a wayward man,  
Sullen by fits? — ETHWALD.

SHE knew him in a moment.

He was altered. He was stouter, redder, than he had been. There was a dash of grey on each temple. There was a something — But, in spite of all — perhaps rather because of all — he was even more remarkable-looking than he had been before.

She would have known him in a crowd — have known him anywhere.

As it was, in this quiet place, their eyes met with a flash of instantaneous recognition. A few dizzy moments — a voice in her ears — and then — she passed on.

Met at last! And such a meeting!

The bold look, the swaggering attitude, the contemptuous negligence of dress and demeanor — oh, how her heart throbbed!

*She speak to him? She respond to his leap forward, and exclamation of her name?*

*She permit him to take her hand? Detain her?*

No, indeed!

Not a smile — not a moment's hesitation, after that first involuntary halt. She will not vouchsafe him a word.

Up and down her room she paces, with clasped hands and quivering breath. The door is locked. She has secured a moment's quiet, and the wretched comfort of being free from prying observation.

Blundell! Could it be Blundell?

Were those Blundell's eyes? Was that Blundell's voice? In the same spot, under the same roof, they had stood and confronted each other, and he had spoken!

Oh! not he, but some vile impostor, miserable changeling! When had he that insolent air, that flushed brow, that inflamed glance?

It cannot — it *shall* not be Blundell!

He, for whom she had wept and prayed, and shamed herself in her own eyes!



For whose sake she had stormed in secret indignation at the calumny, the slander, the injustice which had fastened on his name!

Had not that very name been dear to her?

Had she not hungered even to hear it reproached — albeit every syllable stabbed her heart — rather than not hear it at all?

How quick she had been to detect covert allusions, when he was their object! How ready in guessing, where his form would have supplied a blank!

Now, then, she knew why, that morning, there had vibrated through the thin partition of their room, a sound which had strangely awakened her memory, yet troubled her to discover why.

She had divined no reason for it.

The husky voice of a late sleeper, demanding brandy ere he could rise — was that like any one she knew?

Most *unlike* Blundell.

It had been a trick of speech — a something in the accent.

She had smiled — had sighed to think how easily his image could be conjured up.

That sigh was now a groan. That image had been slain by force.

Blundell — *her* Blundell — was no more.

Pauline did not leave her room till evening.

A headache, she said, detained her. She would lie down, needed no attention.

“Those noisy people are to leave about nine o’clock,” said her aunt, coming in. “None of them appeared at the *table d’hôte*, and I understand they have ordered dinner for themselves at seven. So, you see, we might just as well have had our little private dinner as not; and you, poor child, might have been tempted to eat something! If one ever tries not to give trouble at these places, some one else is sure to reap the benefit! I made a point of going down to that early breakfast, tired though I was; and then, when we came back from church, at nearly one o’clock, there was the *débris* of a great meal not begun to be cleared away! In a sitting-room to the right. The door was open as we passed. Did you not notice? Hot dishes too, for I saw the covers! This dress looks more respectable, does it not, Pauline? It was absolutely necessary to change, I assure you, for some one trampled upon me as we came in — oh, I told you, I think. So very rude! He never offered the slightest apology; he was staring at some one else; I should

have imagined it was you, if I had not seen you took no notice. But, really, I was quite annoyed, I am afraid they *are* a dissipated set of young men! It was one of *them*, you know, who did it; and there they are sitting at the window now, playing cards! I saw them as I passed by. Well, I have ordered up a cup of tea for you, love; and now, I am going to take a little rest, myself. How hot this room is! What do you say to a little stroll after your tea? It would do you good. It is so sad that you should miss the whole of this lovely day!”

Pauline pondered.

She longed to go. The balmy air outside would soothe and calm her, but her aunt’s tittle-tattle —

“I don’t feel equal to a walk myself,” said that lady, innocently. “I think my best plan will be to lie down and try to get a little nap, now that the house is quiet. By-and-by I may perhaps put on a shawl, and peep out. But don’t think about me, Pauline. Don’t wait for me. Let us be independent of each other. I shall watch that party depart. They amuse me. And I feel quite good-tempered towards them, now that I know we are to be rid of their company before night!”

“I shall not come back before they go, then,” said Pauline. “After which, shall I come in and fetch you?”

Yes, that would do perfectly. Her aunt would be found in the sitting-room.

At seven o’clock Pauline reconnoitred.

The private dinner was being carried up, there was a slight bustle among the attendants, and then the door was shut.

She stole down-stairs, intending to turn to the left, and explore a mountain track, which had come under her notice on their way home from church.

By taking this turn she would not run the risk of being seen.

Here, too, she would be safe from any chance encounter, whatever direction the departing travellers took.

It was well planned.

In crossing the hall, however, an opening door startled her, and in the confusion of escaping, she darted across the very window she most wished to avoid!

It was wide open, and the clatter of dishes, and voices within, could be heard.

But he was scarcely likely to have noticed her, and she could not imagine why she should care, if he had!

Still she preferred not to retrace her steps, not to cross the window again. Another footpath could be found.



Or stay, she would go down to the river. She would go over the picturesque old ivied bridge, and wander up the other side.

Groups of quiet-looking people, tempted by the warmth of the evening, were strolling up and down the village. Fathers and mothers, with their little ones; sweet-hearts linked arm-in-arm; Sunday-school children in clusters.

Several of her fellow occupants of the inn were likewise indulging in a ramble, and following some of these she crossed the bridge, and passing a pretty water-mill, at which they stopped to look, pursued her way up the river-side.

The party followed; a clergyman and two ladies.

She could hear their voices behind, as she walked quietly on, subdued and refreshed by the sweet influences around her, and after traversing rather more than a mile, she considered that here it would be well to stay awhile.

The footpath turned again into the wood, and probably rejoined the highroad a little higher up the banks.

As she halted, those behind did the same.

They had reached the spot most tempting to lovers of scenery. They had gone down, as she had, to the brink of the water, and were remarking to each other on the beauties around.

Presently she observed them, with satisfaction, settling down upon the rocks.

Books were being pulled out. They were choosing comfortable seats, evidently with a view to remaining where they were for some little time.

"That will do very well," reflected Pauline. "I shall keep those people in sight. I shall dog their footsteps going back. This is a lonely place, and good company at just that distance is desirable. I will sit down too, as soon as I have had one look round this point."

Accordingly she stepped forward, her scarlet shawl rendering her a bright spot of color among the flickering greens; and stood motionless for several minutes.

Her brow bared to the evening air, her shawl thrown off, and hanging on her arm, all in white she stood — and Blundell was looking at her. He had been looking at her for some time.

The first emotion which rushed with almost sickening force over Pauline's mind when she turned and saw him, was a sense of the same thing having happened before!

Then, true, it was *she* who had startled *him*, now it was *she* who was startled.

But was this all the difference?

What she might have done, had time been given her to think, she could not tell; as it was, she simply stepped forward and held out her hand.

He took it, bowing low as he did so; but neither spoke.

She had leisure to observe that a change of some sort had taken place in him since the morning; a change which shook her, for it was once again the Blundell she had known in the wild Hebridean island, who stood by her side.

Afraid of the silence, and of the strange trembling in her veins, Pauline was the first to stammer hastily a few incoherent words, but her voice was so low as to be almost inaudible.

Blundell made no attempt at reply.

"I startled you," he said, still keeping his eye upon her. "It was hardly fair to come upon you thus, but you forced me to it. Miss La Sarte, you would not speak to me this morning."

She was silent.

"I came to ask you why."

"*Why?*" with a sudden outburst. "*Why?*"

"Yes. Why? We parted friends, we have not seen each other for two years and a half, and you meet me thus. I think I have a right to ask why."

"Oh," said Pauline, sadly. "*You know.*"

"I — know?"

"You must. You do. Was that the way you would have met me in the days you speak of? Is that how you would have been seen on God's holy day of rest? In such company, and such — such —"

She paused, much agitated.

He remained quietly regarding her, and after a minute said, "When you saw me last, Miss La Sarte, I had just endured a great loss, and I was in bad health. You would not have me remain always the moping fellow I was then? You were all very kind to me, I know, but you must have seen what a low state of spirits I was in, equally unpleasant to myself, and to all my friends. Congratulate me upon having got the better of it."

"You have had another illness since then," said Pauline, gently putting aside the question, "I will congratulate you on your recovery from that."

"How did you hear of it? Yes, I was nearly done for, they tell me. But how did you know?"

"I heard about you every day. I was within four miles of Blundellsaye."

"*You were within four miles of Blun-*

dellsaye! Where were you? Who were you with? How did I not know?"

He poured out the questions with a rapidity and eagerness that could not but be flattering.

"I was at the Grange, with my aunt, Mrs. Wyndham."

"Mrs. Wyndham? I don't know the name. Has she bought the Grange? Shall you be there again?"

"Yes, she has bought it."

"And when do you go back? How soon? How the devil—ah!" he bit his lip, "I can't imagine how I did not come to hear of your being there!"

No response.

"You did not think much of our society, I presume," continued Blundell. "Stupidest lot of people I ever came across! Will your aunt allow me to call?"

He pressed closer to her as he spoke. She drew back.

"Cannot tell."

"I don't know why you should treat me thus, Miss La Sarte," said he, offended. "Your other aunt was kindness itself to me, all the time I was at Gourloch, and you and your cousin were the same. What have I done to injure myself in your opinion? Will you have the kindness to explain to me what really is the cause of your displeasure?"

"My displeasure! It is not *my* displeasure! I have no displeasure. I have nothing to do with it. I don't know—I don't know what to say," cried the poor girl. "But this morning when you spoke to me you seemed—you looked so unlike what I had ever seen you—I am afraid you were not even quite yourself——"

The effect of her words frightened her.

His brow crimsoned, and he leant against the rock as if to steady himself, without speaking, for several minutes' time. At last he turned towards her. "You thought I was drunk, did you?"

To his amazement the sound of a sob came for answer.

"And you cared as much as that?" he cried.

"How could I but care?" replied she, "to see *any one* so! And on this day of all days! It"—firmly and quietly—"grieved me very much."

His look hardened again.

"That was a pity, for, as it happened, you were mistaken; I was not so abandoned."

Pauline turned to go.

"I see you do not believe me," he said.

"I cannot make you understand. I will

try to believe you. You always speak the truth——"

"You are too good!"

"But if it *is* the truth, it——Why do you ask me to speak at all?" she broke off suddenly. "Why do you persecute me so? I would not say a word to pain you, no, I would not——"

"Oh dear, no! You only hint in the most gentle manner at unpleasant details!"

Her anger rose.

"You must go now, or I shall. I will not speak to you, nor hear you speak again. I will *not*. It is no good. For the sake of the past, good-bye," putting out her hand, "but don't try to keep me."

"Good-bye," he said, carelessly. "I say, don't laugh at me behind my back, please. I am a fool, I know, but I would rather that *you* did not say it."

"How can you? How can you?" She struggled with her feelings, resolute on keeping a mastery over them. "You never spoke to me so before, and what have I done to make you do it now? Let me go."

"Certainly."

He made way for her to pass. "And so departs all my chance in this world, and the next!"

Could she go with those words in her ears? He thought not; and he was right.

She remained riveted to the spot, as if detained by the grasp of an invisible hand.

"Don't let *me* keep you," continued Blundell, in the same light tone. "I am hardly worth a curse—certainly nothing else! Confess now, you would not put out your little finger to save me, if you saw me going down into that pool, would you? You would sooner play the Lorelei's part—I think it is a favorite one of yours—to such a poor devil as I am! This is the second occasion on which you have appeared in it to me. Don't do so a third time, please. That means the final scene, you understand? And I don't wish to be unnecessarily hurried in my exit; I should like to make my bow with decency, when the correct time comes."

She turned from him, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Good God!" exclaimed he.

He had been beside himself.

The shock of meeting her in the forenoon, with the mortification consequent on her refusal to recognize him, had left him so ill at ease, as to make an explanation necessary. He had followed her

steps, directed by villagers who had seen her pass, and had found her more beautiful and more impassible than ever.

More than that, he had found her at a peculiarly unfortunate time for his own spirits and temper.

He was suffering the reaction consequent on the previous day's outbreak, and he was fasting, having left the dinner-table without tasting either food or wine.

He had been betrayed into an pardonable degree of irritation, until the sight of her distress recalled him in some manner to himself.

Her distress? But he wanted to be assured of more than her distress! He sought some personal claim to her tears. It seemed to him as though, all along, he had only cared for Pauline.

The trio on the rocks below went quietly home; but Pauline did not see them; her face was buried in her hands.

Blundell did, however, and waited.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### "PAULINE, ACCEPT THE PLEDGE."

"Give a woman the consciousness of having right on her side, and it is odds but she will prove insensible to argument, inaccessible to tenderness, and invulnerable to scorn."

"I CANNOT, no, I cannot," said Pauline.

"And is this to be final? May I not speak again? May I not hope that you will relent, that time ——"

She shook her head.

"Why should I say time, indeed?" cried he, "why not now, this moment? You have said so much, you have been so good, I can scarcely believe my own happiness—it cannot be that you refuse farther to confirm it? You would not have me now despair? Only tell me that; only throw out the smallest crumbs of comfort, and I will feed upon them, like a dog!"

"Mr. Blundell, I do not dare. You know, you know, why."

"Yes," he said, "I do know. A viler wretch than I am, you cannot make me out, think what you may of me. That you should care ——" He stopped in evident emotion.

"Care! Oh yes, I care ——"

"Then you can save me. Can you refuse, and yet acknowledge what you have acknowledged? Confess that I—that my love, my devotion, has met—unworthy as I am to say it—with return?"

"Are you asking *me* to save you?" cried Pauline. "A sinner like yourself, save you!"

"God forbid! I ask a pure and noble saint to save me, and to her shrine I am come," he added, folding his arms, and stooping his head before her, with a gesture of proud humility. "Will she disdain so poor a suppliant? Having alone the power, has she not the will?"

"This is dreadful," said Pauline. "What warnings you have had already! Your brother's fearful end! Your own danger! These you have disregarded, and you think that I, a poor, weak woman, can do more! What if I gave myself to you? You would soon cease to heed me. You would speak to me as you did just now ——"

"No—no."

"You would. What right should I have to expect anything else? Now, at this moment, you are seeking to persuade me to disobey the plain command of God ——"

"What command? To save a soul?" cried Blundell, eagerly. "Is *that* the command I would have you disobey? See here, I have read the Scriptures, have studied them, perhaps, as much as you have, and although I pretend no longer to shape my life by what I found there, so much I can aver,—you could not be committing a sin in making so great a sacrifice."

"Sacrifice!"

"Perhaps it would hardly be a sacrifice; but still it would be;" he paused, casting about in his mind for some word, some idea, that should weigh down the balance in his favor. "Is it nothing to reclaim a man like me? Could you have done this, would I have asked it, would I have spoken another word on the subject, if that moment's weakness had not disclosed to me more than I could ever have presumed to hope? Now, you weep again, and give me courage," attempting to take her hand. "You do love me, you do care for me. God bless you for it! Pauline, let us both be happy."

"Stop," said she, "stop, and listen to what I say."

She paused, drew a long breath, and grew calmer.

"Mr. Blundell, when I first knew you, and I thought—we all thought—we believed that you were, so far as you then knew, seeking with a single heart to walk in the right way, I—I would not have spoken to you, as I have done to-night. I thought that for a man to be in earnest, and to be sincere, it was enough. That he was sure to find the truth at last. But I have learnt otherwise. You *were* in earnest, yes, you were; but you were deter-

mined to walk in your own strength; and you fell. And you *will* fall, whether you lean on yourself, or me, or on any other than the Holy Spirit of God. That you may be led to cast away all other aid, and to seek his, before it is too late, shall be my daily prayer for you."

"Don't pray for me — lead me," pleaded Blundell, not unnaturally. "You shall teach me what you mean, and show me by your own sweet example the way to heaven. Who can do that better than a wife? You are leaving me to myself, when you might be my hope — my light — my life —"

"Should I be that?" said she, trembling. "Are those words fit for *me*? You would put me in the first place — me —"

"I would! I do already."

"In His place, who will not tolerate such wickedness!"

"Wickedness?"

"Oh yes, you will see it some day. And I should be the cause!"

"I don't understand. You are surely mistaken. You are under some delusion."

"No," said Pauline, starting forward with sudden vehemence, "I am not. And I must not listen to you any longer. Do not," seeing he was about to interpose — "have pity, do not stop me. You would not be so cruel, if you knew — if you guessed — And now," resolutely, "I am going."

"Going! Without one word of hope?"

"Yes, I have no hope."

She turned dejectedly away, and he mechanically held out his hand to guide her footsteps over the uneven pathway.

"At least I shall see you sometimes? You return south!" he said, at last.

"Yes."

"To our neighborhood?"

"I must, I am dependent on my aunt, and must go where she goes."

"Indeed? Forgive me for being glad. It leaves me something yet to look forward to, something to live for! Must I take you home, now?"

He was still moving beside her step by step, holding her hand.

Neither spoke until they reached the footpath, when she would have withdrawn it, but he suddenly caught it to his lips.

"I cannot let this go," he said, "I *cannot*."

"Would you break my heart?" said she, weeping afresh. "Will you force me never to look upon your face again? Oh! do not make me fear you! Leave me — leave us, friends."

"And thus I seal our friendship!" said

Blundell, suddenly clasping her in his arms, and kissing her trembling lips. "And thus I pledge myself to woo and win you, yet! Pauline, accept the pledge."

She could not speak.

"I am a brute!" said he, lifting the shawl which had dropped from her nerveless arm, and folding her in it. "You shall not have more to bear from me — to-night, at least. Stay — one kiss more — and now, lean upon me, and we will come. You shall not again have to say you fear me, Pauline. You may trust me. Come! By Jove! it is nine o'clock!"

She hurried along, aware of what this meant. His companions must be already waiting, nine having been the hour fixed upon for their start! So much her aunt had overheard, and even at such a moment she could feel an additional torment in the apprehension that he might be searched for, and discovered — with her!

Her hand lay within his arm, but, as he had promised, he forbore to urge her further.

At length the bridge was reached.

"You will stay here, I presume," said Blundell, bending towards her. "Stay but ten minutes, and we shall be gone! But we shall meet, Pauline, meet at Blundell-saye. Only one question, now. When do you go there?"

"Not for some time. Not till the autumn."

"You are going to Scotland, first?"

"Yes."

"I wish I were! But I have promised to join a party in Norway. And — yes — I'll go. I shall come back in October, however, and *then* — No, not a word. Not a single word! I shall forget all you have said to me to-day, all but one confession, and that I shall *never* forget, *never*. It shall go with me, stay with me, until I draw another from your lips. Now, I suppose I ought to go."

She remained motionless.

"Say good-bye, won't you?" said he, putting out his hand.

"Good-bye."

Other wayfarers were crossing the bridge, and a group of villagers stood curiously regarding the pair.

"Good-bye, good-bye," he whispered, coming close to her. "Say good-bye once again, Pauline. I hate to hear you say it, and so I punish myself for all I have done and said to-night. And yet — I don't wish a word unsaid! Do you? Have you forgiven me? Forgive me with some more tears, dear. Think of me to-night; no

matter how; I know it cannot be unkindly. Think of me to-morrow, and the next day, and every day. Now, one look, one smile! By Heaven! I hardly know how to part with you! Say but a single word—a touch of your little hand will keep me! What! You won't? And you turn from me again? Pauline!"

His look of reproach she could hardly withstand.

"Go, go," she stammered, faintly. "You promised me to go."

"I am going. Now, don't speak, but listen. I take with me to-night a talisman; and when next we meet, you yourself shall acknowledge all that it has done for me. The thought of you"—he stopped—he almost broke down—she could just catch the entreaty—"don't forbid me that, and I shall need no more."

He was not forbidden, she had no voice—perhaps no wish—to forbid him.

Some minutes he waited, as though to test the full value of her silence, then with a lingering look, a grateful pressure of the hand he held, but without another word, he went.

Scarcely had the sound of his steps died away ere Pauline sank down upon the broken wall by the roadside, unable longer to stand.

Her strength had departed; but so long as it was needed, it had not failed her.

In mute wonder, with a sense of bare deliverance, she hung over the side; concealing her face from observation, whilst feebly wiping from her eyes the ever gathering moisture; all power of thought and memory for the moment gone.

Blundell with her! Holding her hand! His kisses on her face! His passionate words vibrating on her ear!

It seemed a dream—a mad improbability.

Here—in this quiet place—away from all the world—she had spent one most terrible, most blissful hour.

Oh! had he known how nearly she had yielded!

This man, till a few hours ago her hero—then her scorn—had almost prevailed to be her husband!

And the past?

It had been explained in a moment, had scarcely seemed to need explanation.

Her coldness, her reserve, his sense of unworthiness, his resolution to forget, all by turns had been recounted.

Then he had hurried on to the present, and then had been the test. Did she love him?

Her heart had been his from the very

first day. A word, a glance, had made it leap; a touch had made it tremble. This was for herself alone, but something of the truth had been revealed also to him. He had caught at it, and forced from her the whole. She *did* love him?

She could not deny it.

And he loved her. Why then the difficulty?

Over and over, she had been forced to combat the appeals of a resolute, self-willed man, bent on the fulfilment of his wish.

Had she done right? She hardly knew.

Had she done wrong? *No*.

In the dire confusion of misery and happiness, one thing was certain, her conscience was at peace. No reproachful voice within had need to be stifled.

He loved her; that could not but make her happy. She loved him; that could not but make her miserable.

But there was One above who would not chide her.

Those only who love the dear ones of earth *more* than him, are unworthy of him.

Yea, and the greater the love that is not *more*—the stronger the love whose bonds are broken for his sake—the more infinite will be his compassion.

And this woman hath done what she could. She hath brought a costly offering.

She hath ta'en her sacrifice and laid it at his feet, and—joy unspeakable—he will not despise it.

. . . . .

It was some time ere Pauline was sufficiently composed to note the flight of time, and the gathering darkness, which warned her to stay out no longer.

She had risen from her seat, and was about to turn her steps homewards, when her aunt flitted across the bridge.

Mrs. Wyndham had been infinitely amused watching the party drive off, and was anxious to describe all that she had descried from her post of observation.

They were boys, mere boys, she said, all, excepting the tall, dark man—the wretch who had trodden on her dress in the morning, but whose misdemeanors she had almost found it in her heart to forgive, as he had been so unmercifully set upon by all the rest. He had been out, and had lost his way, and they had pelted him with the most pitiless epithets!

Indeed, they had had some cause for vexation; their carriage, a charming drag, with a team of roans, had had to stand, or rather to move backwards and forwards,

in front of the inn, for three quarters of an hour at least.

Hearing his excuse — that he had lost his way — made Mrs. Wyndham, she averred, think of her niece; and it had immediately occurred to her that Pauline had, in all probability, lost her way also.

But for a lady to make her way unprotected through all that uproar, was not to be thought of; and she had been obliged to wait till they were off, ere she could escape from her prison. She had waited till they had turned the corner, and had then set off immediately.

Inquiries followed, to which, in the present tumult of her spirits, it was difficult for Pauline to reply.

Was she rested? Had she enjoyed her walk? Was her head better?

Yes, her head was better, she had really forgotten all about it. The other questions could be passed over.

"Did you see anything of the missing gentleman?" inquired her aunt, presently.

Ah — yes, Pauline had.

"By far the best looking of the whole set, my dear; and quite seven or eight and thirty, I should say! Men, you know, do improve up to that age. None of the others were in the least handsome, — at least, not to *my* taste. Perhaps I am singular, but I must own that I never can look at a fair man, when a dark one is by. Fair *women*, you know, are — are — are *de rigueur*! But I ought not to say that to you, ought I, you nut-brown maid! 'nut-brown maid,' you see; every style has its admirers; and there are some whom I could name, who, I fancy, would declare that a blue eye cannot compete with a hazel one, eh, my love? But as a rule, Pauline, as a *rule*, it is fair women and dark men. Byron, you know, 'The lamps shone o'er fair women and dark' — isn't it 'dark' men? Well, if it is not, it ought to have been; and I do really believe" — with a little laugh — "that it was his being a dark man, and such a very good-looking one, that inclined my heart to pity that delinquent more than all the ill-treatment he met with, for indeed he seemed to take but little heed of that!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Not a word, so far as I remember, after the first. He jumped into the drag without entering the house, although the others did have the grace to ask him to have something before they went; for, it seems, he had not been in at their dinner."

"And he had lost his way?"

"So he said."

"I wish," reflected Pauline, "he had not said it."

After this the Welsh tour fell somewhat flat.

The best places were duly visited, and the best scenery surveyed, but it failed in restoring the animation which it had at first inspired.

Pauline was so very quiet, could it be that she was ill?

Mrs. Wyndham scarcely liked to confess even to herself, that she would have done well to add another to her party; but, certainly, neither aunt nor niece were unduly depressed when the time came for turning their backs upon moor and fell, and they found themselves safely off in the London train, from Hereford.

---

From The Nineteenth Century.  
LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

PART II.\*

BECKET was now forty-four years old. The king was thirty. The ascendancy which Becket had hitherto exercised over his sovereign through the advantage of age was necessarily diminishing as the king came to maturity, and the two great antagonists, as they were henceforth to be, were more fairly matched than Becket perhaps expected to find them. The archbishop was past the time of life at which the character can be seriously changed. After forty men may alter their opinions, their policy, and their conduct; but they rarely alter their dispositions; and Becket remained as violent, as overbearing, as ambitious, as unscrupulous, as he had shown himself when chancellor, though the objects at which he was henceforth to aim were entirely different. It would be well for his memory were it possible to credit him with a desire to reform the Church of which he was the head, to purge away the corruption of it, to punish himself the moral disorders of the clergy, while he denied the right to punish them to the State. We seek in vain, however, for the slightest symptom of any such desire. Throughout his letters there is not the faintest consciousness that anything was amiss. He had been himself amongst the grossest of pluralists; so far from being ashamed of it, he still aimed at retaining the most lucrative of his benefices. The idea with which his mind was filled was not the purity of the Church, but the

privilege and supremacy of the Church. As chancellor he had been at the head of the State under the king. As archbishop in the name of the Church, he intended to be head both of State and king; to place the pope, and himself as the pope's legate, in the position of God's viceregents. When he found it written that "by me kings reign and princes decree judgment," he appropriated the language to himself, and his single aim was to convert the words thus construed into reality.

The first public intimation which Becket gave of his intentions was his resignation of the chancellorship. He had been made archbishop that the offices might be combined; he was no sooner consecrated than he informed the king that the duties of his sacred calling left him no leisure for secular business. He did not even wait for Henry's return from Normandy. He placed the great seal in the hands of the chief justice, the young prince, and the barons of the exchequer, demanding and receiving from them a hurried discharge of his responsibilities. The accounts, for all that appears, were never examined. Grim, perhaps, when accusing him of rapine and murder, was referring to a suppression of a disturbance in Aquitaine, not to any special act of which he was guilty in England; but the unsparing ruthlessness which he displayed on that occasion was an indication of the disposition which was displayed in all that he did, and he was wise in anticipating inquiry.

The king had not recovered from his surprise at such unwelcome news when he learned that his splendid minister had laid aside his magnificence and had assumed the habit of a monk, that he was always in tears — tears which flowed from him with such miraculous abundance as to evidence the working in him of some special grace,\* or else of some special purpose. His general conduct at Canterbury was equally startling. One act of charity, indeed, he had overlooked which neither in conscience nor prudence should have been forgotten. The mother of Pope Adrian the Fourth was living somewhere in his province in extreme poverty, starving, it was said, of cold and hunger. The see of Canterbury, as well as England, owed much to Pope Adrian, and Becket's neglect of a person who was at least entitled to honorable maintenance was not unobserved at Rome. Otherwise his generosity was profuse. Archbishop Theo-

bald had doubled the charities of his predecessor, Becket doubled Theobald's. Mendicants swarmed about the gates of the palace; thirteen of them were taken in daily to have their dinners, to have their feet washed by the archiepiscopal hands, and to be dismissed each with a silver penny in his pocket. The tears and the benevolent humiliations were familiar in aspirants after high Church offices; but Becket had nothing more to gain. What could be the meaning of so sudden and so startling a transformation? Was it penitence for his crimes as chancellor? The tears looked like penitence; but there were other symptoms of a more aggressive kind. He was no sooner in his seat than he demanded the restoration of estates that his predecessors had alienated. He gave judgment in his own court in his own favor, and enforced his own decrees. Knights holding their lands from the Church on military tenure had hitherto done homage for them to the crown. The new archbishop demanded the homage for himself. He required the Earl of Clare to swear fealty to him at Tunbridge Castle. The Earl of Clare refused and appealed to the king, and the archbishop dared not at once strike so large a quarry. But he showed his teeth with a smaller offender. Sir William Eynesford, one of the king's knights, was patron of a benefice in Kent. The archbishop presented a priest to it. The knight ejected the archbishop's nominee, and the archbishop excommunicated the knight. Such peremptory sentences, pronounced without notice, had a special inconvenience when directed against persons immediately about the king. Excommunication was like the plague; whoever came near the infected body himself caught the contagion, and the king might be poisoned without his knowledge. It had been usual in these cases to pay the king the courtesy of consulting him. Becket, least of all men, could have pleaded ignorance of such a custom. It seemed that he did not choose to observe it.\* While courting the populace, and gaining a reputation as a saint among the clergy, the archbishop was asserting his secular authority, and using the spiritual sword to enforce it. Again, what did

\* "Ut putaretur possessor irrigui superioris et inferioris." The "superior" fountain of tears was the love of God; the "inferior" was the fear of hell.

\* "Quod, quia rege minime certiorato archiepiscopus fecisset, maximam ejus indignationem incurrit. Asserit enim rex juxta dignitatem regni sui, quod nullus qui de rege teneat in capite vel minister ejus citra ipsius consensum sit excommunicandus ab aliquo, ne si hoc regem lateat lapsus ignorantia communicet excommunicato; comitem vel baronem ad se venientem in osculo vel consilio admittat." — Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, vol. ii., p. 222.



it mean, this interference with the rights of the laity, this ambition for a personal following of armed knights? Becket was not a dreamer who had emerged into high place from the cloister or the library. He was a man of the world, intimately acquainted with the practical problems of the day, the most unlikely of all persons to have adopted a course so marked without some ulterior purpose. Henry discovered too late that his mother's eyes had been keener than his own. He returned to England in the beginning of 1163. Becket met him at his landing, but was coldly received.

In the summer of the same year, Pope Alexander held a council at Tours. The English prelates attended. The question of precedence was not this time raised. The Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans sat on the pope's right hand, the Archbishop of York and his suffragans sat on the pope's left. Whether anything of consequence passed on this occasion between the pope and Becket is not known: probably not; it is certain, however, that they met. On the archbishop's return to England the disputes between the secular and spiritual authorities broke into open conflict.

The Church principles of Gregory the Seventh were making their way through Europe, but were making their way with extreme slowness. Though the celibacy of the clergy had been decreed by law, clerical concubinage was still the rule in England. A *focaria* and a family were still to be found in most country parsonages. In theory the priesthood was a caste. In practice priests and their flocks were united by common interests, common pursuits, common virtues, and common crimes. The common law of England during the reigns of the Conqueror's sons had refused to distinguish between them. Clerks guilty of robbery or murder had been tried like other felons in the ordinary courts, and if found guilty had suffered the same punishments. The new pretension was that they were a peculiar order, set apart for God's service, not amenable to secular jurisdiction, and liable to trial only in the spiritual courts. Under the loose administration of Stephen, the judges had begun to recognize their immunity, and the conduct of the lower class of clergy was in consequence growing daily more intolerable. Clergy, indeed, a great many of them had no title to be called. They had received only some minor form of orders, of which no sign was visible in their appearance or conduct. They were

clerks only so far as they held benefices and claimed special privileges; for the rest, they hunted, fought, drank, and gambled like other idle gentlemen.

In the autumn of 1163 a specially gross case of clerical offence brought the question to a crisis.

Philip de Broi, a young nobleman who held a canonry at Bedford, had killed some one in a quarrel. He was brought before the court of the Bishop of Lincoln, where he made his purgation *ecclesiastico jure* — that is to say, he paid the usual fees and perhaps a small fine. The relations of the dead man declared themselves satisfied, and Philip de Broi was acquitted. The Church and the relations might be satisfied; public justice was not satisfied. The sheriff of Bedfordshire declined to recognize the decision, and summoned the canon a second time. The canon insulted the sheriff in open court, and refused to plead before him. The sheriff referred the matter to the king. The king sent for Philip de Broi, and cross-questioned him in Becket's presence. It was not denied that he had killed a man. The king inquired what Becket was prepared to do. Becket's answer, for the present and all similar cases, was that a clerk in orders accused of felony must be tried in the first instance in an ecclesiastical court, and punished according to ecclesiastical law. If the crime was found to be of peculiarly dark kind, the accused might be deprived of his orders, and, if he again offended, should lose his privilege. But for the offence for which he was deprived he was not to be again tried or again punished; the deprivation itself was to suffice.

The king, always moderate, was unwilling to press the question to extremity. He condemned the judgment of the Bishop of Lincoln's court. He insisted that the murderer should have a real trial. But he appointed a mixed commission of bishops and laymen to try him, the bishops having the preponderating voice.

Philip de Broi pleaded that he had made his purgation in the regular manner, that he had made his peace with the family of the man that he had killed, and that the matter was thus ended. He apologized for having insulted the sheriff, and professed himself willing to make reasonable reparation. The sentence of the commission was that his benefices should be sequestered for two years, and that, if the sheriff insisted upon it, he should be flogged.

So weak a judgment showed Henry the real value of Becket's theory. The crimi-

nal clerk was to be amenable to the law as soon as he had been degraded, not before; and it was perfectly plain that clerks never would be degraded. They might commit murder upon murder, robbery upon robbery, and the law would be unable to touch them. It could not be. The king insisted that a sacred profession should not be used as a screen for the protection of felony. He summoned the whole body of the bishops to meet him in a council at Westminster in October.

The council met. The archbishop was resolute. He replied for the other bishops in an absolute refusal to make any concession. The judges and the laity generally were growing excited. Had the clergy been saints, the claims advanced for them would have been scarcely tolerable. Being what they were, such pretensions were ridiculous. Becket might speak in their name. He did not speak their real opinions. Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, came over to use his influence with Becket, but he found him inexorable. To risk the peace of the Church in so indefensible a quarrel seemed obstinate folly. The Bishop of Lisieux and several of the English prelates wrote privately to the pope to entreat him to interfere.

Alexander had no liking for Becket. He had known him long, and had no belief in the lately assumed airs of sanctity. Threatened as he was by the emperor and the antipope, he had no disposition to quarrel with Henry, nor in the particular question at issue does he seem to have thought the archbishop in the right. On the spot he despatched a legate, a monk named Philip of Aumone, to tell Becket that he must obey the laws of the realm, and submit to the king's pleasure.

The king was at Woodstock. The archbishop, thus commanded, could not refuse to obey. He repaired to the court. He gave his promise. He undertook, *bona fide et sine malo ingenio*, to submit to the laws of the land, whatever they might be found to be. But a vague engagement of this kind was unsatisfactory, and might afterwards be evaded. The question of the immunities of the clergy had been publicly raised. The attention of the nation had been called to it. Once for all the position in which the clergy were to stand to the law of the land must be clearly and finally laid down. The judges had been directed to inquire into the customs which had been of use in England under the king's grandfather, Henry the First. A second council was called to meet at Clarendon, near Win-

chester, in the following January, when these customs, reduced to writing, would be placed in the archbishops' and bishops' hands, and they would be required to consent to them in detail.

The spiritual power had encroached on many sides. Every question, either of person, conduct, or property, in which an ecclesiastic was a party, the Church courts had endeavoured to reserve for themselves. Being judges in their own causes, the decisions of the clergy were more satisfactory to themselves than to the laity. The practice of appealing to Rome in every cause in which a churchman was in any way connected had disorganized the whole course of justice. The Constitutions (as they were called) of Clarendon touched in detail on a variety of points on which the laity considered themselves injured. The general provisions embodied in these famous resolutions would now be scarcely challenged in the most Catholic country in the world.

1. During the vacancy of any archbishopric, bishopric, abbey, or priory of royal foundation, the estates were to be in the custody of the crown. Elections to these preferments were to be held in the royal chapel, with the assent of the king and council.

2. In every suit to which a clerk was a party, proceedings were to commence before the king's justices, and these justices were to decide whether the case was to be tried before a spiritual or a civil court. If it was referred to a spiritual court, a civil officer was to attend to watch the trial, and if a clerk was found guilty of felony the Church was to cease to protect him.

3. No tenant-in-chief of the king, or officer of his household, was to be excommunicated, or his lands laid under an interdict, until application had been first made to the king, or in his absence, to the chief justice.

4. Laymen were not to be indicted in a bishop's court, either for perjury or other similar offence, except in the bishop's presence by a lawful prosecutor and with lawful witnesses. If the accused was of so high rank that no prosecutor would appear, the bishop might require the sheriff to call a jury to inquire into the case.

5. Archbishops, bishops, and other great persons were forbidden to leave the realm without the king's permission.

6. Appeals were to be from the archdeacon to the bishop, from the bishop to the archbishop, from the archbishop to the king, and no further; that, by the king's

mandate, the case might be ended in the archbishop's court.\*

The last article the king afterwards explained away. It was one of the most essential, but he was unable to maintain it; and he was rash, or he was ill-advised, in raising a second question, on which the pope would naturally be sensitive, before he had disposed of the first. On the original subject of dispute, whether benefit of clergy was to mean impunity to crime, the pope had already practically decided, and he could have been brought without difficulty to give a satisfactory judgment upon it. Some limit also might have been assigned to the powers of excommunication which could be so easily abused, and which, if abused, might lose their terrors. But appeals to the pope were the most lucrative source of the pope's revenue. To restrict appeals was to touch at once his pride and his exchequer.

The Constitutions were drafted, and when the council assembled were submitted to Becket for approval. He saw in the article on the appeals a prospect of recovering Alexander's support, and he again became obstinate. None of the bishops, however, would stand by him. There was a general entreaty that he would not reopen the quarrel, and he yielded so far as to give a general promise of conformity.† It was a promise given dishonestly—given with a conscious intention of not observing it. He had been tempted, he afterwards said, by an intimation that, if he would but seem to yield, the king would be satisfied. Becket was a lawyer. He could not really have been under any such illusion. In real truth he did not mean to be bound by the language of the Constitutions at all, but only by his own language, from which it would be easy to escape. The king by this time knew the man with whom he had to deal. The Constitutions were placed in writing before the bishops, who one and all were required to signify their adherence under their several hands and seals.

Becket, we are innocently told by his biographer Grim, now saw that he was to be entrapped. There was no entrapping if his promise had been honestly given. The use of the word is a frank confession that he had meant to deceive Henry by

words, and that he was being caught in his own snare. When driven to bay, the archbishop's fiery nature always broke into violence. "Never, never," he said; "I will never do it so long as breath is in my body."\* In affected penitence for his guilty compliance, he retired to his see to afflict his flesh with public austerities. He suspended himself *ab altaris officio* (from the service of the altar) till the pope should absolve him from his sin. The Bishop of Evreux, who was present at Clarendon, advised him to write to the pope for authority to sign. He pretended to comply, but he commissioned a private friend of his own, John of Salisbury, who was on the Continent, to prepare for his reception on the flight which he already meditated from England, and by all methods, fair and foul, to prevent the pope and cardinals from giving the king any further encouragement. The Bishop of Lisieux, on the other hand, whose previous intercession had decided the pope in the king's favor, went to Sens in person to persuade Alexander to cut the knot by sending legatine powers to the Archbishop of York to override Becket's obstinacy and to consent in the name of the Church instead of him.

John of Salisbury's account of his proceedings gives a curious picture of the cause of God, as Becket called it, on its earthly and grosser side.

The Count of Flanders (he wrote to the archbishop) is most anxious to help you. If extremity comes, send the count word, and he will provide ships.† Everything which passed in London and at Winchester (Clarendon) is better known here than in England itself. I have seen the king of France, who undertakes to write to the pope in your behalf. The feeling towards our king among the French people is of fear and hatred. The pope himself I have avoided so far. I have written to the two cardinals of Pisa and Pavia to explain the injury which will ensue to the Court of Rome if the Constitutions are upheld. I am not sanguine, however. "Many things make against us, few in our favor. Great men will come over here with money to spend, *quam nunquam Roma contempsit* (which Rome never despised). The pope himself has always been

\* The Constitutions were seventeen in all. The articles in the text are an epitome of those which the Church found most objectionable.

† Foliot, however, says that many of the bishops were willing to stand out, and that Becket himself advised a false submission.—Foliot to Becket, Giles, vol. i., p. 381.

\* "Sanctus archiepiscopus tunc primum dolum quem fuerat suspicatus advertens, interposita fide quam Deo debuit: 'Non hoc fiet,' respondit, 'quam diu in hoc vasculo spirat hæc anima.' Nam domestici regis securum fecerant archiepiscopum quod nunquam scriberentur leges, nunquam illarum fieret recordatio, si regem verbo tantum in audientia procerum honorasset. Ficta se conjuratione seductum videns, ad animam usque tristabatur."—Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, vol. ii., p. 382.

† "Naves enim procurabit si hoc necessitas vestra exegerit, et ipse ante, ut oportet, præmoneatur."—*Joannis Sarisbiriensis Epistolæ*, vol. i., p. 188.

against us in this cause, and throws in our teeth that after all which Pope Adrian did for the see of Canterbury you are allowing his mother to starve in cold and hunger.\* You write that if I cannot succeed otherwise I may promise two hundred marks. The other side will give down three or four hundred sooner than be defeated,† and I will answer for the Romans that they will prefer the larger sum in hand from the king to the smaller in promise from you. It is true we are contending for the liberties of the Church, but your motive, it will be said, is not the Church's welfare, but your own ambition. They will propose (I have already heard a whisper of it) that the pope shall cross to England in person to crown the young king and take your place at Canterbury for a while. If the Bishop of Lisieux sees the pope, he will do mischief. I know the nature of him.‡

Though the archbishop was convulsing the realm for the sacred right of appeals to Rome, it is plain from this letter that he was aware of the motives by which the papal decisions were governed, and that he was perfectly ready to address himself to them. Unfortunately his resources were limited, and John of Salisbury's misgivings were confirmed. The extraordinary legatine powers were conceded not to the Archbishop of York — it was held inexpedient to set York above Canterbury — but to the king himself. To Becket the pope wrote with some irony on hearing that he had suspended himself. He trusted the archbishop was not creating needless scandal. The promise to the king had been given with good intentions, and could not therefore be a serious sin. If there was anything further on his conscience (did the pope suspect that the promise had been dishonest?) he might confess it to any discreet priest. He (the pope) meanwhile absolved him, and advised and even enjoined him to return to his duties.

The first campaign was thus over, and the king was so far victorious. The legatine powers having arrived, the Constitutions were immediately acted upon. The number of criminals among the clergy happened to be unusually large.§ They were degraded, sent to trial, and suffered in the usual way by death or mutilation.

\* "*Cujus mater apud vos algore torquetur et inedia.*"

† "*Sed scribitis, si alia via non patuerit, promittamus ducentas marcas. At certe pars adversa antequam frustretur trecentas dabit aut quadringentas.*"

‡ John of Salisbury to Becket (abridged). — *Letters*, vol. i., p. 187.

§ "*Sed et ordinatorum inordinati mores inter regem et archiepiscopum auxere malitiam, qui solito abundantius per idem tempus apparebant, publicis irretiti criminibus.*" — *Materials etc.*, vol. ii., p. 385.

"Then," say Becket's despairing biographers, "was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the king's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men." The archbishop clamored, threatened, and, as far as his power went, interfered. The king was firm. He had sworn at his coronation, he said, to do justice in the realm, and there were no greater villains in it than many of the clergy.\* That bishops should take public offenders out of custody, absolve them, and let them go, was not to be borne. It was against law, against usage, against reason. It could not be. The laity were generally of the king's opinion. Of the bishops some four or five agreed privately with Becket, but dared not avow their opinions. The archbishop perceived that the game was lost unless he could himself see the pope and speak to him. He attempted to steal over from Sandwich, but the boatmen recognized him midway across the Channel and brought him back.

The pope had sent legatine powers to the king, and the king had acted upon them; but something was still wanting for general satisfaction. He had been required to confirm the Constitutions by a bull. He had hesitated to do it, and put off his answer. At length he sent the Archbishop of Rouen to England to endeavor to compromise matters. The formal consent of the Church was still wanting, and in the absence of it persons who agreed with the king in principle were uneasy at the possible consequences. The clergy might be wicked, but they were magicians notwithstanding, and only the chief magician could make it safe to deal with them. In the autumn of 1164 the king once more summoned a great council to meet him at Northampton Castle. The attendance was vast. Every peer and prelate not disabled was present, all feeling the greatness of the occasion. Castle, town, and monasteries were thronged to overflowing. Becket only had hesitated to appear. His attempt to escape to the Continent was constructive treason. It was more than treason. It was a violation of a distinct promise which he had given to the king.† The storm which he had raised had unloosed the tongues of those who had to complain of his ill-usage

\* "*In omni scelere et flagitio nequiores.*"

† Foliot to Becket, Giles, vol. ii., p. 387.

of them either in his archbishop's court or in the days when he was chancellor. The accounts had been looked into, and vast sums were found to have been received by him of which no explanation had been given. Who was this man, that he should throw the country into confusion, in the teeth of the bishops, in the teeth (as it seemed) of the pope, in the teeth of his own oath given solemnly to the king at Woodstock? The Bishop of London, in a letter to Becket, charged him with having directly intended to commit perjury.\* The first object of the Northampton council was to inquire into his conduct, and he had good reason to be alarmed at the probable consequences. He dared not, however, disobey a peremptory summons. He came, attended by a large force of armed knights, and was entertained at the monastery of St. Andrews. To anticipate inquiry into his attempted flight, he applied for permission on the day of his arrival to go to France to visit the pope. The king told him that he could not leave the realm until he had answered for a decree which had been given in his court. The case was referred to the assembled peers, and he was condemned and fined. It was a bad augury for him. Other charges lay thick, ready to be produced. He was informed officially that he would be required to explain the chancery accounts, and answer for the money which he had applied to his own purposes. His proud temper was chafed to the quick, and he turned sick with anger.† His admirers see only in these demands the sinister action of a dishonest tyranny. Oblique accusations, it is said, were raised against him, either to make him bend or to destroy his character. The question is rather whether his conduct admitted of explanation. If he had been unjust as a judge, if he had been unscrupulous as a high officer of state, such faults had no unimportant bearing on his present attitude. He would have done wisely to clear himself if he could; it is probable that he could not. He refused to answer, and he sheltered himself behind the release which he had received at his election. His refusal was not allowed; a second summons the next day found him in his bed, which he said

that he was too ill to leave. This was on a Saturday. A respite was allowed him till the following Monday. On Monday the answer was the same. Messenger after messenger brought back word that the archbishop was unable to move. The excuse might be true—perhaps partially it was true. The king sent two great peers to ascertain, and in his choice of persons he gave a conclusive answer to the accusation of desiring to deal unfairly with Becket; one was Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, the king's uncle, who as long as Becket lived was the best friend that he had at the court; the other was the remarkable Robert, Earl of Leicester, named Bossu (the hunchback). This Robert was a monk of Leicester Abbey, though he had a dispensation to remain at the court, and so bitter a Papist was he that when the schismatic Archbishop of Cologne came afterwards to London he publicly insulted him and tore down the altar at which he had said mass. Such envoys would not have been selected with a sinister purpose. They found that the archbishop could attend if he wished, and they warned him of the danger of trying the king too far. He pleaded for one more day. On the Tuesday morning he undertook to be present.

His knights, whose first allegiance was to the crown, had withdrawn from the monastery, not daring or not choosing to stand by a prelate who appeared to be defying his sovereign. Their place had been taken by a swarm of mendicants, such as the archbishop had gathered about him at Canterbury. He prepared for the scene in which he was to play a part with the art of which he was so accomplished a master. He professed to expect to be killed. He rose early. Some of the bishops came to see and remonstrate with him: they could not move his resolution, and they retired. Left to himself, he said the mass of St. Stephen in which were the words: "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed." He then put on a black stole and cap, mounted his palfrey, and, followed by a few monks and surrounded by his guard of beggars, rode at a foot's pace to the castle, preceded by his cross-bearer.

The royal castle of Northampton was a feudal palace of the usual form. A massive gateway led into a quadrangle; across the quadrangle was the entrance of the great hall, and at the upper end of the hall doors opened into spacious chambers beyond. The archbishop alighted at the gate, himself took his cross in his right

\* Foliot says that at Clarendon Becket said to the bishops, "It is the Lord's will I should perjure myself. For the present I submit and incur perjury, to repent of it, however, as I best may." (Giles, vol. i., p. 381.) Foliot was reminding Becket of what passed on that occasion.

† "Propter iram et indignationem quam in animo conceperat decedit in gravem ægritudinem." — Hoveden, vol. i., p. 225.

hand, and, followed by a small train, passed through the quadrangle, and passed up the hall, "looking like the lion-man of the prophet's vision."\* The king and the barons were in one chamber, the bishops in another. The archbishop was going in this attitude into the king's presence, that the court might see the person on whom they dared to sit in judgment; but certain "Templars" warned him to beware. He entered among his brethren, and moved through them to a chair at the upper end of the room.

He still held his cross. The action was unusual; the cross was the spiritual sword, and to bear it thus conspicuously in a deliberative assembly was as if a baron had entered the council in arms. The mass of St. Stephen had been heard of, and in the peculiar temper of men's minds was regarded as a magical incantation.† The Bishop of Hereford advanced and offered to carry the cross for him. Foliot, Bishop of London (*filius hujus sæculi*, "a son of this world"), said that if he came thus armed into the court the king would draw a sharper sword, and he would see then what his arms would avail him. Seeing him still obstinate, Foliot tried to force the cross out of his hands. The Archbishop of York added his persuasions; but the Archbishop of York peculiarly irritated Becket, and was silenced by a violent answer. "Fool thou hast ever been," said the Bishop of London, "and from thy folly I see plainly thou wilt not depart." Cries burst out on all sides. "Fly!" some one whispered in the archbishop's ear; "fly, or you are a dead man." The Bishop of Exeter came in at the moment, and exclaimed that unless the archbishop gave way they would all be murdered. Becket never showed to more advantage than in moments of personal danger. To the Bishop of Exeter he gave a sharp answer, telling him that he savored not the things of God. But he collected himself. He saw that he was alone. He stood up, he appealed to the pope, charged the bishops on peril of their souls to excommunicate any one who dared to lay hands on him, and moved as if he intended to withdraw. The Bishop of Winchester bade him resign the archbishopric. With an elaborate oath (*cum interminabili juratione*) he swore that he would not resign.

\* "Assumens faciem hominis, faciem leonis, prophetis illis animalibus a prophetâ descriptis simillimus," — Herbert of Bosham.

† It was said to have been done *per artem magicam et in contemptu regis*. (Hoveden.) He had the eucharist concealed under his dress.

The Bishop of Chichester then said: "As our primate we were bound to obey you, but you are our primate no longer; you have broken your oath. You swore allegiance to the king, and you subvert the common law of the realm. We too appeal to the pope. To his presence we summon you." "I hear what you say," was all the answer which Becket deigned to return.

The doors from the adjoining chamber were now flung open. The old Earl of Cornwall, the hunchback Leicester, and a number of barons entered. "My lord," said the Earl of Leicester to the archbishop, "the king requires you to come to his presence and answer to certain things which will then be alleged against you, as you promised yesterday to do." "My lord earl," said Becket, "thou knowest how long and loyally I served the king in his worldly affairs. For that cause it pleased him to promote me to the office which now I hold. I did not desire this office; I knew my infirmities. When I consented it was for the sake of the king alone. When I was elected I was formally acquitted of my responsibilities for all that I had done as chancellor. Therefore I am not bound to answer, and I will not answer."

The earls carried back the reply. The peers by a swift vote declared that the archbishop must be arrested and placed under guard.

The earls re-entered, and Leicester approached him and began slowly and reluctantly to announce the sentence. "Nay," said Becket, lifting his tall, meagre figure to its haughtiest height, "do thou first listen to me. The child may not judge his father. The king may not judge me, nor may you judge me. I will be judged under God by the pope alone, to whom in your presence I appeal. I forbid you under anathema to pronounce your sentence. And you, my brethren," he said, turning to the bishops, "since you will obey man rather than God, I call you too before the same judgment-seat. Under the protection of the Apostolic See, I depart hence."

No hand was raised to stop him. He swept through the chamber and flung open the door of the hall. He stumbled on the threshold, and had almost fallen, but recovered himself. The October evening was growing into twilight. The hall was thronged with the retinues of the king and the barons. Dinner was over. The floor was littered with rushes and fragments of rolls and broken meat. Draughts of ale had not been wanting, and young knights, pages, and retainers were either lounging



on the benches or talking in eager and excited groups. As Becket appeared among them, fierce voices were heard crying "Traitor! traitor! Stop the traitor!" Among the loudest were Count Hamelin, the king's illegitimate brother, and Sir Ranulf de Broc, one of the Canterbury knights. Like a bold animal at bay, Becket turned sharply on these two. He called Count Hamelin a bastard boy. He reminded De Broc of some near kinsman of his who had been hanged. The cries rose into a roar; sticks and knots of straw were flung at him. Another rash word, and he might have been torn in pieces. Some high official hearing the noise came in and conducted him safely to the door.

In the quadrangle he found his servants waiting with his palfrey. The great gate was locked, but the key was hanging on the wall; one of them took it and opened the gate, the porters looking on, but not interfering. Once outside he was received with a cheer of delight from the crowd, and with a mob of people about him he made his way back to the monastery. The king had not intended to arrest him, but he could not know it, and he was undoubtedly in danger from one or other of the angry men with whom the town was crowded. He prepared for immediate flight. A bed was made for him in the chapel behind the altar. After a hasty supper with a party of beggars whom he had introduced into the house, he lay down for a few hours of rest. At two in the morning, in a storm of wind and rain, he stole away disguised with two of the brethren. He reached Lincoln soon after daybreak, and from Lincoln, going by cross paths, and slipping from hiding-place to hiding-place, he made his way in a fortnight to a farm of his own at Eastry, near Sandwich. He was not pursued. It was no sooner known that he was gone from Northampton than a proclamation was sent through the country forbidding every man under pain of death to meddle with him. The king had determined to allow the appeal, and once more to place the whole question in the pope's hands. The Earl of Arundel with a dozen peers and bishops was despatched at once to Sens to explain what had happened, and to request Alexander to send legates to England to investigate the quarrel and to end it. The archbishop, could he have consented to be quiet, might have remained unmolested at Canterbury till the result could be ascertained. But he knew too well the forces which would be at work in the papal court to wait for its verdict.

His confidence was only in himself. Could he see the pope in person, he thought that he could influence him. He was sure of the friendship of Lewis of France, who was meditating a fresh quarrel with Henry, and would welcome his support. His own spiritual weapons would be as effective across the Channel as if used in England, while he would himself be in personal security. One dark night he went down with his two companions into Sandwich, and in an open boat crossed safely to Gravelines. At St. Omer he fell in with his old friend Chief Justice de Luci, who was returning from a mission to the court of France. De Luci urged him to return to England and wait for the pope's decision, warning him of the consequences of persisting in a course which was really treasonable, and undertaking that the king would forgive him if he would go back at once. Entreaties and warnings were alike thrown away. He remained and despatched a letter to the pope saying briefly that he had followed the example of his Holiness in resisting the encroachments of princes, and had fled from his country. He had been called to answer before the king as if he had been a mere layman. The bishops, who ought to have stood by him, had behaved like cowards. If he was not sustained by his Holiness, the Church would be ruined, and he would himself be doubly confounded. J. A. FROUDE.

---

From The Examiner.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE LAST LOOK.

ALL around us the great unbroken circle of the sea—overhead the paler color of the morning sky—and this huge floating palace of forty-five hundred tons crashing its way through the rolling waves of a heavy ground-swell—that was what we found when we stepped out on to the white and sunlit deck.

"What cheer, Madame Columbus? And how goes the log?" cried the lieutenant, making his appearance at the top of the companion-way.

Madame Columbus had been up betimes—in order to make sure of her bath—and was now engaged in private conversation with Lady Sylvia.



"We are a point west by north of Ben Nevis," she answered, promptly, "but the Irish coast is not yet in sight."

The latter half of her statement was true, anyhow; there was not even the faint cloud of an island visible all around the dark blue horizon. And so we set out on our march up and down the deck which had been strictly enjoined upon us by our admiral-in-chief, but which was occasionally interfered with by a lurch that sent this or that couple flying towards the hand-rail. And we were all full of our new experiences; of the strange sensation of plunging through the night at this terrible speed; of the remarkable ease with which articles could be taken out of portmanteaus; and of the absolute impossibility of getting them put in again, so as to secure something like order in our respective cabins. It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh and delightful breeze; but so blue was the sky, and so blue was the sea, that the eyes, becoming accustomed to this intense blue, saw everything on board the ship as of a glowing brown or red, while the human faces we looked at in passing were simply a blaze of crimson. Then we went below to breakfast; and instituted a sort of formal acquaintance with two or three folks who had been, the previous evening at dinner, absolute strangers to us.

That forenoon, as we sat on deck with our books which were seldom looked at, we could not understand why Queen T. was so fiercely opposed to our going ashore at Queenstown for an hour or two. As the pale line of coast now visible on the horizon came nearer and more near, she seemed to regard both Ireland and the Irish with great disfavor, though we knew very well that ordinarily she had a quite remarkable affection for both.

"What is Queenstown?" said she. "A squalid little place, with beggars and tradespeople that prey on the ignorance of Americans. They give you baskets of fruit with brown paper filling up half. They charge you ——"

"Why, you have never been there in your life!" exclaimed Bell, with staring eyes.

"But I know all the same!" was the retort. "Haven't Americans told me again and again of their first experiences of Irish hospitality? And what is the use of being at all that trouble of going ashore, to look at a miserable little town!"

"Madame," said the lieutenant, with a loud laugh, "I do think you are afraid we

will not come back, if we once are on the land. Do you think we will run away? And the company — will they give us back our passage-money?"

She relapsed into a proud and indignant silence; we knew not how Queenstown had managed so grievously to offend her.

And now we drew near the point at which we were to bid a real farewell to our native land; and as we slowly glided into the broad, bright bay, Queenstown gave us an Irish welcome of laughter shining through tears, of sunlight struggling through fleecy clouds of rain, and lighting up the beautiful green shores. There was a beautiful green, too, in the water of the bay, which was rippled over by a light westerly breeze. Well, we remained on board after all. We were informed by our admiral-in-chief that now, when the ship was almost empty and certainly still, was an excellent opportunity for setting our cabins to rights, and putting away everything we should not require on the voyage. What was there to see by remaining on deck? A quiet bay, a green shore, and some white houses — that was all. Those of us who rebelled, and insisted on remaining on deck, she treated with silent scorn. She was successful, at least, in carrying Lady Sylvia with her below.

And yet it must be confessed that we were all of us glad to get away from Queenstown. We wished to feel that we had really started. Wasting time in waiting for mails is not an exciting occupation, at Queenstown or elsewhere. When, therefore, the tender came out from the shore, and discharged her human and other cargo, and when the order was given to let go the gangway, we were glad enough. All of us, perhaps, except one; for what meant that slight exclamation — and the inadvertent step forward — as this last means of communication was withdrawn? But there was a friendly hand on her arm. The child looked on in mute despair, as the great vessel began to move through the water. There was a good deal of cheering as we now and finally set out on our voyage; she did not seem to hear it.

And now we were out on the Atlantic — the land gradually receding from sight — the great ship forging ahead at full speed through the rushing waves — the golden glory of the afternoon shining on her tall masts. They were getting out some sail, too; and as the string of men were hauling up the heavy gaff of the

mizen-trysail, one tall fellow, the leader of the choir, was singing so that all could hear, —

Oh, it's Union Square as I chanced for to pass,  
Yo, heave, ho!

Oh, it's there I met a bonnie young lass:

while the idiotic refrain —

Give a man time to roll a man down —

sounded musically enough with its accompaniment of flapping canvas and rushing waves. And there were rope-quoits got out, too; and the more energetic shovel-board; while those who scorned such vain delights were briskly promenading the deck with an eye to dinner. And then at dinner, the sudden cry that made everyone start up from the table and crowd round the nearest port-hole to look out on that extraordinary sunset — the sea a plain of dark and rich purple, almost hard in its outline against the sky — the sky a pure, dazzling breadth of green, a sort of olive green, but so dazzling and clear that it burnt itself into the memory, and will forever remain there — with a few lines of still more lambent gold barred across the west. That fire of color had blinded all eyes. When we returned to our seats, we could scarcely see each other.

"What a beautiful night we shall have!" said Lady Sylvia, who was doing her best to be very brave and cheerful — because, you see, it was our common duty, she considered, to cheer up the spirits of the young mother who had left her two children behind her — "and what a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Von Rosen, that you did not bring your guitar with you! Half of the charm of the voyage will be lost. And you know it will be moonlight to-night — you might have sung to us."

"I am like Mrs. S——'s little girl," said our Bell, "whom they used to bother so before visitors. She said one day, in the most pathetic voice, 'I wish I didn't know no songs; and then I shouldn't have to sing none.' But the guitar has been put away for a long time now. That belonged to the days of romance. Do you know any Scotch songs, Lady Sylvia? I have gone mad about them lately."

"I believe it was once remarked of you, Bell," says one of us, "that your heart was like a magnetized needle, always turning towards the north. But what we want to know is where you are going to stop. Cumberland ballads used to be enough for you; then you got to the Borders; then to the Lowlands, and now you are doubtless

among the clans. Does anybody know if there are stirring tunes in Iceland; or any *Volkslieder* to be picked up about the North Pole? Nevertheless we will take what you like to give us. We will pardon the absence of the guitar. When the moon comes out, we will take up the rugs on deck, and get into a nice shadowy corner, and — and what is that about *Above — Below — All's well*?"

"We are indeed well off," says our grave monitress, "that we have nothing to think about but moonlight and singing. What I am thankful for is that the clear night will lessen the chances of our running down any unfortunate small vessel. Ah! you don't know, Lady Sylvia, how often that happens — and nobody ever hears of it — a huge ship like this would simply cut down one of these smaller vessels to the water's edge and go clean over her. And of course the greatest danger of our doing so is near land. Think of the poor men, after being months at sea perhaps, and within a day or so of meeting their wives and families again, finding this huge monster crashing down on them. I tremble when I hear people speak of the vessels anchored on the Newfoundland Banks, and the fogs there, and the great steamers going on through the night. A collision is nothing to us — I suppose we should scarcely feel any shock at all; but it is certain death to the unhappy wretches who are out there at the fishing. Well, it is part of the risk of their calling: They have to support their families somehow; and I suppose their wives know each time they leave the land that they may never be heard of again. I wonder whether these poor men ever think that they are hardly used in life. No doubt they would prefer to belong to a fine club; and their wives would like to drive about in carriages. But I suppose they have their compensations. The home-coming must be pleasant enough."

"But do we go right on through a fog, all the same?" asked our Bell in some alarm.

"At a reduced speed, certainly; and people say that the booming of the fog-horn at night is one of the most horrid sounds in the world."

"You never thought of that danger, Lady Sylvia," said Bell, with a smile, "when your — when Mr. Balfour and you used to speak of going round the world in a steam-yacht. By the way, I suppose that steam-yacht that came out with us has got back to Queenstown by this time."

Queen T. glanced quickly and nervously at her.

"I hope so," said Lady Sylvia. "It was very friendly of the people to escort us a bit on our way. I suppose they knew some one on board. But I did not see any one waving a good-bye to them when they left."

"Oh," said Queen T., carelessly, "I have no doubt they only came out for a run."

When we went on deck we found the last glow of the twilight fading out of the north-western skies. We were all alone on the moving world of waters — the huge metallic-hued waves breaking over in masses of white foam that were clearly visible in the semi-darkness. But by this time we had grown so accustomed to the monotonous sound of the rushing waves that it was almost the equivalent of silence; so that any other sound — the striking of the bells every half-hour in the steering-room, for example, and the repetition by the man at the look-out — was startlingly clear and distinct. We got our chairs brought together, and the shawls spread out; and formed a little group by ourselves, whose talking, if we were so inclined, could not well be overheard. But there was not much talking, somehow. Perhaps that monotonous rushing of the water had a drowsy effect. Perhaps we were trying to find out the names of the pale, clear stars overhead, far beyond the tall masts that kept swaying this way and that as the vessel rose and fell on the long waves. Or were we wondering whether the man at the look-out, whose form was duskily visible against the clear, dark sky, could make out some small and distant speck — some faint glimmer of a light, perhaps — to tell us that we were not quite alone in this awful world of waters?

Then the stars grew paler; for a new glory began to fill the lambent skies, and the white deck began to show black shadows that moved on the silvery surface as the ship rose to the waves.

"Do you remember that moonlight night at Grasmere?" says Queen T. to her friend. "And won't you sing us 'The Flowers of the Forest'?"

It was quite another song that she sang — in a low voice that mingled curiously with the monotonous, melancholy rush of the waves. It was about the bonnie young Flora who "sat sighing her lane; the dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e."

Why should she have picked out this ballad of evil omen for our very first night on the Atlantic? —

She looked at a boat wi' the breezes that swung, Away on the wave, like a bird of the main; An' aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung "Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again."

Perhaps her conscience smote her. Perhaps she thought it was hardly fair to suggest to this poor young thing who was thrown on our care that the cruel parting she had just undergone was a final one. At all events, as she began to sing this other song, it seemed to some of us that she was taking a clear leap across a long interval of time, and imagining herself somehow as already returning to English shores. For she sang, —

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows;  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh! if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie,

Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Perhaps it was only our idle fancy, on this beautiful and pensive night, that coupled Bell's selections with the fortunes of our guest, but all the same one of us — who is always tenderly thoughtful in such small matters — suddenly called out, —

"Come, Bell, we shall have no more sad songs. Who was it that used to sing 'The Braes o' Mar' with a flushed face as if all the clans from John O'Groat's to Airlie were marshalling under her leadership?"

Bell is an obliging person. She sang that song, and many another; and there was an attempt at a modest duet or two; while the ceaseless roar of the waves went on, and we watched the moonlight quiver and gleam on the hurrying waters.

"Oh, my dear," says Queen T., putting her hand on the head of her old friend and companion, who was nestled at her feet, "this is not at all like crossing the Channel, is it?"

"Not much," says Bell. "I am already convinced that my ancestors were Vikings."

Nor was it at all like crossing the Channel when we went below for the night — passing the great ruddy saloon, with its golden lamps and hushed repose — and sought out the privacy of our quiet and neat little cabins. But here an act of retributive justice had to be administered. There were two people standing alone in one of these cabins, amid a wild confusion of slippers, dressing-bags, and clothes-

brushes. Says the one to the other, sternly, —

“What did you mean by that suspicious glance when the steam-yacht was mentioned?”

“What steam-yacht?” says she innocently; but in the dusky light of the lamp her face is seen to flush.

“You know very well.”

Here her fingers become somewhat nervous; and a piteous and guilty look comes into the eyes.

“Do you mean to deny that Balfour was in that boat; that you knew that he was to be in it; and that you dared to keep the knowledge from his wife?”

“And if he was,” says she, with her lips beginning to quiver, “how could I tell her? It would have driven the poor thing mad with pain. How could I tell her?”

“I believe you have a heart as hard as the nether millstone.”

And perhaps she had; but it was certainly not her own sorrows that were making her tears run down her face, as she pretended to be busy over a portmanteau.

---

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### DRESDEN CHINA AND ITS MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN, SAXONY.

To most people the very name of “Dresden china” has a magical charm; and though “old Dresden” is supposed by some people to be priceless and the thing to have, while “modern Dresden” is held to be of small account, we confess we were delighted to find that the manufactory at Meissen, where all Dresden china is made, was only one hour by rail from Dresden, where we were; that it was the easiest thing in the world to go and see it; and that an enthusiastic German friend — a connoisseur in china — was not only willing but charmed to accompany us.

The town of Meissen is a quaint, but not very interesting, old town built on a hill, with a castle and cathedral joined together at its summit: and as the train arrived at Meissen at twelve, and we were advised to be at the manufactory at two (when the workmen resume work after dinner), we spent the intervening time, first in eating a very indifferent and greasy luncheon under the shade of some oleaners in front of the best hotel, and then, in climbing an exceedingly steep street, and in going to the cathedral and castle.

Both buildings are extremely plain, and have no pretensions of any kind to their

names. The castle, dark, and old, with endless storeys and innumerable windows, gained a certain liveliness of appearance from being used as a barrack; and as the day was hot, every window was filled with lounging, smoking little Saxon soldiers evidently enjoying themselves.

The cathedral consists of one aisle; its one picture was being “restored;” but on either side of the altar were some very coarsely painted plaster figures representing Saxon sovereigns, with gilt crowns, and what, it must be confessed, appeared to us a very diabolical grin on their red faces.

We asked for the recess where the flames of purgatory are said to be heard, and putting in our heads we heard a peculiar and melancholy noise, made by the wind. One could quite understand a little imagination and ignorance converting this sound into the roaring of flames. Our guide said, very gravely, that when the wind was high the noise was “truly terrifying.”

From the platform outside, the view is very extensive and pretty, with the Elbe winding along as far as the eye could see: in one direction the blue hills of Saxon Switzerland broke the line of the horizon, and the flat and uninteresting country between Meissen and Dresden gained all that enchantment which distance is supposed to lend.

Two o'clock found us in a suburb of Meissen, and in front of the large and substantial building which is the manufactory, and which looks much more like an overgrown German country-house. There is a great deal of building behind it, and it covers altogether a large space of ground.

On entering we went into the huge show-rooms down-stairs to wait for the guide, for whose services we each paid one mark (about one shilling).

These rooms contained an enormous amount of china of every description. From floor to ceiling, shelves, tables, and wide counters (not to speak of the floor itself) were loaded with articles, from the most fragile and costly teacups to huge animals; and ranging in price from small salt-spoons price sixpence, to vases and candelabras valued at many hundred pounds. Judging from what we saw, his Majesty of Saxony must find china pay. Our guide arrived, and we went with him first through the buildings on the ground-floor to see everything from the beginning. The clay from which the china derives its fineness and delicacy is found about an hour's journey from Meissen. When it

arrives it is sifted and pulverized several times till nothing but the finest and purest part remains; in this state it looks like very fine flour with a slightly yellow tinge. It is then mixed with *feldspatz* (a kind of flint) — which is ground to powder — gypsum, and water, made into huge balls, and kept in zinc-lined boxes, to be served out as occasion requires.

There was nothing in the moulding of the commoner forms, or in the whirling of plates and bowls, etc., in any way differing from the ordinary method pursued in every china manufactory in this country, and this is therefore not worth describing. In a very long gallery — round two sides of a square, and into which opened the various work-rooms — we saw the most extraordinary collection of moulds, — bodies guiltless of heads, legs, or arms; right legs, left legs, with and without shoes; birds, animals, and fishes, — ready to be filled at will.

In a large and well-lighted room sat a perfect army of workmen, to whom the contents of these moulds were given, after one baking, and while the clay is still plastic. Taking a body, they joined arms and legs and head with inconceivable rapidity, passing a camel's-hair brush dipped in water to make the members stick on. With small agate tools each began to bring these moulded figures to perfection. The workman gave the eyes expression; he deepened an eyelid, softened the cheek, rounded an arm, marked the finger-nails, patted it on one side, then on the other, till it stood before us a shepherdess complete. Nothing was more marvellous than the gentleness and dexterity with which the fragile thing was handled, and the wonderful quickness with which he manipulated each smallest detail.

Next to this room in point of interest was the one where the raised fruits and flowers are made and arranged on each vase or jug or basket.

There is no moulding here. The most delicate leaves are rolled at the point of the accomplished fingers; leaf is added to leaf, every bit of the smallest rose is curled, patted into shape, and stuck into its place, till it grows before you into a perfect rose. The tiniest petal of each diminutive forget-me-not is made by itself and put in its place by the aid of daintily-held pincers, that might belong to fairyland. The miniature flowers on the lap of a dancing-girl are all made in the same way: and seeing the time taken, and the care required, it made one understand why "raised china" cost so much.

The perforated edges of plates and baskets are marked in the moulds, and cut out with a penknife afterwards, then carefully rounded and smoothed by the inevitable agate tools. Indeed in all cases the mould gives the forms very roughly, and much more skilled labor is required than we had imagined — eight hundred and fifty people being the regular staff, which does not include artists, sometimes specially engaged to undertake the painting of particular orders.

When the china is ready, it is taken to be baked again, then glazed, then painted, then baked again, in some cases being baked no less than six times, and breaking to pieces in the sixth baking. These accidents, however, are much less frequent than formerly, as the degree and distribution of heat are all much better understood now.

The ovens are built in circular chambers, and we stood in the centre of one, finding the heat less than we had expected. All round were recesses, in which trays of lovely china were placed; and in the lower, and, as we supposed, the hottest ovens, moulds (looking in their closed form exactly like so many Stilton cheeses of all sizes) were deposited.

The apparently careless way in which the workmen moved about with tray-loads of exquisite china made one a little breathless — no baker's boy with a batch of rolls, could have looked less anxious than they did; but we were assured that an accident hardly ever occurs; and the china after one baking is so brittle, that on my admiring a basket, and wishing in my ignorance to buy one, the superintendent, with a smile of superiority, put it into my hands where it crumbled to bits immediately.

The only part of the manufacture they would not explain thoroughly was the glazing-tub, into which everything is dipped; and our German friend said that some improvement in this glaze or enamel is thought to be a secret.

When the glaze is hard, the china is taken to the various painting-rooms; and as most people in these days know, the colors then are but dingy and often false, to their after-appearance, the gold, which is a dull dark brown on going into the oven, comes out looking much the same, and the china is then taken to the burnishing-room, where a great many women and girls sit with agate tools of various shapes, and quick friction turns this dark and dusky brown to gold that glitters. In the room devoted to the finest painting, we were introduced to an old Frenchman,

with two pairs of spectacles on. He was celebrated for his child-figures, and was painting groups in the centres of a set of dessert-plates, ordered by one of the Imperial family of Prussia. Children guiltless of clothes were swimming, bathing, making flower-wreaths, riding goats, catching butterflies, etc. Each group was different, and the grace and beauty of the figures were perfectly wonderful. He had painted there for years, but had never learned German; he had never tried, he said, with a little shrug. He also told us he seldom painted flowers. "Any one can do that," he said, with a fine sense of his own unrivalled talent; but looking at the flowers, we could not agree with him. It is not given to "any one" to paint such flowers.

The blue and white china, called *par excellence* "Meissen china," is of course also made here. The difference between it and Dresden china consists in its being painted in cobalt *before* it is glazed, and it is not baked so often.

Besides the reproduction of beautiful old shapes in the finest clay, this Meissen china is made more coarsely and strongly in commoner shapes, when it is much cheaper and very strong. It is also hand-painted, but is very quickly done, by means of a perforated paper laid over plate or cup, when powdered cobalt is shaken over it, out of a thing exactly like a small pepper-box. This leaves the pattern marked, and lads, with a fine brush and a little water, stipple in the color. It is then baked and glazed. Some of the old shapes with perforated edges were quite beautiful.

When the china is examined by the superintendent, and he considers it perfect, he affixes on every piece the well-known crossed swords before the last baking. Every bit with the slightest imperfection in pattern, shape, or transparency, is marked imperfect, and sold for less than half-price either at the manufactory, or, more frequently, at a small shop in Dresden near the Frauen Kirche, which goes by the name of "the rejected shop."

This mark of imperfection is simply a small white line drawn through the crossed swords.

The perfect china is finally put on the list, and passes on to the packing-case or to the show-rooms.

There was something, apart from the prettiness of the manufacture, that was very taking. The quantity of light, the great space and cleanliness, the ventilation of all the rooms, and the well-to-do

look of the "hands," gave one a very cheerful impression. The wages were good, half-a-crown a day being the lowest to ordinary hands (young lads and girls), and £3 a week and upwards to those with any particular skill. As in the buildings in Saxony many Italians are employed, so in this factory many Italians sat. The three best flower-makers were Italians; and their long dark hair, flashing eyes, and peculiar slender fingers, formed a strong contrast to the type of their Saxon neighbors.

When at length we drove away, we had the unusual and comfortable feeling of having seen a beautiful art produced under the happiest conditions, instead of having, as is sometimes the case, to pity the work-people, and to regret that hard necessity compels one portion of humanity to injure their constitutions in order to supply the other portion with articles either of use or ornament.

---

From The New Quarterly Review.  
THE PEAK IN DARIEN:

THE RIDDLE OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

It is somewhat singular that the natural longing to penetrate the great secret of mortality should not have suggested to some of the inquirers into so-called "Spiritual" manifestations, that, before attempting to obtain communication with the *dead*, through such poor methods as raps and alphabets, they might more properly, and with better hope of gaining a glimpse through the "gates ajar," watch closely the dying, and study the psychological phenomena which accompany the act of dissolution. Thus, it might be possible to ascertain by comparison of numerous instances, whether among those phenomena are any which seem to indicate that the Mind, Soul, or Self, of the expiring person is not undergoing a process of extinction, but exhibiting such tokens as might be anticipated were it entering upon a new phase of existence, and coming into possession of fresh faculties. It is at least conceivable that some such indications might be observed, were we to look for them with care and caution, under the rare conditions wherein they could at any time be afforded; and if this should prove to be the fact, it is needless to dilate on the intense interest of even such semblance of confirmation of our hopes. Of

course, to regard anything which could be so noticed as anything *more*, or as if it could constitute an argument for belief in a future life, would be foolish in the extreme, seeing the great obscurity and the evanescent nature of all such phenomena. Our faith in immortality must be built on altogether different ground, if it is to be of any value as a part of our religion, or of our philosophy. But, assuming that we are individually already convinced that the quasi-universal creed of the human race is not erroneous, and that "the soul of a man never dies," we may not unreasonably turn to the solemn scene of dissolution, and ask, Whether there does not sometimes occur, under one or two perhaps of its hundred forms, some incidents which point in the direction of the great Fact, which we believe to be actually in process of realization? According to our common conviction, there is a moment of time, when the Man whom we have known in his garb of flesh, casts it aside, actually, so to speak, before our eyes, and "this mortal puts on immortality." As in Blanco White's beautiful sonnet he is, like Adam, watching his first sunset, and trembling to lose sight of the world, and the question to be solved is, Whether darkness has enshrouded him, or whether

Hesperus with the hosts of Heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened in his view?

and he may have asked himself, —

Who would have thought such darkness lay  
concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun? or deemed,  
While flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us  
blind?

and Life, like Light, had been only a deception and a veil.

We have walked in company with our brother, perchance for years, through the "wilderness of this world," over its arid plains of toil, and through its sweet valleys of love and pleasure; and then we have begun to climb the awful Andes which have always loomed before us at our journey's end, their summits against the sky, and beyond them — the Undiscovered Land. Onward, a little before us, as chance may decide, our companion perhaps mounts the last acclivity, and we see him slowly approach the mountain's crown, while our lagging steps yet linger on the slopes below. Sometimes, ere he reach the hilltop, he is enveloped in cloud, and then we see him no more; but again,

sometimes, he remains in the full sunlight, and, though distant from us, and beyond the reach of our voice, it is yet possible for us to watch his attitude and motions. Now we see him nearing the summit. A few steps more, and there must break on his vision whatever there may be of the unknown World beyond — a howling wilderness, or a great Pacific of joy. Does he seem, as that view bursts on him — whatsoever it may be — does he seem to be inspired with hope, or cast down with despair? Do his arms drop in consternation, or does he lift them aloft with one glad gesture of rapture, ere he descend the further slope, and is lost to our sight forever?

It appears to me that we may, though with much diffidence, answer this question as regards some of our comrades in life's journey, who have gone before us, and of whom the last glimpse has been one full of strange, mysterious, but most joyful promise. Let us inquire into the matter calmly, making due allowance both for natural exaggeration of mourning friends, who recall the most affecting scenes, and also for the probable presence of cerebral disturbance and spectral illusion at the moment of physical dissolution.

Of course, it is quite possible that the natural law of death may be that the departed always sink into a state of unconsciousness, and rather dip beneath a Lethe than leap a Rubicon. It is likewise possible that the faculties of a disembodied soul, whatever they may be, may need time and use, like those of an infant, before they can be practically employed. But there is also at least a *possibility* that consciousness is not always lost, but is continuous through the passage from one life to another, and that it expands, rather than closes, at the moment when the bonds of the flesh are broken, and the man enters into possession of his higher powers and vaster faculties symbolled by the beautiful old emblem of Psyche's emancipated butterfly quitting the shell of the chrysalis.\* In this latter case there is a

\* There is an insect, the Lunar Sphinx Moth, which exhibits, in its first stage, not only the usual provision for its security while in the helpless chrysalis state, but a singular foresight of its own requirements when it shall have become a winged moth. Having made, by eating its way *upward* through the pith of a willow, an appropriate hiding-place, it finds itself with its head in a position in which, were it to become a moth, it could never push itself down, and escape at the aperture below. The little creature accordingly, before it goes to sleep, laboriously turns round, and places its head near the entrance, where, as a moth, it will make its happy exit into the fields of air. There seems something, curiously akin in the unaccountable foresight of this insect, of a state of existence it has never



certain *prima facie* presumption that close observation ought to permit us occasionally to obtain some brief glimpse, some glance, through but of lightning swiftness and evanescence, revealing partially this transcendent change.

In a majority of deaths the accompanying physical conditions hide from the spectators whatever psychological phenomena may be taking place. The sun of our poor human life mostly sets behind an impenetrable cloud. Of all forms of death the commonest seems to be the awful "agony," with its unconscious groans and stertorous breath. The dying person seems to sink lower and lower, as if beneath the waters of an unfathomable sea; a word, a motion, a glance, rising up at longer and longer intervals, till the last slow and distant sighs terminate the woe-ful strife, and the victory of Death is complete. When this is the mode of dissolution it is of course hopeless to look for any indication of the fate of the soul at its exodus; and the same holds good as regards death in extreme old age, or after exhausting disease, when the sufferer very literally "falls asleep." Again, there are deaths which are accompanied by great pain, or delirium, or which are caused by sudden accidents, altogether hiding from our observation the mental condition of the patient. Only in a small residue of cases the bodily conditions are such as to cause neither interference with, nor yet concealment of, the process of calm and peaceful dissolution, in the full light of mental sanity; and it is to these only we can look with any hope of fruitful observation. We ask, Whether in such cases instances have ever been known of occurrences having any significance, taken in connection with the solemn event where-with they are associated? Does our fore-runner on the hilltop show by his looks and actions — since he is too far off to speak to us — that he beholds, from his "Peak in Darien," an Ocean yet hidden from our view?

I should hesitate altogether to affirm positively that such is the case; but, after many inquiries on the subject, I am still more disinclined to assert the contrary. The truth seems to be that in almost every family or circle, questions will elicit recollections of death-bed scenes, wherein, with singular recurrence, appears one very significant incident, namely, that the dying person, precisely at the moment of

experienced, and the vague and dim sentiment of immortality, common to mankind since the days of the cave-dwellers of the Stone Age.

death, and when the power of speech was lost, or nearly lost, seemed to see something — or rather, to speak more exactly, to become conscious of something present (for actual sight is out of question) — of a very striking kind, which remained invisible to and unperceived by the assistants. Again and again this incident is repeated. It is described almost in the same words by persons who have never heard of similar occurrences, and who suppose their own experience to be unique, and have raised no theory upon it, but merely consider it to be "strange," "curious," "affecting," and nothing more. It is invariably explained — that the dying person is lying quietly, when suddenly, in the very act of expiring, he looks up — sometimes starts up in bed — and gazes on (what appears to be) vacancy, with an expression of astonishment, sometimes developing instantly into joy, and sometimes cut short in the first emotion of solemn wonder and awe. If the dying man were to see some utterly-unexpected but instantly recognized vision, causing him a great surprise, or rapturous joy, his face could not better reveal the fact. The very instant this phenomenon occurs, death is actually taking place, and the eyes glaze even while they gaze at the unknown sight. If a breath or two still heave the chest, it is obvious that the soul has already departed.

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance may be placed: —

"I have heard numberless instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will therefore limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day and was so

wakeful that I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture; at the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face, and after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny of some object invisible to me, he said to me in a joyous tone, 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well, but the dying man had a son still living, named John, for whom we had sent, and I concluded it was of John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving; so I answered, —

"No. John has not been able to come."

"The man turned to me impatiently and said, 'I do not mean John, I know he is not here, it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him?'"

"Yes," I said, "I remember dear little Jim who died last year, quite well."

"Don't you see him then? There he is," said the man, pointing to the vacant space on which his eyes were fixed; and when I did not answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'"

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man, which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned round to look at me with a glance almost of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said, 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment."

"The second case was that of a boy about fourteen years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined, highly educated child, who throughout his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the unknown life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees out-

side his open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment the whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wondering rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of perfect ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on which he gazed, for his look passed slowly from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going back and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of this world, to give her a token that it was so, by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand, and pressed it meaningly, giving thereby an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone."

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when somewhat suddenly the summons came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the tardy dawn of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he still lived; but suddenly, while they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of wonder and joy, that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delighted surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the eyelids fell, the head drooped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of case to those above narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me, who had passed through the miserable experiences of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary; but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quaint old workhouse of St. Peter's at Bristol. For many months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing piecemeal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature! when all her little round of error and pain had been run; and her innocent, pretty face might have been that of a child. She never used any sort of cant (so common among women who have been in refuges), but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage, and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed there hung by chance a print of the Lost Sheep, and Mary S —, looking at it one day, said to me, "That is just what I was, and what happened to me; but I am being brought safe home now." For a long time before her death, her weakness was such that she was quite incapable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she, of course, continued to lie with her head on the pillow while life gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night by the nurse in attendance. Early at dawn next morning — an Easter morning, as it chanced — the poor old women who occupied the other beds in the ward were startled from their sleep by seeing Mary S — suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched and her face raised, as if in a perfect rapture of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of mysterious ecstasy.

A totally different case again was that of a man of high intellectual distinction, well-known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed suddenly to look up as if at some spectacle invisible to those around, with an expression of solemn surprise and awe,

very characteristic, it is said, of his habitual frame of mind. At that instant, and before the look had time to falter or change, the shadow of death passed over his face, and the end had come.

In yet another case I am told that at the last moment so bright a light seemed suddenly to shine from the face of a dying man, that the clergyman and another friend who were attending him actually turned simultaneously to the window to seek for the cause.

Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well-known family, one of whose members narrated it to me. A dying lady, exhibiting the aspect of joyful surprise to which we have so often referred, spoke of seeing, one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently recognized last of all a fourth brother, who was believed by the bystanders to be still living in India. The coupling of his name with that of his dead brothers excited such awe and horror in the mind of one of the persons present, that she rushed half-senseless from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

Again, in another case a gentleman who had lost his only son some years previously, and who had never recovered the afflicting event, exclaimed suddenly when dying, with the air of a man making a most rapturous discovery, "I see him! I see him!"

Not to multiply such anecdotes too far — anecdotes which certainly possess a uniformity pointing to some similar cause, whether that cause be physiological or psychical — I will now conclude with one authenticated by a near relative of the persons concerned. A late well-known bishop was commonly called by his sisters "Charlie," and his eldest sister bore the pet name of "Liz." They had both been dead for some years when their younger sister, Mrs. W —, also died, but before her death appeared to behold them both. While lying still and apparently unconscious she suddenly opened her eyes and looked earnestly across the room, as if she saw some one entering. Presently, as if overjoyed, she exclaimed, "O Charlie!" and then, after a moment's pause, with a new start of delight, as if he had been joined by some one else, she went on, "And Liz!" and then added, "How beautiful you are!" After seeming to gaze at the two beloved forms for a few

minutes, she fell back on her pillow and died.

Instances like these, might, I believe, be almost indefinitely multiplied were attention directed to them, and the experience of survivors more generally communicated and recorded. Reviewing them, the question seems to press upon us, Why should we *not* thus catch a glimpse of the spiritual world through that half-open portal wherein our dying brother is passing? If the soul of man exists at all after the extinction of the life of the body, what is more probable than that it should begin, at the very instant when the veil of the flesh is dropping off, to exercise those spiritual powers of perception, which we must suppose it to possess (else were its whole after life a blank), and to become conscious of other things than those of which our dim senses can take cognizance? If it be not destined to an eternity of solitude (an absurd hypothesis), its future companions may well be recognized at once, even as it goes forth to meet them. It seems indeed almost a thing to be expected, that some of them should be ready waiting to welcome it on the threshold. Is there not, then, a little margin for hope—if not for any confident belief—that our fondest anticipations will be verified, nay, that the actual experience of not a few has verified them? May it not be that when that hour comes for each of us which we have been wont to dread as one of parting and sorrow—

The last long farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world,

ere we “put off into the unknown dark,” we may find that we only leave, for a little time, the friends of earth, to go straight to the embrace of those who have long been waiting for us to make perfect for them the nobler life beyond the grave? May it not be that our very first dawning sense of that enfranchised existence will be the rapture of reunion with the beloved ones, whom we have mourned as lost, but who have been standing near, waiting longingly for our recognition, as a mother may watch beside the bed of a fever-stricken child till reason reilluminates its eyes and with outstretched arms it cries, “Mother”?

There are some, alas! to whom it must be very dreadful to think of thus meeting on the threshold of eternity, the wronged, the deceived, the forsaken. But for most of us, God be thanked, no dream of celestial glory has half the ecstasy of the thought that in dying we may meet,—

and *meet at once*, before we have had a moment to feel the awful loneliness of death,—the parent, wife, husband, child, friend of our life, soul of our soul, whom we consigned long ago with breaking hearts to the grave. Their “beautiful” forms (as that dying lady beheld her brother and sister) entering our chamber, standing beside our bed of death, and come to rejoin us forever—what words can tell the happiness of such a vision? It *may* be awaiting us all. There is even, perhaps, a certain probability that it is actually the natural destiny of the human soul, and that the affections, which alone of earthly things can survive dissolution will, like magnets, draw the beloved and loving spirits of the dead around the dying. I can see no reason why we should not indulge so ineffably blessed a hope. But, even if it be a dream, the faith remains, built on no such evanescent and shadowy foundation, that there is One Friend,—and he the best—in whose arms we shall surely fall asleep, and to whose love we may trust for the re-union sooner or later, of the severed links of sacred human affection.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### UNSUSPECTED WAYS OF EARNING A LIVELIHOOD.

“WHY, sir, we never should wake of our own accord, specially these dark mornings, if we hadn't somebody to knock us up.”

The speaker was a worthy artisan whom I often used to meet at a certain steam-boat pier on the Thames; his after-breakfast labours appearing to begin about the time I usually was in waiting for the boat.

“You see, sir,” he continued in answer to a question I had put to him—“you see, sir, there's about sixty of us hereabouts down by the water-side; and there's so much that depends upon the tide, that we have to be called at all hours—sometimes two o'clock in the morning, or three or four, just as the case may be.”

“But who is it calls you?” I asked. “A policeman, I suppose?”

“No; not a policeman,” my companion answered; “it would take up a deal too much of his time; besides, fresh policemen are always coming on to the beat, and we could not be bothered with constantly having to shew and tell a new man the way.”

"Well, it must be rather an awkward matter," I observed.

"No; it isn't. We each pay fourpence a week to Phil Larkins; and he wakes us as regular as clockwork."

"But if sixty people want to be called at all sorts of irregular hours, how does the awakener manage to know his duties?" I asked.

"Oh, we chalk on our doors or shutters the time, and that way he knows. Phil is to be depended upon always. But he very nearly lost the work a year ago, and it was a shame. Some fellow wanted to step into his shoes, and morning after morning went and altered the chalkings, so that we were either called two hours before our time, or over-slept ourselves, and so got into trouble. There was no end of quarrels and misunderstandings till the trick was found out. And I think the rascal who did it deserved a ducking—only, you see Phil is such a little fellow he couldn't give it him."

"It was a dastardly trick!" I exclaimed with indignation, bidding the man good-bye.

Another speaking acquaintance of mine was an old man whose duty consisted in sweeping down the steps which were submerged at high-tide, but quite bare at low-water. I had often seen him at work cleansing from mud and silt step by step as the tide receded; and now it occurred to me that from the nature of his occupation he, of all others, must work at the most irregular hours. It was a dull wintry morning, but the old man was working cheerfully at his accustomed task, which, as the water was getting low, was very nearly completed. He was pale and thin, but had that air of decent respectability which happily is often seen in the very humblest classes.

I opened the conversation in true English fashion by a remark on the weather, asking his opinion as to the probability of rain.

"Snow more likely," he answered laconically, but quite civilly.

"I daresay you are right," was my reply, "for I should think you are one of the weather-wise people."

"Ought to be, if there's anything learned in being always twelve hours in the four-and-twenty out of doors all seasons," was the rejoinder.

"Rather hard work for you, my man," I said sympathizingly.

"I don't complain. There's lighter work to be sure, but there's some that's a deal

heavier; and after being at it so many years, may be it comes easier to me than it would to another. I was only fifty-five when I began, and now I'm seventy-three."

"And is it necessary that you should work all the six hours that the tide is ebbing?" I asked, really desiring the information.

"Quite necessary," he replied, descending a step, and plying his broom vigorously as he spoke. "Why, if I did not begin at the beginning and go on regularly, the mud would harden, and I should have to drag up buckets of water to wash the steps with. And gentlefolks want nice clean steps going to the boats."

"I suppose you are glad when your work does not happen to be in the dead of the night?" I observed.

"I don't know that I care. It is the change in the time that makes the variety in the work. And sometimes on fine nights, when the stars are blinking and winking, or the moon floating in the sky, with the clouds rushing along as if every now and then they were washing her face, I think things and feel things as I don't at other times. I think it's a mistake for people always to sleep of nights, I do."

"I suppose you depend on some one to call you up at the turn of the tide?" I said inquiringly.

"No; I don't," replied the old man, with a shake of his head. "I tried that at first, but it didn't answer. I daresay Larkins might do it; but it was before he took to the business of knocking at doors; and the man I trusted to made mistakes or else forgot, and didn't wake me right, and I very nearly lost the place; and ever since I have trusted to myself."

"Then how do you manage?" I said.

"That is just what I don't know, except that it seems to me it is managed for me. I only know that if it is high-water in the deadeast hour of the night, I always do wake. It is just as if something said: 'Look alive; time's up;' and sure enough it always is. I often wonder at it; but I have come to think that wondering is of no more use than wondering at the tides coming up so surely, and the new moons shining just as they are expected, and the stars all keeping their places so safely. O sir, some folks, no doubt, are very learned, but there's a deal more in the world than people can ever make out."

"Do you know, my friend, that you are speaking the thoughts of one of the great-

est of men?" I exclaimed, reflecting on Hamlet's words to Horatio.

"Am I? What did he say?" was the rejoinder.

"He said," I exclaimed, "'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"Well, he was right, whoever he was," exclaimed the old man, with a sort of innocent satisfaction at his own corroboration of a great man's words. "And what's more, I think the world would be a worse place than it is if we had nothing left to wonder at."

"I heartily agree with you," was my reply.

"And there's more to wonder at than even the stars and the tides," continued the sweeper, "and that's the ways of men, the good and the bad that's in the most of us. But then I do think we river-side people see more than others, what with the partings and meetings going on; and now and again the dead bodies that come to shore, and sometimes the miserable despairing people who would drown themselves if they weren't hindered. Well, it's these things that set me wondering and thinking, and that make the working hours pass quickly, especially at night."

"You seem a bit of a philosopher," I said admiringly.

"What's that?" cried the old man.

"It means lover of wisdom," I replied; "and he is happy who can justly lay claim to the title. My friend, we must have another talk another day."

"Well, sir, you'll always find me here according to the tide; leastways unless I am ill again, as I was last year."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, I don't quite know myself," the old man answered, "for I don't remember much about it. When they found the steps neglected, some of the wharf people came to look after me, and then they took me off to the hospital, where I was for a matter of six weeks. You see, sir, since my poor old missus died I am all alone, for my grandson went to sea; his father is a soldier; and my daughter has been in service these thirty years; so I had no one to go for a doctor or give me a drink of water."

"Oh, that was very sad," I exclaimed.

"Well, it was rather hard lines; but you see no one knew how I was taken; and when they found me, folks were mighty good to me, and they gave me back my place when I got well; so I ought not to complain."

The boat by which I travel was now nearing the pier, and I stepped on board, with a friendly nod to the old man, reflecting with some sympathy on the many such stories which doubtless, if we knew them, would serve to swell

The short and simple annals of the poor.

From The Globe.

#### FAMOUS ENGLISH PRINTERS.

THE better title would be "Famous Printers of English," for many of Caxton's successors were foreigners. And, perhaps, this may account for Caxton's own persistency in announcing his nationality. He learned his art abroad, and when he died it was chiefly foreign craftsmen who took it up and perpetuated it. And thus we get German, Norman, and Belgian names on the title-pages of the old volumes. In these early books the printer comes before us as an artist, and not as a craftsman. His work is often more interesting than his author. He became, in effect, a patron of literature. He had to make a good and wise selection, for the printing of a volume was no trifling investment. Thus printer and author go side by side, as publisher and author have gone in later days. Caxton and Chaucer are associated as indissolubly as Scott and Constable or Byron and Murray. Most of these old books were what we should call standard, and many of them were law books. Thus, William of Machlinia is chiefly known as the printer of the first edition of "Littleton's Tenures." It is a small folio volume, printed in a coarse Gothic letter, without a date, but issued from their office, known to have been near All Hallows Church.

But the most eminent of Caxton's successors was Wynkyn de Worde. He was probably an apprentice, certainly an assistant, of our English printer, worked with him at Westminster, and issued books from the same office after his death. Like Caxton, he was a master in his craft, and introduced many improvements in the new invention. His works are admirable for their neatness and elegance. He designed and cut his own punches, sinking them into matrices and casting his own letters. He was a man of enterprise as well as of taste and education. The catalogue of his issues is known to have included at least five hundred and eight examples, of which the most notable is the "Polychron-

icon." As we have seen, William de Machlinia publishing the first edition of a law book, still quoted in our courts, so Wynkyn de Worde is associated with a school-book of which all scholars and students have at least heard. This is the famous "Lilye's Grammar." There is now no extant copy of the work with the printer's name to it, but a contemporary work of Whittington was repeatedly printed by him. Indeed, most of his books are what we should call educational. Books were then printed for scholars, not for the circulating library, and De Worde's catalogue is largely made of "Accidences," "Lucidaries," "Orchards of Words" — a phrase somewhat analogous to the Latin *anthologia* — and "Promptuaries for Little Children."

A contemporary of De Worde, and a fellow workman with him in Caxton's office, was Richard Pynson, a Norman by birth, and the introducer of that useful series of works which form the basis of subsequent "Year Books," as they were called by him, and still retain his title. Here, again, we find education to be the chief motive of issue. The first treatise on arithmetic published in this country was printed by Pynson — the date 1522, the title "*Libri 4 de arte supputandi*," and the author one of the first mathematicians of the age, Tonstall, Bishop of London. Pynson styled himself "king's printer," on his title-pages, but though his successor held a patent, it is not believed that any previous right of that kind had been given by the crown. The new art was, however, not to be confined to the capital. The men of letters in those days were the bishops and ecclesiastics, and soon all the great cities set up their printing-offices and published their issues. But it is notable how the master printer was generally a foreigner. One of the most eminent of them was Peter de Triers, a native of the town now generally known as Trèves, who started his office at the south side of the Thames, where he published Latin works of Cato and Erasmus. From this time presses began to be freely set up. The universities — Canterbury, Norwich, Tavistock — became great centres of this kind of trade, and it is recorded that in 1538, when Cardinal Wolsey visited his native town, he commemorated the visit by establishing a printing-office at Ipswich.

Scotland soon followed in the wake of England, and Ireland came last. Ireland was in fact the last European country — unless we can call Russia a European

country in the sixteenth century — which received the art of printing. A volume of the Book of Common Prayer, printed in Dublin so late as 1551, is the first Irish book, and this was followed by a liturgy for the use of the Scotch Highlanders printed in the Irish character. The interest of these publications has been chiefly their antiquity. They are curious and archæological. Clearness and beauty of type came afterwards. In that department our printers have certainly been surpassed by foreigners — Aldus, Elzevir, and even Didot being superior. One of our greatest names is John Baskerville, whose publications are still occasionally to be picked up cheap on the London bookstalls. He was no tradesman in his craft, but spared neither pains nor money to make his work worthy of his name. Printing with him was in fact what Walter Shandy would have called his hobby-horse. He is said to have spent £600 before he could get a single letter which came up to his own standard of excellence, and he had invested thousands in the business before he could make it pay. In fact, with him it was not a business, but an art. He did not adopt it to make, but to spend money already made. His issues have very much the same kind of excellence as compared with contemporary and subsequent prints that Josiah Wedgwood's plates and vases have with reference to their modern rivals. He saw to everything himself. He manufactured his own printing-ink, presses, and moulds. Though he was a wealthy man he was not ashamed of the trade which he had adopted. In fact, it was not a trade for him, but an occupation. On the panels of his carriage he had caused to be painted a series of the different processes in printing. His chief excellence was in the construction of his italic letters. They are thought by judges to stand unrivalled for freedom and symmetry. Many of his books were printed from silver types, and thus gained a delicacy which makes the paper appear almost like vellum. We shall scarcely again have such a printer. The man was an eccentric; found his reward, not in what he made by his books, but in what he made them. He died at the beginning of this century, and ordered that he should be buried in his own garden, and his dying wish was respected. Since his day science has been busy in invention and its application to art, but his work holds its place still. We have had greater printers, but we have scarcely had better-printed books.



From Truth.

## GOOD MATCHES.

As soon as ever the announcement is made that a young lady is engaged to be married, the first question asked by each and all of her female friends is, "Is it a good match?" There are few people so simple and unsophisticated as to need to be told what is meant by the inquiry. By a good match is meant not a man who is of robust frame, of acknowledged probity, of spotless virtue, of striking talents, of honorable ambition, but one who is of "good family," who has a heavy rent-roll, or a rattling good business, or who has considerable expectations from his father or mother, they not being expected to live too long. This is a practical rather than a chivalrous age, and therefore the anxiety of the young lady's relations and friends is directed more to the financial even than to the genealogical side of the question. "Plenty of money" renders a marriage sacred, and even a bridegroom an object of interest. . . . If the response to the query, "Is it a good match?" be that it is not a good match at all, since the man is only the son of a merchant, with about twelve hundred a year and very doubtful expectations, the examination of the lover's own antecedents and character will be carried on in the most rigid manner, and the commiseration extended to the unfortunate *fiancée*, on account of the ambiguous reputation of her future husband, will be expansive and eloquent. Though neither worse nor better than most men before marriage, it will be discovered that he has been very wild, a sad scapegrace, a prodigal son, and a thorn in the side of the respectable merchant heretofore mentioned. Should he, on the contrary, have as many thousands as the other hundreds a year, the tongue of friendly gossip will not perhaps desist from repeating his past escapades, but it will charitably observe that he has sown his wild oats, and that a reformed rake invariably makes the best husband. Suppose, on the contrary, that the poor but accepted suitor is a model of good conduct, the most pious of sons, the best of brothers, a perfect Joseph of deportment, these qualities, usually in the abstract deemed admirable, will not unlikely be cited against him, and will figure as a presumption that the young lady who has given him her heart is much to be pitied. It will be pointed out that he is a spooney and a molly-coddle, that he knows nothing of life, is utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world, and

wholly unfit to have charge of a young wife as innocent as himself. Gild his inexperience with a large fortune, and the same sceptical persons will be lost in credulous admiration of a man who, with such temptations to kick over the traces, has never gone out of a steady jog-trot.

No one who has often been behind the scenes when news of an engagement first begins to circulate, will deny that this is the temper in which the announcement is received. It will, perhaps, be thought that we desire to reprehend, or at least to satirize, this method of regarding a match as good or bad. But we cherish no such wish. We consider the question, "Is it a good match?" a most natural, proper, and timely one; the only thing that perhaps rather startles us being the more sanctimonious and less mundane tone affected on occasions of less pressing importance, and when marriage is being considered, to use the young Scotch lady's expression, in the abstract. If you ask a respectable female of middle life what are the ingredients that render married life happy and admirable, she will mention virtue, health, good temper, similarity of tastes, congenial sentiments, and then competency last in her list. But when she comes to business, she knows that a competency is the most important of all things, and the sound instinct leads her to put it in the front rank in her army of interrogatories. Going a step further, she knows that in most cases wealth is a still better thing than a mere competency. Virtue may keep two people out of the divorce court, good temper may prevent them from now and then having a conjugal skirmish, and similarity of tastes may render evenings at home a trifle less long. But money will enable them to spend their evenings not at home, if they find them dull; money will fill the stable, stock the cellar, cram the wardrobe, pay for change of air, and gather round them a host of friends. It is said that we have lost the secret of friendship, and probably true friendship subsists only among rather simple natures. But a good match provides as good a substitute for friendship and friends as most people nowadays care to have. It will secure any number of people, who will be delighted to dine with you, who will join you in your opera-box, who will sit on your drag, who will spend the Ascot week with you, if you have a charming little box at Sunningdale. If the good match should turn out to be an uncommon bad lot, faithless, sour-tempered, selfish, his money will at least

enable the person whom he calls his wife to dispense with his society. Money will enable her to dress the children to perfection, to provide them with a German and French governess, to send the boys to Eton and Christchurch, and to present the girls becomingly. In fact, by the aid of a good match a woman is enabled to perform adequately all the duties of that rank of life in which it has pleased Providence to place her.

---

From The Popular Science Review.

ON THE TREES AND SHRUBS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE WHICH PERISH IN SEVERE WINTERS.

M. C. MARTINS has communicated to the Academy of Sciences (*Comptes rendus*, March 19, 1877, p. 534), a paper on the indigenous trees and shrubs of the south of France which suffer from frost in exceptionally severe winters, in which he attempts to demonstrate their relationship to the former flora of this part of France. These plants are as follows, arranged in the order of their sensibility to cold: *Ceratonia siliqua*, *Euphorbia dendroides*, *Ostrya carpinifolia*, *Nerium oleander*, *Chamærops humilis*, *Myrtus communis*, *Anthyllis barba-jovis*, *Laurus nobilis*, *Anagyris fetida*, *Punica granatum*, *Olea europæa*, *Ficus carica*, *Coriaria myrtifolia*, *Smilax aspera*, *Pistachia lentiscus*, *Viburnum tinus*, *Quercus ilex*, *Cistus monspeliensis*, and *Vitis vinifera*.

M. Martins remarks that these plants are all more or less of exotic types. Some of them are the sole European representatives of certain groups, families, tribes, or genera of plants. *Anthyllis barba-jovis*, *Pistachia lentiscus*, *Viburnum tinus*, *Quercus ilex* and *Cistus monspeliensis* alone form parts of families which possess other European genera or species. Most of them are of rare and local occurrence, only flourishing in exceptionally sheltered places, having the climate warmer, both in summer and winter, than open spots exposed to all winds. The *Pistachia*, the *Cistus*, the *Smilax*, and the evergreen oak are the only ones common throughout the Mediterranean littoral zone of France. *Viburnum tinus* and *Anagyris fetida* flower in the middle of winter.

All these peculiarities M. Martins thinks may be easily explained by assuming that these plants are survivors from the flora which covered the soil of southern

France during the Tertiary period. The vegetation of that period, as revealed by its fossil remains, indicates a much warmer climate than now prevails in the littoral zone, and most of the species which scarcely differ from those now living are found in the lacustrine deposits of the region itself, and have been for the most part described by Count Saporta. Of *Ceratonia* five fossil species are described; one, the *Ceratonia siliqua*, has survived the climatic changes which have occurred since the Miocene, and especially the glacial epoch. Its most probable ancestor is *C. vestusta*, Sap., from the gypsum of Aix. The common myrtle is the descendant of *Myrtus, atava*, Sap., of the Miocene calcareous slates of Armissan, near Narbonne, and it has been found fossil in the volcanic deposits of Saint-Jorge, in Madeira, by Professor Heer. The oleander (*Nerium oleander*) passed through the whole Tertiary period. It occurs in the Eocene of the Sarthe, and in the Miocene of Oropo, in Attica, and its form *N. Gaudrianum*, Ad. Brongn., is intermediate between *N. oleander* and *N. odorum*. Thus the fossil species has split into two living species. Thirty fossil species of laurels are known; one, *Laurus nobilis*, is still living in the region, and it existed during the lower Pliocene epoch, as it occurs in the tufts of Meximieux. Nearly allied species, *L. canariensis*, Webb, and *L. fœtens*, Ait. (*Oreodaphne fœtens*, Nees), descending from *Oreodaphne Heerii*, Gaud., of the Tuscan Quarternary deposits, have maintained themselves in the Canaries, the insular climate of which approaches nearer than that of the south of France to the climate of the Tertiary periods.

In his memoir M. Martins shows, in like manner, that most of the tender trees and shrubs of the south of France have their fossil ancestors in Tertiary or Quarternary strata, formed at an epoch when the climate of Europe was so warm that many plants inhabited countries where they could not now pass a single winter. He instances the occurrence of *Chamærops humilis* in the north of Switzerland, of the oleander in the Sarthe, of the pomegranate in the neighborhood of Lyons, and of the vine in Silesia. This note of M. Martins is an interesting contribution to the confirmation and extension of results already obtained by various palæontologists, especially Heer and Ettingshausen, as to the filiation of the existing flora to that of Tertiary times.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1731.—August 18, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE FIRST LORD ABINGER AND THE BAR,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	. . . 387
II. THE DUKE'S PIPER: A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	. . . 411
III. A PRINCESS'S MOONLIGHT FLITTING,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . 425
IV. AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . 433
V. A PECULIAR HOLIDAY,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	. . . 437
VI. LUX IN TENEBRIS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	. . . 444
VII. ANCIENT MODES OF EMBALMING THE DEAD,	<i>Sunday at Home,</i>	. . . 447
VIII. DISTANCES OF THE STARS,	<i>Popular Science Review,</i>	. . . 448

## POETRY.

THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN,	. . . 386	A CITY WEED,	. . . 386
LENACHLUTEN,	. . . 386	SLEEP,	. . . 386

—•—  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.  
—•—

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN.

Far off, amid the melancholy main. — MILTON.  
Inhabiting an island washed by a melancholy ocean. —  
"Vivian Grey."

Oh! the salt Atlantic breezes,  
How they sweep reviving through me;  
How their freshening spirit seizes  
Soul and sense, to raise, renew me!

Oh! the grand Atlantic surges,  
How they march, and mount, and mingle;  
How their spray, exulting, scourges  
Jutty cliff and sandy dingle!

Talk of melancholy ocean, —  
If thou feelest wane and wither  
Every germ of glad emotion,  
Come, O Vivian Grey! come thither.

Sit and mark the matchless glory  
Of the clouds that overshadow us,  
Afreets of the Eastern story,  
Titans such as Keats portrayed us, —

Till majestically blending,  
Folded on the western billow,  
They await their lord's descending,  
Strewing his imperial pillow.

Not in youth's intoxication,  
Not in manhood's strange successes,  
Didst thou drink an inspiration  
Such as here the heart confesses.

Here, where joy surrounds thee wholly,  
If thy thought a moment listens  
To intruding melancholy,  
It is born of reminiscence, —

Of the old forsaken causes,  
Of the higher fame's bereavement,  
Of a lifetime of applauses,  
Barren, barren of achievement;

Genius in ignoble traces,  
Leading ranks whom thou despisest,  
Till thy self-willed fate effaces  
All that in thy soul thou prizest;

For the prophet's fire and motion,  
Icy mask and sneer sardonic, —  
Be it so. — Majestic Ocean,  
Thou art melancholy's tonic.  
Spectator.

O.

## LENACHLUTEN,

## A WATERFALL IN ARGYLESHIRE.

'MONG crags where the purple heather grows,  
'Mid rocks where blooms the mountain rose,  
Onward the river calmly flows  
To Lenachluten.

The waters dash on the rocks beneath  
In a mad wild rush, they surge and seethe,  
While dancing spray with a snowy wreath  
Crowns Lenachluten.

Thus ever the stream of life flows on,  
With faces happy and faces wan,  
A moment here on this earth, then gone,  
Like Lenachluten.

Some lives pass on like a peaceful dream;  
Untouched by sorrow or care, they seem  
To glide as the river whose waters stream  
Towards Lenachluten.

Others career on their restless way;  
Whate'er betide, they are ever gay,  
As gleams the sparkling sunlit spray  
On Lenachluten.

Some lives with folly and sin are fraught;  
They dim earth's beauty with stain and spot,  
As surges the scum, an ugly blot  
On Lenachluten.

And now and again a genius bright  
Dazzles the earth with his spirit's flight,  
As shimmers the rainbow's tinted light  
O'er Lenachluten.  
Chambers' Journal. H. K. W.

## A CITY WEED.

I PASSED a graveyard in a London street,  
Where 'stead of songs of birds, the hoarse sad  
cries  
Of wretched men echoed from morn to night.  
Locked were its gates, and rows of iron bars  
Fenced in God's acre from tired wanderers'  
feet.  
All broken lay the slabs which love had raised;  
But on a mound where fell a patch of light,  
A bindweed grew; and on its flowers, with  
eyes  
O'erflowing with a wintry rain of tears,  
A pale-faced, miserable woman gazed,  
Heart-sick with longings for the nevermore,  
And faint with memories of bygone years:  
A breezy common with a heaven of stars,  
And lovers parting at a cottage door.  
Chambers' Journal.

## SLEEP.

BEAUTIFUL up from the deeps of the solemn  
sea,  
Cometh sweet Sleep to me:  
Up from the silent deeps,  
Where no one waits and weeps:  
Cometh, as one who dreameth,  
With slowly waving hands;  
And the sound of her raiment seemeth  
Like waves on the level sands.  
There is rest for all mankind,  
As her slow wings stir the wind;  
With lullaby the drowsy waters creep  
To kiss the feet of Sleep.  
Blackwood's Magazine. J. R. S.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE FIRST LORD ABINGER AND THE BAR.\*

THE subject of this memoir was not pre-eminent in forensic or judicial eloquence. He was not a great lawyer, nor a great judge, nor (in the highest sense) a great advocate; but he was, by general admission, the most successful advocate, the greatest "verdict-getter," the greatest winner of causes recorded in the annals of the English Bar. He was, moreover, a man of the strictest honor, and he never, like more than one distinguished contemporary that shall be nameless, condescended to trickery or to unworthy arts of any kind. It would be difficult to set before the rising members of the profession a more improving model or a more elevating example; and it is most fortunate, therefore, that he has clearly analyzed and fully described in his autobiography what he conceived to be the essential causes of his success. Before coming to these, we will attempt a rapid summary of those passages of his early life which exercised the most influence on his career, or contributed most largely to his mental training and the formation of his character.

In a preliminary chapter headed "The Origin and Genealogy of the Scarletts," the name is derived from Carlat or Escarlat (Aquitaine); and Bernard, Viscount of Carlat, A. D. 932, is mentioned as the first or founder of the family, "who," Mr. Scarlett adds, "soon after the Conquest were undoubtedly large landowners in Kent, and down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had landed estates in five other counties." His father begins by saying that having at no time taken an interest in genealogy, he can give but little account of his paternal ancestors; that even how long they had been settled in Jamaica was entirely unknown to him. "My grandfather, James Scarlett, married the daughter of a West Indian proprietor. I have heard my father say that she was related to the family of General Wolfe, who fell at

Quebec." His mother was the daughter of Colonel Philip Anglin, a wealthy colonist. He was born in Jamaica on the 13th of December, 1769, and among his earliest recollections is that of reading the Psalter and Bible to his mother, "who had a very happy art of teaching her children to read when they were too young to retain in their memory any traces of the process she adopted." The result of her teaching was indelibly impressed.

I acknowledge with gratitude the early lessons I received from her, inculcating a high tone of moral and religious feeling, which has never ceased to influence my habits and my conduct.

It is but justice to her to state, that though surrounded by slaves, I was brought up with an abhorrence of the slave trade, and the system of slavery which is the necessary consequence of it. Be it known, notwithstanding the confident allegations of several journalists to the contrary, that I was never at any school.

His education, as he grew up, was principally conducted by tutors, first a Scotchman, and then an Englishman, — "a man of great good-nature and some talent, but not so great a proficient in Greek as I wish he had been, though he professed to make it an essential part of our studies." From fourteen to fifteen he had no other director of his studies than his father, whose favorite authors were Pope, Addison, and Swift. These they read and re-read together. Swift's prose in particular the father delighted in, "considering it as a model of simplicity, perspicuity, and force; and I owe to his lessons an early taste I still retain for the genius and manner of writing of the Dean of St. Patrick."

It was about this time that his father announced the intention of sending him to Oxford preparatory to a course of study for the bar. He himself had a boyish predilection for the navy, which, he says, soon yielded to authority and the advantages of practising at the Bar of Jamaica, where the family influence was strong; for this was the highest object of ambition then placed before him. He set sail from his native isle on the 1st of June, 1785, and arrived in London on the 1st of August. Shortly after his arrival he was entered a student of the Inner Temple,

\* *A Memoir of the Right Hon. James, First Lord Abinger, Chief Baron of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, including a Fragment of his Autobiography, and Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches.* By the Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, C. B. With a Portrait. London, 1877.

under the auspices of a relation, who thought "the proper consequence" of his manly appearance was to add one year to his age in the formal entry, and the same course was followed on his admission as a fellow commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge, a few weeks later; "circumstances, which are not worth relating" (to adopt his own words) having induced him to abandon the arrangement made by his father for placing him at Oriel College, Oxford, under the special care of Dr. Everleigh, the president.

In the month of November, 1785—in my sixteenth year—I commenced my residence at Trinity College. Here a new world was opened to me; a scene of life which no part of my past experience could have led me to anticipate.

I was my own master, too: my own order upon my father's agent in London commanded money without any limit but my own discretion, and I was accountable to no one on this side of the Atlantic for my conduct, or for the use of the confidence reposed in me.

It is difficult to conceive a more trying position for a youth brought up, as he had been, under circumstances so peculiarly calculated to inspire an undue sense of importance, and foster habits of indulgence, without any counteracting knowledge of the world beyond what a small society in a slave-holding colony could supply. The presumption, follies, and extravagance of the wealthy West Indian of his time were pretty nearly on a par with what Macaulay has vividly described as the characteristic of the nabob from the East; and it would not have been in any way surprising if the fellow commoner of sixteen had emulated the conventional hero of the novel and the play. But he acted more like a mature man of the world than a novice, and fully justified the perilous confidence that had been placed in his good sense.

Under these circumstances of no little peril I boldly placed myself under the direction of my own prudence, determined to make myself acquainted with the character of the society in which I was placed, and to take no step even in the way of education till I had gathered some information to govern my judgment.

In the mean time the novelty of the scene, the variety of the characters, and the manner in which I was at once admitted amongst the gay and fashionable of the undergraduates of my own college, as well as of some others, made my time pass very agreeably with the cares or allurements of study.

The allurements of study were not aided or enhanced by the professors or tutors; whose main object at both universities in his day seems to have been to make college life as agreeable, and the pursuit of learning as little onerous, to both pupil and instructor as they well could. Lord Eldon, referring to the bachelor degree which he took at Oxford in 1770, used to relate that he was examined in Hebrew and in history. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?" I replied, "Golgotha." "Who founded University College?" I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) that King Alfred founded it. "Very well, sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree." The first lecture which Scarlett attended was one on classics, by the head tutor, and the Fifth Satire of Juvenal was announced as the subject; but "the worthy man consumed the whole of the allotted hour in vain endeavors to explain the rules of the college, and the hieroglyphics in which it was then the fashion to write the weekly butter-bills." The next day he attended a lecture on Euclid by the mathematical tutor, which gave him no inclination to try a second. A private tutor, whom he took on the recommendation of a friend, was found wanting in knowledge and industry, and motives of delicacy prevented him from engaging another. The consequence was that, his progress in the regular channels of classics and mathematics being checked, he "wasted his industry and energies on a vast amount of desultory reading, without plan or method." But were they wasted? Was not the miscellaneous knowledge thus acquired eminently useful in the end?

The embarrassing uncertainty, without support or guide, in which he was placed, renders so much the more creditable to his strength of mind the resolution he took to decline the tempting proposal to join

the "True Blue Club," then the pride of undergraduate exclusiveness and the highest object of undergraduate ambition. It so happened, he says, that he was at that time particularly averse to wine, which was an additional motive for declining the proffered honor; but he was mainly actuated by the fear that the habits of the club would be a deathblow to the habits of study and seclusion which he meditated. His matured reflection on the course which he pursued on this occasion is that it displayed more courage than wisdom. But the result proved that it was wise as well as bold. The terms of friendship or companionship on which he had formerly lived with the members of the club were renewed with the best of them so soon as the first coldness caused by the rejection of their closer friendship had worn off; his conduct was much discussed and generally applauded; his character rose; the attention of the resident master and fellows was attracted towards him, and he speedily formed connections which far more than compensated for any social advantages he had forfeited. Whilst this event was fresh, he was introduced one evening in the combination-room to John Baynes, a fellow of the college, who at the age of eighteen had taken the degree of second wrangler and carried off some of the highest honors of the university. An intimacy was immediately struck up; Baynes invited himself to tea that same evening, and after expatiating on the benefits of early rising and stating that he himself always rose at five, proposed, whilst he remained at Cambridge, to call up Scarlett every day at that hour, not for hard reading, but to enjoy the freshness of the morning during spring.

The next morning he found me up at the hour proposed. We had a long walk, and this was repeated every day whilst he remained at college. During this visit he had so entirely gained my confidence, that he became acquainted with the whole of my little history, and fathomed the very bottom of my heart. In one of those conversations he perceived that my vanity was flattered by his attentions, upon which he said: "Do you know the reason of my desire to be introduced to you? It was the report I had heard that you had declined to be a member of the True Blue Club.

This was so singular in a young fellow commoner, that I concluded there must be something very unusual about you, which I wished to find out; and now I must tell you, that having found nothing of the sort, I am much more surprised than ever at the step you took, which, had I known you at the time, I should not have advised."

Baynes had ceased to be a resident when this acquaintance commenced. He was settled in London as a special pleader in good practice; but he was in the habit of paying visits to Cambridge, and Scarlett was frequently in town. It was also agreed between them that Scarlett was to write once a week, giving an account of his progress. So strong was the stimulant thus applied that (such was his belief) very few men exceeded him in the physical powers of application or in the number of hours devoted to reading. He made considerable proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy. He labored hard to make up his deficiency in classics. He could not boast of much progress in Greek; but he acquired great facility in Latin composition, and "eagerly devoured" the writings of the Augustan age, more especially Cicero, many of whose orations he translated into English, and then, when he had nearly forgotten the original, back into Latin.

I read also in French the works of Racine, Boileau, Montesquieu, Rollin's History and Belles-Lettres, Bossuet, and many others; amongst which was the elegant work of Beaussobre on the history of Monachism\* which I read with Porson, with whom I became very intimate, and who allowed me to be his teacher in the French grammar.

It was through Baynes that he had become acquainted with Porson.

It was upon one of my visits to town to keep a term in the Inner Temple that he introduced me to the celebrated Richard Porson. He had mentioned various particulars of that extraordinary man, one of which was the capacity he had for drinking, and his indifference about the liquor. He said he had known him drink at one sitting sixteen cups of tea. It happened that one Saturday even-

\* The work in question was doubtless the "*Histoire Critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme*" of Beaussobre.



ing I was drinking tea at Baynes's chambers in Gray's Inn, after which we had agreed to go to the opera. There was a rap at the door, which induced him to go out of the room to desire the servant to deny him, but finding the visitor to be Porson, he brought him into the room and introduced him to me. He then led him into a great variety of entertaining conversation, exhibiting his vast memory and sarcastic wit, during which he plied him with tea until he had filled up the measure of sixteen cups, upon which the party broke up, Porson declining to accompany us to the opera.

In a tea-drinking bout, Porson would have encountered a formidable competitor in Johnson, who, in his reply to Hanway, describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning," a sentence which provoked the punning parody, "*te veniente die, te decedente.*" But Porson's inordinate potations were not confined to tea. It was after swallowing all the liquids on the table that he exclaimed, —

When wine and brandy both are spent,  
Then table beer's most excellent.

Amongst the "Recollections of John Adolphus," edited by his daughter, is the following:—

"Scarlett, Lord Abinger, told me that when he was at Cambridge he was going to a party where a great display of literature was expected. Porson took an early dinner at his rooms, and (as usual) got so completely intoxicated he had to be put to bed. To the surprise of all, he got up and joined them before seven, went to the party, took the lead, and displayed an immense variety of reading, both ancient and modern. Among other things he recited Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' with most ingenious observations, and passages from the ancients and moderns which Pope had (or might have) translated or imitated."

The feat of reciting the whole of "The Rape of the Lock," is mentioned in the autobiography, but disconnected from the antecedent intoxication, and an opinion is expressed that "Porson's great memory operated to the prejudice of his judgment;" it would be more exact to say, to the prejudice of his originality.

He remembered so exactly what he had read, that he seemed never to think for himself, nor to find it necessary to employ reflection in order to work out his own ideas. He was very poor. After his fellowship expired, he had not for many years more than 40*l.* a year, the salary of his Greek professorship, to

live upon, to which may be added the right to rooms and commons in Trinity College. Yet he was too proud to be obliged to any one or even to write for emolument. He spurned anything like patronage or protection, and would not have changed his fustian breeches and worsted stockings to visit a prince. His letters to Travis were not published until after I had left Cambridge; and the preface, which contains a just and ingenious criticism upon the style of Gibbon, was written at one sitting at my chambers in the Temple.

The sitting must have been a long one, for the preface contains thirty-two pages, crowded with quotations and studded with references. Porson, relying on his memory, may have composed the critical remarks on Gibbon beforehand without putting pen to paper.

The still more valuable friendship of Romilly was in some sort the bequest of Baynes, who, early in 1788, had proposed an excursion in the autumn to the West Riding. Romilly, then a stranger to Scarlett, was to be of the party. "You will find him," wrote Baynes, "a most extraordinary person, and a most valuable acquaintance." On the very day arranged for their meeting in town to prepare for the journey Baynes was taken ill, and the day following he died, having made his will sitting up in bed with his own hand, in which he left all his law books and books of legal and historical antiquity, which Romilly did not already possess, to Romilly; the remainder, with all his Greek, Latin, French, and Italian books to Scarlett, including and specifying the works of Rousseau, which he was strongly recommended to read.

Two days afterwards, Romilly, having just returned to town from the Midland Circuit, called, and left "a charming note," expressing a hope that the calamity they both deplored might not prevent the cultivation of the acquaintance and the kind feelings which it was the warmest wish of their deceased friend to bring about. "My heart was too full not to respond to this proposal. We met in tears, and from that hour until his death I ever found him a firm, constant, and most valuable friend."\*

Scarlett speaks of Romilly as having been called to the bar in that year, 1788, and makes no allusion to inequality of age. Romilly, born on the 1st of March, 1751, was the senior by more than eighteen years, and having been called in 1783, was

\* It is remarkable that Scarlett is not named in the "Memoirs of Romilly," published by his sons, which include letters and a diary referring to the period and making frequent mention of Baynes.

of five years' standing when the acquaintance commenced. Scarlett did not leave Cambridge till the year following, and his tutor urged him to try for an honor, confidently promising him a high wrangler-ship; but this would have required another year's residence, and the desire he had formed for an early establishment in life overcame every other consideration. He was already as good as engaged to the lady who afterwards became his wife. He therefore contented himself with a B.A. degree, which he took in June 1789, and came to reside in the Temple, where he began in right earnest the study of the law under the guidance of Romilly.

Besides following the course marked out for him by his friend with unremitting assiduity, he found (he says) much entertainment and useful exercise of the intellect in studying the modern cases in the reports. His custom was to read the facts and the arguments on both sides with great attention, then lay aside the book and form his own judgment of the case, before reading the opinions of the judges.

At length I was overjoyed to find that I was right in the majority of instances, and what might have been a source of vanity to me, I generally found that I had hit upon the same system of reasoning as Mr. Justice Buller had adopted in his judgment. This of course gave me a high idea of that learned judge's superiority in legal learning and acuteness.

The practice has been of great use in giving me the early habit of reflecting upon the principles and rules of the law, and applying them to new cases by my own reading; and I may here observe, what a long course of experience has taught me, that the lawyers least to be depended upon are those who are in constant pursuit of cases in point to govern their judgment, and who, therefore, seldom have sufficient knowledge of the principles to judge for themselves.

This is more than ever true, the tendency of all recent reforms of the law being to lessen the authority of decided cases, and break the connecting links of those trains or networks of legal technicality in which the ingenuity of the schoolmen was rivalled or outdone.\* Late in life, Scarlett made out a list of books for a law student, at the head of which stands "*Cicero de Officiis*, once, twice, thrice: once every year." In marked contrast was the advice of Lord Eldon to Mr. Farrer to read "*Coke upon Littleton*" again and again, telling him that the law

world would be all before him if he made himself master of that book. One day when his brother, Lord Stowell, asked him (Lord Eldon) to dinner, he replied, "I dine with Coke to-day." Scarlett goes on to say that he was delighted with Blackstone, which excited fresh pleasure and admiration upon each perusal; and it will still be read with pleasure by most cultivated men, although more than half of it has become obsolete or been made a dead letter by legislation.\*

In 1790, being pronounced by Romilly, on examination, strong enough for a special pleader's chambers, he became a pupil of Wood, afterwards baron of the exchequer. Here one of his contemporaries was Mr. Sturges Bourne, afterwards secretary for the home department under Canning; and when he left he surrendered his place to Canning, "with whom I then formed a slight acquaintance, little imagining that I should one day become his intimate friend and zealous supporter." The pupil of a special pleader in large practice is not tied down to regular attendance: he receives no specific teaching, and may do just so much or so little work as he thinks fit. What practical knowledge he may pick up is derived from the perusal of papers and the correction of his drafts. Scarlett's eagerness to learn speedily attracted the attention of his master, who sent him the difficult cases to deal with. His preparatory reading enabled him to despatch them more rapidly than his fellows, and he thinks he may say with truth that before he had been three months in the office the greater part of the business was done by him.

He was called to the Bar in June 1791, and then arose the question whether he should immediately return to Jamaica, where he was next to certain of all the success that influence and connection could give, or fly at higher game. Romilly recommended a middle course. He said, "I think you are likely to get a great deal of business at the Bar here; and at all events, as you are so young and have time before you, it would be well if you added some little experience to your stock of knowledge before you start in competition with men older than yourself." The

\* Dr. Parr (as he states) read through the whole of Fearne's "*Contingent Remainders*" as an intellectual exercise with pleasure and improvement.

\* We strongly recommend as a supplement or accompaniment to Blackstone a work recently published, entitled, "*Commentaries on the Liberty of the Subject and the Laws of England relating to the Security of the Person*," by James Paterson, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law, etc., in two volumes. It takes a comprehensive view of the whole body of English law relating to personal rights and duties, and presupposes no technical knowledge in the reader.

next question was the choice of a circuit. Professional connection he had none. He did not know an attorney by sight, except those whom he had seen at Wood's chambers, and he chose the northern for no better reason than that Yorkshire was the native county of Baynes, and that his old tutor, to whom he had promised a visit, resided in it. How, from so hopeless a beginning did he eventually obtain the undisputed lead? what were the essential causes, what the primary indications of his success? Lord Brougham quotes an observation of some high legal authority, that a common law barrister can only get on by special pleading, by sessions, or by a miracle. By special pleading is meant practising below the bar for some years, so as to form a connection; and the quality of the occupation may be collected from the remark of a well-known practitioner to a friend who was meditating it for a son: "Can he eat sawdust without butter?" Lord Ellenborough chose this method, and steadily followed the uninviting vocation for seven years.\* It was too slow for Scarlett, who, moreover, had not yet made up his mind to settle in England. He joined the Northern Circuit at Carlisle. It was then an understood thing among the leaders to procure every new-comer a chance, and besides two or three briefs which fell to him in that capacity, he received one which he attributes to his industry in Wood's chambers, where he had drawn the pleadings in the case.

Upon this occasion I made my *début* at Carlisle, and here it may be said was laid the foundation of my reputation. Some questions having arisen in the course of the trial upon the construction of the pleadings, it fell to my lot to explain them, which I had the good fortune to do to the satisfaction of the judge, and to receive from Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, who was on the other side, a very flattering compliment.

The circuit went off very agreeably. I had no cause to complain of my reception, or of my failure, for I had set out from town without the least expectation or hope of business. The next circuit took me only to York and Lancaster. It was the practice then for one judge only to take the spring circuit, the more northern counties being omitted. I there had

\* The special pleader below (that is, not yet called to) the Bar is (or was) allowed to charge for his work as low as 7s. 6d. or 5s. per job, it being expressly forbidden to the barrister to take less than gold. Davy (afterwards serjeant) was called to account on the Western Circuit for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a prisoner, and defended himself by saying: "I took all the poor devil had in the world, and I hope you don't call *that* unprofessional!"

a good opportunity of witnessing the knowledge and quickness of Mr. Justice Buller. There were eighty-six causes to be tried at York, one of which was a boundary cause that lasted sixteen hours, thirty-six at Lancaster, and forty or fifty prisoners at each place; but Mr. Justice Buller concluded the whole circuit in three weeks. It was not the fashion of the Bar to make long speeches, or to occupy any time in resisting the opinion of the judge once declared.

Talfourd (in "Vacation Rambles") describes Lord Ellenborough as "rushing through the cause-list like a rhinoceros through a sugar plantation, or a common serjeant in the evening through a paper of petty larcenies, and about to retire to his turtle after nonsuiting the plaintiff in the twenty-second cause, which the plaintiff's attorney had thought safe for a week." Mr. Justice Buller was not in the habit of getting through his judicial work in this fashion; but his rapidity must not be considered as conclusive proof of the more satisfactory despatch of justice as compared with the present practice of the courts. When the defendant was at liberty to plead the general issue — a broad general denial of the demand — the parties frequently came into court in entire ignorance of the precise point on which the case might turn, and, technical objections being allowed *ad libitum*, a large proportion of causes broke down at starting. Many were referred under a compulsory process, which it would be no easy matter to justify.\* Now, few are set down for trial which have not to be heard out and decided on the merits. Long speeches are certainly a serious obstruction, and of comparatively modern growth.

"1839, Feb. 23rd. Dined at Lord Abinger's to meet a pleasant, sociable party. . . . The day went off most agreeably. Lord Abinger knows how to manage conversation in the best manner, neither withdrawing from it nor affecting to force or to lead it. . . . With Lord Abinger I

\* The effect of a reference is that the suitor, when all the expense of bringing the case into court has been incurred, is obliged to pay a referee, fee his counsel afresh, and attend probably several hearings with his witnesses. Yet it required more than ordinary presence of mind and courage to resist a judge like Lord Ellenborough, backed, as he commonly was, by counsel. On one occasion the attorney, who had been consulting with his client out of court, came back and said that he would not consent to arbitration. Clarke, the leader, hurried out, and presently returned with the welcome intelligence that he had persuaded the client to comply. "What topics did you use?" asked a junior. "Why, I told him he was a d—d fool; and that if he did not give in at once I should be obliged to use strong language." It was Clarke who, as bench of Lincoln's Inn, objected to the admission of Jews, saying, "Let them turn Christians and be d—d to them."

had a great deal of conversation. He mentioned that when he went the Northern Circuit, the only instance of a speech an hour long was one by Lord Ellenborough of about an hour and a half; but every one allowed that the greatness of the occasion, and the ability shown in the speech, made ample amends for the innovation. 'But,' he added, 'the very first speech Brougham made was three hours and a half.'\*"

The introduction of long speeches on the Western Circuit may be traced to Wilde (Lord Truro), whose example was strengthened by Crowder (afterwards Mr. Justice). At the end of one of his replies, a juryman was overheard reproaching the foreman with having been asleep: "I warn't," was the indignant reply; "I can stand as much of Mr. Crowder as another; I've sarv'd in Sergeant Wilde's time." The fashion once set, it was incurring a serious responsibility to depart from it; for clients and attorneys are apt to think that they do not get their money's worth for their money, or that the cause, if lost, is thrown away, unless every imaginable topic is exhausted. The operating cause or motive may be collected from what recently took place before an eminent equity judge, who had patiently endured a speech which was not ended when the court adjourned. But the next morning, when the infliction had recommenced, he quietly addressed the counsel: "Pray, Mr. —, is your client here to-day?" "No, my lord." "Well, then —" He said no more, but he had said enough.

Scarlett always took the line which he thought best, and far from humoring the professional distributors of briefs, was accused of treating them with an undue degree of haughtiness; which, at all events, did something to correct an admitted evil and uphold the independence of the bar. He could afford it; and so could a leader of the Oxford Circuit, Taunton (afterwards Mr. Justice), when he made one of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals. It was a reply, in an assault case, to Charles Phillips, the Irish orator. "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts in plain English to this — that his client has received a good sound horsewhipping; and my defence is as short — *that he richly deserved it.*"

A good example of brevity on the part of both judge and counsel is given by Mr. Townshend in his "Life of Erskine." A gentleman had brought an action against

a lady for ten guineas, money borrowed. Erskine, for the plaintiff, after observing that, when love was over or out of the question, the laconic style of epistolary writing was best, said he should simply read her letter: "'Sir, when convenient you shall have your ten guineas. I despise you. — Catherine Keeling.' That is my case," said Erskine; "I shall prove the handwriting." "Is that all?" said Bearcroft. "Yes." "Then I despise *you*," and Mr. Justice Buller exclaimed: "Call the plaintiff."

Upon returning to town, after his first circuit, Scarlett was strongly recommended to attend some sessions in the northern counties by Romilly, who probably backed the advice by an observation (quoted in his memoirs) of Mr. Justice Heath, that there was no use in going a circuit without attending sessions.

I was recommended to the Lancashire sessions, that is to say to Preston, Wigan, and Manchester, which I attended for the first time in the summer of 1792; and to this I ascribed my success in the profession. The business was so great, that when in a few years I came to be the decided leader at these places, the profits of these sessions were as great to me as those of the Home Circuit to Mr. Garrow, or Serjeant Best, and I found the immediate effect of that connection between these places and the assizes in Lancashire in the quantity of business which poured in upon me then, and which from that time to the year 1827 continued a source of abundant profit to me.

He was not entirely his own master till 1798, when his father died; but he took the decided step of marrying in the month of October, 1792; and although the gradual increase of his professional gains enabled him to live without any additional allowance, he was under the necessity of narrowing the circle of his acquaintance, and "dropping into an obscure plodding lawyer," until 1800, when he found himself in a condition to re-emerge into the world. In a letter to his wife, dated Lancaster, August 8, 1796, he writes: —

Would you believe it? here at Lancaster, where I have been accustomed to receive upwards of 60*l.*, I have not yet had a single brief, and do not know of one which I am likely to have! I told you there were others more fortunate in their friends than I am. But do not be uneasy, my dearest, we can but go to Jamaica at last. I shall be happy anywhere where you are with me and happy.

His success, therefore, was gradual, and the result of steady application. It was not owing to any lucky hit or miracle.

\* Adolphus, "Recollections."

It was not so much that his opportunities were more than ordinarily frequent or favorable, as that he was equal to them when they occurred. The same may be said of most of the forensic celebrities who are popularly supposed to have sprung into fame and fortune at a bound. Much of the romance of the law vanishes when we look closely at it. Erskine's story of the effect of his first speech (for Baillie) is absurd. "That night," he told Rogers, "I went home and saluted my wife with sixty-five retaining-fees in my pocket." The year following he flourished in the face of his friend Reynolds, as the "nonsuit of cowbeef," the bank-notes which he received for his defence of Admiral Keppel. The reports of the trial of Cibber *v.* Sloper (the alleged commencement of Lord Mansfield's rise) distinctly negative the notion that he was suddenly called on to replace a leader seized with a fit. In point of fact, the leader (Serjeant Eyre) made a long speech; Murray was fourth counsel; and that he was already known to fame is proved by the well-known couplet of Pope published the year before, —

Blest as thou art with all the power of words,  
So known, so honored in the House of Lords;

Thus parodied by Cibber, —

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,  
And he has chambers in the King's Bench  
Walks.

Bentham, in his "Vindication of Lord Eldon," asserts that "Mr. Scott waited the exact number of years it cost to take Troy, and formed his determination to pine no longer, when Providence sent an angel in the shape of a Mr. Barber, with the papers of a fat suit and a retaining-fee." Mr. Scott had not to wait more than five years, and was in the full tide of prosperity before the tenth.

In 1807, when Scarlett quitted the sessions, he had the command of every variety of business, and unable (he frankly avows) to resist solicitations which flattered his vanity and increased his means, he for some time went the round of the Courts of Common Law, the Privy Council, the two Houses of Parliament, and the Court of Chancery, till it was pointed out to him by his friend Plummer, that the King's Bench and the Northern Circuit were worth all the rest put together in point of profit, and "would with more certainty lead to greater things, if anything could be deemed greater in the profession." To these, therefore, he

at length determined to confine himself, with the exception of an occasional special retainer. He would have been already the undisputed leader of his circuit, had not a silk gown been unjustly and unaccountably denied to him until March 1816, when a note arrived from Lord Eldon to say that a patent of king's counsel was ready for him, and that his lordship would receive him to take the oaths that very day in Lincoln's-Inn Hall.

I had become almost indifferent to the honor, but on communicating the note to Lord Ellenborough, he desired that I would go immediately, and made some arrangement of the business to suit my convenience. This step was at the time so entirely unexpected that I had made no provision of either wig or robe. I was obliged, therefore, to finish the Guildhall sittings in my stuff gown, and to adjourn my appearance in silk until I arrived at York.

In the course of 1816 the elevation of Garrow, Gibbs, and Park to the Bench, and the retirement of Topping left him almost without a competitor.

I was therefore placed by business, if not by rank, at the head of the King's Bench Bar and the Northern Circuit, and I remained so, without interruption, from that time to the year 1827, when I became attorney-general, witnessing in the mean time some of my juniors, but who had never been my competitors, promoted to professional honors and offices. Indeed I may say from the year 1816 to the close of 1834, when I was appointed chief baron, I had a longer series of success than has ever fallen to the lot of any other man in the law; and if my economy and prudence had equalled my good fortune, I think none of my predecessors in that line would have laid such a foundation for his posterity. But though I have never spent the whole of my professional income since the year 1798, I am sorry to say that I have saved but little of it; and so much of that comparatively little has been invested in land, and that so injudiciously, that what I leave behind me will scarcely be worth having.

We have heard him say that the largest income he ever made in one year at the Bar was 18,500*l.*, which, since his time, has been repeatedly surpassed. He was pre-eminent at *nisi prius*, and there is a traditional story that once, during the first days of Michaelmas Term, he was complaining that he had next to nothing to do, till considerably reminded that, the court being almost exclusively occupied with motions for new trials, his want of occupation might be owing to the circumstance of his having gained the verdicts in all the causes in which he had been engaged. We turn, therefore, with eager interest to

the chapters in which he develops the theory of his success. The chapter headed "On Public Speaking," in particular, is replete with valuable hints, although, we think, deficient in comprehensiveness and somewhat cramped by professional habits and a latent ever-present reference to self. Alluding to his reported speeches, he professes himself at a loss to reconcile their practical effect with the very indifferent appearance he shall make as a speaker to posterity.

It is true that my style of speaking was rapid, and my voice rather weak, and I conclude it was difficult for the shorthand writer to follow me correctly. . . . But there is something in the contrast to which I have alluded a great deal deeper, and perhaps the investigation may not be without interest. It appears to me, then, that he who seeks great reputation with the public as a speaker, must not only compose his speeches, at least, as far as regards the ornamental part, but must ingraft upon the topics that belong to his cause certain generalities in morals, politics, or philosophy, which will give scope to declamation, rhetoric, and ornament to polished phrases and well-turned sentences; to epigram, humor, and sarcasm. These are the passages which delight the general audience, and make the speech, when published, agreeable to the reader. *But they are not the passages which carry conviction to the mind, or advance the real merits of the cause with those who are to decide it.* He who looks to this purpose only must never lose sight of any important fact or argument that properly belongs to or arises out of the cause. He must show that his mind is busied about nothing else. He must be always working upon the concrete, and pointing to his conclusion. He must disdain all jest, ornament, or sarcasm, that does not fall directly in his way and seem to be so unavoidable that it must strike everybody who thinks of the facts. He must not look for a peg to hang anything upon, be it ever so precious or so fine. He must rouse in the minds of the judges or the jury all the excitement which he feels about the cause himself, and about nothing but the cause; and to that he must stick closely, and upon that reason so vehemently and so conclusively, that the greater part of the audience will not understand him, and those who read his speech afterwards will not be able to comprehend it, without having present to their memories all the facts and all the history of the cause.

Here the main view or argument is excellent; but it is pushed too far in order to meet the exact case of the writer, who cannot make up his mind to admit that his want of brilliant or generally attractive qualities as a speaker was any deduction from his merits as an advocate. Nor was it in the immense majority of cases. But

it disqualified him for the very highest order of advocacy, and it is unreasonable to lay down as a general rule that the passages in the finest productions of forensic eloquence which were heard and are still read with delight, did not carry conviction or advance the real merits of the cause. The boldest flight ever hazarded in a court of justice was the introduction of the savage with the bundle of sticks by Erskine, in his defence of Stockdale. And what does Lord Brougham say of it? "He (Erskine) saw and felt that he was gaining over the jury. Secure of this point, but still unsatisfied, and not permitting the advantage gained to be even a resting-place in his lofty career, he proceeded to deliver that victorious and triumphant passage which contributed doubtless largely to the deliverance of his client, and will remain an everlasting monument of his glory whilst the name of England and its language shall endure."\*

The defence of Stockdale involved the defence of Hastings, and Erskine's lofty vindication of his Indian policy was closely interwoven with the very texture of his argument: "The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all they must be governed with a rod of iron, and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it can never sanction."

Equally wrong would it be to regard Curran's splendid burst on universal emancipation, one of the most finished pieces of rhetoric in the language, as a "purple patch" tacked on by way of ornament. It was delivered in defending Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the secretary to the Society of United Irishmen, for alleged libel and sedition in publishing an address calling for universal emancipation, which the prosecuting counsel denounced as only another phrase for rebellion and confusion of ranks.

"I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which

\* "Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George the Third." Amongst these is a sketch of the first Lord Abinger, to which we have had frequent occasion to refer.



proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battles his liberties may have been cloven down, nor with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, — the very first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust, his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of the chains which burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

There is a less-known passage in this speech in which the full force and justness of the thought are flashed upon the mind by the exquisite felicity of the illustration: "This (the origin and object of government) is a kind of subject which I feel overawed when I approach. There are certain fundamental principles which nothing but necessity should expose to public examination. *They are pillars, the depth of whose foundation you can not explore without endangering their strength.*"

The peroration, which produced a tumultuous agitation in the jury and the court, was in the most elevated and most impressive style of advocacy: —

"I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of my client's sufferings; and however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which Heaven forbid! it hath still been unfortunately determined that, because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace, I do trust in God that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames and preserve him unhurt by the conflagration."

No one can doubt that these highly finished passages were carefully prepared, "and it is worthy of note" (writes Lord Brougham) "for the use of the student in rhetoric, that Erskine wrote down word for word the passage about the savage and

his bundle of sticks. His mind having acquired a certain excitement and elevation, and received an impetus from the tone and quality of the matured and premeditated composition, retained that impetus after the impelling cause had died away." Lord Brougham states in another place that the perfection of public speaking consists in introducing a prepared passage with effect. He spoke from his own experience as an orator. Scarlett is speaking, and with equal weight, from his as a *nisi prius* advocate, when he deprecates the practice of composing speeches, or parts of speeches, beforehand. He tried it once, forgot his lesson, and scrambled through with difficulty.

From that time I not only renounced previous composition, but scarcely ever in thinking over the subject I was to speak upon clothed a thought with words, certainly with no words that I ever remembered afterwards, and I never found a want of words when I had thoughts or arguments to utter. *Provisam rem verba sequuntur.*

His language was correct as well as fluent, and his style bore marks of having been formed after the best models. Coleridge, in "Table Talk," June 29, 1833, is reported to have said: "I think Sir James Scarlett's speech *for the defendant*, in the late action of Cobbett *v.* the Times, for a libel, worthy of the best ages of Greece and Rome, though to be sure his remarks could not have been very palatable to his clients." Assuming this remark to refer to the trial, published in 1819, of Wright *v.* Clement (Cobbett's printer), found amongst his father's papers, Mr. Scarlett has reprinted Sir James' speech *for the plaintiff*, which contains nothing Demosthenic or Ciceronian, nothing indeed worth quoting except a criticism on Cobbett's style, of which he says: "There is a certain coarseness of feeling, a spice of *blackguardism*, which pervades his compositions, and which, though it renders them less acceptable to circles of the highest polish, renders more formidable his powers over the vulgar mind." This was the very stigma which Cobbett was wont to fix on the objects of his aversion, as when he described the respectable community of Quakers as "unbaptized, buttonless blackguards."

As regards wit, humour, and sarcasm, again, it does not follow that, because a speech destitute of either may suffice for the occasion, they will be always superfluous, meretricious, or out of place. Here, too, Erskine presents a conclusive



example — as in what branch of forensic excellence does he not? —

His humor, as gay as the firefly's light,  
Played round every subject and shone as it played;

And his wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,  
Never carried a heartstain away on its blade.

The invariable tendency of his sallies was to advance his cause; as when he was counsel for a man named Bolt, who had been assailed by the opposing counsel for dishonesty: "Gentlemen," replied Erskine, "my learned friend has taken unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He is so remarkably of an opposite character that he goes by the name of Bolt-upright." This was pure invention.

In an action against a stage-coach proprietor by a gentleman who had suffered from an upset, Erskine began: "Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff is Mr. Beverley, a respectable merchant of Liverpool, and the defendant is Mr. Wilson, proprietor of the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane — a sign emblematic, I suppose, of the number of necks people ought to possess who travel by his vehicles."

He was defending an action brought against the proprietors of a stage-coach by Polito (the keeper of a celebrated menagerie) for the loss of a trunk. "Why," asked Erskine, "did he not take a lesson from his own sagacious elephant, and travel with his trunk before him?" In this way he managed to keep both judge and jury in good humour; and Scarlett, apparently forgetful of his own theory, says of him: —

I recollect to have heard the late Mr. Justice Chambers say that a day at *nisi prius* was very dull unless Erskine was engaged in it, but he always made it entertaining by his wit and imagination; yet during the whole conduct of the cause nothing was more remarkable to those who listened than his discretion in selecting the points and facts as they arose, and applying them for the benefit of his client, in so much that Sheridan used to say of him, "Erskine in his gown and wig has the wisdom of an angel, but the moment he puts them off he is nothing but a schoolboy."

In his reply, though abounding with eloquence and ornament, no topic was admitted that did not bear directly upon the verdict.

Hume, in his "Essays on Eloquence," lays down that criticism is nearly useless without innumerable examples, but we will give only two more, selected from among Scarlett's younger contemporaries: Cockburn (the chief justice), who never rose above the common level, or struck a

chord beyond the reach of mediocrity, without producing the calculated effect; Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford), who won his way into the front rank by wit, spirit, and vivacity.

Lord Brougham relates that a person being asked at what he rated Scarlett's value, replied, "A thirteenth jurymen." Mr. Scarlett has a different version: —

I have it on Lord Chelmsford's authority that the Duke of Wellington said of my father: "When Scarlett is addressing a jury there are thirteen jurymen." This is both characteristic of the influence he exercised when addressing juries and of the duke's terse manner of expressing himself.

A thirteenth jurymen would not necessarily bring over the other twelve. What the duke probably meant was, that Scarlett, suppressing the advocate, talked to them as one of themselves and as having at heart the same object, the discovery of the truth. He did this so completely that the sense of his superiority was lost, and no suspicion broke upon them that they were under a spell woven by a master of his art. "He the best player!" exclaimed Partridge, after seeing Garrick in Hamlet, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the same manner, and done just as he did. The King for my money: he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the others; anybody may see *he* is an actor!" This is the precise spirit in which Brougham and Scarlett were compared by critics of the Partridge school. After the breaking up of the court on the last day of a long Yorkshire Assize, Wightman, then at the Bar, found himself walking in the crowd cheek by jowl with a countryman whom he had seen serving day after day on the jury. Liking the look of the man, he got into conversation with him, and finding that this was his first attendance at the Assizes, asked him what he thought of the leading counsel. "Well," was the reply, "that Lawyer Brougham be a wonderful man: he can talk, he can; but I don't think nowt of Lawyer Scarlett." "Indeed," exclaimed Wightman, "you surprise me. Why, you have been giving him all the verdicts." "Oh, there's nothing in that," said the juror; "he be so lucky, you see, he be always on the right side."

This is the correct version of the story as told by Mr. Justice Wightman. It is spoiled by Lord Brougham, who tells it thus: "A country attorney perhaps paid

him (Scarlett) the highest compliment once when he was undervaluing his qualifications, and said: 'Really there is nothing in a man getting so many verdicts who has always the luck to be on the right side.' This remark is obviously misplaced in the mouth of an attorney. It should be added, however, that the success of a popular leader in obtaining verdicts may be partially accounted for by his being generally retained for the plaintiff, who, coming first into the field, has the choice of counsel and (such is the result of professional observation) is most frequently in the right. Plaintiffs also have, or had, advantages which have been satirically attributed to the interested collusion of the courts.

But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
For Sidrophel resolves to sue,  
Whom I must answer or begin,  
Inevitably, first with him.

And knowing he that first complains  
The advantage of the business gains —  
(For courts of justice understand  
The plaintiff to be eldest hand :  
Who for his bringing custom in  
Has all advantages to win) —  
I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky opportunity,  
Will go to counsel to advise  
Which way t' encounter or surprise.\*

Scarlett's manner was no doubt admirably adapted to the great majority of cases, and the effect was enhanced by his comely person, gentlemanlike air, and finely modulated voice; which was so pleasing that a lady who met him for the first time said he ought to be asked to speak as others were asked to sing. But this conversational tone and flattering assumption of familiarity were out of place, or of no avail, when the jury or audience were to be moved to pity or indignation, warmed, roused, excited, or (so to speak) lifted out of themselves. If he had been leading counsel for Queen Caroline, he would hardly have risen to the occasion, which seemed made for Brougham. He had no more tenderness or sensibility than fancy or imagination. Erskine's speech in *Howard v. Bingham* was as much beyond and above him as the defence of Stockdale.

This was an action of *crim. con.* brought by Mr. Howard, heir-presumptive of the Duke of Norfolk, against the Hon. R. Bingham, afterwards Earl of Lucan; to

whom the erring fair one, daughter of the last Earl of Fauconberg, was engaged when she was compelled by parental authority to marry Mr. Howard. He, therefore, Erskine contended, was the real wrong-doer.

If Mr. Bingham this day could have, by me, addressed to you his wrongs in the character of a plaintiff demanding reparation, what damages might I not have asked for him? I would have brought before you a noble youth who had fixed his affections on one of the most beautiful of her sex, and who enjoyed hers in return. I would have shown you their suitable condition: I would have painted the expectation of an honorable union, and would have concluded by showing her to you in the arms of another, by the legal prostitution of parental choice in the teeth of affection; with child by a rival, and only reclaimed at last after so cruel and so afflicting a divorce, with her freshest charms despoiled, and her very morals in a manner impeached, by asserting the purity and virtue of her original and spotless choice. Good God! imagine my client to be plaintiff, and what damages are you not prepared to give him? And yet he is here as defendant, and damages are demanded against him. Oh, monstrous conclusion!

The jury gave only 500*l.* damages, as little as could well be given, considering the rank and position of the parties. Curran obtained 10,000*l.* in the case of *Masse* against the Marquis of Headfort, in which, by a bold figure, he supposed the jury remonstrating with the noble defendant: "You would have said to him, 'Pause, my Lord, while there is yet a moment for reflection. What are your motives, what your views, what your prospects from what you are about to do? You are a married man, the husband of the most amiable and respectable of women; you cannot look to the chance of marrying this wretched fugitive; between you and such an event *there are two sepulchres to pass.*'"

The very ingenuity which proved so successful in ordinary cases was against Scarlett when higher objects were at stake and *nisi prius* tactics misapplied. A striking example occurred at the trial of Ambrose Williams, the editor of the *Durham Chronicle*, for a libel on the Bishop and clergy of Durham, August 18, 1821. The pith of the alleged libel was contained in the following passages:—

So far as we have been able to judge from the accounts in the public papers, a mark of respect to her late Majesty (Queen Caroline) has been almost universally paid throughout the kingdom, when the painful tidings of her decease were received by tolling the bells of the cathedrals and churches. But there is one

\* "Hudibras," Part iii. Canto 3. The plaintiff had the choice of the form of suit, the time, the court, and the *venue* or locality from which the jury was to be taken.

exception to this very creditable fact which demands especial notice. In this episcopal city, containing six churches independently of the cathedral, not a single bell announced the departure of the magnanimous spirit of the most injured of queens, the most persecuted of women. Thus the brutal enmity of those who embittered her mortal existence pursues her in her shroud.

“We know not whether any actual orders were issued to prevent this customary sign of mourning; but the omission plainly indicates the kind of spirit which predominates among our clergy. Yet these men profess to be followers of Jesus Christ, to walk in his footsteps, to teach his precepts, to inculcate his spirit, to promote harmony, charity, and Christian love! Out upon such hypocrisy!”

The prosecution was conducted by Scarlett as Attorney-General for the Palatinate, and in his opening speech (the feelings of the clergy being notorious) he contended that the silence of the bells might have been intended as a mark of respect.

It is not justifiable, it is not to be endured, that a man should draw a false inference, and that he should thereupon libel a body of men, and attempt to bring them into disgrace and contempt, because they were not so loud in their grief, *being, perhaps, the more sincere*, and because their bells were not tolled, *but suppressed their emotions* on the death of the queen.

Brougham, who led for the defence, saw the blunder, and pounced upon it as the falcon pounces on its prey. He first placed the facts in broad relief by his cross-examination of the witness called to prove the publication.

Do you recollect hearing of the death of her late Majesty? I do.

Then you recollect the day on which the melancholy intelligence arrived in Durham? I do.

I presume you heard the bells of the cathedral and other churches toll in the usual way? No, sir; I cannot say that I did.

Why, you are not deaf? No.

Do you believe they were tolled, or not? I believe they were not.

Do you recollect the coronation of his Majesty, a short time before the melancholy occasion of which we have been speaking? Yes.

Did the bells keep it all to themselves that day? No, sir.

Did they ring? Yes; all the bells rang upon that day.

What! the cathedral and all? Yes, sir; all the bells in the town.

They rung many a merry peal? Yes, sir.

From the biggest to the least church? Yes, sir.

They did not “suppress their emotions” on that occasion? No.

Do you recollect the death of his late Majesty? Yes.

What part did the bells take then—the hypocritical, or the frank part? I cannot recollect, but I think they tolled.

Do you recollect the death of the late Queen Charlotte? Yes, sir, I do.

What part did the bells take then? They tolled.

After calling attention to this evidence and the passage charging hypocrisy, he launched out:—

That you may understand the meaning of this passage, it is necessary for me to set before you the picture my learned friend was pleased to draw of the clergy of the diocese of Durham, and I shall recall it to your minds almost in his own words. According to him they stand in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; they are, in truth, the most injured of men. They all, it seems, entertained the same generous sentiments with the rest of their countrymen, though they did not express them in the old, free, English manner, by openly condemning the proceedings against the late queen; and after her glorious but unhappy life had closed, the venerable the clergy of Durham, I am now told for the first time, though less forward in giving vent to their feelings than the rest of their fellow-citizens, though not vehement in their indignation at the matchless and unmanly persecution of the queen, though not so unbridled in their joy at her immortal triumph, nor so loud in their lamentations over her mournful and untimely end, did, nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize in her sufferings, in the bottom of their reverend hearts!

When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel, if not so clamorous, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community, their grief was in truth too deep for utterance, sorrow clung round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound, and when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, THEIR silence, the contrast which THEY displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less because they felt the more! Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this! Most consummate of all the hypocrites! After instructing your chosen, official advocate to stand forward with such a defence—such an exposition of your motives—to dare utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it! This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright, frank, honest hypocrites to what you have now made yourselves, and surely, for all you have ever done, or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satiated with the

humiliation of this day, its just atonement, and ample retribution!

In the sparring match which took place on the motion in arrest of judgment, Brougham had the best of it again.

Mr. Scarlett asserted, that the words "of and concerning" were in his copy of the information.

Mr. Justice Bayley read the passage from the record, which proved that Mr. Brougham was correct.

Mr. Scarlett. It was so in my copy; I was equally confident with you.

Mr. Brougham. Yes; but there was this difference — you were confident and wrong; I was confident and right. The difference was merely between a well-founded observation, and one that had no foundation at all. I only mention this to prevent any further interruptions, of which I have had two already.

"All men will agree with me," remarks Vivian Grey, "that the only rival to be feared by a man of spirit is a clever boy." All lawyers will agree that the most embarrassing witness to cross-examine is a clever woman. Mrs. Clarke was a notable instance; and Scarlett met with more than his match in Mrs. Foote, the mother of Maria Foote (afterwards Countess of Harrington), plaintiff in the breach of promise cause of Foote *v.* Hayne (Pea-Green Hayne, as he was called), who was supposed to have been cajoled into the engagement by the mother. She completely baffled Scarlett, but, by one of his happiest strokes of advocacy, he turned his failure into a success: "You saw, gentlemen of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. *What must my client have been?*" His client had acted unhandsomely in evading the engagement on the plea of passages in the life of the lady which were well known to him when he proposed to her, and Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) who led for the plaintiff, making the most of this circumstance, gained the verdict, damages 3000*l.*

An instance of Scarlett's skill as a tactician is given by his son, on the authority of Mr. Evelyn of Wotton: —

On one occasion an action was brought for the abatement of a nuisance, and Mr. Scarlett was employed for the defence. He began his cross-examination of a lady, the plaintiff's witness, by enquiring tenderly about her domestic relations, her children, their illnesses. The lady became confidential, and appeared flattered by the kind interest taken in her. The judge interfered with a remark about the irrelevancy of this. Mr. Scarlett begged to be allowed to proceed, and on the conclusion of

the cross-examination he said, "My lord, that is my case." He had shown, on the witness's testimony, that she had brought up a numerous and healthy progeny in the vicinity of the alleged nuisance.

The jury, amused as well as convinced, gave a verdict for the defendant.

Two other anecdotes are given in the memoir, one of which has evidently been misreported and the other misunderstood.

I will not vouch for the accuracy of the following anecdote in detail, but I give it as I received it at second hand.

Mr. Justice Patteson related the following story of my father's dexterity in the conduct of a cause, the ends of justice being attained by a theatrical display of incredulity which deceived both Brougham and Parke, the counsel on the other side. My father with Patteson as junior counsel were for the defendant. He told Patteson that he would manage to make Brougham produce in evidence a written instrument the withholding of which, on account of the insufficiency of the stamp, was essential for the success of his case. That on Patteson observing that even if he could throw Brougham off his guard he would not be so successful with Parke, my father answered that he would try. And he then conducted the case with such consummate dexterity, pretending to disbelieve the existence of the document referred to, that Brougham and Parke resolved to produce it, not being aware that my father had any suspicion of its invalidity. Patteson described the air of extreme surprise and mortification of my father on its production by Brougham, with a flourish of trumpets about the "non-existence of which document his learned friend had reckoned on so confidently." Patteson went on to say that the way in which my father asked to look at the instrument and his assumed astonishment at the discovery of the insufficiency of the stamp were a masterpiece of acting.

This is unintelligible. The existence of the document being admitted, what did Scarlett gain by its production? or what did Brougham lose by the discovery of its invalidity, if its production was not essential to his case?

The other anecdote runs, that Sir Walter Scott promised a friend to write a book for his benefit. The friend died before the fulfilment of the promise, and the question arose whether Sir Walter was legally bound to write a book for the benefit of the widow and children of the deceased.

This Sir Walter refused to do. The executors sought the advice of Mr. Scarlett, who having listened to their case, said: "Let us suppose the position to be reversed; if Sir Walter Scott had died, should you have re-

quired his executors to write a book for the benefit of your clients?" "Oh, no!" exclaimed the executors, convinced at once that they had no case against Sir Walter Scott.

Scarlett was joking, if he really said anything of the sort. If the promise was legally binding in the first instance, it was not necessarily made void by the death. Suppose the friend had advanced, or engaged to pay, a given sum for the book. Suppose a celebrated painter had entered into a similar engagement to paint a picture.

Lord Houghton relates that, sitting by Lord Abinger at table at Lady Holland's in Great Stanhope Street, he asked him whether he had had any especial secret by which he got his verdicts. Lord Abinger said that he thought his success was mainly owing to his habit of seldom addressing the jury collectively, but of selecting one or two of them,—generally one, and by no means always the foreman, with whom he reasoned on the subject as best he could, placing himself, as it were, in mental communication with him, and going on till he appeared to have convinced him. "Brougham," he added, "at one time, detected my process, and imitated me as well as he could, but somehow or other he always hit on the wrong man."

Scarlett's influence was not confined to juries. It was almost as great with the judges, and he accounts for it by stating that he never wasted their time by arguments he knew to be unsound, and that, habitually overcoming both the bias of the advocate and the importunity of the client, he at once gave up cases which could not and ought not to be maintained.

Upon this subject, perhaps, I may be excused for relating an anecdote which is an illustration of it. On the Northern Circuit at certain periods there used to be a grand supper, at which all the members were assembled, and the expenses of which were paid by fines and congratulations that resulted in contributions to which the principal leaders were subject. These were introduced, in general, in a ceremonious speech, by one of the body who bore the office of attorney-general of the circuit. Upon the occasion to which I allude, the present Lord Chief Justice Tindal held that office. I was leader of the circuit both in rank and business. He introduced my name for the purpose of a congratulation, by stating that his friend Mr. Scarlett had for many years been employing his genius in the invention of a machine which he had brought to perfection. The operation the whole circuit were in the habit of witnessing, with astonishment at his success. He, the attorney-general, had at length discovered the secret, which was no

other than a machine which he dexterously contrived to keep out of sight, but by virtue of which he produced a surprising effect upon the head of the judge. "You have all noticed, gentlemen, that when my learned friend addresses the court he produces on the judge's head a motion angular to the horizon like this," he then made a movement of his head which signified a nod of approbation. When he had carried his motion by a unanimous vote of congratulation, he proceeded to another leader of the circuit (Brougham), a gentleman of more popular and of much higher reputation as a speaker than myself. He said, "This gentleman, as you all know, has for years been devoting his illustrious talents to surpass Mr. Scarlett. This he endeavors to accomplish by various means, and amongst others by imitating his example in the invention of a machine to operate on the head of the judge. In this he has at length, after much labor and study, succeeded. But you have observed that the motion he produces is of a different character. It is parallel to the horizon, in this fashion," he then moved his head in a manner denoting dissent. The contrast and the joke occasioned much laughter, in which the gentleman last alluded to most heartily joined, his good nature being not less remarkable than his talents.

His influence over Lord Tenterden was so marked as to become the subject of complaint and invidious comment, not always without reason, at the Bar. He once rather rudely reminded Adolphus (the elder), whose practice was mostly in the criminal courts, that he was not in the Old Bailey. "I know and feel that I am not," was the spirited retort, "for there the judge controls the counsel, and here the counsel controls the judge."\*

In proof of the ease with which work might be got through by one who thoroughly understood his business, Scarlett boasted in our hearing that he had dined out every day during the whole of a long Guildhall sittings. Curran used to say that if you were for the plaintiff you must look at your brief, but if for the defendant, you could pick up the facts as they came out. Once knowing nothing of his case, or having none, he desired a bystander, dead drunk, on whom his eye accidentally alighted, to be called into the witness-box, and when nothing intelligible could be elicited from him, declared that the opposite party had got hold of his only witness and reduced him to the condition in which the jury now saw him. Scarlett never

\* Bethell (Lord Westbury) held Vice-Chancellor Shadwell in complete subjection; and Wilde (Lord Truro) exercised considerable authority over Chief Justice Tindal in the Common Pleas. Wilde's influence, however, was won and used like Scarlett's: Bethell's was not.

went quite so far as this, but he made short work with his briefs.

I may ascribe to the practice I was obliged to adopt at Manchester the great facility with which I was able to conduct the mass of business that afterwards passed through my hands on the circuit, and at Westminster and at Guildhall. The counsel were accustomed to arrive late in the evening before the sessions, the attorneys on the next day. The magistrates commenced their business at half past eleven. It was only during the few hours that elapsed from eight to that time that I had to prepare the day's work. It sometimes occurred that I had fifteen or twenty briefs in settlement cases, which were always taken the first day. To make myself master of the points in each by reading them was impossible. As to the law and the decided authorities I came well prepared, and required no study. The mode then which I adopted to obtain the facts was to interrogate the attorney when he came with his brief what was the fact in his own case on which he mainly relied. Next what he supposed his adversary's case to depend upon. Having made a short note of his statement on the back of the brief, I proceeded to discuss the appeal without further instruction or meditation, and I believe I may safely say that I did not read one brief in ten in the most important cases in which I was concerned at quarter sessions.

As briefs are charged so much *per folio*, they are occasionally diffuse. A very thick brief having been brought to Sir Vicary Gibbs' lodgings in an assize town late at night, he requested to see the attorney. "Is all this evidence?" "No, sir; there are forty pages containing my observations." "Point them out." These he tore off and thrust into the fire, with the remark, "There go your observations."

In like manner [continues Scarlett], when I began to lead causes in the superior courts, it was my practice to inquire of my junior counsel what were the points in the cause on both sides, and to make a minute of those on the back of the brief. Instead of doing this, which I always found successful in practice, had I attempted to read masses of paper delivered in each case, I am certain that I should not have time to read one in five, applying the whole period of my absence from court to that duty alone. Undoubtedly the case would be very different at present. The number of causes tried in a day seldom amount to half a dozen of all sorts on an average. But Lord Kenyon and Mr. Justice Buller disposed with ease of twenty-six in a day, and Lord Ellenborough's average was twenty. I do not pretend to assign the cause of this difference, though the fact is unquestionable that the labor of the sittings, though much shorter, was more severe in those times whilst it lasted, than it has ever been since.

The principal causes of the difference have been already indicated, and the convivial habits of the Bar had a good deal to do with the perfunctory manner in which business was got through in the olden time. When Wilde (Lord Truro) joined the Western Circuit he was an invalid, and travelled with his wife. He rarely dined at the circuit mess, and devoted the entire evening to his briefs. This compelled a corresponding alteration of habits in others; and a popular leader, afterwards a distinguished judge, is reported to have said to him: "I tell you what it is, Wilde, you have spoiled the circuit. Before you joined us, we lived like gentlemen, sat late at our wine, left our briefs to take care of themselves, and came into court on a perfect footing of equality. Now all this is at an end, and the assizes are becoming a drudgery and a bore."

Scarlett states that, as a general rule, he refrained from any anticipation of the defendant's case, which he deemed dangerous, as leading both judge and jury to seek for support to it in the plaintiff's evidence.

I found from experience, as well as theory, that the most essential part of speaking is to make yourself understood. For this purpose it is absolutely necessary that the court and jury should know as early as possible *de quâ re agitur*. It was my habit, therefore, to state in the simplest form that the truth and the case would admit the proposition of which I maintained the affirmative and the defendant's counsel the negative, and then, without reasoning upon them, the leading facts in support of my assertion. Thus it has often happened to me to open a cause in five minutes, which would have occupied a speaker at the Bar of the present day from half an hour to three quarters of an hour or more.

This can hardly be intended to apply to great occasions. Lord Lyndhurst, late in life and as the fruit of long observation and experience, attached paramount importance to the opening speech; and the most accomplished advocates (including Erskine), as may be collected from their known practice, agreed with him. The rival systems came into fair conflict in the case already mentioned of *Foote v. Hayne*; in which Lord Lyndhurst made so telling an impression by his opening speech that all his antagonist's ingenuity proved vain. Wilde, like Scarlett, relied mainly on his replies, which, although generally effective, were exhaustive in every sense of the word. Of Scarlett's it has been justly remarked that they did not



consist of a mere series of ingenious remarks on conflicting evidence; still less of a tiresome examination of the testimony of each witness singly; but were as finely arranged on the instant, and thrown into as bold and decisive masses as if they had been prepared in the study. When a case had been spread over half the day, and apparently shattered by the speech and witnesses of his adversary, he would gather it up, condense, concentrate, and render it conclusive.

We invite particular attention to what comes next:—

I learned by much experience that the most useful duty of an advocate is the examination of witnesses, and that much more mischief than benefit generally results from cross-examination. I therefore rarely allowed that duty to be performed by my colleagues. I cross-examined in general very little, and more with a view to enforce and illustrate the facts I meant to rely upon than to affect the witness's credit, *for the most part a vain attempt.*

It is to be hoped that his example will be followed in this respect, or that the judges will interpose with a high hand to check what is becoming an intolerable abuse. Cross-examination, as at present conducted, is a grave hindrance to the administration of justice, not only by the waste of time, but by its tendency to keep back both prosecutors and witnesses; for who would willingly submit to the moral and mental torture of which the witness-box is too frequently the scene? The proceedings in the Bravo case were a positive disgrace to a civilized country; and if the examinations and cross-examinations in the Tichborne case, as well as the speeches, had been kept within moderate bounds, we should have been spared most of the popular excitement that has ensued. It really seemed as if all engaged were in league to lend an undue importance, a mock and mischievous air of dignity, to what was all along an impudent imposture on the face of it.

In five cases out of six, cross-examination in unskilful hands has the effect of bringing out more clearly and strongly the very facts it is the object to keep back or explain away. It used to be understood that the judge was virtually the counsel of the prisoner who had retained none. Two prisoners were on trial for a capital felony before Baron Parke (Lord Wensleydale) at Salisbury, only one being defended by counsel, who, in the course of his cross-examination of the chief witness, asked a question relating to the other. "Stop there, Mr. R.," interposed the judge;

"hang your own man if you think fit, but please to leave mine alone!"

If we may trust Lord Brougham, a remarkable instance is remembered in Westminster Hall of his (Scarlett's) acting in the face of the jury at the critical moment of their beginning to consider their verdict. He had defended a gentleman of rank and fortune against a charge of an odious description. He had performed his part with even more than his accustomed zeal and skill. As soon as the judge had summed up, he tied up his papers deliberately, and with a face smiling and easy, but carefully turned to the jury, he rose and said, loud enough to be generally heard, that he was engaged to dinner, and in so clear a case there was no occasion for him to wait what must be the certain event. He then retired deliberately, bowing to the court. The prosecuting counsel were astonished at the excess of confidence or of effrontery; nor was it lost upon the jury, who began their deliberation. But one of the juniors, having occasion to leave the court, found that all this confidence and fearlessness had never crossed its threshold; for behind the door stood hid Sir James Scarlett trembling with anxiety, his face the color of his brief, and awaiting the result of the clearest case in the world in breathless suspense. The jury, a special jury, found for the defence; but we cannot think that they were influenced by so palpable an artifice; of which, moreover, we should have thought Scarlett incapable. It hardly falls within the limits of legitimate advocacy, and sounds quite out of keeping with his character.

In reference to Erskine's ill-success in Parliament, Scarlett, after defining the duty and object of the forensic orator, "to carry conviction to twelve men chosen to adopt or reject a specific proposition upon oath," proceeds:—

How different is the object and the duty of the Parliamentary speaker!

He addresses an assembly of which the majority have already decided the vote. He does not expect to bring conviction to any individual amongst them. There is to be no movement, and no act done in consequence of his speech or of the debate. The object is to flatter and encourage his own party, and to hold the opposite party or their measures up to contempt and sarcasm. He is therefore not called upon to apply himself to the subject of nominal discussion, for any other purpose than that of connecting it with such topics of praise or blame as he may think fit to introduce. His chief object must be to command the attention of his hearers, and this is not to



be done so well by any efforts upon their reason or their knowledge respecting the question before them, as by the dexterous handling of any extraneous matter that he can make the subject of praise or blame.

There is no method more common or more exciting than that of selecting some individual, and exposing him to ridicule, or sarcasm, or contempt. In short the character of the eloquence of the House of Commons is that which is termed by the ancient rhetoricians "*demonstration*." It is convenient in praise or blame. The chief figure is exaggeration. It is like scene-painting, which is to have its effect at a distance. It is not for the assembly, but the gallery, and the newspapers. Hence it appears to me that if two orators of equal parts had each taken one of these two lines, and by usage acquired great facility and reputation, neither would find it easy on changing his line to fall at once into the habits and discipline required to ensure him a successful comparison with the other.

The concluding proposition is undeniable; but, consciously or unconsciously, his comparison is unduly favorable to the arena in which he shone pre-eminent at the expense of that in which he failed. It is a well-known saying, attributed to Ferguson of Pitfour, that he had heard many speeches which influenced his opinion, never one which had the least effect upon his vote. But is it true that the sole or main object of the Parliamentary speaker is temporary effect? that he does not try or expect to bring conviction? that he does not appeal to the reason or knowledge of his audience? that it is not for them but for the gallery and the newspapers that his streams of argument or eloquence are poured out? We should say that the very opposite is the case: that although the House of Commons likes to be amused or excited, and was ever ready to cheer the sparkling pleasantries of Mr. Osborne or the sarcastic wit of the present premier, it has always been an essentially practical, business-like assembly, whose attention is best secured by earnestness, mastery of the subject, and a fair claim from peculiar information or position to be heard. No audience can be more habitually alive to the difference between sparks from a working engine and fireworks let off for display. It was not by rhetorical artifices or declamatory flights that the greatest masters of Parliamentary debate, from Walpole and Pulteney to Peel and Gladstone, acquired their admitted supremacy. When, therefore, the forensic orator who has been wont to mould juries to his will, finds himself unable "th' applause of listening senates to command,"

he must not lay the flattering unction to his soul that it is because he cannot or will not resort to meaner arts or sink to a lower level. It is rather because he cannot expand his views, widen his grasp, and elevate his tone.

Deliberately ignoring the fact that the barrier which proved insurmountable to himself had been overleaped by many similarly situated, Scarlett makes no mention of the forensic orators who have succeeded in Parliament, although the number is larger than might have been anticipated, considering how rarely we find the same person at the top of two arts, sciences, professions, or intellectual pursuits, even those more congenial than politics and law. There is no greater *a priori* probability that a first-rate advocate should be a first-rate Parliamentary speaker, than that a great painter should be a great sculptor and a great architect — which Michael Angelo *was*\* — or that an eminent novelist should be equally eminent as a dramatist, which Lesage, Fielding, and Scott were *not*. But we can produce a highly respectable list of first-rate advocates who have become first-rate Parliamentary speakers.

Macaulay does not much exceed the contemporary estimate when he says that "Somers was equally eminent as a jurist and as a politician, as an orator and as a writer;" that "he left a great reputation in the House of Commons, where, during four years, he had always been heard with delight." The Duke of Wharton says of Lord Cowper, that "it was the orator that lighted up the most shining parts of the statesman and the judge;"† and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams specifies amongst the rarities to be preserved in Sir Hans Sloane's Museum, —

Some strains of eloquence which hung  
In ancient times on Tully's tongue,  
But which conceal'd and lost had lain  
Till Cowper found them out again.

Murray (Lord Mansfield), the silver-tongued Murray, was at one time the only opponent that could make head against the great Commoner. "They alone," says Lord Chesterfield, "can inflame or quiet the House; they alone are attended to in that numerous and noisy assembly, that

\* Architecture has been dissociated from the sister arts; but painting and sculpture are still occasionally and successfully combined: witness Landseer's "Lions," Mr. Watts' "Clyde," and Mr. Leighton's "Athlete Strangling a Python," for which 2000*l.* was at once given by the Academy.

† "The True Briton," No. 40.

you may hear a pin fall when either of them is speaking."

Mr. Charles Butler (in his "Reminiscences") describes Lord Camden's judicial eloquence as of the colloquial kind — "extremely simple, diffuse, but not desultory. Sometimes he rose to the sublime strains of eloquence; but the sublimity was altogether in the sentiment; the diction retained its simplicity: this increased its effect." He concluded his judgment in Wilkes' case with these words: "If these superior jurisdictions shall declare my opinion erroneous, I submit, as will become me, and shall kiss the rod; but I must say I shall always consider it as a rod of iron for the chastisement of the people of Great Britain." His reputation rose instead of sinking in the House of Lords, where his style was the exact contrary of that which professional habits are calculated to form. Thus, on literary Copyright: "Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views. I speak not of the scribblers for bread, who tease the world with their wretched productions; fourteen years is too long a period for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world. . . . When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his 'Paradise Lost,' he did not reject it and commit his poem to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labors; he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it."\*

Lord North is described by Gibbon as "seated on the treasury bench, between his attorney and solicitor-general, the two pillars of the law and State, *magis pares quam similes*, and the minister might indulge in a short slumber whilst he was upheld on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne."

Thurlow nobly vindicated his own position and that of the profession in his reply to the Duke of Grafton, who had taunted him with his humble birth and his recent elevation to the peerage. The scene is

\* We do not quote this as agreeing in the argument. Milton got as much as he could, and many of the most valuable productions of learning and genius, including "Johnson's Dictionary" and the "Waverley Novels," were stimulated by the hope of gain.

"Let others spin their meagre brains for hire,  
Enough for genius if itself inspire!"

Neither the genius which dictated these lines, nor the genius to which they were addressed, found the inspiration enough; and it is quite startling to think how many of the brightest ornaments of literature come strictly within the description of "scribblers for bread."

described by Mr. Charles Butler, who was present: —

He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor generally addresses the house. Then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder, "I am amazed," he said, in a level tone of voice, "at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, as a man, I am at this moment as respectable, — I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

Dunning (Lord Ashburton) was an excellent debater, and, despite of marked physical disadvantages, never failed to command the attention of the House of Commons. Lord Brougham says that "in Parliament Sir William Grant was unquestionably to be classed with speakers of the first order. None was more easily listened to, none so difficult to answer." It is related of Fox that, finding his attention distracted by the conversation of some members near him when listening to Grant with a view to a reply, he sharply turned to them and exclaimed, "Do you think it so very pleasant a thing to have to answer a speech like *that*?"

Romilly's Parliamentary position and moral weight (which should count as well as oratory) are well known. The bare facts that Dundas had been lord advocate before he became the right hand of Pitt, and that Perceval took the solicitor-generalship on his way to the premiership, prove that they succeeded both in Parliament and at the Bar. The same proud pre-eminence will not be denied in any quarter to Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. We pause at Bethell (Lord Westbury), although in casuistical subtlety and dexterity he more than once ran Mr.

Gladstone hard. But we shall hardly provoke a protest by including Lord Selborne and Lord Cairns; and the question being whether the forensic training or cast of mind is fatal to Parliamentary success, we may confidently point to the present chief justice (Cockburn) and the late Sir William Follett. Cockburn's speech in the Pacifico debate (June 28, 1850) was followed by a complete tumult of applause, and Follett's on the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, in 1836, has ever since been cited as one of the rare instances of speeches which materially influenced the division. Another such instance was Macaulay's speech on the late Lord Hotham's Bill for excluding the master of the rolls and others holding judicial offices from the House of Commons, and here we may observe that Macaulay was bred a barrister, as were Tierney, Horner, and Pitt, who went the Western Circuit and held briefs. Turning to Ireland we find Curran, Bushe, Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare), O'Connell, Plunkett; whilst the striking examples of Odilon-Barrot, Dupin, and Berryer, are supplied by France.

Erskine's comparative failure — for it was only comparative — may be accounted for by personal and peculiar causes. He had Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Grey, for competitors, and he had his own splendid reputation to contend against. He must have felt like Sheridan, who it was said was deterred from writing another comedy by fear of the author of "The School for Scandal." This is substantially confirmed by Scarlett.

I have heard him several times, when he spoke second only to Pitt and Fox, and commanded the profoundest attention. What can be expected from a lawyer in great practice, who has not time for the exigencies of his own profession? Mr. Burke used to say, "The best that the lawyers bring us in this House is but the rinsing of their empty bottles."

Besides being unequal from habits and temperament to the double exertion, Erskine was so intensely sensitive, that he was once confused and put out in an impassioned address to a jury by a yawning attorney, placed by malice prepense exactly in his line of view under the jury-box. Arrested in his own despite by the absent or desponding look of Garrow, who was with him in a cause, he whispered, "Who do you think can get on with that wet blanket of a face of yours before him?" His maiden effort in the House of Commons was marred by the real or affected indifference of Pitt, who, after listening a few

minutes, and taking a note or two as if intending to reply, dashed pen and paper upon the floor with a contemptuous smile. Erskine, it is said, never recovered this expression of disdain; "his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame." \* On another occasion, Pitt rose after Erskine and began:

"I rise to reply to the right honorable gentleman (Fox) who spoke last but one. As for the honorable and learned gentleman who spoke last, he did no more than regularly repeat what fell from the gentleman who preceded him, and as regularly weakened what he repeated."

Scarlett evidently fancied that he himself could have succeeded in Parliament, had he thought fit.

I can say myself that though I received many compliments upon my first speech in Parliament, and though I was not conscious of any deficiency of talent for debate, I found it impossible to pursue my profession consistently with the application to Parliamentary subjects which was essential to my pretending to any lead in the House of Commons.

This self-estimate is confirmed by Tal-  
fourd: "Mr. Scarlett, in the debate on the motion relative to the chancellor's attack on Mr. Abercrombie, showed that he has felt it necessary to bend his mind considerably to the routine of his practice. He was then surprised into his own original nature, and forgetting the measured compass of his long-adopted voice and manner, spoke out in a strong, natural tone, and told daring truths which astonished the House. It is not thus, however, that he wins verdicts and compels the court to grant rules to show cause." †

Lord Brougham states that, on the question of the Duke of York's salary as guardian of the king's person, Scarlett made one of the most powerful speeches ever heard in Parliament upon a merely legal subject. That his subsequent efforts did not sustain the credit won by the first, is attributed by the same high authority "to the great imperfection of his character, the vanity which, it must be admitted, formed not only a feature of his mind, but acted on it as a moving power with more than ordinary force." Lord Brougham instances the debate on the case of Smith, the missionary, when the ques-

\* Croly's "Life of George IV." This story, although we suspect over-colored, is adopted without cavil by Earl Stanhope in his "Life of Pitt."

† "On the Profession of the Bar." (*The London Magazine* for March, 1826.)

tion turned entirely on a multifarious mass of evidence filling a thick blue-book, which he himself, Denman, and Lushington had carefully studied. Scarlett, with his habitual self-complacency, began by saying that he had not looked at the evidence before he entered the House, but that his opinion was clear against the motion. "So that when the season arrived for the reply, the mover (Brougham) observed that he would have believed almost any improbability on his learned friend's bare assertion, but that this strange statement required something more of proof to make it credible; and accordingly that proof had been amply provided by his speech, every part of which showed the strict truth of his assertion that he knew nothing of the evidence."

The autobiography is principally made up of desultory observations and reminiscences. Nearly a third of it consists of sketches and characters of contemporary orators, statesmen, and lawyers: Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Grey, Esrkinge, Romilly, Eldon, Ellenborough, Tenterden, Redesdale, Gibbs, Perceval, Pigot, Plummer. These are carefully drawn, but we cannot say that they either enlarge our knowledge or vivify our impressions. Indeed, it is to be regretted that the time and labor expended on them were not devoted to the completion of the narrative, which is silent as to his public (apart from his forensic) life, and stops short before his promotion to the bench and the peerage. What his son, the accomplished diplomatist, has done towards supplying the deficiency, has been done with discretion and good taste; but he has contributed little beyond extracts from correspondence and other documents, which he has not attempted to work up; and absence from England on public service during most of the time to be covered is no excuse for not furnishing at least a recapitulation of leading events with dates. We do not even learn from this book when, or under what circumstance, his father first entered the House of Commons. It was not in fact till 1818, many years after he was in the fulness of his fame, that a seat was found for him by his party connections, his claims having been successively postponed to those of Brougham, Horner, Denman, and many others. He was then elected for Peterborough, on the nomination of Lord Fitzwilliam, and sat for it till the general election of 1830, when, at the request of his noble patron, he exchanged it for Malton. In 1827 he accepted the attor-

ney-generalship under Canning, with the full approbation of his Whig friends. He resigned it on the death of Canning, but resumed it under the Duke of Wellington in 1830.

The Duke of Wellington had emancipated the Roman Catholics and repealed the Corporation and Test Acts. The Whigs hoped he would go further in reform, and my father, who had always been in favor of a moderate reform bill, entertained a hope that the king's hostility to a reform in Parliament might be overcome, and the duke would get rid of the ultra Tories and fill up the gap with a greater infusion of the Whig element in the Cabinet.

As law officer he exhibited the most determined hostility to the press, and referring to the prosecutions instituted by him on behalf of the government, he writes, January 4, 1830:—

Bagshot Park, Jan. 4, 1830.

You will see all that I know about the libels in the papers, but will not read all I said. My speeches are not agreeable to the press, or entitled to be faithfully and fully retailed. They all join to abuse me, but I know I have done my duty, and am not afraid. The liberty of the press does not consist in the power of publishing slander with *impunity* any more than the liberty of using your hands implies the power or right to assault your neighbors with impunity. This is a mistake which the gentlemen of the press too often make. The liberty of the press means nothing more than the right to publish without a previous censorship.

According to this definition, the liberty of the press might be co-existent with any amount of high-handed corruption in judges or servility in juries and would in no respect depend upon the administration of the law; although it is matter of history that there have been times during the non-existence of a censorship, when the freedom of comment accorded to journalists little exceeded that enjoyed by Figaro when he started his *Journal Inutile*. Scarlett's hostility to the press was said to be in no slight degree owing to the tone taken by the newspapers on the occasion of a false report of his death in 1824; when the obituary notices, although fair enough on the whole, fell short of his own estimate of his merits.

Speaking of the change of government in 1830, Mr. Scarlett says that "the Whigs would wait no longer for liberal measures and a hoped-for modification of the duke's Cabinet, to which modification he had not assented. Soon after the king's death they united with the Radicals to turn him out, and brought in their famous Reform Bill."

The Whigs could hardly be expected to wait after the duke's declaration against reform, and it was the discontented Tories, headed by Sir Charles Wetherall and Mr. Banks, that turned the scales against the duke. Scarlett went *out* at the same time, but we suspect he might easily have been persuaded to remain *in*, and he was both angry and disappointed at being so completely overlooked. This, perhaps, had something to do with the line he took in regard to their "famous" bill, to which, in its essential features, he was decidedly opposed. He made a speech against it, which, he says, "was highly praised for its good constitutional arguments, though condemned by the *Times* and the Radical prints." This led of course to the resignation of his seat, but, whilst the bill was yet pending, he had offers of seats from Lord Lonsdale and Mr. Alexander Baring, without any pledges as to men or measures. "I hesitated between Baring and Lord Lonsdale, but as the latter required no trouble, and *was a more declared adhesion of party*, I thought it best to close with it." He soon afterwards became a member of the Carlton Club and an uncompromising Tory. How completely he cast his skin may be inferred from a letter to his son, dated Liverpool, August 20, 1835:—

The Whigs grow more unpopular every day out of doors. This town is an example, that almost every decent and respectable man that once supported them has abandoned them. Their only party consists of a few of their ancient orators, and the rabble that were accustomed to follow them. As the party in town live with each other exclusively, they are deceived with a notion that all the world think as they do. You will observe that even some of the very peers created by Lord Grey begin to abandon them; but such is their infatuation that they will not believe in the very small and contemptible minority which supports them, or they are determined to throw still more power into that minority in order that they may be better supported.

This contemptible minority had just regained office and managed to hold it for six years. In the course of the following year Lord Brougham wrote to invite him to Brougham Hall.

You will find me what I fear *you* will regard as very *destructive* in my principles, but always ready to do you the most ample justice (as I ever have been), knowing few men indeed who have made greater sacrifices to their principles.

Lord Brougham must have been both amused and astonished by the reply, in

which, pinned to the letter of his ironical avowal, he is told: "I must say that I am sorry to learn from your note that I am still to rank you as a destructive." Scarlett was supported by the examples of Sir Francis Burdett and Sir Robert Wilson, who operated the same change of front about the same time; yet surely when a man past sixty feels compelled to leave a party of which he has been a conspicuous member from youth, he should not join the opposite party. Separation need not involve tergiversation, and he would best consult his personal comfort as well as his reputation by holding politically aloof from both. There is something positively humiliating in the apprehension Scarlett expressed in a conversation with Lord Holland, of "proscription and exclusion" by his former associates, as well as in the assurance it called forth, that the time might come when the old ties might be partially renewed.

In his reply to Lord Holland, April 24, 1831, he said it was far from his intention to join any party to oppose the government. "It was my determination to have resigned my seat and to have abandoned all public life whenever I found I could not maintain my neutrality." If he had adhered to this determination he would have been made chief baron instead of Lord Lyndhurst, or had he been content to wait, might have been rewarded with the grand object of his ambition, the chief justiceship of the King's Bench, vacated by Lord Tenterden in 1832.\* In the same letter, after repeating that he had been pressed to join the Duke of Wellington's government by many of his political friends, "and emphatically by Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Grey," he continues:—

Nevertheless when the government was changed, I was dismissed from the office, *sans phrase*. I was not desirous of continuing in office. But I freely own that I did expect from a Cabinet composed, with one exception only, of my personal friends, some explanation or some kind words at parting. They could not consider me, after the station I had occupied, and if I am not too vain, in the station I continued to occupy, as a mere hanger-on upon a ministry, subject to the mandate of a treasury note. I declined however to enter into any engagement to oppose the government. On public grounds I was anxious for its permanence and its success. But what was the im-

\* "The new attorney and solicitor-general took their offices (in 1830) with a notice that if a vacancy or vacancies in any of the chief judgeships took place within a few months, they were not to be offended if Lord Lyndhurst and Sir James Scarlett were promoted over their heads." — *Brougham*.

pression produced on the members of my own profession when they contemplated the situation of one to whom they had long ascribed the first place amongst them, and of whom it had been their habits to think for twenty years that his unfortunate party attachments alone had kept him from the highest stations? There were two opinions. One that I was most scandalously treated, the other that it was the immediate intention to make some arrangements to remove me from the Bar.

Was he emphatically pressed by his political friends to remain in office after the duke's declaration against reform, or after they had made up their minds to turn out the government? and how can his alleged anxiety for the permanence and success of the new government be reconciled with his hostility to the great measure by which they were to stand or fall, or with his eager preference of a seat from the ultra-Tory, Lord Lonsdale, as a more declared adhesion of party? We never heard it said that he was scandalously treated, because he was not included in the Whig arrangements of 1830, but his position was one which may well have elicited the sympathy of the Bar. It was distressing to see a man of his age and eminence thrown back, divested of official rank, into an arena where (for him) there was no additional honor to be won, where, day after day, with inevitably decreasing vigor, he had to keep the lists against all comers, —

Like to the champion in the fisty ring  
Was called on to support his claim or show it.

What he by no means regarded as a compensating or extenuating circumstance, whatever others might think of it, was the rising reputation of his son-in-law, who had gradually become one of the most formidable of his competitors. Lord Campbell, a remarkable man in many ways, was especially famous for turning his great talents and opportunities to the best account, and it was Lord Abinger who said of him, "If Campbell had been bred a dancer, I do not say he would have danced better than Vestris, but he would have got a higher salary."

The elevation of Lord Denman to the chief justiceship was another source of mortification, to which he did not hesitate to give vent; threatening to withdraw altogether from the court of King's Bench, and remarking that it would be singular if he and Lyndhurst (then chief baron) could not between them convert the exchequer into the more effective and attractive tribunal of the two. He remained unapproached and unapproachable

to the end of his career as leader, a period of more than twenty years. This is pronounced by Lord Brougham to be unexampled at the common law, unless in the case of Mr. Garrow. "It is unexampled, because the practice of *nisi prius* requires youthful vigor as well as the other less fleeting qualities. Even Lord Erskine, in less than that period of time, showed plain symptoms, not certainly of decaying faculties, but of declining practice. . . . It is certain that Garrow passed both Erskine and Gibbs." Scarlett's estimate of the man who performed this feat may be useful in exemplifying by what arts or qualities a high professional position may be won: —

Garrow, an eloquent scolder with a fine voice and most distinct articulation, a great flow of words, considerable quickness in catching the meaning of a witness, and great abilities in addressing juries in ordinary cases, without education, without taste, and without law, acquired and maintained a high reputation with the public, but none in the profession. He had a theatrical manner of doing everything, and that which an ordinary junior at the Bar would have done with simplicity, without effort and without applause, Garrow gave importance to by an affected arrangement, an appearance of a difficulty overcome, and withal a certain tone or manner that made the vulgar suppose the thing could not have been done but by the greatest talent and genius. Perhaps there never was an instance of a man whose fame stood at once so high with the public and so low with the Bar. He was not much known in private life, but I believe he was kind-hearted, generous, and humane.

In an action of slander brought by Whittle Harvey against an attorney who had charged him with the fraudulent abstraction of a deed, the defendant pleaded a justification, and Garrow, who led for the defence, pulled out his watch, laid it on the table, and began: "There, gentlemen of the jury, within ten minutes by that watch, I will prove to you that my client has spoken nothing but the plain, simple, and undeniable truth." They found for the defence.

When Garrow was made a baron of the exchequer, that court was described as consisting of a judge (Graham), who was a gentleman and no lawyer: one (Hullock) who was a lawyer and no gentleman: one (Richardson, chief baron) who was both; and one (Garrow) who was neither.

On the formation of the Conservative government in November, 1834, Lord Lyndhurst became lord chancellor, and was succeeded as chief baron by Sir James Scarlett, who was at the same time raised



to the peerage by the title of Lord Abinger. "He had before this event resigned his seat at Cockermouth, and contested successfully the borough of Norwich, for which he sat in Parliament." This is all we hear from Mr. Scarlett touching the change of seats. We are left to guess why his father gave up the quiet borough to encounter the trouble and expense of a contest at a place like Norwich, resulting in an election petition, on the trial of which he was so hard run that he only retained the seat by the casting vote of the chairman of the committee (Lord Eversley). His counsel were Harrison, Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford), and Follett. When all was considered safe, Thesiger left for the Home Circuit, from which he was suddenly summoned, and had to post through the night from Lewes to find the case on the verge of shipwreck from Harrison's mismanagement.\* Such a state of things may excuse some impatience and irritability on the part of Sir James; but the current story was that, on this occasion, he supplied in his own person the most striking confirmation of the maxim that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. By the kindness of Lord Chelmsford we are enabled to give the correct version of the story, which cannot be better told than by him.

"I was Follett's senior, and conducted most of the case; but whether he or I suggested that we could not conduct it if Scarlett remained in the room, I am unable to say: only I know we both agreed that he must be requested to absent himself, on the ground of his presence embarrassing our free action. A curious instance occurred, whilst he was watching us, of the difficulty which the ablest and acutest counsel has to conduct his own case with his accustomed skill. I had been cross-examining one of the witnesses, and when he left the box, Scarlett said to me, 'You omitted the most important question.' 'What was that?' I said, rather nervously, at having exposed myself to the censure. 'Why,' said Scarlett, 'to ask him whether I did not publicly state there must be no bribery.' Now, if I had been his junior and had put such a question without his authority, I should most likely have received a severe rap on the knuckles. 'Don't you think, Sir James,' I said, 'that it was better to leave the idea of bribery out of mind? Might it not be

thought the trick of an old electioneerer?' He acquiesced."

Scarlett says of Lord Ellenborough, as chief justice, that "it was the turn of his mind to set himself in opposition to the advocate who addressed him, and to endeavor to refute him as he went along." This is equally true of himself. He seldom resisted an opportunity of displaying his own skill in advocacy, which was occasionally best shown by refuting the advocate who seemed most worthy of his steel. Once in delivering judgment in a case which had been urged at considerable length, he thus addressed the counsel for the winning side: "The court (his habitual pronunciation) can see nothing in your argument to influence its decision in your favor; but the court has itself discovered the grounds on which its judgment is based." Strange to say, instead of gaining the confidence of juries, he was distrusted by them when, resuming his old manner, he aimed at bringing them round to the desired conclusion from the bench. The professional opinion of his legal knowledge may be inferred from the pun that Scarlett was not *deep-red* (read). But if less at home in text-books or case-law than some of his distinguished colleagues (Parke and Alderson, for example), he was well grounded in principles, and did good service in checking the tendency of some of them to decide with exclusive reference to precedents and technicalities. To him might be addressed as a commendation the words which Junius addressed to Lord Mansfield as a reproach: "Instead of those certain positive rules by which the judgment of a court of law should invariably be determined, you have fondly introduced your own unsettled notions of equity and substantial justice."

It is told of Lord Brougham that, on hearing of his old antagonist's elevation to the peerage, he extended his long, bony fingers, with a menacing gesture, and exclaimed, "Let him only give me a chance, and see if I don't stick my claws into his fat sides." The chance was never given. Lord Abinger cautiously refrained from aiming at distinction as a speaker in the Lords.

"No man," remarked a wealthy but dull barrister in Curran's hearing, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre*?" It is currently reported that Scarlett, in his capacity of benchman, did actually propose a money qualification; and we feel sure that he

\* Harrison, who was then at the head of the Parliamentary Bar, could have given only a divided attention to the case; and Follett was also in overflowing practice at the time.



would gladly have revived the ordinance, countersigned by Bacon as lord chancellor, which closed the Inns of Court against all who were not entitled to bear coat-armor. But his high estimate of the importance and dignity of the profession, coupled with the strictest enforcement of the etiquette by which its honor and independence are fenced round, certainly did good upon the whole.

His first wife (*née* Campbell) died in 1829, and in September 1843, being then in his seventy-fourth year, he married the widow of the Rev. H. J. Ridley, an accomplished lady of less than half his age. On hearing of the marriage, Lord Alvanley exclaimed, "Ridley — Mrs. Ridley — why if she's old enough for Scarlett, she must be the widow of the clergyman who was burned."

In the course of the following year, April 26th, 1844, he was suddenly taken ill on the Norfolk Circuit, at Bury St. Edmund's, and died the day following.

In support of his literary claims, or as specimens of his powers of composition, two carefully corrected "Charges to Grand Juries" are reprinted, besides a letter on the character of Mackintosh, on which obviously great pains had been bestowed. The memoir, also, comprises a chapter on the "Moral and Religious Character of his Mind." On this we do not think it necessary to dwell. His forensic career is his real title to distinction, and, so long as the English Bar endures, he will be remembered as the advocate who carried advocacy, mere advocacy, to the highest point of perfection to which it can well be carried as an art.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE DUKE'S PIPER:

#### A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

#### CHAPTER I.

IT was an unfortunate business — most unfortunate; for the duke's piper and the duke's gamekeeper were the best of friends; they never met at the Glengolly clachan but they had their "glass" together; nay, when friends met, such as they — and it was astonishing how often accident led the steps of both men to the smoky chimney-cheek of Betty MacDonald's clachan — the glass had to pass to and fro pretty often before the men parted. And as Betty knew full well that John

Cameron the piper, and Donald MacTavish the gamekeeper, her best customers all the year round, were critics upon whom no adulterated or diluted fluid could impose, Betty was careful that to them at least nothing but the best of whisky and stoup-measures — erring, if they erred at all, on the roomy side — should be served. The natural result of such companionship and mutual consumption of frequent gills was that John loved Donald "like a vera brither;" while Donald frequently assured John, as they stumbled over the moor together in the gloaming, or more often when the horned moon was high, that not one of his own eight brothers was to be mentioned in the same breath with John — as regarded his, the gamekeeper's, emotions towards him.

What then were Betty's feelings, late one unlucky autumn evening on her return from the byre, where she had gone to milk her solitary cow, to find the two friends in the midst of a hot argument, loud-mouthed both, and looking at each other across the table, on which stood the almost empty measure and glasses, with expressions on their honest, gnarled faces that could hardly by any interpretation be termed mild? And this before a third guest too, a hairy-visaged gentleman whom Betty reckoned half-daft, seeing that he had spent the last three weeks "splashin' a bit o' auld canvas wi' paint, and ca'ed it Ben Sluaigh," but to whom it nevertheless behoved her to be polite, taking into account the liberal rent he paid for her best room. The gentleman sat in his chair with a tumbler of whisky-and-water before him, taking little part in the discussion, but smoking diligently with a broad grin, as Betty noted indignantly as she went "ben" with her knitting, sorry to hear the voices of the disputants waxing louder and louder. Betty had a feminine dislike of argument; arguments in the clachan were generally the prelude to blows. Her idea of a "good crack" admitted only of varying shades, not differences of opinion, softened by frequent application to the bottle — a good story being not one whit the less welcome because oft-told. But here were John and Donald glaring at each other with knit brows, and John, who could never brook contradiction, bringing his massive fist down on the table so that the stoup-measure and glasses swayed.

"Ye're wrang, Tonal, I tell ye again ye're wrang — it *wass* biled!"

The gamekeeper, thus addressed, only shook his bald head slowly from side to

side, remarking after a pause, with a smile of superior knowledge that seemed to fan the flame of his friend's anger: "Na, John, na: it iss nefer biled."

"But it *zss* biled, and iss aye biled, I'm telling ye, and biled in sweet milk too.—I'm not like some folk, sir," said the piper, turning to address the stranger in the armchair, "that talk a lot o' nonsense apoot what they ken naething apoot."

"Whether his oil-cake was boiled or not boiled," said the stranger, "the bull is as fine an animal as I have seen in the Highlands; though I was not sorry, as I sketched him, to have the stream and a good steep bank between us."

"Noo, John, you are trying to impose on the ignorance o' the shentleman; that iss what ye are trying to do, John, and that iss no like ye. It iss verra pad to let the English shentleman go away, and it iss savages that he'll pe thinkin' we are in the Hielants, to pe feeding oor young bulls" (pronounced bills) "wi biled oil-cake, as if oor young bulls needet oil-cake when they hef cood green grass and plenty; or alloo in' they do need it, to hef it biled, and them wi' teeth that if they wanted wad crack whinstanes. Oh, but it iss a fine joke to hear ye talk o' biled oil-cake, John Cameron!"

"I'm telling ye ye're wrang," said the piper hotly; "and it iss nonsense ye're talking apoot, Tonald MacTavish!—Though, sir," again appealing to the stranger's intelligence, "it iss not muckle that a gamekeeper can ken apoot the rearing o' young bulls; they can tell a grouse from a partridge in a stubble-field on a dark nicht, I'll alloo that," in a tone implying that he conceded the utmost; "but the rearing o' young bulls iss oot o' their line; and for a man that has nefer been oot o' his ain county from the tay he wass born till the tay o' his death, to teach anither man wha has been roond the whole world moreofer wi' his Grace the teuk—to tell *him* apoot savages"—

"I alloo," interrupted Donald with a friendly wave of the hand, having filled and emptied a glass while John was speaking—"I alloo that there iss no petter piper in the county, no, nor in the whole Hielants moreofer, than yoursel', John Cameron; and it iss the teuk himself I hef heard say as muckle many's the time that; and prood I hef been to hear it; and I hope it iss to this shentleman and me that ye will pe giving a tune afore we pairt the nicht; but I canna alloo that ye are petter acquaint wi' the subject on hand. And ye can ask Sandy the deuk's grieve

yoursel' apoot it, and he wass in the byre when the bull was calfed, and he will —"

"Teffle a tune ye'll get from me this nicht; and it iss a obstinate mule ye are, Tonald MacTavish, and always wass; and as for Sandy MacIntyre, the teuk's grieve, it iss all the parish that kens him for a foolish ignorant liar!"

The two men pushed their respective chairs a foot or so farther apart, and looked at each other in no amiable mood. John the piper was a tall thin Celt with fiery eyes, that flamed out from a mass of tangled hair as brown as heather, covering a low square brow; he was of a much more inflammable temperament than his friend, whose high cheek-bones, wide surly mouth, and cheeks that seemed to have gathered black forests of hair at the expense of his crown, which was of the shiny bald order, indicated a vein of Saxon blood in some progenitor, although his accent and fluency in Gaelic proved that he was a native of the west. Under the chair of the piper, Fingal, the piper's collie, almost as excitable as his master, lay asleep; and in a corner by the gamekeeper's gun, Jet, Donald's placid pointer, lay stretched at full length. Betty laid down her knitting in some trepidation when the argument reached this point, and came in to see if she could not pour oil on the troubled waters. She found the piper on his feet with his bagpipes under his arm, evidently much offended, looking about in the dark for his bonnet.

"It iss anither gless o' whusky ye'll pe taking now, Mr. Cameron, before ye tak' the road this cauld nicht?"

"And it iss verra pad whusky ye hef been giving us the nicht, Mrs. MacTonald, eneuch to tak' the temper away from any man," said the piper in his severest tones.

"And ye are quite richt there, Mr. Cameron," said Betty timidly, willing to appease her guest at the expense of her own reputation; "and it iss myself that iss glad ye mentioned it, for I had to offer ye some o' the Cawm'lton-still the nicht, cass the gentry when they wass on the moor yesterday shooting took every drop o' the rale heather-watter away in their flasks, and left no a drop wi' me. But I'm sure, Mr. Cameron, ye'll no pe so angry wi' me as that comes to as to go away angry like that."

"The whusky iss cood eneuch, if taken wi' a thankful spirit, Mrs. MacTonald," said Mr. MacTavish. "But when a man iss prood and stuck-up cass he has travellet at the heels o' his betters—but the teuk's

dog has done as muckle — while his own neighbors have bided at home, he thinks maybe that naepody kens the tifference atween a reel and a hornpipe but himself ! Gif me another gless, Mrs. MacTonal. Cood-nicht, John ; I drink to your petter manners."

John was at the door, having found his bonnet, but came back to say, shaking his fist in Donald's face : " It iss an ignorant prute ye are, Tonal MacTavish, and I scorn to pit my fingers upon ye ; but nae doot ye'll want me to bring my pipes to the clachan anither nicht ; and nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too ; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie ! Ye will live, Tonal, my man, to ken it wass an ill nicht when ye thocht fit to drink to *my* petter manners ! "

With which flourish, wound up by an emphatic and defiant snap of the piper's fore-finger and thumb in close proximity to the nose of the calmer gamekeeper, the piper marched with what dignity he could muster, seeing that he carried half a pint of fierce whiskey beneath his belt, from the clachan to the pathway across the moor, homewards ; and so absorbed was he in cherishing his anger, that he would not indulge himself on his solitary way with one of his favorite Jacobite lilt, lest the sound of the pipes might charm away his wrath. And his collie Fingal followed sadly at his heels.

The gamekeeper sat for only a short time after his friend was gone ; he gave utterance to a low, hard laugh as the piper disappeared, and then relapsed into sulky silence. Presently he said, rising to leave : " I'd petter pay ye for my share o' the whusky, Mrs. MacTonal."

" Na ; that can remain. Ye will pe here the day after to-morrow or so, I dare say, to make it up."

" Take the money," said Mr. MacTavish firmly ; " he will beg my pardon before I drink another drop in his company."

" A bad job ! " said poor Betty, with tears in her eyes, as she slowly counted out to him the change.

On the afternoon of the same day, Maggie Cameron the piper's daughter was in her father's dairy busily at work. The piper's cottage and small farm-stead stood white and solitary at the mouth of Glen Heath, barely half a mile from Inversnow. The score of sheep that strayed about the glen with the red mark J. C. branded on their woolly sides belonged to

the piper ; so also did the three or four cows that stood cooling their feet in the heat of the day, in the peat-brown burn that coursed through the heart of the glen past the piper's fields and garden, to the loch. He was in a moderate way a prosperous man, and after the manner of men conscious of a bigger balance than their neighbors at the local bank, he thought he had a right to dogmatize on occasions. Folks who knew the piper knew that whoever ultimately was lucky enough to win the hand of his only daughter Maggie, would not take her dowerless ; and that the dower would be something by no means to be sneezed at, was evident when the Inversnow intellect began to reckon on its finger-ends the various sources of the piper's income. There was first and foremost the farm ; the piper's crops were ever the earliest and the heaviest ; his mutton was always prime, and the piper knew well when and to what market to send. Nor on the duke's whole estate were better turnips grown. Then what milk was to be compared to that which came from the piper's byre ; and as for the piper's butter — churned by Maggie's own pretty hands — why, better butter was not to be had in or out of the parish for love or money. Besides which, the piper's white cottage, built on the slope facing the loch on one side and looking towards the glen on the other, within a few minutes' walk of the best scenery, the best shooting, and the best fishing in south-western Scotland, fetched — well, Inversnow did not know how much per month. Let to the " gentry " during spring, summer, and autumn of every year, it was in itself another tap of gold flowing into the piper's pockets.

For several months in each year the duke entertained guests at Inversnow Castle ; and it was the piper's duty, as it was his pleasure, to march daily (Sundays excepted, and he grudged Sundays) for two hours to and fro in the hall of the castle while the duke and his guests dined, the sonorous bagpipes discoursing appetizing and digestatory music ; and he was indeed a mean or thoughtless guest who departed without remembering the piper in some shape tangible to the piper. Dearly he loved his money. Nor was he a man likely to let money readily slip from his grasp when he once fingered it, and no man in Inversnow was more fertile in resources for adding to his store. But dearly as he loved gold, dearly as he loved his sheep, his cattle and horses, his dram and his bagpipes, his one primary treasure was his

winsome daughter Maggie. Rough he might be, but beneath the hard shell was a true human heart that beat warmly and tenderly towards her.

Maggie stood, as has been said, busily at work on the clean paved floor of the dairy, her burnished milk-pans, full of creamy richness, arranged on shelves along the walls. The dairy was cool and shady, and the sweet fragrance of the fresh milk mingled sweetly with odor of late honeysuckles and fuchsias clambering in at the window. Between the leaves of honeysuckle there was to be seen from the window, far off across the sloping fields, a peep of the loch, the blue sky, and the heather-clad hills in the distance. The door was open, and the afternoon light fell upon no more pleasant sight than the bright shapely Highland lassie, whose sleeves were tucked up to the elbow, her dress pinned behind, while her hands were deftly shaping butter with the aid of a pair of wooden "clatters" into tempting rounded pats, each pat being dropped, by a quick graceful turn of her skilful hands, into a dish of clear spring water beside her. Maggie hummed in a sweet low treble as she worked an old Gaelic air that had a touch of melancholy in it, her sole audience the piper's monstrous bull-dog, that lay all her length in the sunshine asleep on the threshold. Presently the formidable-looking animal raised her head, pricked her ears, and growled; then, at the sound of footsteps, rose and bounded down the path; and Maggie, as she paused in singing, heard a well-known voice cry: "Down, Diana; down, I tell ye; keep down!" The Highland girl went on with her work, with perhaps a tinge of crimson shewing through the sun-browned face, while a man's voice rang out "Maggie!" from the kitchen door, and then the steps turned to the open dairy door.

"Well, Angus," Maggie said in a tone of surprise that was hardly meant to be taken as real; "and iss it you again? I thought you said yesterday that the yacht was going to meet some of the castle-folks at Sheepfell?"

"The teuk changed his mind, or had a telegram or something. But are ye not glad to see me, Maggie, that ye won't shake hands wi' a body?"

"Deed and I am fery glad to see yourself, Angus, and well ye ken that; but my hands are wet wi' the watter and the butter; and indeed ye must excuse me."

"But it iss a cold greeting to gif a body, that iss what it iss, no to shake a hand, Maggie," said Angus; "or maybe," pluck-

ing up courage from the laughter in Maggie's eyes and the pose of Maggie's cheek, "maybe *that* iss what you wanted!" And Angus boldly bestowed a kiss upon the girl's cheek.

"Oh, Angus MacTavish, and how could ye do the like o' that, when ye see I could not protect myself wi' my hands among the butter?"

"Then gif it to me back again, as the song says," said Angus, taking his own again, before Maggie could make any show of resistance.

"But it iss a wild fellow ye are, and no deserving this drink o' new-drawn warm milk I am going to give ye!"

Maggie wiped her hands in the long white apron she wore, and turned to fill a tumbler full of milk from one of the pans.

"Well, Maggie Cameron, it iss maybe more than I deserve," said Angus, as he took the tumbler from her hand and raised it to his mouth; "but here iss to your ferry good health, Maggie!"

"I believe ye would rather it had been a dram," said the girl, as she watched the milk swiftly disappear down the young sailor's throat. But Angus declared that in saying so she libelled him.

"And now, Maggie, ye must put on your hat and come with me," said Angus seriously, when he had emptied the tumbler.

"Go with you, Angus! You're joking. Wass it not for your lesson on the pipes ye came? But dad iss not at home this afternoon—he went the clachan-way with your father—but he will be disappointed to hef missed you."

"I want you to come to the shore with me, Maggie; I have something to show you, and I will take no denial for this once."

"To show me, Angus? But dad might not be pleased, if he came home when I wass out, to find I wass away trifling with you on the shore."

"I will answer for that, Maggie Cameron."

"Well, it iss true my churning is over, and the baking o' the scones can be done when I get back, but——" The maiden hesitated.

"But there"—and Angus lifted the dish of butter-pats and marched off with them, followed by Maggie, to the kitchen. "Now put on your hat and come with me."

While Maggie went to her room, Angus turned the key in the dairy-door, and hung it on a nail in the kitchen; and leaving Janet the maid to bring in the cattle and

milk them, the couple started on their expedition with light hearts.

They were a winsome couple, and Janet — a goodly lass herself — stood admiring them from the doorstep, not without certain longings on her own account, as they walked along the pathway that skirted the meadow, to the bridge at the gate; and from thence over the stile and across a field, towards the loch. Margaret Cameron was a tall, well-built girl, yet her head was just on a level with her companion's shoulder. Her face was fresh and sunny, light and shadow playing on it in quick responsive movement to the mental mood that happened to rule her. She was young, not yet out of her teens, full of youthful impulse, that expressed itself in frequent peals of merry laughter easily roused; with a tender heart too, as the sweet blue eyes told, by the quick rush of tears when she was moved by any tale of woe, or touched by the chill finger of disappointment. Angus was a broad-shouldered six-foot sailor, stooping slightly as he walked, with a bronzed cheery face, and the kindest of honest eyes, that looked you straight in the face fearlessly. He had been for many years one of the most trustworthy "hands" on board the duke's yacht, the Curlew, and was looked up to by the fishing-folks of Inversnow with all the respect due to a favourite of the chief's, and to one whose ideas had been expanded by frequent visits to the Mediterranean.

"Where are we going?" asked the girl by-and-by, as Angus struck into a road leading to the town. "It iss nefer into Inversnow we are going like this together!"

"And are ye ashamed to be seen walking with me, Maggie Cameron?"

"Ashamed? No! But it iss not well to be having folk talking idle gossip apoot us in the daytime, when maybe I ought to be at home working." Maggie was made the more jealous of her reputation as a good housekeeper, by receiving a surprised nod at that moment from Mr. M'Alister the grocer, who stood lazily on the doorstep of his shop.

"Nefer mind what folk say, Maggie. This iss the way;" and Angus turned off the main street to the pier.

"Eh, Angus, what a pretty little poat — what a fery pretty poat!" said Maggie as they reached the end of the pier and looked down on a tiny boat resting placidly on the loch.

"And ye think her a pretty poat now, do ye, Maggie?" looking proudly from

his achievement to his companion's interested face.

"I nefer saw anything prettier. She sits on the water like a sea-gull," replied the girl warmly.

"And you can read her name on the stern now, can't you, Maggie — eh?"

The maid looked down fixedly and, as she looked, changed color. Angus was watching her with beaming eyes. Painted in distinct blue letters on an oak ground were the words, "MAGGIE CAMERON — INVERSNOW."

## CHAPTER II.

"OH, Angus!" Maggie held out her hand to him on the pier, and he held it as in a vice. "It iss your own poat, then, Angus?"

"No; she iss not," said Angus.

"No?"

"No! She iss yours, Maggie! I built her for ye — every inch of her grew under my own hand — and she's no a pad poat at all, though it iss me that says it —"

"Well, Angus —"

"Don't say another word, but go aboard," said Angus, proceeding down the steep slippery steps to the loch, leading Maggie gallantly by the hand. Speedily the rope was unloosed, the white sail spread to the breeze, and the boat moved gracefully and rapidly, under a glorious sunset sky, out into the loch. Maggie sat holding the tiller silently while Angus adjusted the ropes. The loch was radiant from shore to shore in the rich evening light; quickly the white houses of the town were left in the distance; and hardly a movement but the delicious ripple of water cleft by the boat's bow, or the cry of a sea-gull sailing lazily overhead, disturbed the stillness. Here and there in the pools among the boulders in lonely parts of the shore, a heron stood silent as its own shadow and solitary as a hermit; from the grassy hollows by the beach a thin white mist rose, softening the green wooded slopes, and adding a sense of distance to the heathery ridges in the background, glorified by the red autumn sunset. Maggie was supremely happy. When the sail was fairly set, Angus came and stretched himself by her side.

"And ye think she iss a nice poat, and ye like her?" he said, looking into Maggie's face.

"It was fery kind of ye to think of giving me such a present as this, Angus; but I cannot possibly take it."

"Maggie," said Angus, taking her dis-

engaged hand in his, "I hef long wanted to tell you something — indeed I hef, Maggie — not that I'm a goot hand at telling anything I want, but — all the time I wass building her, and that wass longer than ye might think, Maggie — I hef looked to this moment as a reward — when I would see you sitting there, looking that happy and that peautiful — yes, Maggie, peautiful, and pleased with my work — and proud am I to see ye so pleased wi' a trifle —"

"But it iss *not* a trifle," said the maiden interrupting him; "it wass a great undertaking! I nefer saw anything I liked half so much."

"But it iss nothing, I tell you, Maggie, to what I would gif you if you would be willing to take it — nothing! I would like you, Maggie, to take all I hef — and myself too. It iss true I am only a common sailor, but, Maggie, my heart is fery warm to you. Many's the time, when I wass a hundred and maybe thousands of miles away from here, I wad pe thinking of you — many a time in the middle of the night, when I wass on the deck alone, watching and looking at the stars under a foreign sky, I would single out a particular star and call it Maggie's eye, and watch it lovingly, cass I thocht you might pe looking at it too, even if you wass not thinking of me thousands of miles off; and it makes me fery unhappy when I'm a long way off, to think that maybe I am forgotten, and some other man iss trying to get your love, and maybe I losing my chance of happiness for life, cass, like a fool, I held my peace, when by speaking a word my happiness and yours might pe secure."

Angus's arm had stolen round the girl's waist as he proceeded in the speech that was a direct outflow from his heart. She did not try to speak for a little. Angus saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"It wass wrong of ye, Angus, efer to think I would forget ye," she said.

"Then ye do think sometimes apoot me when I am not near you?"

"Angus, how can you pe speaking nonsense like that!"

"But it iss not nonsense to me, Maggie," said her lover seriously; "I love you, Maggie, as I love no woman in the world; and, Maggie, if you were to — to — it wad break my —"

It was the old story. Two human souls meeting under the light of heaven, each recognizing in the other that which each yearned for, to give completeness to life; the spoken word being the outward force impelling them towards each other, as two

dewdrops merge into one by a movement external to both. The Highland girl had no desire to break her lover's heart; nay, she was ready to give her own in exchange for his love with all the impulsiveness of a simple and true nature. As the boat sped on they noted not that twilight was deepening into evening, that the stars were myriad-eyed above them, and the crescent moon glimmered over the hills and shone in quivering tracks along the loch. So it came about that at the same moment of time when the piper in the clachan was apostrophizing Angus's father in the words already recorded — "Nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie," etc. — his daughter's arms were being thrown impulsively about Angus's neck, and Angus himself was the happiest man in the Western Highlands.

Maggie reached Glen Heath with a joyous heart. She was there before the piper. She speedily girt on her apron, and with tucked-up sleeves proceeded to the more prosaic duty of baking "scones" that might be warm and palatable for the piper's supper; and as she rolled out the dough, and patted and rolled and kneaded it, and turned it before the fire until an appetizing browniness covered each surface, she sang merrily one of the merriest of the sad Gaelic melodies.

But the piper was late. The white cloth wass spread, and the scones had time to cool, before Diana, leaping to her feet, stretched herself, yawned, and went to the door sniffing. Maggie opened the door immediately; the piper swung along the path unsteadily. The dog went to meet him without enthusiasm, half-doubtful of her reception, and only narrowly escaped the kick which the piper aimed at her.

"Get out, ye prute!" he said, as he came in; and when the animal still came fawning towards him, he hurled his bagpipes with great force at her head, only with the result, however, of breaking the pipe's mouthpiece. "O the prute!" he cried when he saw what had happened; "she has proken my favorite shanter — the shanter that I've played wi' for fifteen years. O the prute! I'll cut her throat, to teach her to keep oot o' my way. My best shanter too!"

"Come, dad, you are late," said Maggie cheerily, going to meet him; "you hef had a long walk. I hef boiled some eggs for ye, and baked some scones; come, hef some supper before ye go to bed."

"Ay, ay, ye are a praw lass, Maggie, one o' the right sort," the piper said. "But to think my poor shanter's broken. I will nefer see her like again whatefer!"

The piper sat down to supper with an enormous appetite, and Maggie waited upon him devotedly, uncertain whether she should reveal her secret or not in the present dubious state of her father's temper.

"Anypody peen here for me the day?" he asked between mouthfuls.

"Yes, Angus MacTavish wass here in the afternoon; and he ——"

The piper laid down his knife, looked straight in his daughter's face with a fierceness that startled her, saying: "Hang Angus MacTavish and efery man i' their black clan! A MacTavish nefer darkens my threshold again! If Angus MacTavish efer comes to my house he will live to rue it. I *hate* efery living MacTavish!"

Maggie looked in her father's face amazed. To violent language she was well accustomed; but sober or otherwise, she had never heard him utter a word against the MacTavishes until now.

"Come, dad," she said after a short silence, during which time she decided it would be better to say nothing of what was uppermost in her mind until morning — "come, dad; something has vexed you to-night. You will be petter in the morning. Angus iss the best friend either you or I hef in the wide world."

"I tell you," burst out the piper, "I will not hef his name mentioned in my hoose, not by you or any other! And if you go apoot with him, Meg, as I hef seen ye do lately, I'll — I'll maybe pack you out of doors too!"

The tears were in poor Maggie's eyes, but she comforted herself as she put up the bolt in the door for the night, by assuring herself, as she heard the piper stumbling up-stairs to his room: "Poor dad, he iss worse than usual to-night." And when she slept, she dreamed of Angus.

### CHAPTER III.

THE piper's anger seemed to be modified on the following morning; but he still growled when his daughter introduced the name MacTavish as he sat before a steaming bowl of porridge and a basin of milk, which he attacked with a large horn spoon and an appetite comparable only to the giant's who fell a victim to the adroitness of Jack the celebrated giant-killer. Maggie's enthusiastic account of Angus's

gift of the boat was received with a critical coldness that made her heart sink within her.

"O ay, Maggie; it iss no doot a peautiful poat — she wass sure to pe that if Angus built her; but it iss very easy to see what Angus MacTavish iss driving at. Maybe he'll find he has peen counting without his host mirofer, if he thinks he iss going to get you for his wife by gifing you a fishing-poat; what was a fishing-poat to a lass like you? — as if ye wass a poor lass! Ye're no to pe fashing your head apoot Angus MacTavish, lass — no; he iss no doot a cood lad, but no for the like o' you! There iss Sandy Buchanan noo, the lawyer's clerk mirofer, a far more likely lad to make ye a cood man, and willing?"

"O dad, and how can ye pe saying such things to me on the happiest day o' my life, for Angus asked me yesterday to be his wife; and I — I ——"

"Ye what?" said the piper, laying down his spoon and eyeing his daughter sternly.

"Weel, dad, I — I — didna say no."

"Then I'm thinking ye'll hef to go this fery day whatefer and say 'No,' my lass, for I'm telling ye I won't hef it!"

Maggie was not generally one of the tearful sort, but the sudden emphasis of her father's words filled her eyes with tears and drove her to silence. She did not trust herself to speak, but lifted her pail hurriedly with a flushed face, and went sorrowfully to milk the "kye," whose deep impatient lowing from the byre was urgently demanding attention. When she was half across the courtyard she heard her father calling her back. She turned and went to him.

"Maggie," he said, drawing her to his knee and holding her brown face between his rough hands tenderly, "it iss not crying ye are, my bonny lass? No; I wad not hef my lass crying for any MacTavish that efer drank a dram! Not that Angus iss a pad lad — no, I will not say he iss that — he plays the pipes petter than any lad of his years I efer saw — but the MacTavishes —— Ah weel, they're no jist the clan that the Camerons should marry into. Noo, dry your eyes, lass, and pe off to your milking mirofer — Crumple iss moaning as if her udder wass going to crack."

The maiden said nothing; she kissed him, but the smile was all vanished from her face as she stooped to relieve Crumple of her milky burden.

The piper went to the stable, and the sound of his whistling rang over the place



as he brushed down his horses and gave them their morning feed.

Maggie was in strong hopes, as the morning advanced, that before nightfall, when she expected Angus to come, the tempest would be over, and Angus hailed by her father in his old manner. This hope was dispelled, and poor Maggie made miserable beyond bearing when her father returned to his midday meal. The piper had early in the forenoon taken his fishing-rod and gone to a favorite spot of his known as "the Black Hole," on the stream, where he had wiled away many an hour and tempted to the bank many a fat spotted trout. When he returned to dinner, his daughter saw with surprise that he brought no fish with him, and that his fishing-rod was broken into half-a-dozen pieces; and moreover, that he was white with anger. Fingal his collie was following with dejected tail and a torn ear, apparently in as bad a temper as his master, judging from the snarling greeting he gave Diana who went to meet them.

"Py the powers, but I'll put the law on him; I'll hef him put in the jail," cried the piper, as he went into his kitchen and tossed the fragments of his fishing-rod into a corner. "The plaguard, to preak my fishing-rod and steal my fish mirofer; but I'll hef the law on him! He shall go pefore the shirra as sure as my name iss John Cameron!"

Maggie did not know that Mr. MacTavish was at the same moment on his way home with a swollen black eye, carrying with him a goodly fish that ought to have been in the piper's basket, "Jet" limping behind his master very much bruised indeed.

"And it iss the teuk that wull pe told all apoot it; the prood tefle, poaching the salmon like a common thief, and knocking a man apoot as if he wass a lower animal," said the gamekeeper, recording *his* grievance indignantly to his buxom wife, in answer to sympathetic ejaculations as to the state of his eye when he returned to his dinner.

True to his word, the piper sent the herd-boy to the lawyer's office to tell Sandy Buchanan, with the piper's compliments, etc., that Mr. Cameron desired to see him at Glen Heath on important business.

"Well, dad," Maggie had said impetuously when she heard this message given to "Geordy," as they sat at dinner, hardly understanding from what motive her father sought the presence of the detested Sandy

Buchanan, "I can only say that I shall not bide in the hoose if that red-headed, ill-looking man comes to the hoose; I won't inteed!"

"Ye are red-headed yourself!" said the piper abruptly.

"No; I'm not."

"Yes, ye are. The man canna help himself if the Almichty gef him a red head. The best o' folks iss red-headed. I'm red-headed; and ye are red as a fox or a squirrel yourself, I tell ye ——"

"Well, well, dad, we'll no quarrel apoot that; maybe I am; but ——"

"I tell ye what it iss, Maggie, ye will bide at home when Mr. Buchanan comes, and ye'll pehave yourself civilly, or maybe it may pe worse for ye. Angus MacTavish hass turned your head; but he'll get a bit o' my mind maybe yet, as his father hass pefore him mirofer, and that pefore the set o' sun too!"

"O dad, dad! ye'll break my heart, so ye will, inteed and inteed ye will, dad, if it iss in that way ye speak o' Angus."

"I'll not hef him come apoot my hoose longer! He iss a wanderin' rake; efery sailor iss that, and no fit to make a cood huspand to the like o' you."

"He iss not a rake! Ye are no speaking the words of truth, father!" exclaimed the girl passionately.

"Efery sailor iss a rake, Maggie; efery-pody knows that; and I daresay he iss none better than his neibors."

Stung by the cruel words, Maggie ran to the dairy, where she shut herself in and burst into a flood of tears. The Highland maid had few hatreds; she had the impulsive almost passionate temperament of every true Celt, but her impulsiveness ran in loving channels. But if she did hate, she hated warmly — also after the Celtic manner. And the one living object for whom she felt undying scorn was this Sandy Buchanan, who knew more of her father's affairs than any man in Inversnow: and whose studied civility to her on all occasions, and attentions more or less marked, were resented by her as she would have resented another man's insults. Perhaps he was all the more despised because he kept at a respectful distance when Angus was at home; a peculiarity that Maggie attributed to a certain dread of physical consequences, that was not to be wondered at in a weak-legged milksop fellow like him. But whenever the duke's yacht was away, Mr. Sandy danced attendance upon her assiduously, insisting upon seeing her safely home from the kirk on Sunday evenings, and otherwise thrusting his obnox-

ious presence upon her in ways which she considered offensive.

And sure enough, just as the sun was veering round to the west, the piper was seated at the table of his best parlor with a bottle of whiskey and glasses, and a plate of Maggie's crisp oatmeal bannocks between him and the detested Sandy Buchanan, whose breath blew forth gales of peppermint—an odor that Maggie always associated with him, and put the worst construction upon—as he listened patiently to the rather confused statement of the piper's grievance. Sandy tried honestly to look at the case from the piper's standpoint; but put in any form, it appeared that if any legal action was to be taken the decision could hardly take the only form which would satisfy the irate piper—namely the immediate arrest, trial, conviction, and imprisonment of Mr. MacTavish for an undefined number of months in the county jail. Sandy gathered that the piper had succeeded in hooking a "cood seven-pound grilse;" that while he was landing the same, Mr. MacTavish appeared on the scene threatening to report him to the duke for poaching; words passed between them, not of a complimentary nature, ending ultimately in one of two catastrophes—the piper could not clearly remember which—either the gamekeeper had seized the piper's rod with result of breaking it to pieces, or the piper had broken his fishing-rod over the gamekeeper's back; and then a struggle had ensued, the upshot of which was that the latter walked off with the "grilse" and a black eye, while the former did the like with his shattered fishing-rod and empty basket, each vowing to lay the matter before "the shirra."

The sheriff, as represented by Sandy Buchanan the fiscal's clerk, thought, much to the delight of the piper, that he had good ground for an action for assault against Mr. MacTavish; and presently father and daughter (poor Maggie was compelled to remain in the room to hear the brutal manner in which he, a Cameron, had been treated by a MacTavish) were thrown into a state of mental confusion by the adroit manner in which Sandy now addressed the piper as "our client," now as "the plaintiff," both of which phrases the piper received and acknowledged in the light of a personal compliment, and also by liberal but not very coherent allusion to Act of Queen Victoria this, and chapter of Act Queen Victoria that; all tending to prove the piper the most abused and injured of men.

In the midst of the conference Angus MacTavish appeared at the door. He indiscreetly opened it and looked in without knocking. The piper, who was feeling at the moment keenly alive to his own importance, with the delightful sense that he had matter to bring before the "shirra" (as he called the sheriff), looked up and frowned, fingering his glass of whisky the while.

"What idiot iss it that walks into a shentleman's hoose withoot knocking at the door, and withoot waiting to be asked to come in?"

"Come, piper," said Angus, walking boldly into the room, somewhat surprised to see Buchanan there, but holding an outstretched hand to the piper; "it iss not the first, nor the second, nor maybe the twentieth time I hef hed your hospitality, and I am thinking it will not pe the last time—and that without claiming it."

"My name is Maister Cameron—Maister Cameron of Glen Heath, Maister Angus MacTavish! And apoot its peing the last time or not depends upon more consiterations than one!" The piper spoke with a sternness and pomposity of manner that made his visitor allow his hand to drop quickly to his side, and brought an indignant flush to the young face.

"What does it all mean?" said Angus in a bewildered way, turning to Maggie.

Maggie stood behind her father's chair the personification of misery. The man of law sat looking stolidly before him with the most wooden of expressions on his pale face.

"It means," said the piper in the same harsh sharp key, "that *that* is the door, that yonder is the road, that the quicker ye are there the petter it will pe for you, and the petter pleased too will all in this room pe."

"Iss that it?" said Angus slowly, looking still at Maggie, and turning again towards the door.

"No, Angus, no! It iss not true that all in this room will pe petter pleased that ye should go. It iss not true!" burst out the girl in the fulness of her heart.

"But it *shall* pe true!" shouted the piper, bringing his hand firmly down upon the table. Angus did not stay to argue the matter, but sorrowfully went his way.

"Stop that whining, Maggie—stop that foolish whining; I will not hef it!" said the piper, turning upon his daughter fiercely, who tried in vain to repress a sob as Angus disappeared.

"O Sandy Buchanan, it is muckle that

ye'll hef to answer for, if ye'll make me that I'll hate my own father too," said the poor girl, storming out into open mutiny.

"Leave the room, Maggie!" cried the piper, waving his hand. The maiden gladly availed herself of her dismissal, and fled to the solitude of her own room. "Cott has not gifen to women the brains to understand pusiness," he continued, generalizing apologetically to his guest.

A week passed and the piper's wrath against the clan MacTavish endured. The feud was not one-sided. Mr. MacTavish replied to a letter full of nothing, expressed in the bitterest legal phraseology, written by Sandy Buchanan on the piper's behalf, by a document of elaborate counter-charges, written by the banker-lawyer of the town, breathing threatenings and lawsuits. And the case promised to be profitable to both of these astute gentlemen, as such cases generally manage to be.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FOR a week Maggie saw nothing and heard nothing of Angus. She became quite pale and worn with anxiety and distress. She hardly spoke to her father; and Janet reported that she was sure "the mistress" was going into "a decline," because she hardly touched her food. To make matters worse, a letter came one day from her lover to say that he too was so miserable that he could bear it no longer; he was going to leave the duke's yacht and go away — never more to return to Inversnow. Maggie was driven to the brink of despair by this letter — almost the only letter she had ever received in her life — and she forthwith wore it with the lock of his hair she had long treasured, next to her heart.

One afternoon a message came from the kitchen of the castle to ask the piper if he could oblige the cook with a dozen or so new-laid eggs, the cook's store having run short. Maggie took her basket, and went with the eggs to the castle kitchen. She went with a sad, heavy heart, and remained as short a time as possible, for her little romance with Angus and its sudden collapse were well known among the servants, and, as she knew, discussed. Inversnow Castle stands in the midst of its own lovely park, close by the sea-loch, and girt about by wooded and heather-mantled hills. It was a warm, sunny afternoon as Maggie tripped from the castle homeward; she was in no mood to meet any one; and to avoid doing so, she struck off the public path through the woods

towards Glen Heath. A robin was piping pathetically among the elms, and the squirrels were gambolling in the sunshine among the branches overhead. As she walked slowly over the turf she drew forth Angus's letter to read once more, and as she read, the tears started afresh to her young eyes, and she sobbed as she went.

Presently she was surprised by a voice, a kind, gentle voice, addressing her in a familiar tone: "Well, Maggie Cameron, what may all these tears be about? You look sadder than a young and bonnie lass like you has any right to be, surely! Are you well enough?"

The girl looked and looked again, and the flush came and went in her cheeks as she became conscious that, stretched at full length on the grass close by, under the shade of an elm, with a book in one hand and a lighted cigar in the other, was — the duke!

Maggie courtesied low with a natural politeness, and in her confusion dropped her letter, but hardly dared to stoop to pick it up.

"I'm sure, your Grace, I peg your pardon humbly; it wass a great liberty I will be takin' in coming home this way instead o' the road."

Maggie hardly knew whether to turn back or to go on; being undecided, she did neither, but stood still in some bewilderment, the letter still lying at her feet.

"But you have not answered my question, I think," said the duke encouragingly.

"I peg your Grace's pardon again," replied the girl nervously; "but it wass — it wass — but it wass Angus —" And there she stopped abruptly, and fairly broke down.

"Come here, my child," said the duke, interested in the girl's manifest grief. "And what about Angus? Tell me all about it. Who knows, I may be able to help you?"

The Highland maid looked into the thoughtful, kind face of the duke, and went a few steps towards him.

"It wass apoot Angus MacTavish, your Grace, and he wass — But your Grace will not know anything at all, at all apoot Angus."

"Do you mean the gamekeeper's son, one of my crew, Maggie?"

"Ay, your Grace, that same!" said she with delighted eagerness.

"Oh, *he's* at the root of your distress, the rascal, is he?"

"And inteed no, your Grace; it wass not him at all; he wad not hurt nopody's

feelings whatefer; oh, inteed, he's as cood and — and as prave a lad as iss in all the Hielants mirofer; and it iss not him, your Grace, but my father and his father too had some quarrel; not but that they are cood men, poth cood men neither; but it was all on account of a glass o' pad whisky or the like o' that, I think; but — but — oh, your Grace, Angus is going away cass my father has taken a hatred of him, and won't hef a word that iss cood to say to him; and if Angus goes away it wad preak my heart!"

The duke rose, leaving his book on the grass, and placing his hand kindly on the maiden's shoulder, said: "Come, Maggie, this may not be so bad as it seems! We shall see what we can do. Dry your eyes, child. Angus can't go away from my yacht without my consent, and I shall take care that he shall not go away. Take comfort from that. We shall see what can be done."

"Oh, but my father iss fery obstinate, your Grace, fery! And he wants me to marry another man that I cannot bear to look at. But I am troubling your Grace."

The duke's sympathy had wonderfully dispelled Maggie's awe.

"Well, well," said the kindly nobleman, "pick up your letter. If the piper won't listen to reason, we must see what can be done without him. But your father is a sensible man, and will no doubt listen to reason. Good-bye! Remember there must be no more crying. And you don't think it will be hard to bring Angus to reason? Well, well, we shall see. But, remember, not another tear all the way home!"

Encouraged by the words of the great Highland chief, Maggie courtesied low again, and sped homeward, with a burden lifted from her heart.

Angus MacTavish astonished the village watchmaker and jeweller by walking into his shop towards gloaming one evening, shutting the door carefully behind him, and even turning the key in the lock when he had satisfied himself there was no one present except the big-browed, humpbacked little watchmaker behind his glass cases.

"And iss it yourself, Angus MacTavish?"

"O ay, it iss me." Angus was examining, with a deep flush on his face, the case of ornaments in front of him.

"And what iss it that I can pe dooing for ye, Angus, the nicht?"

"Oh, it wass only a" — Angus coughed

— "it wass a ring — a gold ring that I wad be wanting ye to shew me mirofer."

"Oho! that wass it, wass it?" said Mr. Steven, winking at Angus, as he took his horn magnifying lens from his eye, and came from his three-legged stool and marvellous assortment of tiny hammers, pin-cers, and watchmaking gear, scattered on the bench before him, to speak with Angus at the counter.

"Wass it a shentleman's ring now, Maister MacTavish, or a ring for the lass?"

"What wad the like o' me pe doing with a shentleman's ring, Mr. Steven? Do ye take me for a wheeper-snapper lawyer's clerk, that ye should think o' me in that way?"

"Weel, weel, Angus lad, ye may pe right; but a' the lads wear them nooadays. Nae doot it iss ignorant vanity; but it is cood for trade, and it is noo for me to be finding fault with my customers. And it wass a ring for the lass — eh weel, that iss cood too," said Mr. Steven, pulling out a drawer full of subdivisions glistening with Scotch pebbles of many varieties set in gold, and placing them before Angus. "Noo, there iss one that wad mak' any bonny lassie's mouth watter, and it iss only twelfe-an'-sixpence; and if ye like, I hef got a pair o' ponny ear-rinks to match it — the whole lot for a pound."

"Na," said Angus, pushing aside the gaudy stone; "it iss a plain gold ring I want, wi' no rubbishing stones apoot it."

"Eh, what, Angus! And iss it a mairriage ring that ye wull pe wanting me to gif you mirofer? Eh weel! but that iss a fery different tale from what I hef been hearing — and it wass a mairriage ring — eh dear me! But it iss myself that is happy to hear it."

"Hush-t!" said Angus sharply, reddening. "A man may want to hef a wedding-ring apoot him — maype for a friend or the like o' that — without his — his" — Angus coughed a retreat.

"O ay, ay; surely, Angus, surely. Nae doot apoot it; ay, ay, lad — nae doot apoot it!"

Angus left the shop with a circlet of gold in his waistcoat pocket.

Meantime, although almost a fortnight had passed, the piper's lawsuit hung in the wind, despite the fact that his legal adviser felt it to be his duty to hold frequent and prolonged conferences with him at Glen Heath. The lawyer was not such genial company as Angus had been; and though he did his best to be agreeable to Maggie

and sociable with her father, even to the extent of trying to learn the bagpipes, he had to lay the unmanageable instrument aside, under the piper's sweeping generalization, "that lawyers had no more ear for music than the pigs." In his heart the piper was not sorry to see that his daughter snubbed Angus's rival in spite of his own strictest commands.

The Highland maid seemed to be bearing her lover's banishment better than was to be expected. More than one attempt had been made by the young sailor to mollify Mr. Cameron, without palpable signs of success; and when Maggie renewed her protests, she was met with the announcement that if MacTavish's name was again mentioned to him, she would be sent off to her aunt's in Glasgow for the winter—a threat the full significance of which none knew better than Maggie herself.

Then it was announced that on a certain evening there was to be a supper given by the duke in the barn of the Home Farm, to which all the servants and many of the tenantry were invited; and to the piper it was intimated that he would be expected to bring his bagpipes with him. Here was quite sufficient reason for Maggie to be wearing her eyes out with the preparation of feminine finery, as the piper observed she had been doing for several days.

Early in the morning after Angus's interview with Mr. Steven the watchmaker—and it was a lovely autumn morning—the piper's daughter might have been seen walking briskly, perhaps somewhat paler than usual, through a meadow at the western side of Inversnow, towards the loch. Her heart beat quickly as she went, and there was a touch of anxiety in her face as she glanced back occasionally to the white cottage on the slope at the entrance of Glen Heath, as if she expected to see some one following her. She walked quickly on, brushing aside the dew with her dress as she went, and hardly paused until she reached a sheltered inlet of the loch. At some little distance from the beach, a boat—Maggie's own boat—was resting on the water, and the maiden had barely time to spread her white kerchief to the wind, when the oars were swiftly dipped, and almost immediately the bow of the boat ran high on the beach, grating along the pebbles almost to her feet, and Angus leaped out and held her in his arms.

"O Angus, dear, I don't think I can possibly go through with it—I really don't think I can!" she murmured.

"Ye are too late now, my bonny doo" [dove], "too late now."

Maggie stepped with Angus's help into the boat, although she did not think she could "go through with it."

"But if dad should come back and miss me—O Angus!"

"He will not come back. The teuk—Cott pless him! has sent him to the Duagh ruins with a party from the castle. Look, Maggie! do ye see the flag—the teuk's flag—on the mainmast o' the yacht?"

Angus rowed swiftly, without swerving, to the yacht. Not another word was said as Maggie ascended the ladder from the boat, accompanied by Angus. She was rosy as she noticed the universal grin that greeted her from the men as she walked along the deck, between the good-natured captain and Angus, straight to the cabin. In the cabin—a room with its gold and crimson, and carved wood-work, its luxurious carpets and pictures, its books and piano, and the sweet glimpses of loch and mountain visible from the wide-open ports, that made Maggie feel as if she had been introduced to a nook in Paradise—she was overwhelmed to find herself again face to face with the duke! With the duke was her old friend Mr. Fraser, the parish minister of Inversnow, whose presence had a wonderfully inspiring influence as he shook hands with her. Mr. Fraser was a little gentleman with the whitest of hair and the sharpest yet the kindest of eyes. "Are you quite certain, Maggie," he said, handing his open snuff-box to the duke, smiling, "that now at the last moment you do not repent?"

"We can land you again in a twinkling, you know—can't we, Angus?" said the duke, looking slyly from one to the other. Angus was standing in the background, rather sheepishly, if the truth were told, cap in hand. Maggie had hardly time to assure "the minister" that she would be the last to disappoint his Grace the duke, and was quite certain, when a door at the other end of a cabin opened, and the duke's daughter, Lady Flora, entered; and again the Highland maid courtesied, overwhelmed with blushes as her ladyship shook hands with her.

"We shall hear by-and-by what the piper has to say to this," said Lady Flora; "but you, Maggie, had better come with me for a time, that all may be done in good order."

And so Maggie was carried off by the duke's daughter to a second nook of paradise in blue velvet and gold and mirrors,

a fairy cabin redolent with the perfume of flowers, and with a glorious peep of loch and mountain from a different point of view. The girl felt as if she were moving and talking in a dream.

When she emerged with Lady Flora she was clad in simple white attire, veiled, and a spray of heather-blossom mingling in her hair. Was it still a dream? — the minister with an open Bible before him, and Angus waiting to take her by the hand!

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" etc., the magic words that have sent a thrill through the hearts of so many generations, were sounding in their ears too. And as for Angus — well, Angus was conscious, as he placed the ring on Maggie's finger, that he was drifting away into a dreamy world of happiness, far better than he deserved, or ever, in his most ardent moments, dreamed were in store for him!

The piper returned with the party that had been committed to his guidance towards set of sun, and reached Glen Heath hungry as Esau from the field; he was impatient to be at the Home Farm barn, where he and his bagpipes were already due. So hungry and impatient was he that he did not cross-examine Janet with that severity which generally characterized him, as she — well primed in her part — explained that Maggie had already started for the ball. No; the piper was speedily girding himself, in the merriest possible frame of mind, in his best, and smiling as he observed that Maggie had for the occasion adorned his bagpipes with new ribbons. The piper was no fop; but it was rumored that the duke himself was about to lead off the ball to-night, and that some of the ladies from the castle were to be present; so it behoved him to appear in his best tartan, which he did; and a finer specimen of the clan Cameron, firm on his legs, with a head set strongly on a pair of broad shoulders that proudly bore the bagpipes, never led clan to battle-field.

With all his haste, he was late. Many of the company were already seated at the long tables that extended from one end of the barn to the other. People were shaking hands and chatting freely, and already there was the fragrant odor of cooked meats, tempting the appetites of all and sundry. The room was gaily lit with candles and lamps from the castle. The piper lifted his cap politely in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted him as he entered.

"This is your place, Mr. Cameron," said the duke's factor, who acted as steward for the occasion, pointing a place near the head of the table, and immediately opposite Mr. MacTavish and his wife; the former of whom frowned blackly as the piper looked across at him.

"Na, Mr. Reid, na; not just yet," the piper said rising.

"A tune, Mr. Cameron, a tune!" came from several quarters of the room; a request which the piper was pleased and proud to comply with. Nor did the music cease until the door opened, and the duke walked in, Lady Flora leaning on his arm, and behind him Mr. Fraser, leading in the mild-eyed duchess; and behind these several of the duke's guests. The bagpipes came to abrupt silence as the company rose to cheer the ducal party. When Mr. Fraser had asked a blessing on the mercies which the duke had provided for them, there came a loud clatter of knives and forks and an assault upon the dishes; and talk and laughter and merry din. The piper forgot the gamekeeper in the absorbing fact that he was seated between Lady Flora and Factor Reid, an unusual and unexpected honor; so absorbed, that he hardly noticed that his daughter Maggie had not up to this moment appeared in the room.

When the dishes were cleared away and glasses and decanters stood regiment-wise along the table, the chief rose and, when silence prevailed, said: "My very good friends, before I ask you to fill bumpers for *the* toast of this evening, the nature of which I shall be called upon to explain presently, I wish you all to join with me in a glass to two very worthy friends of mine, and esteemed acquaintances of all of you; whose good qualities are too well known to require any words from me to commend them to your favorable notice — I mean our excellent friend Mr. Cameron of Glen Heath, and my no less esteemed friend Mr. MacTavish of Glen Ford; and may they never be worse friends than I am sure in their hearts they are to-night!"

There was a general clinking of glasses and nodding of heads towards the piper and the gamekeeper: "Your health, Mr. Cameron!" "I look towards ye, Mr. MacTavish!" "Your fery cood healths, shentlemen!" etc.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Cameron and Mr. MacTavish looked extremely foolish as the sounds gradually passed into silence, and all eyes became fixed on them; but neither of them seemed dis-

posed to rise. At length the piper sprang to his feet.

"It wass a great honour that his Grace paid me, and I thank him for it with all my heart. And it wass—well, it wass, ladies and shentlemens—well, ye may hef heard mirofer that there wass a small wee bit of a tifference—inteed ye might call it a quarrel between Mister MacTavish and me, and it wass a pity too what-efer—nae doot there might be faults on poth sides—and your Grace, if ye will allow me to say it—I pear no enmity to no man this nicht, no not to Mister MacTavish, nor to any other shentleman at all, at all."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the Duke, looking towards Mr. MacTavish. But that worthy had no gift of words, and only signified his emotion by a series of dry-lipped jerks and nods and a waving of the hands in the piper's direction, meant to imply his general assent to the piper's view of the case.

The duke again rose. "I now rise to ask you, every one of you, Mr. Cameron and Mr. MacTavish included, to fill your glasses a good bumper, to drink with me *the* toast of this evening. I drink to the very good health of the bride and bridegroom in whose honor this ball is given to-night." At the same moment the door opened, and Angus MacTavish entered with Maggie Cameron—no longer Cameron—leaning on his arm. Maggie looked round the room in some bewilderment. When her eye met her father's, her hand dropped from Angus's arm, and with her face all pale, she walked firmly toward him. When she came to him, she stopped.

"Dad!"—with quivering lip and with eyes in which lurked tears—"iss it angry with me ye are then, dad, cass I hef married Angus MacTavish? O dad, ye'll no pe that angry!"

The piper, conscious of the dramatic possibilities of the situation, paused, looked at the Highland chief, who was still on his feet, and then at Maggie's sweet fresh face, which was turned piteously to him. He looked at the white muslin dress, prettily studded over with satin bows, and from there to the dainty white satin boot that peeped from below the dress, and felt proud to be his daughter's father.

"And iss it merrit ye are then, Maggie, to Angus MacTavish? but it iss—well, it iss a praw lad too, and well deservin' a praw lass for his wife——"

Maggie's arms were immediately thrown

about her father's neck, and the welled-up tears found easy channel.

"Gif me your hand, Angus, ye pla-guard!" The hand gripped with Celtic impetuosity.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cameron," interrupted the duke. "Ladies and gentlemen, we must drink the young couple's health with full Highland honors; and no heel-taps!" The rafters rung with hearty cheers as the men stood with one foot on their seats and the other on the edge of the table, doing honour to the chief's bidding to youth and beauty.

This ceremony over, the piper rose, walked slowly and solemnly, amidst the silence of the company, to the place where Mr. MacTavish sat. Mr. MacTavish rose, and the men faced each other.

"Tonald!" said the piper impressively.

"John!" said the gamekeeper. A pause.

"It wass an angry man I wass, Tonald!"

"And so wass I neither," said the gamekeeper.

"But we wull droon it all in this, John," said the piper, filling two glasses with whisky, and handing one to his friend.

"But the oil-cake nefer wass biled!" said Donald solemnly, as he poised his glass between him and the light.

"Teffle take the oil-cake, John!" said the piper impetuously. "Gif me your hand, man!"

And the reconciliation was complete.

The tables were speedily cleared away, the piper soon discoursing stirring music from his pipes; with the satisfaction of seeing the duke lead off his beaming child as partner in the first reel. Daylight peeped in before the pipes were quieted, or the noise and merriment of the company were hushed.

And now, before the door of a cottage that has been built within a short distance of the piper's, there are to be seen three fine boys and a "sonsie" lassie, the eldest rejoicing in having a duke for godfather; and a proud man is the piper as he teaches Archie the oldest boy how to extract martial music from a sheep's bladder, which the ingenious youth has converted with skill into home-made bagpipes. To this day, the piper, on whom years are beginning to tell their pathetic tale, meets his friend the gamekeeper once or twice a week at Mrs. MacDonald's clachan among the hills, and the toast which always furnishes an excuse for the one extra glass that the piper thinks needful to send him cheerily on his way home is, "Cott pless the Teuk!"



From Temple Bar.

## A PRINCESS'S MOONLIGHT FLITTING.

CARDINAL MAZARIN, angered by the Great Condé's opposition to his schemes of ambition and family aggrandizement, and irritated beyond endurance by the mordant sarcasm and ridicule with which the hero of Rocroi attacked every part of his administration, had succeeded by a surprise in getting Condé himself, his brother the Prince di Conti, and their brother-in-law the Duc de Longueville, safely lodged in prison. Anne of Austria, the widow of Louis the Thirteenth, regent for her infant son, Louis the Fourteenth, had been bitterly offended in her own person by the overbearing insolence of her great kinsman; and Gaston, the brother of Louis the Thirteenth, who was lieutenant-general of the kingdom, had without difficulty consented to the strong measure which consigned the princes of the blood royal to a prison.

But Mazarin knew France and the then state of men's minds and of parties too well to imagine that all was safe when he had succeeded in caging his enemies. He had contrived, it is true, to get into his power at the same sweep of the net all the principal persons who might be expected to make Condé's cause their own. It is true that the Duc d'Enghien, the hero's son, was only seven years old; that his mother, the princess dowager, was too old and infirm, and his wife, the princess, too young and inexperienced, to be very formidable. But these princesses, together with the Duc d'Enghien, the heir to all the greatness of the house of Condé, were living at the family residence of Chantilly, at no great distance from Paris; their residence there made Chantilly a centre and rallying point for all the numerous intrigues that the friends of the family were busily fomenting with a view to the deliverance of the princes, and it was accordingly felt by the court that it was unsafe to allow those ladies and the young heir of the family, and their little court, almost entirely female as it was, to continue their residence there.

It was on Monday the 11th of April, 1650, about two months and a half after the date of the arrest of the princes, that disquieting news reached the inmates of the château, which plainly indicated that they were not to be left unmolested there any longer. Six companies of Swiss guards were reported by faithful spies to have left Saint-Denis, who, together with two squadrons of light horse from Sois-

sons, were quietly occupying all the passages of the river Oise, Le Presy, Creil, and Pont-Sainte-Maxence, as well as taking up positions at Senlis and Luzarches. It was evident that, even if no molestation of the persons of the princesses were contemplated, they were to be cut off from all communications with Paris, and with their friends in other parts of the kingdom. Trustworthy spies were immediately sent out from the château in all directions; and by midday the princess dowager had received from them certain information that the tidings which had reached her were in no respect exaggerated. Dinner, at midday, passed as usual at the château; but immediately after it the dowager invited all the persons at Chantilly in whom she most trusted to meet her and the other ladies in the chamber of the Duchess de Châtillon. The choice of such a place for the little council indicates curiously enough the importance that was attached to secrecy, and the danger there was felt to be that any such conference taking place in any of the more public sitting-rooms of the château might not have been safe from the prying ears and eyes of some traitors in the midst of the little family. Arch-conspirator Lenet, trustiest of the trusty, was of course, among the first, quietly told that the dowager wished to speak with him in the Duchess de Châtillon's private apartment. And as there is nothing like trouble and danger for putting power and authority into the hands most capable of wielding them, and making captain the man most fitted to be captain, lawyer Lenet very quickly took the leading part in the little council. There were not wanting one or two military men there; old Captain Dalmas, the commander of the little garrison of the château, who was always for remaining quiet and doing as nearly nothing as possible, and one or two others; and it might have been supposed that the business in hand belonged rather to their department than to that of any civilian; but for all that, lawyer Lenet was the man who assumed, apparently *nem. con.*, the general command of all in the château.

Lenet explained all the reasons why, even if the princesses should be allowed to remain quietly at Chantilly, it would be fatal to their ulterior hopes for the deliverance of the princes to allow themselves to be cut off from all communication with their friends, and laid before them his plan for an immediate escape to Montrond. Montrond was a fortified castle belonging to Condé, situated very nearly in the centre of France, on the confines

of Berri and the Bourbonnais, near the spot where the territory of the Nivernais touches them. It was a very strong place, both by its natural position, and by the works of fortification by which it was defended. And once there, in the midst of Condé's own country, the persons of the princesses and of the young duke would have been safe from anything short of a regular and prolonged siege, which under the then circumstances of France was hardly to be feared.

The younger princess instantly accepted Lenet's proposal with enthusiasm. If only they do not ask her to be separated from her boy, she was ready to go anywhere, or do anything that might be deemed for the service of her husband. The princess dowager was in no such hurry. She praised the zeal of her daughter-in-law, and said that she should be ready to put the plan of escaping to Montrond into execution when the proper time should come; that they had all but one object—to save the heir to the house, and preserve as much as was possible of the fortunes of their family in this shipwreck, and would therefore do together whatever they should decide upon doing. The old lady spoke quite affectingly; but Lenet knew that her "when the proper time should come" meant something very different from what he meant; and, moreover, that he did not by any means intend that the hazardous flight to Montrond should be encumbered and rendered more difficult by the company of the elder lady.

He had no opportunity at that moment, however, of urging his views upon the little meeting, for the council was interrupted by the announcement that the Bishop of Senlis had arrived at the château for the purpose of confirming all such of the inmates as needed that rite. No doubt there were sundry candidates for the rite among the younger of the maids of honor of the two princesses, and the bishop's visit occupied some hours, which Lenet, who knew that matters were more pressing than any one else in the château was aware of, grievously grudged to him.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, however, Blanchefort, a thoroughly trusted servant of the dowager, came to her to tell her that he had met in the forest a stranger, whom he happened to know to be a gentleman attached to the service of the king; that about ten days previously he had seen this same person travelling between Sens and Dijon; and that when he had met the stranger in the forest just now, the latter had told him that he was

there to have an interview with the princesses, but would not mention the object of his visit. Hereupon there was a fresh hurried meeting of the principal inmates of the château. The dowager communicated to them what she had just heard; and it was agreed on all hands that the tidings looked very serious indeed; that there was every reason to think that this gentleman of the chamber was the bearer of some order from the court either for the arrest of the princesses and the young duke, or for the keeping of them as prisoners in their own house of Chantilly.

And hardly had the frightened party unanimously arrived at this conclusion, when old Dalmas, the commandant, came to announce that a gentleman in the service of the king, of the name of Du Vouldy, had arrived with letters for both princesses, which he begged to be allowed to deliver to them in person.

The announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the little assembly. But arch-conspirator Lenet was equal to the occasion. Without the loss of a second he told Dalmas to say to the stranger that the dowager was ill, but would receive him in her chamber in a few minutes. He begged the old lady to get herself to bed with all possible speed, to assume all the appearance of a sick person, and when the messenger from the court should be introduced, to say all that was best adapted to keep him waiting a short time for the execution of the order of which he was the bearer. Then he flew to the chamber of the young princess, who really was in bed with a bad cold, made her get up in all possible haste, and caused a young English girl, one of her maids of honor, of the name of Gerbier (?), to get into the bed in her place. This done he dashed into the nursery, where the young duke was with the women who attended on him, and while some of them ran to bring in a son of the gardener, of just the same age as the duke—seven years old—Lenet himself superintended a rapid changing of clothes between the two children, and packed off the little duke to the gardener's house! This done, he rushed back to the young princess's chamber, and took her with him and the Duchess de Châtillon into the dowager's room, just in time to hide themselves in the *ruelle*, *i. e.*, between the bed-curtains and the wall, so that they might hear all that passed when Du Vouldy was admitted.

The old lady performed her part of inviolid perfectly. She read the letter the messenger brought her; and then said that it

was impossible for her to make the voyage commanded by his Majesty — or rather by those who persecuted her in his name; that she would write to the Duke of Orleans (Gaston, the lieutenant-general) to ask to be allowed a little time to make her preparations; and that in the mean time he Du Vouldy, might go and deliver the letter he had for her daughter-in-law, and then do anything that might make his sojourn at Chantilly as agreeable to him as possible till the reply of the Duke of Orleans should arrive.

Du Vouldy went accordingly to the princess's chamber, where he found Made-moiselle Gerbier waiting for him. She played her part, as Lenet tells us, to such perfection that it was impossible for a stranger to doubt that it was the princess. Her air, her manner of speaking, her complaints against the queen regent and the cardinal, were all so exactly what those of her mistress might have been supposed to be, that Du Vouldy had not the slightest doubt that he was speaking to Condé's wife.

Then he was taken to the nursery, where the deception that had been prepared for him was equally successful.

And not only did the clever English girl (could her name have been Garnier, to be mistaken by the French writer for Gerbier?) utterly mystify him upon the first occasion, but during the whole time of his stay at the château; so much so, that when afterwards there arose a rumor to the effect that the princess had escaped, Du Vouldy wrote every day to Paris, and to the cardinal in Burgundy, to the effect that he could answer for it that both the princess and the young duke were safe at Chantilly, for that he was in the habit of seeing them every day, and at all hours of the day.

When Du Vouldy had had these interviews with the personages to whom he had been sent, he was taken to admire the beautiful gardens and walks of Chantilly, was feasted, and kept amused while the princesses and their friends held another council. The first thing done was to put into Lenet's hands the letters which the royal messenger had delivered to the ladies. The contents of the two letters were very nearly identical. The princesses were informed that their longer stay at Chantilly was deemed "prejudicial to the king's affairs," that the person who was the bearer of the letters had his orders, and that the ladies and the young duke must accompany him whither he should lead them. Lenet thought that he per-

ceived also from some phrases in the letter, that it was the purpose of Mazarin to seize Montrond also; and this of course made it appear to him more than ever expedient to have the princes there to secure the loyalty of the garrison.

When Lenet had read the letters a general discussion commenced. "But," says the arch-conspirator, "since there was no time to lose for the execution of the plan I had conceived, and as I perceived that they were all inclined to talk, I interrupted the second who spoke, and briefly explained my own plan."

Lenet had for some time past foreseen that matters might come to the pass at which they now were, and had made his preparations accordingly. His plan, in a word, was that the younger princess should escape with her son that same night. Everything, he urged, depended upon securing the persons of the princess and her son, and every hour they remained where they were increased the danger of their falling into the hands of their enemies.

"The princess dowager interrupted me, and asked, in a sour tone, where I proposed to lead them. 'To Montrond, Madame,' said I. 'And I flatter myself that I shall bring them thither in all safety.' The old lady answered, with much anger in her manner, that I should cause them all to be taken prisoners. 'We are that already, madame,' said I; 'and if we are arrested *en route*, we cannot be worse off than we are now.'"

All those who were present hastened to express their concurrence with this view except the dowager. She did not like to attempt the journey (and, indeed, Lenet had no intention of taking her), and she did not like to be left behind. It was pointed out to her how necessary it was that she should remain to keep Du Vouldy in his error for a day or two; and Lenet reminded her, besides, that it had been before determined that she should go to Paris to present a petition to Parliament praying the intervention of that body for the release of her son.

At last she was persuaded. And then Lenet let them know that his proposal was that they should start that same night at eleven o'clock. There was no little amazement and bustle and alarm. But the younger princess held firm to her promises, and made no objection. All was got ready with the utmost possible expedition and secrecy. Du Vouldy was safe in the apartment which had been assigned to him, somebody — old Dalmas probably — having been told off for the

duty of drinking with him and keeping him engaged till bed-time. Lenet had some time previously caused a plain carriage without any arms on the panels to be prepared, as well as several suits of grey livery unmarked by any distinctive sign. This carriage, drawn by two horses, was ordered to be in readiness in the immediate neighborhood of the house, and four other horses were sent into the forest, having been taken out of the stable as if to be led to water, the harness being carried out secretly by another way.

When all was ready it was found that the princess had packed a very valuable service of gold plate in a chest, which she proposed to have tied on behind the carriage. But to this Lenet objected, peremptorily telling her that they had to think of the safety of something more valuable than gold plate, which the weight of the latter might jeopardize! Then the fluttered young wife made a little bit of an harangue, which she deemed the solemnity of the occasion required. She divided the trinkets she had about her person among the ladies who were to accompany her, like one who was about to quit the world. To Lenet she gave a watch, which she took from her side, telling him not to forget her, and, above all, to remember that she confided to him what she had dearest and most valuable in all the world — her son; that he was always to bear in mind that, whatever might betide, the young duke was not to be trusted to the hands of the Spaniards, or of the Huguenots, or, above all, of the Duc de Bouillon. Her cousin, the Duc de Saint-Simon, on the other hand, might be trusted implicitly.

Lenet, nervous and anxious to be off, cut her short with the assurance that he would act faithfully in any circumstance and according to the circumstances, and would keep her informed of everything . . . as far as he could.

Then there was much embracing and tear-shedding among the ladies who were to go and those who were to stay in the château, and an infinitude of caresses to be bestowed on the little duke, who was dressed as a little girl for the occasion, in a *manière très-agréable*; Lenet standing by the while, and every instant becoming more and more impatient. At last, after "*des pleurs et des gémissemens incroyables*," he got them off — on foot, that is to say, for the carriage was waiting in the forest. The princess, the Comtesse de Tourville, her pretty and clever daughter the Comtesse de Gouville, and a Madame

de Changrand, passed from the château into the garden, and thence by a private door into the park, and so to the open forest, where the carriage was awaiting them. Bourdelot, the physician, who acted also as the young duke's tutor, the squire La Roussière, and two servants, Fleury and Viàlard, the latter of whom carried the Duc d'Enghien in his arms, prepared to run with him while the others prevented pursuit, in case of an attack in the forest, made their way by another route to the same place of rendezvous. Lenet himself, after seeing them off, together with two other tried friends of the family, and the grooms, took a different road, in order to avoid the suspicions that might be aroused by the travelling of so large a body of persons.

All went well during the night. Lenet, with his party, reached the Porte Saint-Denis, at Paris, at the same time that the carriage with the ladies and the child in it, and the four above-named men on horseback escorting them, reached the Porte Saint-Martin. And all had joined at the appointed rendezvous in Paris by four o'clock in the morning. The somewhat hazardous task of getting clear out of Paris was accomplished before daylight; and a fresh carriage and horses, ordered from the Condé stables in Paris, met them at Juvisi — now a station on the Orleans railroad. During the entire journey all those on horseback rode two-and-two together, but not at so great a distance as to lose sight of each other or of the carriage. When they stopped for refreshment they went to different hostelries, and avoided all appearance of knowing each other. Madame de Tourville called herself Madame de la Vallée, and all those in the carriage passed for her family.

Thus they arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the 12th of April, at Augerville-la-Rivière, where the president Perrault, who had been arrested at the same time that the princes were, and shared their captivity, had a mansion. Lenet had counted on finding at Augerville the carriage and horses of the president, and pursuing the journey by their means all the night. But the horses had been sold during their master's imprisonment — "contrary," says Lenet, "to orders which I had given when I first conceived the idea of taking the princesses from Chantilly to Montrond;" *orders*, which illustrate curiously the absolute captainship of everything concerning Condé's affairs which Lenet assumed as soon as the princes were in durance, and the ideas

of the time, which made it a matter of course that all the goods and chattels of the friends of the family — or servants of the family, as the language of that day styled them — should be held to be at the service of the prince if his needs required them.

The president's horses had been sold, however; and the anxious party were obliged to remain at his house for the night.

Very early the next morning, the 13th, they were again *en route*, and soon reached Choissy-aux-Loges, where another "servant" of the prince, Bellegarde, lived. He was absent, and, says Lenet, "I would not permit his wife to receive the princess, for fear it might injure her husband. But she met the fugitive at a 'hermitage'—*i.e.*, a sort of summer-house in the grounds — and there offered anything that she could possibly do for her service, and supplied us with fresh relays of horses, which were extremely acceptable."

It was necessary to pass the Loire at Sully, the place from which Henry the Fourth's great minister took his name. And this passing of the ferry was rather a critical affair, as it necessarily caused delay, and a gathering of people, and the quitting of her carriage by the princess. The ladies were rowed over in a small boat; but as the bringing across of the carriage and horses was a much longer affair, the ladies had to wait on the farther bank of the stream. "We all sat about upon the stones on the bank as if we had been of equal condition; and in order to guard against all suspicion of that of the princess, she sat on my knees." The bringing across of a carriage, and so many horses and people, caused a considerable crowd to assemble; and presently, all of a sudden, Lenet heard a voice call to him by name. He strove to make the person who had addressed him believe that he was mistaken, declaring that he knew nothing of any M. Lenet. But the stranger, who turned out to be a valet of the Duc de Sully, said he knew him perfectly well, as well as the princess, and begged to be allowed to speak a few words to him in private. Lenet having stepped aside with him, the man told him that he knew perfectly well each person in the suite of the princess, and that he understood entirely that the princess was escaping from the hands of the court party; adding that his master had no wish but to serve the princess in any way in his power, and offering eighteen thousand francs, which

the duke had just received from his tenants. When this was told to the princess she took a ring from her finger, and gave it to the man, saying, however, that she had no need to accept his master's kind offers. "I longed, however, to accept the money," says Lenet, "for we were much in want of it, our finances being reduced to about five hundred pistoles, which the princess had, and twenty thousand francs which I had got together, partly by borrowing them and partly by the sale of some plate." After this incident they got on the same afternoon as far as Argent, in the province of Berri, where the Sieur de Clermont, an old "servant" of the prince, had a house. Clermont, who was the father-in-law of the governor of the fortress of Montrond, gave them horses throughout the night, sent on in relays every four leagues. Thus they reached, on the morning of the fourteenth, a château within sight of Bourges, belonging to another friend, the Sieur de Rhodes. There the princess dined, changed horses, and sent back Madame de Bellegarde's carriage, with a letter of thanks. And at midnight of that day, the fourteenth, they all arrived safely at Montrond, having made the journey, as Lenet remarks, with a rapidity greater than could have been deemed possible, considering that it was made in a carriage, "with a lady and child of such a rank, and without having sent on any relays along the road."

The princess remained at Montrond till the eighth of the following May; and the life at the château during those weeks, as described by Lenet, who was the soul and mainspring of all the tangled web of intrigue, which made the business of the existence of every one of the party, is very characteristic of the curious state of French society at that period.

The first business is to send out letters — all under the direction of Lenet — to all the friends and connections of the family to ascertain how far each is prepared or can be persuaded to support the princes against the government — *i.e.*, against the queen regent and Mazarin; for all parties professed themselves most loyal subjects of the young king. Numberless messengers were arriving continually — for it was dangerous to write — from different *grands seigneurs*, some professing to be ready at any moment for anything that it might be proposed to attempt in favor of the illustrious prisoners; others temporizing, and disposed to wait and see whether the party of the princes acquired consistency and force. The Duc de Saint-

Simon was prepared to offer the princess and her son a safe asylum in his château, if they would accept it, but thought that he must wait a while before overtly taking part in arms against the court. This offer was just the reverse of what Lenet wanted. He much preferred that the princess should trust for personal safety to her own house, but was anxious that the duke should declare himself. "Another person's house," remarks lawyer Lenet, "is never so safe as your own; because such a guest as the princess, and still more the young duke her son, is always liable to be made to serve as the price of a reconciliation with the government if things should go amiss."

La Rochefoucauld, for his part, was ready for anything; but as his sole motive was to please the Duchesse de Longueville, he could not be trusted to do anything which did not come immediately under her eyes, or which had the result of removing him from her.

At the same time, all that was necessary to render Montrond impregnable was to be got together as quietly and secretly as possible. And at the same time the suspicions and fears of the queen regent and the cardinal are to be lulled to sleep as far as possible. The princess writes a letter to Anne of Austria, in which her flight from Chantilly to Montrond is justified cleverly enough, and yet with an effrontery of pretence that is amusing. She had received, she said, the king's orders not to remain at Chantilly; and as the state of her mother-in-law's health made it impossible for her to travel at that moment, she, the young princess, had thought it best to lose no time in showing her eagerness to obey the king's orders, and had therefore left Chantilly, and thought that the most proper place for her retirement, so long as his Majesty's displeasure against her husband should unhappily last, was her husband's own house of Montrond; that her one object during her stay there would be to remain in such perfect tranquillity as should give proof that nothing was further from her or her husband's thoughts than to give trouble or cause of displeasure to the king's government in any way. She added indignant complaints of the Comte de Saint-Aignan, who had been appointed governor for the king in Burgundy after the imprisonment of Condé. This Saint-Aignan showed his zeal by continually riding over the country with a band of cavalry two hundred strong, spying and intercepting those who came to or from Montrond; and had said, as had been reported to the

princess, that if he could have caught her on her journey, he would have cut her escort to pieces, even if he had not arrested her and her son. This letter was sent by the Sieur Blanchefort, who had been one of the party on the occasion of the flight from Chantilly, and who was a perfectly trusted "servant" of the family. He remained at Paris to watch over the interests of the princes there, but sent his son back to Montrond with letters to the princess and to Lenet, detailing the result of his mission. He had been received in the kindest manner both by the king regent and by Mazarin. He found Anne perfectly well informed of all the circumstances of the journey from Chantilly to Montrond. She talked them over with him, and laughed heartily at them. Here is the letter which she sent to the princess:—

My cousin, Le Sieur de Blanchefort has given me your letter written from Montrond on the 20th. And as that is one of the places which the king, my son, gave you the choice of as a residence—(N.B. there had been no word of any such choice offered)—I will not stop to notice anything that might be to be said as to the manner of your journey thither. I am sure that on reflection you will not think it so strange, as you seem to do, that the Comte de Saint-Aignan should have behaved as he has. Being commandant for the king in the province, he had every reason to be astonished to see a person of your condition travelling as it were in secret, and entering a strong fortress with my cousin the Duc d'Enghien, and unaccompanied by the person whom the king had designated for that duty, and moreover without my cousin your mother-in-law, who had received the same order that you had. But that will be remedied now by the instructions which have been sent to him respecting the intentions of the king, and by the orders he has received to respect and honor you; in such sort that it only remains for me to assure you on my own part, that, dwelling with my cousin the Duc d'Enghien at Montrond, after such fashion that nothing passes there of a nature opposed to the interests of the king's service, you will be not only in perfect safety, but I will on every occasion give you proofs of my protection and good-will.

ANNE.

The letter from Blanchefort to Lenet brought equally favorable and kind assurances from the cardinal.

Yet both the queen regent and the cardinal knew very well that the wife of the prince they had imprisoned was at Montrond for no other purpose than to attempt to raise the standard of civil war in the country! They told her that she might



remain at Montrond, knowing very well all the time that it would require the work of a regular siege to get her out of it! But in all these transactions it is very plain that neither party sought to push the other to extremity; neither acted as if they were fully and seriously in earnest. There is a strange, unreal air over it all, as if they were all at play, and doing it all — conspiring, and governing, and rebelling — for make-believe. And yet the results that hung in the balance seem to have been serious enough. It was quite on the cards that that little Duc d'Enghien might have become sovereign of France instead of that other child for whom, under the name of Louis the Fourteenth, Anne of Austria and Mazarin were with difficulty steering the state bark among shoals and quicksands of all sorts. There was a vast deal of disaffection in the country, especially in the south, and in the important city and parliament of Bordeaux. And there was in every part of the country a dangerous amount of hatred and contempt for the cardinal. Condé was popular. He had rendered great services to France of the kind which Frenchmen most highly appreciate. He had acquired a deservedly high military reputation. Anne and Mazarin *did* succeed in preserving the throne for Louis the Fourteenth, while the country was demoralizing itself in such sort as to render possible the excess of despotism he was able to establish. But assuredly it was possible enough that things might have turned out otherwise. Yet the struggles seem all of them to have been fought with the gloves on. This one special episode of the imprisonment of the princes did not end without results that might very well have changed all the subsequent course of French history.

One or two notices of occurrences at Montrond during those weeks of the princess's residence there in the spring of 1650 are worth picking out as illustrative of the manners and morals of the time.

Great numbers of persons — friends of the family, or those who wished to be considered such — came on one errand or pretence or another to Montrond; there were arrivals every day; and the princess was, of course, desirous of conciliating as many persons as possible, and of getting together as numerous a garrison for her stronghold as was possible, without exciting too much suspicion. But in selecting proper subjects for this latter purpose, it was necessary to act with much caution; and the princess could not venture to permit all those who came thither, and would

fain have remained there, to do so. She made a rule, therefore, which, in order to give as little offence as possible, was made general, that no guests should stay at Montrond more than twenty-four hours. One day — it was the 27th of April — four young men arrived at Montrond — the Comtes de Meille, de Clermont, de Guिताud, and de Lorges. They were all officers of Condé's who had made part of the garrison of Bellegarde, which had capitulated to Mazarin. Of course they blamed the capitulation in the strongest terms — had been, as far as they were concerned, all for continuing the struggle. They bitterly complained that they had no opportunity of showing their mettle, and proving their zeal for the service of the princess by their deeds. They were well received, made welcome for four-and-twenty hours, and graciously thanked for all they had *not* done, but declared themselves ready to do, and for a large budget of news as to all that was going on in the country.

But on the following morning they were given to understand that their best mode of serving the prince would be to go each to his own home, and wait there till they should be summoned to the standard of Condé. They would fain have remained at Montrond.

They all four, says Lenet, quitted Montrond with great reluctance. It is very easy to imagine that these young noble soldiers of fortune — which at that day meant soldiers with no fortune — found living at Montrond at the charge of the princess much more pleasant in many ways than living at their own in the comfortless feudal châteaux which were their provincial homes. But there was, as Lenet explains, another reason, which made them especially unwilling to move from Montrond. One of the party of ladies in the coach on the memorable night of the flight from Chantilly, it will be remembered, was the Marquise de Gouville, the daughter of Madame de Tourville, the chaperon of the party. Now it would seem that all four of the young men in question were so sensible of the charms and attractions of the young marquise, that although they had been only twenty-four hours in the house with her, they were extremely reluctant to leave her. Naturally enough, says Lenet, for she was assuredly very beautiful, full of wit, and only eighteen!

"The great friendship," says Lenet, "that bound me to the late M. de Tourville, her father, one of the bravest soldiers and most adroit courtiers that I ever



met with, as well as my strong regard for madame, her mother, placed me on terms of great familiarity with her, and caused her to have so much confidence in me that she did not conceal from me any of the *offers of service* (i.e., love propositions) that were made to her." It will be observed that Lenet says no word about any friendship for the Marquis de Gouville. Indeed, we hear nothing about him. No doubt he was taking his part in the huge mad dance in some part of it far away from the *set* in which his wife was figuring.

The charming young marquise had confided to Lenet, while they were still at Chantilly, the passion that Boutteville, afterwards the Duc de Luxembourg, and the Chevalier de Gramont, had felt for her the preceding winter; and now, with the same charming *naïveté*, she confessed that all four of their late visitors had made propositions to her, "during the two days \* they had remained in the house with her." She confessed that she found De Clermont clever, De Lorges tender, and Guिताud amiable and gallant. But De Meille did not please her. "Indeed he was not generally liked," adds Lenet, excusing his beautiful young friend. The tone in which he moralizes the anecdote with the tribute of a sigh to the transient nature of all human things is delicious: "They were all four friends," he says, "and of the same age. They became rivals without knowing it. And they all took their departure on the 27th, each believing that his passion had been favorably listened to!"

And the young beauty was only eighteen! Truly all that the conspirator-lawyer, her confidant, says of her talent and cleverness must have been well deserved!

In relating this anecdote Lenet excuses himself for not describing the beauty of the Marquise de Gouville at greater length, by telling us that he could not have refrained from doing so, had it not been that all his heart was occupied by another, "who at that time was the cause of all his joys and all his pains." This object of the elderly married lawyer's affections was that Mademoiselle "Gerbier" (could the name

have been Gambier?) whom they had left at Chantilly charged with the duty of counterfeiting the princess and deceiving Du Vouldy, which she discharged to such perfection. "She was an English girl," continues Lenet, "full of talent and amiability; a brunette, with a charming and graceful figure, brilliant eyes, a lovely mouth, and a ready and quick wit. I had let her know what I felt for her ever since we were at Saint-Germain together. I began my intimacy with her by teaching her Italian."

Whether Madame Lenet, left with the children in the dull town of Dijon, may have had any notion that there was anything objectionable in the fact that the young English maid-of-honor was the cause of all her husband's joys and pains, is not so clear. But it is abundantly evident that the respectable magistrate himself, with his fifty years or thereabouts on his shoulders, had not the remotest notion, either that he should not have made love to the young lady, or even that there was any reason for not letting all the world know it!

Those days at Montrond were, no doubt, more exciting as the plot thickened and Lenet's schemes drew nearer to their *dénouement*; but they could hardly have been so delightful (unless to La Gouville) as those quieter days amid the lovely gardens and woods of Chantilly. Like them, however, the Montrond episode came quickly to its end; and the princess found herself called on to make another moonlight flitting. On the 8th of May it was decided that things were sufficiently advanced to make it desirable that the princess should show herself among her friends in the disaffected province of Guienne. And then the intrigues of Lenet and Condé's other friends produced their fruit in the rebellion of Bordeaux and the siege of that city by the forces of the court. The siege was successful; and yet was so only in such measured degree, like so many others of the struggles of that day, that the upshot was that Mazarin found himself obliged to give the princes their liberty.

But from the time the standard of revolt was raised at Bordeaux, the sequel of the story was enacted on a stage and on a scale that make it a part of the general history of France, to be read in the pages of all the historians.

\* This seems in contradiction with the before-mentioned rule of twenty-four hours. But we must suppose that this was construed so as only to forbid a second night at the château; that the gallant cavaliers were at Montrond two days and one night.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS.

BOSWELL. We grow weary when idle.

JOHNSON. That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company: but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another.

JUST now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *l'èse-respectability*, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labor therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savors a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for the sixpences, and, in the emphatic Americanism, "goes for" them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the senate-house, and found the fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favor of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one

argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honors with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamor of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought. If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of kinetic stability. I still remember that emphysepsis is not a disease, nor stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favorite school of Dickens and Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the science of the aspects of life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn,

and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:—

"How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest sloughs and thickets on the road; as also, what manner of staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call peace, or contentment."

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatening countenance, broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in

chapter xx., which is the differential calculus, or in chapter xxxix., which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have "plied their book diligently," and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanor, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he had been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and art of living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Commonsense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the east and west, the devil and the sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of

morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many firelit parlors; good people laughing, drinking, and making love, as they did before the flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched,

he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being success in life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the theatre of life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that theatre, not only the walking gentleman, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an

article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children. I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the livableness of life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but, thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused, and, within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole body of morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot;

or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare. And yet you see merchants who go and labor themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off

in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the master of the ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centrepiece of all the universe? And yet if is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

R. L. S.

---

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A PECULIAR HOLIDAY.

YE who are wearied with much preaching, though probably not half so weary as those who wait upon your ministrations: ye who are worn with parochial work, lying mainly among the sick and sad: listen to one just as wearied as you can be, commending to you a peculiar holiday, healthily alterative and restorative. Go for a fortnight to London.

If, when aware of brain-weariness, you betake yourself to a quiet country place, and think to rest by doing nothing among green hedges and green fields in May, where you will be environed by the stillness or the sounds of nature, let me state to you what will follow. You will utterly run down: perhaps even break down. But depart to the great city, whose characteristics will impress you about a hundred times as sharply and deeply as they do the mind of folk always abiding in it. You will cease, of necessity, from your ordinary work, but there will still be abundant provision of what will keep your mind occupied till your vital energy revives. You will be kept on your feet; and you will not merely get rest and regain strength, but you will enjoy the process of doing so. The problem for the over-driven and worn-out human being is, to get rest yet avoid the risk of quite running down when you cease to work. It is to be hoped that ordinary medical men are not as blankly ignorant of their patients' bodies as they manifestly are concerning their patients' minds. You will find such mortals sending away to the wilderness a desponding soul for whom occupation enough to prevent the mind from turning upon itself in utter misery is the absolute necessity if you would escape

insanity, or the innumerable morbid manifestations which are near of kin to insanity; and when the desponding soul grows a hundred times worse than in the season of most overwork, the idiot doctor cannot understand why. There is no darker perplexity to this writer than the fashion in which, in this world, incompetent fools are entrusted with the charge of the human soul and body, in youth, manhood, and age.

Then there are green trees in London in May: very green indeed. And there are great expanses of green grass. The vast city has its ruralities. There is more verdure to refresh the eyes and the heart in western London than in many country places. And there are country places where large proprietors of land, some of them without the smallest just title to estates which ancestral robbers stole from the Church (which means from the poor), do all they can to restrict the poor man's walk to the queen's highway. There are districts where the strip of turf bordering the public road is pretty nearly the only turf on which the poor may set their feet, without incurring the risk of prosecution according to law: law made by the rich for the rich and against the poor; and not quite unfrequently administered by the rich for the rich and against the poor. Let there be no dishonest pretence either by the rich or their janissaries that this is not so. It is fact: as apparent as that two and two make four. But in London there is turf to walk on; and trees to look at without a park fence intervening. There, too, these things are more enjoyed by a good deal than in the country, in regions where green is a drug, and grass and trees grow wearisome. To some folk, the writer means: never to him. He has been aware of a feeling sorrowfully approaching to being tired of the sea, perpetually before his eyes through the largest part of his life: but never of green grass, never of green trees, never of daisies nor primroses. When these things pall, the writer will understand that it is time to retire from being (what some folk call) a public instructor. But, as matter of fact, a little of a thing sometimes impresses you more than a great deal of it. As the light through the chinks of the shutters when we were children was so incomparably and incomprehensibly brighter than the blank daylight when the shutters were thrown wide, so is the green of London greener than the verdure of rural scenes. It seems so, that is. And feeling is the great fact. Neither you nor I know what



anything is in fact. But we know how the thing presents itself to us. And to us, that is what it is.

Yes, occupation, and verdure: these two necessities of life in May abound in great London. The occupation is for each one's own liking. It has occasionally been observed, that one man's meat is another man's poison. And that which is food, wholesome and sufficiently spiced, to some mortals, would be very flavorless to others. Exeter Hall, with the gatherings called *May meetings*, has many charms for some. It fails to attract me. The writer never was present at a May meeting: never intends to be present at one. Doubtless it arises through his lack of discernment; but rarely has he glanced at the report in the newspaper of any such assemblage's proceedings, without feeling impelled to cry aloud, in phrase analogous to that in which Egyptians cry their flowers and fruits, "Eloquence of Exeter Hall, O humbug!" Let those educated to the degree of enjoying these manifestations bear with a brother to whom it suffices to walk the Strand and look in at the shop windows: to drive in the rapid hansom: to explore all suburban lines of railway: daily to spend a space in Westminster Abbey, sometimes at service, sometimes not: to look into the courts of justice, at Westminster Hall, at Lincoln's Inn, not unfamiliar; and to penetrate every nook of the Temple, known long ago: to attend church at least twice daily: and on Sundays to listen, with equal sympathy and pleasure, to a sermon from Dean Church, Dean Stanley, and Bishop Thorold; believing that each good man has his message to convey, which will find the soul for which it was intended; and that the truth, from all, is probably completer than from any. Then the streets; the passing crowd; the deep sympathy with which the stranger looks on the units which make it, each going its own way, each with something quite peculiar in its own case: a sympathy which use must needs dull in the dweller among crowds. And the healthful assurance of the insignificance of the individual, unless you be a great man like Mr. Gladstone. Living in a little place, with much depending upon you in the respect of duty and otherwise, you tend to grow like the Highlander in the Clyde steamer who fancied "the boat wad coup" if he had not somehow balanced it. *Coup*, let the Saxon know, means *overturn*. It is not you that keep things from *couping*, anywhere. And to be assured of *that* is, to one in middle age or past it, not

a humbling, but a great relief. And when mutations and revolutions come in human ways of thinking or feeling, the great afflatus is felt by many souls simultaneously, far apart, and without communication. The tide does not rise in the quiet ocean, because you have (as you fancy) made it rise a few inches in your own little creek. At least, if you are in any degree to affect the thinking and feeling of some considerable portion of mankind for some considerable length of time, you must be a man like Mr. Carlyle, or Dr. Newman, or Dr. Arnold. Even Mr. Ruskin has been rather effect than cause. And, with all due admiration and affection for Mr. Froude, I really believe the practical upshot of much of his work has been to stir up vehement antagonism. Let not our race be likened to the swinish multitude. But some drivers develop in either animal a determination to go the other way. Finally, though an eerie feeling of loneliness creeps, in London streets, over the stranger in them who at home is well known by everybody who daily sees him, yet there is comfort too in that being lost in the crowd. It is rather a weary thing to live under the microscope. And there are little country towns where you do so. There are no big folk, and little folk bulk conspicuously. To such, it is pleasant to get where no one knows them, nor cares a brass farthing what they say or do. If you want to hide yourself in a hole, the place to do so is doubtless London. And yet, on the other hand, it is curious how on the streets, at church, at picture-galleries, and in other places unnecessary to name, you drive up against your countrymen from distant solitudes. It is inexpedient to go to places where it would be inconvenient that you should be recognized. Somebody will spot you. Fifty years since, when most of the good folk in Scotland esteemed going to the theatre as entirely analogous to going to destruction, a popular Edinburgh preacher, being in London, was surreptitiously entering with the multitude into the pit at Drury Lane. Suddenly a hand was laid upon him, and an awe-stricken voice said: "Oh Doctor MacGrugar, what would the congregation in the Tolbooth Kirk say if I told them I saw you here?" But the good divine was of ready wit, and he rose to the occasion. "Deed," he replied, "they wadna believe you, and so ye needna tell them."

If it be painful effort to go away for a little holiday, this is a specially strong proof how much the little holiday is



needed. Do not shrink, but pack up and go.

Shrinking and shrinkage do not mean the same thing any more than illegible and unreadable. A manuscript by the Dean of Westminster or by Mr. Froude, though illegible in a high degree, would never be unreadable. A published sermon by Dr. MacTattle, published at the earnest request of his wife and her two or three friends (at MacTattle's own risk), though printed in clear type on good paper and so perfectly legible, would be wholly unreadable by any one but MacTattle himself.

Shrinking is the feeling of a stay-at-home man, trying to brace himself up to the effort of going away from home for a brief holiday. The holiday may be much needed, and long looked for: yet when the time comes close, you would rather stay where you are. Beyond mere inertia, you are vaguely afraid. The great outer world is a savage waste, peopled by ensnaring and destroying monsters. Shrinkage is the process which passes on the rental of a great estate, in its procession through various hands from the tenant-farmer to the duke: also on a fortune left you, let us say of fifty thousand pounds, from which many deductions will be made ere it reach your eager hands: also upon securities of what kind soever which you have bought and want to sell, in most cases; notably on the value of a horse, which you drove under the impression that he was worth seventy pounds, but which in fact brings no more than forty. Shrinkage, in fine, is the converse of the *unearned increment*: it is the undeserved and unexpected decrement.

The discipline needful to deliver you from shrinking is to be authoritatively compelled to do the thing you shrink from. When the youthful divines whom our little university educates, on first taking orders convey to one how much afraid they are of preaching in the parish church, I have but one prescription for them: Go and do it! Though the thing may remain trying in fact, it will be much less trying than in anticipation. Make a man boldly face what he is afraid of, and the thing will in great measure lose its fearfulness. In old days, if a horse shied habitually when it met the rattling and pulse-quickenings four-horse coach which was the link between rural bridges and cottages and the distant hum of men, you put the horse to run in the coach for ten days. At the end of that period, the horse was disillusioned: it heeded not the

coach any more. *Et in Arcadiâ ego.* So the mental process might be expressed. Or, as the beadle said to the archbishop, "*I'm frae Doaller.*"

Let me briefly explain these last words, which to the ordinary understanding may appear incomprehensible. We shall with better prospect of success proceed to their consideration, if the circumstances are related in which they were spoken. The profoundest intellect, aided by long experience of human life, would fail (it may be said with some confidence) to grasp the sense unless helped by information *ab extra*. As the Cockney tourist remarked to the Highlander who addressed him in Gaelic, "*Some explanation will be necessary.*"

Neither will reasonings from analogy avail; though such are helpful. Once upon a time, the writer had to examine certain students. The examination was in writing. One question set was: "Explain the meaning of the word *Analogy*; and briefly state the scope of Bishop Butler's '*Analogy of Religion*.'" One written answer, long treasured as of remarkable interest and value, was in these words: "*Analogy is a method which is used to investigate subjects which is found to be difficult.*" But though the subject be difficult, analogy avails not here.

In the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, the metropolitan church of the Anglican communions it befel that the present wise and good primate, soon after his elevation, took part in a stately service. A procession of clergy went before, entering church, duly robed; and at its close (for humility is the virtue of the Church, and the first comes last) came the archbishop. He approached his throne, and was about to step up to it: when a verger, or beadle, who had preceded his Grace carrying a poker, suddenly drew near to him, as one with a message which he was charged to impart. The archbishop paused and listened. The words came: "*Ah, my loard, naething like this in Scotland. I'M FRAE DOALLER.*"

Thus did the brother Scot claim kindred: thus express his share in the archbishop's dignity. For the archbishop, too, comes frae Doaller. The little town of Dollar, in the euphonious county of Clackmannan, is capital of the rural region whence originates the race of Tait. And the verger thus said to the primate: We understand each other. We know the kind of ecclesiastical functions which are common at Doaller, so different from those familiar here. Are not we two

Scots impressing the simple-minded Saxon? For though the people of Doaller would have looked with awakened curiosity at that fair procession, I doubt whether they would have been deeply impressed thereby. The verger's inner thought appears to have been, "I share your triumph: *Et in Arcadiâ ego*: I'm frae Doaller, like yourself."

It has indeed been suggested that the verger was not a sympathetic brother, but rather a cynic: and that his words are to be understood as serving the like purpose as the skeleton at the ancient feast. He may have wrongly fancied that he discovered undue exaltation of spirit in the eminent prelate; and been anxious to take him so far down by suggesting that if all these dignified surroundings impressed the English crowd, there was one present whose antecedents made it certain that he at least would not be overwhelmed by them. Even had the Scottish mind been more impressionable than in fact it is by hierarchical state, the man frae Doaller could never see in the primate of all England anything more than the schoolboy who used to run about in those parts in former years. And the sense of the phrase would be, "Oh, yes: overwhelm other folk with your greatness if you like; but don't fancy it goes down with me. I see through it all: I'm frae Doaller!"

To return to the severity of the argument, somewhat lost in this narrative, let it be said: Even as the shying horse, afraid of the sight and sound of the coach, was cured by being placed where the sight and sound would be always with him, so let the timid, apprehensive soul be sent into the greatest of great cities. Let him go where the voice of Big Ben will grow familiar: let him look out on the western towers of the great Abbey, just across the street: let the roar of the crowded ways be always in his ear. Just at first, the surroundings will keep him in a slight fever. But this is better than breaking down utterly amid golden broom, amid pink and white blossoms. And he will feel, as days go by, that he is getting much more out of all these things that surround him, than many do. There are folk who have seen so much and travelled so far, that they do not mind much about anything; the flavor of things in general has grown faint; and it takes something very highly spiced to awaken the indurated sensibility. But there are simpler souls to whom it is never other than a very strange experience to sit by a window in the gathering darkness, and to discern, high in the air, a

blaze of gas borne up by a great tower: that blaze signifying that within two hundred yards of where you sit there is a glaring and stuffy chamber of moderate size, in these times commonly overcrowded; wherein every word said that is worth notice, and some words not worth any notice, are eagerly written down, and put in print, and read anxiously wherever the English language is known. For the chamber is the House of Commons: where many men, big in their own little locality, look awfully small. James the First told the Scotch nobility who ran after him to London, that they had better have stayed at home; for that a little boat, which looked big on a little river, dwindled into insignificance upon the wide sea.

Then, quite apart from anything like unbecoming selfishness, and millions of miles away from any depreciation of others, there is something very strange and striking about one's own experience; and one's own case is always quite a special case. Each of us knows what difficulties he has had to face, with what modest faculties and by what hard work: knows that it is a wonder he has done what he has done and is where he is. Sensible men, in the writer's observation, commonly think very modestly of themselves in comparison with others. The wise man, in the depths of his nature, sometimes fears that if all the truth came out, it would appear in a fashion very sorrowful for himself *who is the greatest fool*. Yet a poor thing, which is one's own, can never cease to be wonderful to the healthy mind. Sir Arthur Helps (Ah, there is no need to make any mystery of the always-open secret of the name now!) tells us in one of his wise and helpful books of a certain old lady who had saved her money by such long pinching, who felt that it had cost her so much, that she honestly believed that five pounds given by her were equal to about seven pounds ten shillings and sixpence from any other person. Yes, it was her own: not but that there was force in the other reason too. But the truth is that five pounds from any ordinary human being, not a merchant prince nor a territorial magnate, is worth even more than the larger sum indicated by Sir Arthur's old lady. We pitch our expression of all human feeling, of all human experience, a great deal too low. Let each mortal remember, that such and so touching and serious as is his own experience to him, is every other mortal's experience to the other mortal. We must always except those exalted intelligences that write cyn

ical articles in cynical newspapers. Anything human is far beneath their sympathy: beneath their notice. Silly bodies! But, for the human race as it is, the reality of feeling cannot be exaggerated by any human words. A man's own little means, hardly earned, are to him of more account than all the national debt: and his own history is much more to him than is Sir A. Alison's "History of the French Revolution." If it is not more than Mr. Carlyle's, it is because he reads so great a part of his own history *there*. A lively American writer tells us with frankness the feeling with which he read his first published book. "I never," says he, "read a more interesting volume." But there is a book more interesting than one's first published work. There is a book often looked into by persons who morbidly shrink from ever glancing into their own published books. It is a man's diary. As years go on, the solemnity, the pathos, the interest of that work grow beyond words. For, indeed, it is the history of the world, the human race, of the universe seen and unseen, as these have become known to its writer.

Let a suggestion here be made, not closely akin to anything just stated, but seasonable at all times, manifestly fair and just, generally forgotten, and by many folk much needed.

My friend Smith (the same man who used to drive the drag) lately addressed me in words to this effect.

There was a man (said he) whom I admired and liked, and whom I had tried to serve in many and divers ways. I found that this individual had taken to steadfastly running me down whenever I was named in his presence. I felt aggrieved and angry. I thought I was ill-used. Whoever depreciated me (said Smith) it ought not to have been that particular mortal. But, on longer thought, I perceived that I had no reason to be angry. The feeling on my part was unphilosophical as well as uncharitable. My friend was overworked and ill. He needed the restorative holiday in London, not the breaking-down holiday amid green fields. And a certain consequence of being overworked and ill is, that you become incapable of enjoying anything. The beauties of nature have no attraction. You do not care at all about the fresh primroses and blossoms, nor about the lengthening light in spring. You are sick of green grass, and you hate the sight of the sea. Well, when a man gets into that state, in which he undervalues all nature, and fails to appreciate

it, and runs it down, going even to the length so touchingly delineated by Mr. Theodore Martin, of "Cursed be the whole concern," — you are sorry for him. He has got into a morbid state: he will get out of it; and then he will duly appreciate nature once more: enjoy it and think well of it and praise it. Now remember, you are a part of nature. You are a fraction of the universe. You are one of all things. And when your friend, being ill, is weary of the sun, and sick of things in general, of course he is weary and sick of you among the rest. And very likely he says so. He hates your sermons, he cannot read your leading articles, he thinks your talk wretched balderdash. This is simply because you have gone down in his estimation along with everything else. When he gets all right again, you will go up along with everything else. You cannot expect to be an exception to the law which affects all that exists. The jaundiced eye that sees all the universe yellow, sees you yellow too. The weary heart that is sick of everything is sick of you among all the rest. You have no more reason (said Smith) to be angry with Brown for running you down, when he is ill, than at his failing, when ill, to appreciate and enjoy all nature. It is just that he is out of sorts with everything, including you. But you have foolishly and unreasonably expected that the man who meanwhile (through his misfortune not his fault) can do justice to nothing in God's universe, is yet to do justice to you.

Now, friendly reader, the suggestion was a novel one. I had never heard nor thought of it before. But it is plainly just. Let us all act upon it. It was always plain enough that you have no right to complain of the individual mortal, bound to you by no ties of personal regard, disliking you and your doings. His Creator made him so that he cannot like you and your doings. And he is quite entitled to civilly say so, or even uncivilly. But when the man you held as your friend attacks you, the case is one only for your kindly sympathy. The entire universe of things is at a discount, and you with all the rest. Your friend is out of sorts, and being sick of everything is of course sick of you. Let him go for a fortnight's rest to London in May. And then you, one amid a thousand other objects, will brighten into beauty. That is to say, you will look as beautiful as you really are, and a little more. This is all you can desire.

All this is strongly borne in upon the writer, by the diligent perusal of a very

extraordinary little work, lately printed for private circulation in Scotland, under the title "Portraits in Pitch." I have often regretted that English folk generally, knowing little and caring less about Scotch ecclesiastical affairs, cannot in any way appreciate some of the smartest and cleverest fugitive pieces published in Scotland. To enjoy these pieces, it is necessary to familiarly know facts and individuals quite unknown to most educated Englishmen. Even works of so substantial a character as the biographies of Doctor Robert Lee and Dr. Norman MacLeod have suffered from Anglican indifference to Scotch Churchism. The English reader might see the volumes were interesting, but how interesting he could not quite know. Still more is the case so in regard to the lighter and more playful productions, whether in verse or prose, which treat of Scotch clerics and their doings. A wonderfully clever little publication pointing out the dangers to Protestantism attending the use of optical instruments in the public worship of God, which provoked many hearty laughs north of the Tweed, would be simply unintelligible unless to persons who had read the reports of the proceedings of various Church courts in Scotland. So with these "Portraits in Pitch." They delineate several conspicuous ecclesiastics with much freedom. But how can those who never saw the faces know whether the portraits are like? And what shall be said as to such as don't care in the least whether the portraits of such individuals are like or not? It is, however, the writer must confess, the ill-nature as much as the smartness of these "Portraits" which gives them their interest. Their author must have greatly needed a holiday at the period when they were composed. The entire outlook is gloomy. There is plainly something far amiss about the digestion and the nerves of any Scot who could describe the venerable General Assembly of the National Church in such lines as the following:—

There was a Right Reverend body,  
That was said to be fond of its toddy:  
When it met once a year,  
Its proceedings were queer,  
And seemed as inspired by Tom Noddy.

Mr. Lear's charming "Book of Nonsense" has evidently supplied the model upon which the "Portraits in Pitch" have been studied. And if the rhymes be disrespectful, and even scurrilous, the accompanying illustrations are so much more so, that their author has probably been well

advised in restricting the circulation of his present work. Not all the persons freely handled in it might rival the charity of my friend Smith. And though the writer is unknown, the publishers might be made answerable. I confess that it would be pleasant to me to quote the severe but just descriptions of two or three blatant, vulgar, and offensive speakers in the General Assembly. But it is not worth while. And the persons possibly indicated by the names of Peerie and MacTattle shall not be illustrated on this page. It may be remarked, however, that the author of these "Portraits," though probably a poet, has been proved by facts not to be a prophet. One verse runs thus:—

There was a good Christian named Wallace,  
Whose language would sometimes appal us:  
But still in the fight  
He stood up for the right,  
And to victory some day will call us.

The writer of these lines, plainly a Broad Churchman, thus forecasts the approaching triumphs of his party, and describes its most brilliant leader. But this good Christian, to the great regret of many who are far from sharing his views, has turned aside from the paths of ecclesiastical duty and controversy. After filling, with much distinction, a theological chair in the University of Edinburgh, as also the pulpit of a historic Edinburgh parish church, and having last May been beyond all comparison the ablest and most brilliant debater in the General Assembly, he suddenly cast his Church preferment aside, and entered a quite different "sphere of usefulness," where no doubt there is room for all his talents. I remember hearing a popular London preacher say, years ago, that if the apostle Paul were living in England now, the office he would covet would not be that of Archbishop of Canterbury, but rather that of editor of the *Times*. If that eminent preacher be right, it may be believed that the apostle, living in Scotland, would prefer the work of conducting the *Times* of that country to the moderatorship of the General Assembly. Whether St. Paul would make a good editor or not may be doubtful. As for the success of Dr. Wallace, there can be no doubt at all. But the loss of debating power is great. Not even the brilliant and pathetic eloquence of Principal Tulloch, nor the calm, incisive, provocative anatomizing of Dr. Story, nor the downright manliness of Dr. Phin, seems to fit time and place quite so perfectly as did the ever-ready word of the lost leader. It may be said, confidently,

that any one of the four would take high place in the House of Commons. And after the vulgar insolence and vulgar clap-trap of Mr. Peerie, and the narrow and pettifogging suspiciousness of Mr. Stevenson, it was always inexpressibly refreshing when such men rose.

There is something very pleasant and very strange (to Scotch Churchmen) in the calm and impersonal fashion in which in England judgment is given even in ecclesiastical causes which have excited the keenest feeling. One morning in this May the writer heard the judicial committee of the Privy Council give judgment in a case profoundly affecting the ritual of the Anglican Church. To that council the writer went with the greatest man present there, though there sat at the board one archbishop, one chancellor, and one ex-chancellor. Sitting just behind Lord Cairns, one heard him read the judgment. You might or might not like the judgment; you might or might not feel much interested in the matters discussed; but you could not fail to remark the crystal clearness with which the lord chancellor set out what he had to say. But even more than by the clearness, one was impressed by the impersonal dispassionateness. The great lawyer set himself to ascertain and state the law. He did not, by a syllable, express any opinion, favorable or unfavorable, of the doings of the ecclesiastical persons through whose proceedings it had been made necessary to ascertain the law. Opposite him sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a countenance absolutely inscrutable. You could no more gather from his face how he felt on the question discussed, than a stranger could read a letter from Dean Stanley. And though Lord Selborne wore a somewhat eager look, none could tell whether it betokened approval or disapproval. So with the lesser lights, tapering off down the table. Now, I thought to myself, I know a place where I have heard judgment given in analogous cases. But there, several of the judges, instead of calmly stating the law, proceeded to abuse the ecclesiastic whose goings-on had raised the legal question. One judge stated that the individual was instigated by the devil, when he put an organ in his church, and called the congregation to kneel at prayer. Another stated that he was a perjured person, who had broken his ordination vows. Another read a malicious and stupid account of the individual's proceedings from an inferior newspaper, and then added that he did

not know whether this account was true or not. Another sketched out what he *expected* would be the future proceedings of the individual, if unchecked. Another declared that the individual (or his doings) was a foul blot on the scutcheon of the Kirk. Another stated that the individual's doings should be regarded as part of a great revolutionary movement going on all over Europe, notably in Germany. Another stated that probably the reason why the individual advocated the use of printed prayers in church was that, having in great measure given over praying in private, he had become unable to pray in public without the aid of a book. Another published a vicious pamphlet, trying to show that the individual was a Socinian. Another, in a newspaper letter, declared that the individual and his abettors got their clothes made by a London ecclesiastical tailor, no tailor in Scotland being good enough. Another declared that one of the individual's supporters had cultivated an English accent to that degree, that he recently read out as his text, "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw." In the midst of all this dust, and irrelevance, and bad feeling, the plain question, whether the individual had broken the law, aye or no, was pretty well lost sight of. Finally, when the judges, numbering some hundreds, gave their votes, it was required by some members of the dominant party that the votes should be taken, not by a division, but by calling over the roll. Thus young and timid members were made to understand that they voted at their peril: some judges were asked whether they could venture to show their faces in their respective parishes if they voted in favor of the individual who introduced the Popish (pronounced *Poppish*) organ. And the writer, who though a High Churchman is an Erastian, musing on these things as the pleasant unaffected voice of the lord chancellor went on, formulated his views as follows:

1. "The mind of the Spirit" on any subject can mean nothing other than the truth and right upon that subject.

2. The truth and right upon any difficult subject is far likelier to be arrived at by dispassionate old gentlemen, accustomed to weigh arguments and evidence, and well up in the principles of law, sitting in a quiet room at eleven o'clock A.M., and not in the least afraid of being persecuted for the judgment they come to, than by a tumultuous mob of good, impulsive men, not accustomed to weigh arguments or evidence, and knowing nothing of law,

in a great hall filled with a pestilential atmosphere at three o'clock A. M., wrought upon by claptrap speeches and personal appeals, and well aware that their positions will be made too hot to hold them if they come to an exceptional or unpopular judgment.

3. The fact that the quiet old gentlemen are judges of the land, and the tumultuous mob clerics, give not the smallest reason for believing that one set is more under divine guidance than the other. The one court is precisely as spiritual, and precisely as secular, as the other. God guides all honest men: and not one set of honest men a bit more than any other set of honest men. And the notion that the "headship of Christ" is involved in standing up for the opinion of the tumultuous mob as against the opinion of the sedate old judges, appears to the writer to be rank nonsense, if such a thing there be. Any one who knows the arts by which a majority is got in a Church court; the pulling of strings; the personal considerations brought to bear; will be slow to believe that there is much of a spiritual element in its decisions. Still less will any one fancy that the "mind of Christ" is to be gathered from a snap division in such a court, who has seen the entire wisdom, scholarship, and statesmanship of the court left in the minority. And *that* has been seen, more than once or twice.

It is time to draw to an end. And indeed it is conceivable that the attentive reader may be ready to enquire with indignation if these reflections and reasons are fitted for any holiday time however peculiar. In truth, the holiday is over: the great city has been left far behind, and has of necessity faded into mistiness and unreality. Neither in mind nor in body can one be in two places at once. A year seems to have dropped out of the reckoning: the old thing has come back, and as on this day twelve months the writer looks out on a far lesser but far more beautiful city, where one has the homely sense of being at home, and is wholly delivered from the vague fright which more or less possesses the provincial soul in awful London. And how incomparably pleasanter a club is than a hotel! Through that great bay window, as heretofore, you may discern the huge rock, crowned with buildings of inexpressible seediness; and there, on the heights, springs up the tall and graceful spire, which makes one bless the genius of Pugin. Last night, under that

spire, you might have witnessed the solemn close of the General Assembly of the Scotch Church. I do not believe that any one could witness it without being touched and impressed. The Scotch primate, the right reverend the moderator for the year, began his concluding address at one o'clock this morning. The chair was never more fairly and honorably gained, than by Dr. Phin; never more ably, impartially, or genially filled. The address, lasting three quarters of an hour, was manly, downright, and lively. The moderator achieved the difficult task of pleasing everybody worth counting, not by trimming, but by real fairness, charity, and goodness of heart. He said one or two things in which one did not agree; but he had a good right to his own opinion; there are matters as to which good and honest men must differ by their nature and training; and may well agree to differ, retaining mutual respect and affection. This brave and strong man descends from his elevation amid universal plaudits; though a man of decided convictions, which he has not concealed. It is a pleasant thing to find honesty prove the very best possible policy. Then, the moderator's address ended, last year seemed here again. The pleasant face of the Earl of Galloway, the high commissioner, looked down from the throne; and in due season he gave as pleasant and becoming a little speech as man could desire. Then was sung the wonderfully touching "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," the vast volume of deep sound shaking the crowded hall. And at half past two this morning the Assembly parted, in a general thankfulness and good humor so extraordinary, that several eminent members were heard to express a hope that even Mr. Peerie might take a thought and mend.

---

From The Spectator.

#### LUX IN TENEBRIS.

"MUSIC is light in darkness." This motto, written in white lilies, red roses, and other brilliant flowers, was, from its combined truth and pathos, the first to catch the eyes, the seeing eyes, of a company invited by the Duke of Westminster "to have the honor of meeting the princess Louise," on her opening of the new music hall of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at Westow Street, Upper Norwood.



The history of this college is well known,—how one man, an American, blind from birth, humble birth too, managed, by his own untiring energy, first to educate himself, and then to found an educational institute in Boston; how, in 1871, he came over here, and started, on similar principles, a school for the blind, beginning in two small houses, with eight or ten pupils, and gradually increasing, until, within this short term of years, we find it a large institution, located in a handsome building, capable of receiving from a hundred to a hundred and twenty pupils, and counting among its patrons, from royalty downwards, the best, the most intelligent, and the most benevolent in the land. This result, regarded from the outside, would seem simply miraculous. But any student of human nature, watching the brilliant assembly which, long before the appointed hour, filled the music hall to overflowing, would recognize that the soul of it all was that little wiry man, with the thin, keen, eager face—the blue spectacles hiding the darkened eyes—who moved hither and thither with a facility and activity that almost made one doubt his blindness,—one of those men who are “raised up”—if we are to believe in providence at all—for a special and benign purpose, and who, recognizing their mission, and adding to a high impulse wise prudence and practical capacity, with, above all, the ignoring of all selfish and egotistic aims, deliberately work out their will, which is, in fact, the will of God, and therefore become what we call “successful.” And such a man is Mr. F. J. Campbell, the principal of this college.

His new music hall—which he cannot see!—is very pleasant to behold, well-proportioned, and good in coloring, though extremely simple. Evidently, that lavish and useless ornamentation which some institutions, especially charitable institutions, indulge in has been wisely avoided by Mr. Campbell. On a raised dais, with two entrances and exits, carefully railed, for the convenience of the blind performers, was the organ, presented, at a cost of one thousand guineas, by Doctor Armitage. Facing it, and hung, like it, with festoons of flowers, was the gallery, decorated with the motto before alluded to. Between, the body of the hall was filled with guests, who in that glowing July sunshine looked themselves almost like a floral parterre; and made a beautiful show,—touchingly beautiful, when one remembered not only the “light in darkness” but, alas! the

permanent darkness in the midst of all this light.

At three P.M. exactly, the “musical afternoon” commenced. A young man—J. Inglis, of Edinburgh—inaugurated the organ by a fugue in D minor (Bach), admirably played. Then came forward the college choir, consisting of about twelve young men and as many women, some of them mere girls, all what we call “stone-blind.” But there was nothing “stony” or even painful in their aspect. Some of the faces were almost pretty, and all had a wonderful placidity and sweetness—nay, cheerfulness. They stood—such a contrast to ordinary concert-singers—apparently as indifferent to the gaze of all these hundreds of eyes as they were to the glare of sunshine which poured down upon them, but dazzled them not. They seemed to sing, out of their quiet darkness, as happily and enjoyably as birds in a wood at dawn. Musically considered, the voices were exceptionally good in quality; true, clear, and pure in intonation, while their cultivation was fully equal to that of most “sighted” singers of similar age, both in part-songs and solos. Two pupils, Miss Campbell, of Liverpool, and Miss Maggie Reece, of Edinburgh, executed respectively Spohr’s lovely song, “The Maiden and the Bird,” with the violin obligato, and Stradella’s magnificent “Pietà, Signore!” with quartet accompaniment, in a manner that would do credit to experienced concert-singers.

Towards the end of the latter song, but entering quietly, so as not to interrupt it, came the princess Louise and her husband, and took their places by the Duke of Westminster, among the other invited guests. More music followed; a concerto of Bach’s, for three pianos, with string quartet accompaniments, in which Mr. Campbell played with his two pupils most excellently; and Sir Sterndale Bennett’s well-known quartet “God is a Spirit.” The effect of this latter, especially in the exquisite pianissimos, was quite thrilling, except for one easily remediable fault, the occasional omission of an “h,” which is especially necessary to the “Worship Him.” Otherwise, the reading as well as the vocalization of the music was, throughout the concert, remarkably good. Its finale, Gounod’s “Nazareth,” was given admirably. The clear, fresh voices, male and female, in that difficult unison which makes any fault of intonation so painfully plain, reaching in the last verse to the climax, when stringed instruments and organ all join in the triumphant fortissimo,



The night is gone ; behold, in all its glory,  
All broad and bright, rises th' eternal morning  
star,

all combined to produce a result really grand, and which few who have the nature to be moved by anything could listen to unmoved. After a pause of hushed silence, so impressive had the music been, her Royal Highness rose and declared "the building open;" there was an enthusiastic singing of "God Save the Queen," a few words from the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Campbell, and the ceremony was over.

Still, for more than an hour the visitors hung about, admiring the pretty grounds and investigating different class-rooms. The favorite one appeared to be that of a blind teacher, Miss Lizzie Scott, whose circle of about a dozen boys and girls gave most valuable information to a crowd of unseen listeners upon Russia and Turkey, while a small person of ten or thereabouts, Gracie by name, described lucidly the difference between a limited and absolute monarchy. "If the sultan wants to do a thing, he just does it; but if our queen wants to do anything, she is obliged to ask leave of her Parliament." This same little Gracie — who will make a clever woman, if not prematurely spoiled — being further questioned as to what Parliament was composed of, after a pause of great puzzlement replied, with a sudden happy thought, "Oh! they look out for the richest man they can find, and take him in." This, if not the exact truth, was so awkwardly near it, that the aristocratic or semi-aristocratic circle around broke out into hearty laughter, which so confused poor Gracie that, like Bailey's Festus, she "shrank into herself, and was missing ever after."

In other rooms children were busy with their deft fingers — sad substitutes for eyes — running over raised maps, or reading from blank, white, embossed pages as rapidly as from printed books. All looked so thoroughly happy as to justify the statement in the principal's report that "the personal influence, the watchful care, exercised in regard to even the smallest details of every-day life, are almost parental." In fact, the chief impression given by this college for the blind is that of its atmosphere of happiness, — not merely cheerful endurance, but actual happiness. To quote again from the report, "Although the large playground is still unfinished, the broad walks around the building and on the terraces, with a fine gymnasium for the boys, afford good

facilities for physical training. During the recesses, I" [the blind principal] "often stand on the bridge which leads from the central entrance of the building, to listen to the merry voices of our boys and girls at play on every side. At the ringing of the bell, the happy groups move quickly towards the various entrances of the building. In two minutes all has changed, — the parallel-bars, climbing-ropes and ladders, whip and reins, skipping-rope, swing, and tilt, have given place to map, globe, geometrical diagrams, typewriters, tuning-hammer, piano, and organ. If the doors of the corridors leading to the various departments are opened, the three organs, the voices, and nearly fifty pianos produce a confusion of sounds that is almost bewildering; but close the doors, and each department moves on without conflicting with any other." What a picture of a life, the necessary life of the blind, in which *sound* is all! But yet such a happy life, — so busy, merry, and full! How it throws into shadow hundreds of aimless, useless, melancholy lives close about us, — people, young and old, who have everything that heart can desire, or that the good hand of God can give, who sit in the sunshine and are dark still!

But to return to practical things. The advantages of the college are open, first, "to the young of either sex and of any rank," who are received as probationers for three months or less, until the principal shall be able to decide — a right which he wisely reserves to himself — whether their capacities are of such a kind as to enable them to benefit by the teaching they will here receive. If accepted, the pupils pay £50 a year until the age of thirteen, afterwards £60. This sum includes board, lodging, washing, and medical attendance, but not clothing or travelling expenses. They must be sent provided with a sufficient outfit of new and "strong" clothes, and will be expected to spend the summer vacation with parents or friends. Besides these paying pupils, there are free scholarships, the holders of which must be guaranteed by "two respectable householders." And there is a third order of pupils, for whom until now it was almost impossible to obtain a suitable education, the blind children of well-to-do parents, who are received on fitting terms, and with the advantages of an ordinary first-class boarding-school.

Those who require to earn their bread are here made capable of earning it, while those to whom fortune has been more lib-

eral, are helped to an education which makes the blind equal almost to the sighted, and enables them not only to enjoy life, but to use it,—to assist in the work of the world, instead of remaining helpless recipients, the one class of its sympathy, the other of its pecuniary charity. For Mr. Campbell's great argument, and a noble, manly one, too, is this,—“Pity us not, nor help us; only teach us how to help ourselves.” How this has been done and is doing at the college in Westow Street, Norwood, those who care to see may go down any Tuesday and see for themselves. They will come away with a feeling—the best, perhaps, that we purblind, ignorant mortals can feel—that the great Father of the universe is not unjust, even though, in his mysterious purposes, he allows evil to exist, unremedied. But he also puts into the souls of some of his children that power to fight against evil, to counteract misfortune, which transmutes both into actual good,—since, as the old Greek sage believed, (how much rather should not we believe!) there is not a grander spectacle for gods and men than the sight of a strong soul enduring, combating, and conquering adversity.

---

From Sunday at Home.

ANCIENT MODES OF EMBALMING THE DEAD.

HERODOTUS and Diodorus tell of three modes of embalmment prevalent in Egypt. The first was very costly, answering to about £400, exclusively of such gems, jewels, and gold as love or prodigality might lavish upon the dead; the second, £60; the third within the reach of all. As to the extent to which gems and jewels were wound up in the cerecloth to deck the dead, there is the instance of the queen lately found at Thebes, whose ornaments were shown in our exhibition of 1860. They are now in the pasha's Museum. Their intrinsic value alone, that is, to break up and melt down, is several thousand pounds. It is curious in reading the two historians' accounts of the Egyptian embalmer to observe in divers matters the foreshadowing of the modern undertaker in his ways. The different degrees of woe were then as now sounded according to the depth of the purse. Just as it is now, when the furnisher will undertake for you any gradation of sorrow from the simple elm coffin and pauper funeral up to the flourish and parade of plumed hearse,

weeping mutes, and prancing steeds, so with the Egyptian. Only the manner was different. When a bereaved mourner, they tell us, went into one of these Egyptian shops, the functionaries would show him different models in wood highly and artistically finished or otherwise, to represent the mummy and coffin. There were painted patterns of mummies in their multicolored cases to choose from. The various costs, according to pattern, were then stated. The customer chose his model, and the bargain was struck. He then went home and sent back the dead body, and the body remained with the embalmer until the whole process was completed. The number of days requisite for embalming was, as we gather from both historians, seventy or seventy-two, and this tallies with the Scripture account (Gen. 1. 3); for doubtless the immediate process only occupied part of the time, the rest being given to the ritual of mourning. The processes for embalmment are related very categorically. In some things they hardly commend themselves to our present sentiment of what is respectful to the dead. The chief secret seemed to consist in certain chemicals injected into the veins and body; in certain washings and steepings in natron, and in the filling up of the cavity of the body with myrrh and other balsamic substances and spices. The brains were drawn out through the nostrils. Sometimes the face and hands were gilt. Certain jewels were laid on the breast under innumerable swathings of linen. And then a kind of pictured shell received the body—a sort of close-fitting case made to open and shut lengthwise after the fashion of a violin case. But when the mummy was sent home, what then? The family did not immediately part with it. On the contrary, they often kept their dead relative for a long while, guest in his own house. A room was set apart. The mummy, standing upright as in life, was enshrined in a kind of painted cabinet, a tabernacle starred over with innumerable hieroglyphics, and protected with great painted scarabæi and multicolored cherubim, with their overshadowing wings spread athwart the chest. Hither, then, at intervals, the family would come to hold communion with the dead. They would bring fresh lotus flowers to enwreath their silent relative, or strew about the ground blossoms of asphodel and papyrus. Numberless paintings in the tombs of Egypt picture this affecting scene, a mother and her children kneeling in circle with the dead in their midst, or a wife with plaintive face

and dishevelled hair embracing the placid-looking mummy of her husband. Listen to what Diodorus says: "A clever embalmer," he writes, "would send back the body perfectly preserved, even the hair of the eyelids and eyebrows remaining undisturbed; the whole appearance so unaltered that every feature might be recognized. The Egyptians therefore, who sometimes keep their ancestors in magnificent apartments set apart, have an opportunity of contemplating the faces of those who died long before them, and the height and figure of their bodies being distinguishable, as well as the character of the countenance, they may enjoy a wonderful gratification, as if they lived in the society of those they see before them."

---

From The Popular Science Review.  
DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

MR. STONE, astronomer-royal at Cape Town, has gone over a portion of the evidence relative to the distribution of the fixed stars with respect to distance. It is singular that a matter so well known should still attract the attention of astronomers, more especially of official astronomers, whose duties in reality have no relation to such questions. "It may have been shown," says Mr. Stone, referring to Mr. Proctor's researches, "that some astronomers have attached undue importance to the numerical accuracy of the results obtained by W. Struve; but I cannot consider that the average distribution of stars according to apparent brightness has been, or indeed ever will be, disproved. I do not know that there is much novelty in my views," etc. And he proceeds to go over the old ground, very nearly along the old course, coming naturally to nearly the very same goal that W. Struve, Von Littrow, and others have reached. Mr. Stone's mathematical treatment of the portion of the evidence which he selects is of course perfectly sound; and if only that portion is considered, then unquestionably the conclusion at which he arrives must be regarded, not indeed as demonstrated, but as the conclusion which has in its favor the greatest weight of probability. But as there is a great deal of much weightier evidence, which he entirely omits to consider, and as that evidence is not merely opposed to the general conclusion at which Mr. Stone arrives, but demonstrates the incorrectness

of that conclusion, the care and skill with which the imperfect evidence is dealt with, are in reality thrown away. Mr. Stone deals with the observed increase of numbers in stars down to Argelander's ninth magnitude, comparing that increase with what would occur if stellar brightness depended on general distance, stars being scattered with general uniformity throughout space; and he finds a general accordance between this theory and the observed facts, whence he deduces the conclusion that the theory is sound. But as it is certain that if the theory were sound there would be no real aggregations or rather segregations (in *space*) of stars of many orders of real magnitude, and as if there were no such aggregations there would certainly be no apparent aggregations of stars of many orders of apparent magnitude on the star-vault, it follows certainly that if such apparent aggregations exist, the theory of general uniformity of distribution is incorrect. It would not follow certainly, if no such aggregations existed, that the theory was sound, but it is certain that if they exist the theory is unsound. But it has been shown that they exist. They are made manifest to the eye in Mr. Proctor's equal-surface chart of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars, where in some parts stars are so closely set that there is barely room for them, minute though their discs are, while elsewhere they are strewn very sparsely, the regions rich in stars of the leading orders of apparent magnitude being those very portions of the Milky Way in which stars down to the twentieth magnitude are found in greatest numbers. The theory, then, of a general equality in the distribution of stars in space, even in the neighboring parts of the system of stars, cannot be sound. As Mr. Proctor pointed out in a paper read at the May meeting of the Astronomical Society, if a surveyor were to urge against a theory respecting certain mounds that the mounds have in reality no existence, seeing that, if they were levelled, the general level of the ground would be very nearly the same as though the mounds had not been there, his arguments would not be thought to have much weight. Mr. Stone's theory (sound though its mathematical portion is) is of a similar kind. It is simply a demonstration of the fact that if we leave out of consideration the aggregations of stars on the star-vault, these aggregations no longer afford any evidence of the real aggregation of stars in space.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1732. — August 25, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF KLEBER, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . . . .	451
II. FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS. An Episode of the Siege of Paris, .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	467
III. NORTH-COUNTRY NATURALISTS, . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . . . .	470
IV. DISCOVERY OF LAMB'S "POETRY FOR CHILDREN," . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	485
V. BASSANO, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	491
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXV., . . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar</i> , . . . . .	499
VII. DIAMONDS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	509

## POETRY.

A PROTEST, . . . . .	450	"HARMONY," . . . . .	450
A BURIAL AT HIGHGATE, . . . . .	450		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			512

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## A PROTEST.

THIS is the sabbath season of the year,  
 When summer silence falleth on the earth,—  
 When truce hath come to husbandry and  
 mirth,  
 To mower's scythe and wanton wood-notes  
 clear.

The world is still, as if with holy fear,  
 And from its heart, through lily-bell and  
 rose,  
 A stream of incense rises up, and flows  
 Godwards with soft repinings for his ear.

And I would with the sabbath world take rest,  
 Could breathe my life out with the sum-  
 mer's sigh;  
 Could lay it at God's feet if, dispossess,  
 My soul might feed new life as glad as high;  
 But of no dweller on this earth unblest,—  
 This fair, lost world, where mortals love  
 and die!

Spectator.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

## A BURIAL AT HIGHGATE. — JULY 23.

[In Memoriam L. Y. P., Twin Sister of Mrs. Julius  
 Hare, ob. July 17, 1877.]

TRUE twin in heart of that pure soul,  
 True sharer in that saintly life,  
 Thy suffering now is past, and strife  
 Finds issue at the victor's goal.

Thine now the joy, the love, the hope  
 Of those who see with vision clear  
 The purpose working far and near,  
 The thousand paths that upward slope.

Through mists and darkness, weal and woe,  
 To where nought endeth incomplete,  
 Where all the loved and lost ones meet,  
 And love is more than we can know.

And there the sister-spirits rest,  
 And tell of sorrows that have taught  
 The lesson, all so dearly bought,  
 In blessing others, to be blest, —

With words of hope, and peerless skill  
 To raise weak souls from their despair,  
 To breathe awhile serener air  
 Above the clouds of passing ill.

And he is there who taught our youth,  
 Husband and brother, child of light,  
 Whose faith victorious ends in sight,  
 Knowing, not guessing, now the truth.

And he, the prophet, priest, and sage,  
 Whose voice still rings in listening ears,  
 Who bade us cast away our fears,  
 Nor heed, though wild storms round us rage, —

He, too, is there; and can we dream  
 Their joy is other now than when  
 They dwelt among the sons of men,  
 As walking in the eternal gleam?

Are there no souls behind the veil  
 That need the help of guiding hand;  
 Weak hearts that cannot understand  
 Why earth's poor dreams of heaven must fail?

Are there no prison-doors to ope,  
 No lambs to gather in the fold,  
 No treasure-house of new and old,  
 To fill desire and answer hope?

We know not; but if life be there  
 The outcome and the crown of this,  
 What else can make their perfect bliss  
 Than in the Master's work to share?

Resting, but not in slumbrous ease,  
 Working, but not in wild unrest,  
 Still ever blessing, ever blest,  
 They see us, as the Father sees.

Spectator.

E. H. P.

## "HARMONY" (BY FRANK DICKSEE).

## NO. 14, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SHE sang until she stood, a pure white soul,  
 Within the open gates of Paradise;  
 And he, the listener, saw through her clear  
 eyes

Life's loveliness. The warm light downward  
 stole

Through golden hair that made an aureole  
 For her uplifted face, which lilywise  
 Rose o'er a leaf-hued gown. Her song did  
 rise

Accordant with a certain ancient scroll,  
 Whence she had learned it once, with vague  
 regret

For the musician, dead ere she was born.  
 The harmony he dreamed had been so  
 sweet,

That as he stood in heaven he heard it yet, —  
 Like God, who in creation's primal morn  
 Had made earth's melody therewith com-  
 plete.

Spectator.

A. MATHESON.

From The Edinburgh Review.

## THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF KLEBER.\*

THE personage who forms the subject of this work fills an important place in the annals of France, at the proudest period of her military fame, and though not a favorite with French historians, retains a firm hold on the regards of his countrymen. Kleber was not a master of the art of war; he cannot be called a great captain in the sense in which we apply the term to men like Marlborough, Turenne, and Napoleon. It would appear indeed, that, in his own judgment, he was not equal to the supreme direction of armies upon a large scale; nor did he gain one of the splendid triumphs over generals and troops of European fame, which, from 1794 to 1809, marked the astonishing progress of French conquest. Unquestionably, too, he was not free, even as a soldier, from real defects; he was impatient of control and untrained to obey; and, on one great occasion, though, in our opinion, he was entirely in the right in his main conclusions, he perhaps allowed personal dislike and feeling in some measure to mislead his judgment. Yet this eminent man is a striking figure in the grand procession of the warriors of France; and despite the efforts of malignant genius, copied servilely by a host of followers, to detract from his well-earned renown, his memory is justly dear to Frenchmen. Kleber is one of the most illustrious names in that noble assemblage of heroic soldiers who, at the great crisis of 1793-4, defended the natal soil against enormous odds; and to whose energy it was largely due that France was saved from destruction as a state, and that the coalition was rolled back from her frontiers. Nor is it difficult to perceive the qualities which have placed him high in that list of worthies, and distinguished his well-defined character. As a leader he had not the capacity of Hoche; and he was inferior to Moreau, and perhaps to Jourdan, in the conduct of great operations of war. But he was in no doubtful

sense a consummate soldier; with considerable judgment as a military chief, he had few rivals on the field of battle; and he possessed in the very highest degree the faculty of arranging and directing troops, and of animating them with his own martial spirit. He was an administrator, too, of rare merit; severe in discipline, an upright ruler, and never lavish of resources in hand, he was admirable alike in forming an army and in controlling a subject province; and it may be truly said that he organized victory in more than one brilliant passage of arms, and that his brief government of Egypt gave proof of statesmanlike skill in many respects. Besides, like other distinguished warriors of the first years of the French Revolution, Kleber was, above all things, a high-souled patriot; fired by a lofty ideal and by the love of country, he was free from the self-seeking and the mere lust of glory which characterized the marshals of the First Empire; and he was wholly superior to the jealous rivalries, and to the submissiveness to a despotic will, conspicuous, and with pernicious results, in the generals fashioned by the hand of Napoleon. Yet though a republican in the strictest sense, he scorned, with his best companions in arms, the mere anarchists of 1793-4; with broad sympathies and firm common sense, he loathed Jacobinism and its thirst for blood; and, had his counsels prevailed, there can be no doubt that he would have saved La Vendée from the Reign of Terror. No wonder, then, that the name of Kleber is still repeated in France with pride, nay that it should grow in fame under the Third Republic, where men cast in a similar mould are especially needed for the service of the State. We cannot, however, say that the volume before us is at all worthy of its stirring theme, or deserves the title of a good biography. General Pajol, indeed, is a studious compiler; and he has collected, apparently with careful research, a considerable part of the correspondence of Kleber. But he is so deficient in artistic skill that he has altogether failed to give us a portrait of the warrior whose career he has traced, and his book is so crowded with petty

\* *Kleber, sa Vie, sa Correspondance.* Par le Comte PAJOL. Paris: 1877.

details, and is so wanting in breadth and outline, that it is exceedingly lifeless and dull as a narrative. It is enough to add that he has borrowed wholesale, and without giving a hint of the author, from the "Commentaries" of Napoleon I., when describing the acts of Kleber in Egypt, as though exposed detraction was historic truth, and as though the correspondence of the general of 1799 did not contradict, in important points, the calumnies of the exile of 1817.\*

Jean Baptiste Kleber, a native of Alsace, was born in 1753. The origin of the child was humble, his father, a dependent of the great house of Rohan, having been, it would appear, a stone-cutter, though he filled one of the petty offices left by the jealousy of the old *régime* to the municipality of the city of Strasbourg. Young Kleber is said to have acquired the rudiments through the influence of Cardinal Louis de Rohan, the profligate dupe of the diamond necklace; and tradition records that his parts and his energy were favorably noticed at an early age by the governor of Alsace when on a visit at Saverne. We find the lad in Paris about 1768, an apprentice of Chalgrin, a well-known architect; but though he pursued his art with diligence, he seems before long to have left the capital, and to have found a home at Besançon and Strasbourg. An accident opened to Kleber the calling in which he was to become eminent; in 1774 or 1775 he entered the military school of Munich, and soon afterwards he was made a cadet in one of the choicest regiments of the Austrian army, the colonel, a son of the famous Kaunitz, having been, it is said, attracted to him by the fine figure and the keen intelligence for which the young aspirant was already noted. Kleber served seven years under the Austrian flag; and we may readily believe that the strict discipline and attention to mechanical details for which German armies have been always famed, made a strong impression on the future commander, and were not forgotten when, in after years, he was organizing the levies of 1794-5. Although

he had made a name in his corps, he left the Austrian service in 1783, the cause being, it is alleged, disgust that his plebeian birth was a bar to promotion; and this fact puts an end to the idle gossip that the martial beauty of the young officer had pleased the aged empress Maria Theresa, and that she intended to raise him to high honor. We trace Kleber, during the next few years, at Belfort, following with considerable success the calling to which he had been led when a boy; and possibly the neighborhood of the great fortress which guards the southern verge of Alsace may have turned the attention of the rising architect, already a trained professional soldier, to a careful study of the art of Vauban. At all events Kleber thoroughly learned the science of fortification at this time; and the knowledge thus acquired stood him in good stead afterwards, when it fell to his lot to prepare in haste a system of defence for the cities of Egypt.

When 1789 and its era came, Kleber naturally took the popular side. Like many of the *bourgeoisie* of the day, he was a cultivated and an ambitious man, and he justly chafed at the odious distinctions between the *tiers état* and the decaying noblesse. Yet though he soon fell in with the republican creed—if no enthusiast, he had nursed his mind, in common with thousands of that generation, on the lofty ideals of Greece and Rome—he had no sympathy with the mere multitude, and in 1791 he nearly fell a victim to the "patriot" wrath of the mob of Belfort. The time was now at hand when the retired subaltern was to be drawn from his obscure seclusion, and to enter on his brief but glorious career. In the early spring of 1793 a combined Prussian and Austrian army, the left wing of the coalition against France, sate down before the walls of Mayence, the reduction of the place being thought necessary before the invaders spread into Alsace. By this time Custine, with the army of the Rhine, had retreated behind the lines of Wissembourg; and the allies calculated that the siege of the fortress would be an affair of a few weeks only. The garrison of Mayence, however, was composed of the flower of the French

\* General Pajol has also copied whole sentences without acknowledgment, from M. Thiers's "History of the French Revolution."



soldiery, men disciplined under the old *régime*, but enthusiasts in the revolutionary cause; and, knowing that it held one of the keys of the frontier, it made preparations for a determined defence. Kleber, who had been chosen, a few months before, to lead a battalion of volunteers, was associated with the brave Aubert Dubayet in the command of the troops outside the ramparts, the citadel being entrusted to General Doyrè, and Meunier, the able constructor of Cherbourg, being at the head of the engineering staff. In the siege that followed Kleber gave ample proof of the qualities that made him a great soldier. Intelligent, and ever ready on the ground, he directed several brilliant sorties, and in one of these he performed a great service by permanently disabling a Prussian battery that was ravaging one of the southern fronts of the fortress. Nor, as the siege progressed, did his energies slacken; he seemed to multiply himself with the increase of danger, and in the last fierce sally made by the garrison he displayed extraordinary personal courage. Like all true leaders of men, too, he made his influence widely felt; sharing cheerfully with his troops the extremes of hardship, he inspired them with his own firm constancy; and to the last moment his division retained its martial air and its orderly discipline. He unquestionably did much to protract the defence, and always dwelt with pride on the part he played in this most important passage of arms. "Four months"—as he wrote—"was I in that brasier; I fought in every sortie, I resisted every attack; and all this time we had no means of knowing whether France had not ceased to exist as a State."

The stern and unexpected resistance of Mayence, like that of Valenciennes on the northern frontier, contributed largely to the surprising failure of the coalition in the campaign of 1793. An episode of the siege narrated in this book deserves attention, as at once a parallel and a contrast to the most discreditable scene in the tragedy of the war of 1870. At Mayence, as at Metz eighty years afterwards, the Prussians endeavored to gain the place by stratagem and underhand intrigue; and

like the notorious Regnier, a spy of the name of Boos was sent into the fortress, through the besiegers' lines, to lure the defenders into a surrender. Rewbell, however, the commissioner of the Convention, and the brave chiefs who were shut up in Mayence, were men of a different stamp from Bazaine.

Boos, when beginning the conference, declared that the disasters of Dumouriez' army, and the conduct of that general, had caused General Custine to seek a reinforcement to his army in the garrison of Mayence; he invited us to do all that we could to effect this object. Rewbell could not help remarking—this extraordinary proposition was made in the presence of the Prussian officers—"that we had regulations which prescribed what our duties were in a siege, and that, as representing the National Convention, he should insist on their being complied with; but that, if there were now an opportunity for general negotiations, he was willing to have an interview with the king of Prussia, and that, trusting in that sovereign's good faith, he would repair to any place indicated for the purpose."

General Doyrè added: "As for me, I am a soldier; all that I can do is to obey the law and continue the defence; I have a brave garrison, and I trust we shall conduct ourselves in such a way that our enemies will respect us."

Rewbell and Doyrè having, on the same evening, informed the council of war of this interview, it was unanimously resolved to proceed to what was next in hand.

Mayence did not fall until the end of July, but Kleber and other chiefs of the garrison, though their heroism had perhaps saved France, were denounced as traitors by tongue-valiant Jacobins, and summoned to the bar of the dreaded Convention. The charge, however, was too monstrous even for that time; the leaders of the Mayençais, as they were called, were voted to have deserved well of their country; though being real soldiers, and accustomed to command, they continued "suspect" in the half-insane eyes of men like Robespierre and St. Just. Towards the close of the summer of 1793, Kleber, with the greater part of the survivors of the siege, was despatched to the theatre of the war in La Vendée, now the bloodiest scene in the national agony. The struggle

in that unhappy region had been in progress for several months with frightful but still undecided results, for though the republicans had regained the Loire, and Paris had ceased to tremble at the success of Bonchamps, Westermann had been driven in rout from Châtillon, and the whole country between Touraine and the sea was triumphantly held by the Catholic army. As yet, too, there seemed little hope that the murderous contest was approaching its close. The barbarous decrees of the Parisian demagogues had fired the royalists with the fury of despair; and the pitiable state of the republican forces, the utter incapacity of many of their chiefs, and the reckless meddling of the mob orators, who, with incredible folly and tyranny, took upon themselves to direct the war, seemed likely to make reverses permanent. It was not to be expected, indeed, that rude levies, largely made up of the dregs of the capital, that shopkeepers suddenly raised to command, or bewildered veterans in dread of the guillotine, or finally that such masters of strategy as the spouters of the commune and the sections would quickly gain important success, in a district of forest, thicket, and streams, over bands of brave and devoted men, who, though drawn from the plough and the cottage, were trained to the chase and to the use of arms, were upheld by loyalty and religious faith, and fought for their lives, their hearths, and their children, under the eyes of loved and even experienced leaders.

The arrival of regular troops on the scene was soon, however, to turn the scales of fortune. Nevertheless, the generalship of the republicans was, for a time, so unwise and absurd that at first defeats were only repeated. When Kleber and his men reached headquarters the republican forces formed two masses which spread all round the insurgent districts, from Saumur and Nantes to the Sables d'Olonne and Niort. It was now proposed that a few thousand men should advance into the very focus of the revolt, the intricate country on the banks of the Sèvre, and in the mean time that the remaining columns should converge from all points to sustain the movement. Such dispositions, as Napoleon has pointed out, were almost certain to end in misfortune. Canclaux broke up in the first days of September, accompanied by Kleber, who, with the Mayençais, made his way easily to the point of junction. But one of the supporting bodies was defeated at Luçon; Rossignol, one of the ignorant boasters

raised to high command by the clubs of Paris, had countermanded the march of his force; and Canclaux, the attempt at concentration having failed, was isolated and left exposed to the enemy. The shock fell upon Kleber first. Having reached Torfou with about two thousand men, he was suddenly assailed by twenty thousand royalists, and after a struggle, the fierceness of which was long spoken of by the Vendean leaders, he lost his artillery and was forced to retreat. The trained soldier so chafed at this reverse that he characteristically begged his chief "that he might fight without guns until he had regained his own;" and a fictitious rumor that he had been surprised drew from the disciplinarian this just remark, surely to be borne in mind by French officers after the sorry experiences of 1870: "Any general may be defeated, and it may be is not to blame; but nothing can excuse a surprise, especially in a country which, by its very peculiarities, indicates beyond yea and nay that a careful look-out should be kept on the line of march."

The republicans having been beaten in detail, Canclaux, of all the leaders the least to blame, was summarily dismissed by the junto in power. His successor, Lechelle, was a worthless poltroon, but he had some idea that he knew nothing; and in taking the command he permitted Kleber to direct the course of the war for a time. The operations now took a new turn; and in part owing to the defection of Charette, but principally, too, to Kleber's efforts, the republicans, towards the end of October, effected their junction near the town of Cholet. In the contest that followed, untrained bravery gave way, as it always does, to disciplined courage; the Mayençais swept away their foes like chaff, and the Vendean cause received a shock which in a short time was to prove fatal. Kleber was the soul of this decisive action; he made all the dispositions on the field, he judiciously frustrated the attack of the royalists, and his tall figure, with that of Marceau, was conspicuous in the thickest of the fight, reanimating the young republican levies. The routed army retired slowly northwards, putting the Loire between itself and its pursuers; and had Kleber retained the command, we can easily believe he would have finished the war. Lechelle, however, having foolishly interfered, the fugitives made good their way to Laval; and the incapacity of the republican chief was here the cause of a bloody reverse, which in other circumstances might have proved ruinous. His

solitary idea of war being that "you should move majestically and in a united mass," he attacked what really was a strong entrenched camp, defended by thousands of desperate men, in a single close column, in exposed ground; and the result, as a matter of course, was disastrous. The republicans, crowded together like sheep, were smitten down by a withering fire, and the retreat of the Mayençais proved the signal for a flight which ended on the banks of the Loire. It was characteristic of the state of the time that Kleber, who had condemned the ignorance of his chief, was denounced by Jacobin spies in the camp, and that Lechelle, who had been the first to run, attributed his defeat to "Pitt and his gold."

The success of the Vendéans was to be shortlived only. Having reached the coast, they were driven from Granville, and before long the republican forces had hemmed them in on the verge of the seaboard, in the angle where Brittany runs into Normandy. Kleber sensibly advised blocking up the roads, and compelling the enemy to yield or perish; but two or three desultory and ill-planned attacks enabled the Vendéans to break through the net, and they were soon in full retreat for the Loire. Kleber now took a decisive step; he sought an interview with the republican commissioners in the camp, and though it was at the peril of his head, he insisted upon a complete change of system. We tell the tale in his own language, for it shows the character of that extraordinary time:—

The council of war met at midday. I explained that it was necessary to arrange a general plan of operations, and to entrust the execution of it to leaders from whom success might be expected. I proposed that there should be (1) a regular commander-in-chief; (2) a general to command the cavalry; (3) a general to command the artillery; (4) an officer to be engaged in providing for the security of Rennes and to command the garrison. This suggestion was adopted. I then recommended Marceau as commander-in-chief, Westermann for the command of the cavalry, and the adjutant-general Debilly as the chief of the artillery. I was about to recommend a commandant for the fortress, when Prieur de la Marne, one of the representatives, said that he would provide one; that he was acquainted with a brave *sansculotte*, a native of the town, an old soldier, who would fill the post and do his duty zealously and ably. The man was sent for; he was a tailor, who had served in that capacity in a regiment of the line, and had been discharged. Happily this honest man, in spite of the entreaties of Prieur, refused to accept the office.

This advice reveals a feature of Kleber's character; though not without real moral courage, he always had distaste for supreme command. He was now, however, the real chief, though Marceau was his superior in name; and we see his hand at once in the conduct of the war. The republican levies, reformed in haste, were skilfully directed against the retreating enemy; Le Mans was taken with frightful slaughter; and the royalists, pursued with unrelenting energy, were cut off from the Loire and their last hope of refuge. The Catholic army—a dissolving mass—was gradually forced down the northern bank of the river; and by the end of December, it was brought to bay near the sea and the old town of Savenay. Kleber was making preparations for the final stroke, when he was nearly frustrated by the representatives of the State, whom nothing could cure of foolish meddling.

It was night; the sounds of the fire of guns and of musketry had not ceased. Prieur de la Marne, Barbotte, and Turreau came up; they found the advanced guard in position, and seemed much surprised that no attack was made. "*Allons, camarades, en avant, en avant!*" was soon the watchword of these proconsuls; I saw that it was a moment when, through precipitation and want of care, victory would once more elude us. I exclaimed to Marceau, "Contrive to stop this cackling of Prieur and his colleagues, or to-morrow we shall be at Nantes, and the enemy will be at our heels." "This is not your place," quoth Marceau to the commissioners; "your presence can be of no use, and you are exposing yourselves to be shot." They discovered something that pleased their self-importance in this, and went away.

Kleber's dispositions assured the destruction of the Catholic army on the field of Savenay. The royalists struggled with the energy of despair; but they were hemmed in on all sides and enclosed; and the battle became a mere scene of carnage. There is a tone of manly pity in Kleber's account:—

We drove them back in inexpressible disorder; and then each column took a different direction to pursue the insurgents. The whole cavalry was launched against the fugitive masses. As the Loire and the marshes made escape impossible, the slaughter became horrible; piles of corpses were to be seen everywhere. A great number of these unhappy beings were drowned in the marshes of Montoir; others were taken prisoners.

This defeat ruined the Vendean cause, and made resistance on a large scale hopeless. Yet the commander to whom this

success was due became more than ever a mark for suspicion, and narrowly escaped dismissal from his post. The following characteristic scene occurred when the republicans entered Nantes in triumph:—

A civic crown having been presented to Kleber, a voice choking with anger demanded to be heard. It was Turreau, the representative of the people. "Crowns," he exclaimed, "must not be given to generals, they are due to soldiers; these only win battles. Honors bestowed on generals, with embroidered coats, have a disgusting savor of the old *régime*." Kleber was accustomed to other combats than those of the tribune; he asked leave to speak. Restraining his indignation, "It is not," he said, holding in his hand the wreath, "the generals of the republic who, like me, have almost all been grenadiers, that do not know that soldiers win battles; but neither is it the soldiers of the republic—they can all hope now to rise to command—that are ignorant that thousands of arms gain victories only when they are guided by a capable head."

Kleber after Savenay held a command in La Vendée, but for a few weeks only. The despatches in which he proposed a plan for pacifying and reducing the affrighted district, do equal honor to his head and his heart, and in truth foreshadowed the policy of Hoche. Had his words been listened to, there would have been no Chouan rising; and France would have been spared the horrors which marked the close of the revolt of the West. Kleber's evidence is conclusive:—

Turreau has brought into La Vendée the brands which have lit up civil war again. When he arrived everything was quiet and in peace. I had myself, at the end of 1793, set off from Nantes to Cholet, attended by four orderlies only. The roads were all alive with people passing by. Those from Cholet to Saumur, to Clisson, to St. Florent, to Mortagne, and to Montaigu, were equally safe. But the proclamation that a dozen columns were to march through the district, with fire and sword in hand, has caused a general commotion, and has forced those to revolt who had taken no part in the first contest.

Kleber, in truth, like his best companions in arms, detested Jacobinism and all its works; and it is a significant fact that not one of the eminent soldiers who, at this conjuncture, sprang up, as it were from her soil, to defend France, was a Terrorist or had Terrorist sympathies.

In the memorable campaign of 1794 Kleber was sent to the war in the Low Countries. He had given his word, when Mayence surrendered, not to serve against the allies again; but the government,

with a disregard of good faith more than once imitated by its successors in France, insisted upon his breaking his parole. As he played only a subordinate part in the great contest in which the republicans drove the coalition from Belgium and Holland, while, in La Vendée, he was the real leader, we shall but glance at his career in the more important struggle. From 1794 to 1796 Kleber was almost always a lieutenant of Jourdan; and though he often led large bodies of troops, and exercised that independence in command given even to inferior chiefs at that time, he never directed operations as a whole, or had the general conduct of a campaign. His correspondence at this period—the only one when he had experience of war in its broad and grand aspects—convinces us that he was not capable of the great combinations of his noble art, was not a general of the first order. It discloses none of those fine conceptions, sometimes as remarkable for their profound insight as for their imaginative splendor and force, which make the appearance of Napoleon on the scene a new era in military science. It does not often reveal a consciousness of the signal errors and of the false movements repeatedly seen in the operations of the French, whether on the Scheldt, the Meuse, or the Rhine; it does not contain any striking thoughts, or bear the peculiar mark of original genius. Nor can it be said that Kleber towered above his fellows in these campaigns, or even proved himself to be such a captain as Moreau in Flanders, or Hoche in the Vosges. Nevertheless, his letters afford proof that he understood war on a large scale, and that he has a place in the second rank of strategists. Thus he seems to have perceived correctly that the invading Germany on separate lines, by armies divided by the immense space between Strasbourg and Dusseldorf—one of the cardinal defects in Carnot's projects—was an undertaking of extreme danger; and he evidently believed that the true mode of operating was to advance with a concentrated force into the valleys of the Neckar and the Maine, the line always preferred by Napoleon. Thus, too, in the beginning of the campaign of 1794, he seems to have deprecated the grave mistake of detaching from Jourdan to strengthen Pichegru, that is of weakening the principal force, almost in the face of a collected enemy, in order to give support to the accessory. He writes thus to Jourdan: "I will not attempt to move upon Lens until I receive a second letter from you; reaching at too much is

slackening your hold on everything. . . . You will forgive this remark. You have but to repeat your orders and you shall be obeyed."

Again, in the campaign of 1796, Kleber appears to have understood the danger of the separation of Moreau and Jourdan, which enabled the archduke Charles to interpose between them, and to strike with great and brilliant effect. This letter to Moreau shows that the writer had a just notion of the situation as a whole: "The army under your command might do well to advance to Nordlingen and Donauworth. I presume, indeed, that this letter will find you at Nordlingen. . . . I beg you will let me know where and how you wish that the two armies shall effect their junction, and what are your views on the subject." Perhaps, too, we may infer from the following, that Kleber, instead of retreating to the Maine, was desirous of marching at once towards Moreau, and of joining that general on the Danube the very manœuvre, Napoleon has shown, which probably would have baffled the archduke: "As for our army, it is concentrated upon a solid line; it is protected by several streams, and is in readiness to move straight on the Danube which it faces."

Kleber, however, in these campaigns as always, was less a great chief than a great soldier. He won high honor on the field of Fleurus, in 1794, turning the point in the war; displayed extraordinary vigor and skill in pressing the allies in their retreat; conducted admirably the siege of Maestricht; covered himself with glory in the passage of the Roer; was a master spirit, in short, of the victorious army, ever since known as that of the Sambre and the Meuse, in its wonderful march from the Scheldt to the Rhine. Nor was he less conspicuous when the war reached Germany in 1795 and 1796; his energy at Altenkirchen was justly praised; and in the advance of Jourdan from the Maine to the Naab, he was successful in almost every engagement. Like others, too, of this great school of warriors, this eminent man made his fine powers conspicuous in defeat as well as in victory; no one perhaps was superior to him in the hour of danger; and more than once on the banks of the Lahn and the Seig, he extricated his army, when hardly pressed, with a coolness and skill not often displayed by the pretentious chiefs of the First Empire. Kleber justly thought an exploit of this kind as honorable as a more brilliant feat of arms, here again differing from the Im-

perial soldiers; thus he dwelt with pride on his successful retreat, in circumstances of extreme difficulty, across the Rhine, at the end of 1795:—

Don't you think that an army which, with an enemy in pursuit, finds its bridges broken down when it is about to cross a great river; which, unterrified by such an accident, takes an imposing position to repair the check it has sustained, and occupies the defiles in its rear which alone can maintain its communications with another *corps d'armée* exposed perhaps to the same dangers from the same cause; which displays extraordinary energy and indefatigable industry in restoring the means of passage—don't you think, I say, my dear colleague, that such an army has acquired a title to the notice of history, and that such an operation deserves to be reckoned as a victory?

Kleber, however, was more than a great soldier of the type common in French history. He had more experience in 1794–5 than most of his republican colleagues, and he possessed in the highest degree the faculty of military organization and of preparation for the field. No general of the army of the Sambre and Meuse was his equal in making real soldiers out of the young levies of 1793–4; and the task of providing for important movements was almost always entrusted to him. Like all who have excelled in work of this kind, he was an admirable judge of rising merit; and his keen eye soon perceived the talents of Ney and of other distinguished officers. For converting recruits into trained soldiers he relied, of course, in the main, on the methods which, from the times of Rome to our own, have been the only means of success—on strict discipline and attentive care; and though Napoleon scoffingly said that he was too much of a martinet for Frenchmen, this really was a sign of his excellence. In preparing for a great military operation Kleber seemed slow to enthusiastic sciolists; but he was generally successful and always sure; and his diligence in enforcing the exact performance of the duties that preserve armies from surprise or failure should be noted by French officers of our time. Take for example these orders for watching the Rhine at the close of the campaign of 1794:—

The troops shall occupy their cantonments to-morrow.

This day is to be employed in establishing and connecting posts along the Rhine; generals of brigade will act in concert in this matter, and will place the posts themselves. The troops must not occupy their cantonments until all this shall have been thoroughly done.

The greatest attention must be paid to the proper distribution of the men. The captain ought, as a rule, to be in the centre of his company, a *chef de bataillon* in the centre of his battalion, a general of brigade in the midst of his brigade.

Guards are to be established in the detached houses by the bank of the Rhine. . . . The object of these posts will be to observe the enemy attentively on the right bank.

All the boats on the left bank are to be carefully collected, bound together in front of the different posts, and secured by padlocks. A sentinel is to mount guard on the spot until General Kleber shall make further arrangements.

Each general of division will make a special report to General Kleber on the number and kind of boats in his front. The commander of the cavalry will take care that a cavalry picket shall be stationed at every outpost.

Had the generals of the Second Empire taken precautions like these — we quote from an order of Kleber in 1795 — France would not have mourned Forbach and Beaumont: —

Each division should have a small advanced guard of foot and horse in front, and a rear-guard of the same kind.

Generals of division will insist that generals of brigade are to march at the head of their respective brigades; staff-officers are to be distributed among the columns, and to exercise a strict superintendence. The severest examples will be made of men who fall out of the ranks to loiter about, or to pillage.

Kleber, too, like most of the republican leaders, while exacting strict and unflinching discipline, knew how to appeal to the finer sentiments of the French soldiery of this stirring period: "Hunting and shooting game are strictly prohibited. Patriotism ought to teach the soldiers that they should be sparing of the resources which assure us success. They ought to feel that the only use of our powder is to destroy the enemy."

The merits of Kleber in these campaigns, however, were lessened by defects which had become prominent. We have noticed his repugnance to supreme command, and he gave the French government much embarrassment, by refusing not less than three times, between 1794 and 1796, to command an army on the German frontier. This may have been due, in part, to modesty; but less worthy motives certainly concurred; and, as affairs then stood, it was unpatriotic conduct. Kleber, too, could not submit himself to the discipline he imposed on others; his self-esteem and republican pride caused him to chafe under superior authority; and, though

for the most part a loyal colleague, he was sometimes jealous, vexatious, and restive. It was said of him in the army of the Sambre and Meuse, that he would not command and could not obey; and, on one occasion, at the critical moment, when the archduke Charles was carrying all before him, he refused, in the face of his men, to do Jourdan's bidding — an act that deserves the severest blame. Besides, he was prone to make difficulties and to exaggerate obstacles that beset his path; he more than once wished to throw up his command on frivolous or inadequate pretexts; and he could be at times cross-grained and ill-tempered. From the following, written in the front of the enemy, we see how irritable his disposition could be; and it is necessary to bear in mind these flaws in his character to estimate rightly his conduct in Egypt: —

I assure you, my dear Jourdan, it is from friendship to you that I have accepted the miserable and odious command you have given me, and also because I had expected that under your orders I should not have to bear that hateful interference which was unknown in your army. I have been disappointed; and I now declare, that were I to be arrested, bound hand and foot, and even guillotined, I will no longer command these four divisions.

We would say a word, before we leave the subject, on these memorable campaigns on the Meuse and the Rhine. The generals of the army of the Sambre and Meuse were not leaders of the first class, or gifted with the highest military genius. They were all surpassed, we think, by the archduke Charles; and none of them could have conceived or executed the marvels of war witnessed on the Adige, or the march across the Alps that led to Marengo. Their armies, too, were imperfect instruments, composed largely of mere recruits, without appliances of many kinds, wanting in compact and effective force; nor could they compare with the Imperial legions which, organized upon the best model, and crowded with trained and veteran soldiers, overran and subdued an amazed continent. Yet the chiefs and soldiers that, in a few weeks, moved in triumph from the Lys to the Wahal, and that won for France the frontier of the Lower Rhine, performed assuredly great exploits; and in many respects contrasted favorably with their successors formed under the First Empire. Men like Desaix and Kleber had, in command, an independence and a moral force, not to be found in the Napoleonic generals, and the



want of which was often a cause of disaster. Compare, for instance, a self-reliant despatch like this, with the vacillations of Grouchy at Gembloux looking to his Imperial master for every order:—

I am now, my dear Jourdan, awaiting more positive instructions from you as regards the manner of holding the Lahn with the corps entrusted by you to my command. Of course it is not your intention that I should occupy the banks of the river from Limburg, or even from Nassau to the Rhine. Such a position, I think, would be disadvantageous to us both. I propose, then, that you should let me proceed to Limburg; I will then take a position behind the Elms, from which I shall be able to threaten all the points on that stream.

As a general rule, the republican leaders, upheld by patriotic and lofty sentiments, co-operated with each other with unselfish zeal, and were incapable of the mean jealousies so often injurious to the Imperial armies. Compare again, for example, this letter of Kleber's with those of Suchet to Soult in 1814, when Soult was appealing in vain to his colleague to assist him in making head against Wellington:—

The enemy's forces in my front are increasing every day; two days ago a large body of troops, both horse and foot, arrived, and yesterday a large mass of artillery. The right bank of the Rhine is bristling with redoubts and field-works. My consolation is that the greater the resistance I shall encounter, the less it will be on your side. I feel more interest in your success in crossing the river than in my own, for I am confident, as soon as you shall have placed a single battalion on the opposite bank, there will be much confusion here.

The chief secret, perhaps, however, of the triumphs of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, was that the republican soldiery of 1794-5 were hailed as liberators in the Low Countries, and generally respected property and life. Their march was, in a great measure, a beneficent and a welcome influence; the advance of the Imperial armies soon ceased to awaken popular sympathies, and caused widespread alarm and misery. Contrast the following proclamation of Kleber with the addresses in which Napoleon sanctioned deeds of blood and rapine in the name of glory, and we shall comprehend how a French army was greeted with joy in the first years of the war, and was execrated in all Europe at a later period:—

Courage must not be your only characteristic; your keen sense of duty is a pledge to me that you will observe discipline in the

countries you are about to enter. The possessions of peaceable peasants must be respected; do not allow men, enemies of your glory and of your reputation, to tarnish your victories by unworthy conduct. Do not betake yourselves to pillage, and present to an unhappy population the hideous spectacle presented lately by those hordes of the north, who left their homes to carry among their neighbors fire, the sword, and every crime that belongs to anarchy and license. A French soldier treats as brothers those not in arms against him; above all let the cottage, the abode of innocence and peace, remain a safe asylum for these virtues.

It is unnecessary, we feel sure, to direct the attention of the chiefs of the modern army of France to the moral suggested by these comparisons.

Kleber appears to have been not much liked by any of the republican governments. A caustic and rather incautious tongue, and a haughty and independent manner, were not pleasing to the men in power; and his repeated refusals to accept high command, and his insubordination in the campaign in Germany, told justly against him in public opinion. He was rather a marked man during the *coup d'état* of Fructidor; and is said to have been detested by Hoche, the successor of Moreau after the failure of 1796. He returned the Directory their dislike with interest, if we may judge from the following anecdote, which illustrates the weak side of his character:—

Petiet, the minister of war, wished to bring the merits of Kleber into notice, and tried to combat the resolution of the general not to present himself to the directors. He pressed Kleber so closely that at last he induced him to pay a visit to Barras. They found the director at a game of piquet. As Barras was playing when they entered the room, he merely saluted them with a nod; but when the game was over, he rose, addressed Kleber, and asked him if he had been acquainted with such and such general officers. After this, it being his turn to resume the game, he quitted him. Petiet and Kleber were scarcely out of the house, when Kleber exclaimed, "Is that the way they receive a man supposed to have worthily filled an important post?" "Nay, what have you to complain of?" said the minister of war. "You have been very well treated—he spoke to you." "Ah! if that be so, never ask me to see another of them."

He made this speech to the amazed directors when they applied to him before Fructidor: "I will, if you choose, shoot down your enemies, but if I turn my face to them, I shall turn my back on you."

Having resigned his command in 1797, Kleber fell into a kind of disgrace. He



was drawn out of an obscure retreat by the young hero of Arcola and Rivoli, then dazzling France and the world with his fame, who wished to have the best chiefs of the army as his lieutenants in the expedition to Egypt. Napoleon has said that the neglected general met his overtures with effusive joy; but this is not in keeping with Kleber's character, and from the following letter would seem to be incorrect:—

I have not yet made the acquaintance of Bonaparte (the date is that when the French fleet was about to sail); he appeared so unexpectedly upon the scene, he surrounded himself with so much consideration, and his rise was so rapid, that at the distance at which I was from him, it would have been impossible for me to observe or to follow him. I shall have to judge of him in the midst of the events that are about to happen. I shall then endeavor to understand him by noting his efforts to attain the great results he anticipates, and to read his character in the anecdotes to which he will not fail to give rise in the extraordinary circumstances of our situation.

Kleber, having agreed to go, set his heart to his work, and did good service in fitting out the troops. An eye-witness has left this record of an interview with the warrior just before his departure:—

The son of General Ernouf undertook to carry a set of documents relating to the East to the hermitage in the Rue des Batailles. Kleber was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a green greatcoat, with a high collar and gold lace, and seemed absorbed in studying a map of Egypt. He had not heard the young officer enter the room, and was following with his finger the course of the Nile, stopping now and then at the places where battles might be expected. At the end of a few minutes he suddenly raised his head, and recognizing the officer at once, exclaimed, "Ah, ah; so you are the son of my friend Ernouf. . . . I should like to do something for a comrade of the Sambre and Meuse. . . . Will you be my aide-de-camp?"

It deserves notice that, from the very outset, Kleber had misgivings as to the success of the enterprise. The clear-headed and experienced soldier—in a candid moment Napoleon called him the Nestor of the army, a happy phrase—was not allured by the gigantic visions of conquest and glory that possessed his chief, and wrote doubtfully thus to a friend: "I have involved myself in this expedition, though it appears to me rather lightly conceived. In this, as in many other conjunctures, boldness may compensate for want of forethought, and fortune will perhaps again crown with suc-

cess efforts which calm reason would have never ventured to undertake."

Napoleon, and writers who have followed in his track, have endeavored to prove that, despite its failure, the expedition to the East, even as he had planned it, was a grand project that promised success. Sober-minded inquirers, however, will share in Kleber's sceptical views on the subject, and will pronounce Napoleon's designs as a whole the mere aberrations of perverted genius. A descent upon Egypt was, no doubt, possible; but, in the case of a power inferior at sea, the permanent conquest of the country was in the highest degree improbable, and ought to have been considered hopeless. True it was that France had not yet acknowledged the supremacy of England on her own element, and that traditions of D'Orvilliers sweeping the Channel were still fresh in the French navy. But the victories of the 1st of June and St. Vincent had evidently caused a new era to open; and the easy superiority of our naval strength ought to have warned the soldiers and statesmen of France, how vain it would be to attempt to hold a territory even then most important to us, and hundreds of leagues from Toulon and Marseilles, against the power dominant in the Mediterranean. In any case, it was a capital mistake, in the existing relations of France with Europe, to send away the flower of the French army, into a nook of Africa at an immense distance; that is,\* when a general war was eminent, to expose the republic to the complete loss of its best commanders and of its choicest troops, an event which in a few months happened. But granting that something was to be said for the invasion and occupation of Egypt, what shall we think of the ulterior designs of the author of this much-vaunted enterprise? Egypt, in Napoleon's grandiose phrase, was to be made "a place of arms" against England; when the French colony had been established, an expedition was to be prepared, and to march from the Nile on our Indian empire. But with what resources, and under what conditions, was this gigantic attempt to be made? The French army, about thirty thousand strong, was to be raised to about twice that number, by a reinforcement of Fellahs and Moors; crossing the

\* Napoleon perceived this after the experiences of 1799, and pretends in his St. Helena writings that he actually dissuaded the Directory from the enterprise at the last moment. But nothing of the kind is to be found in his correspondence, the contemporaneous record of his thoughts.

desert into the plains of Syria, it was to be further increased from the Christian tribes; and it was to descend the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, having passed from the Jordan to the Orontes. A fleet, equipped at the Isle of France, was here to meet the adventurous host, and to follow its march along the seaboard, and, under this protection, the land force was to advance through the Gedrosian wilds, and to defeat "the oppressors of the East" on the Indus. This plan, from first to last, we need scarcely say, was a magnificent but a delusive dream. Could France have placed her military power in Egypt, could she have made the Persian Gulf a lake for her ships, could she have reckoned on Persia as a mere vassal, the enterprise might have had a chance of success, though, even in that case, we have little doubt, it would have terminated in some great disaster. But the French force in Egypt was a mere handful of men with scarcely a hope of aid from the mother country; the French squadrons could no more have mastered the Persian Gulf than the British Channel; Persia was not a dependant of the republic; and the notion, therefore, that a few thousand Frenchmen, with a motley array of untried auxiliaries, could, in these circumstances, make their way with success, through the space that divides the Nile from the Indus, must be considered a mere chimera. Had Bonaparte made the desperate venture, the catastrophe of 1812, we believe, would have been anticipated at an earlier date. As it was, the interference of two British men-of-war, and the fire of a contemptible Turkish fortress, forever extinguished his audacious hopes.

Kleber commanded a division of the "army of the East," and set off from Toulon on board the "Franklin," still remembered as the far-famed "Canopus," in the bygone days of our sailing men-of-war. Having seized Malta, the fleet reached its destination without loss or accident; though the squadron of Nelson, as is well known, missed the French by a few hours only, a freak of fortune which made a landing possible. Bonaparte marched directly upon Alexandria; and Kleber having been severely wounded was left in command of the captured city, while the main body of the army pressed on to Cairo. Kleber, no doubt by superior orders, carried out the policy of his chief in the place, caressed the Arab population and the sheiks, pretended to treat the Turks as friends, denounced the beys, and did honor to the Prophet; in short, prac-

tised the arts of that statecraft — unquestionably able but somewhat shallow — which Bonaparte reduced to a system in Egypt. For a few days all went on well; and though the military chest was low, and there was a good deal of disorder and brawling, the presence of the invaders appeared welcome. The fickle inhabitants greeted with applause the tidings of the battle of the Pyramids: —

We celebrated [wrote Kleber to Bonaparte] your brilliant victory with all the pomp Alexandria could display; there were salvoes of artillery, both night and morning, from the land and sea batteries; and every vessel in the two harbors was decked out with flags. I have been waited upon by the envoys and the merchants of the different nations which are represented here, and also by the chief Mussulmans of the city. All expressed loudly their devotion and loyalty to the French people. . . . During the night the marketplace, the bazaars, and the houses were illuminated and thrown open. The principal Mussulmans occupied a great reception room, where French and Turks went in as they chose.

This was written upon July 30; within two days the thunders of no mimic war, and the city red with no festal fires as the exploding "Orient" lit up the night, announced the destruction of the French fleet. Kleber witnessed the catastrophe from the lighthouse that looks over the roads of Aboukir; and \* even its immediate results were enough — what was to follow was yet unseen — to shake the bravest and most constant heart. Nelson, it was believed, would force the passes

\* The battle of the Nile had such immense results, that Napoleon in his "Commentaries" has endeavored to throw the whole blame on the ill-fated Brueys. His principal complaint — apart from errors in the tactics, as we may say, of the battle — is that the French admiral did not obey his orders, and take the fleet into the old port of Alexandria through narrow passes. An examination of his correspondence at the time shows that this accusation is far from well founded. (1) In a letter to Brueys (Corr. iv. 196), dated a few days before he set out for Cairo, Bonaparte proposed three alternatives for the fleet; either to enter the port, *or to anchor in Aboukir Roads*, or finally to take its departure for Corfu. (2) Bonaparte (Corr. iv. 217) left Alexandria knowing perfectly well that the French naval officers were of opinion that even 74's could not get through the passes, still less 80's and the "Orient" of 120 guns. (3) On hearing this, Bonaparte did not object (Corr. iv. 220) to the fleet taking its station in Aboukir Roads. (4) Captain Barré no doubt wrote to Bonaparte, then near Cairo, that the passes were practicable; but Brueys and Ganteaume (Corr. v. 188) were of a different opinion, and so probably was Nelson, for otherwise we may assume he would have entered the port and attacked Alexandria. (5) Admiral Jurien de la Gravière declares that Brueys wished to take the third alternative, and to go to Corfu, but that he was prevented by want of provisions. A candid reader will decide from all this whether Brueys alone was to blame. We may add that Napoleon in his "Commentaries" denounces Villeneuve for his conduct at the Nile, and in his "Correspondence" (iv. 366) covers him with praise!

which Brueys had not ventured to approach, and would bring his ships' broadsides to bear on the city. The aspect of Alexandria suddenly changed, and its seething discontent was increased by the conduct of the riotous survivors of the ruined squadron. It was loudly said, too, that the water supply of the city from the Nile was cut off; and while the country around was rising, and the French army was beyond the desert, the commandant was almost without resources, for the port-dues, assigned to provide for the garrison, in existing circumstances produced nothing. Kleber, however, was equal to the emergency, though he appears to have shown some ill-humor, and to have complained too loudly, though not without cause, that Bonaparte,\* in his haste to march to Cairo, had not taken sufficient precautions to protect Alexandria, his only base and place of refuge in the event of misfortune. He surrounded the city with defences which did credit to his practical skill and effectually shielded it from a bombardment. His authority kept the inhabitants down, and led them back to their ordinary ways; and he had soon disciplined the noisy seamen into an auxiliary force that did good service. At the same time he laid a heavy hand on the villages which had tried to revolt, or to intercept the flow from the Nile; and he contrived by blending persuasion and force to obtain funds for a time for his needs. Bonaparte, however, who had little sympathy with moderation in military rule, was not satisfied with the results; and Kleber having refused to levy requisitions on Alexandria wholesale, and having directed to the use of the place funds intended for the remains of the fleet, a serious collision almost took place between the two wholly dissimilar natures. Kleber's pride and independence flamed out fiercely:—

You forgot when you wrote to me that the canvass of history was in your hands, and that you were writing to Kleber. Yet I do not charge you with an afterthought; I could not believe it. I expect, general, by the returning courier, an order that shall suspend my functions, not only in Alexandria, but in the army, until you shall have made yourself better acquainted with what has occurred here. I did not come to Egypt to make a fortune; I have been always above such a thing, but I will not permit a suspicion to rest on my name.

\* Bonaparte, in accordance with his usual system, was, as he tells us in his "Commentaries," desirous of striking down the Mamelukes at once; but Alexandria and the fleet ought to have been covered first, and if there was no time for this, that only shows the imprudence of the enterprise.

The reply of Bonaparte is in what we may call his most graceful Circean style: "If clouds appear in Egypt they pass away in six hours; were there any on my side they would have vanished in three. I esteem you at least as much as you have sometimes professed to esteem me. I hope to see you in a few days at Cairo."

The difference was made up for the time; and Kleber gladly accepted a command in the Syrian campaign that was about to open; though unlike Bonaparte, who, in his usual way, had resolved to forestall the attack of the enemy, Kleber wished to await the Turks on the frontier. His principal exploit in this contest—remarkable chiefly for the defeat at Acre, which made the attempt to reach the first stage on the way to India completely hopeless—was in the engagement of Mount Tabor, one of the many victories in which the discipline of the West has triumphed over Asiatic numbers. The pacha of Damascus having advanced with a considerable force to relieve Acre, Kleber was detached from the siege with Murat to make head against this new enemy. The French gained some partial success; whereupon Bonaparte directed Kleber to fall on the communications and the rear of the Turks, no doubt expecting an easy victory. Kleber, at the head of a mere handful of troops, descended from his position on the heights of Nazareth, to carry out the orders of his chief; but, instead of finding a dispirited foe, he was suddenly assailed by a mass of cavalry outnumbering his little band fourfold. The battle was fierce and hotly contested, and was decided by the arrival of Bonaparte, who had marched up with a division from Acre. The report of Kleber, no doubt correct, contradicts Napoleon who, in his "Commentaries," has asserted that when he reached the field the position of his lieutenant had become desperate:—

We held our ground firmly, and I gave orders that the men should husband their fire. My intention was either to await the onset of the Turks or to remain where I was until the sunset. I knew that, in the latter event, they would disperse to seek their different encampments, and that I could probably avail myself of a retrograde movement to attack and to complete the victory at night, when they dread fighting. But the sound of a gun is heard! The calibre appears to be French. Our soldiers shout with joy; and I seize the occasion. . . . The enemy becomes a mass of fugitives. . . . Such was the battle; your presence accelerated and decided the victory.\*

\* Napoleon is probably unjust to Kleber in another

Kleber covered the rear during the retreat from Acre, and was sent to rule in the delta of the Nile on the return of the French army from Egypt. He had scarcely settled at Damietta, when a letter from Bonaparte apprised him that the general-in-chief was setting off for France, and that Kleber was to command in his absence. The veteran broke out into angry complaints, when he found, as he said, "that the bird had flown;" and the suspicious dislike he felt for a character the faults of which he clearly saw through \* expressed itself in unmeasured language. Undoubtedly much may be said against the conduct of Kleber during the next few months. As was his wont he disliked command; and as the command that had been thrust on him was, in the highest degree, odious, he exercised it without zeal or energy. Nor did he check the insubordination displayed by the troops and their chiefs after Bonaparte left; he encouraged it by his manner and bearing; and though he governed Egypt with judicious clemency, he betrayed an evident desire to quit the country. Yet in our opinion he was fully justified in the resolution he soon formed, to offer terms for the return of the army, even though the price was the surrender of Egypt. Napoleon, and other French writers, think they have made a triumphant case against him, have proved his conduct to have been all but criminal, because in the letters in which he informed the Directory of his avowed purpose, exaggerations and mistakes may be found; but this is merely evading the question. When Kleber assumed the command in Egypt, scarcely a hope remained that France could retain a permanent hold upon the country, and his main position was not to be shaken.

I am aware (he wrote to the Directory) how important the possession of Egypt is; when in Europe I have said that France could from

particular in this matter. He censures his lieutenant for leaving the heights; but an examination of the map, we think, demonstrates that this was a movement upon the rear of the pacha, in the spirit of the orders of the commander-in-chief, if perhaps not exactly that which he wished. The affair resembles that of Vandamme at Culm, but on a smaller scale and with different results.

\* French republican writers err in ascribing Bonaparte's departure from Egypt to personal fear, or even to purely selfish ambition. His motives were probably mixed; and doubtless he felt that he could be of the greatest use to France in her misfortunes. But the step he took shows how dangerous and injudicious the expedition to the East was. Bonaparte could not take his army back with him; the chances were all against his getting safely back to France. Had he been captured by a British cruiser France would probably have been invaded in 1800; certainly Marengo would not have been won.

this single spot influence the commerce of the four quarters of the globe. But a lever is needed for a work of this kind; and that lever is a fleet. Ours has ceased to exist; and as everything has since then changed, peace with the Porte, it appears to me, can alone enable us to withdraw honorably from an enterprise the object of which cannot at present be attained.

Nor was Kleber mistaken in his general view of the state of affairs which, even as presented to him, made it imperative to evacuate Egypt, and to restore to France much-needed defenders. When he first resolved to treat he was not aware of the exact situation of France and the Continent; but he did know that a great Turkish army was on the march to invade Egypt; that even Russia was in alliance with England and the Porte, and that a combined effort on the part of the three powers against his small force was not at all impossible; and finally that France was already beset by a coalition of victorious enemies. The broad facts, therefore, completely excuse him, however minute and malignant criticism may carp at details in his despatches. Moreover Kleber, as against Bonaparte, is amply vindicated in this matter. The most important charge of Napoleon is that Kleber understated the strength of his army, that it was really from twenty-four to twenty-five thousand men, and not, as he said, fifteen thousand only. Yet Bonaparte, in June 1799—that is, three months before Kleber's command—wrote thus to the Directory among other things:—

Next season we shall be reduced to fifteen thousand effectives; and deducting from these two thousand men in hospital, five hundred veterans, and five hundred non-combatant workmen, twelve thousand men only will remain, reckoning cavalry, artillery, sappers, and the staff. With this force it would be impossible to resist a combined attack, by the sea and by the desert.

Further comment on these words, fortunately published by the editors of the "Napoleon Correspondence," would, indeed, be superfluous!

Having resolved to treat, Kleber, as is well known, opened a negotiation with the grand vizier and with Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of Acre. The terms he first proposed ought to have silenced those who have not scrupled to call him a traitor, and must, indeed, be described as preposterous. The alliance of England, Russia, and the Porte was to be dissolved; Corfu and Malta were to be restored to France; the French army was to be sent

home in safety and to be disposed of as the republic pleased; and on these conditions only Egypt was to be given up. Sir Sidney eluded a vain discussion on the plea that arrangements of this kind could be considered only at a general peace; and Kleber having gradually abated his demands, consented at last to evacuate Egypt provided his troops were conveyed home with full liberty of ulterior action. Napoleon and his imitators have more than hinted, that it was exaggerated apprehension of the grand vizier's army which induced Kleber to submit to these terms; indeed Napoleon puts forward the theory that the Austrian traditions of his lieutenant's youth made him overrate the prowess of the Turk. It was, however, as we see from the following, the intelligence of the extreme peril of France at the close of 1799, and the scandalous surrender of the fort of El Arish which revealed the half-mutinous state of the French army, that really determined Kleber's purpose:—

Italy has been lost; our fleet has left the Mediterranean, and is blockaded at Brest; the Dutch fleet is in the power of our enemies; an English and Russian force is in Holland; Müller has been defeated on the Rhine; the defence of Alsace has been abandoned to its inhabitants; La Vendée has risen; Mayence is in a ferment. . . . I have this moment, too, learned that the fort of El Arish has been taken by surprise. . . . Taking all this into account, and also bearing in mind the difficult situation in which I am placed, and which becomes worse every day, I think that, as general and citizen, I ought to modify my original demands.

Kleber was also influenced by the fact, that the supplies and reinforcements which had been promised by Bonaparte on his leaving Egypt were not appearing or even heard of. His dislike of Bonaparte breaks out in this despatch to Desaix, whom he had made one of his commissioners to treat:—

I am convinced that I shall receive no more news from France, for this reason, that as no assistance can be sent here, it will be found more convenient to leave to me the task of unravelling this affair, and of approving or disapproving of my conduct according to the event. Bonaparte, there can be no doubt, had thrown this country over long before his departure, but an opportunity to escape was wanting, and he fled to avoid the catastrophe of a surrender. I say further, that had he found at Toulon the ten thousand men intended to reinforce me, he would have taken care they should not embark; he would have

enrolled them in the army he is about to command in person.

The grand vizier's army was in numbers vast; and Kleber felt the danger of staking everything in fighting it with a few thousand men. But he believed a battle would give him victory; and had little apprehension of the Turkish hordes. We see his real sentiments in remarks like these:—

My own personal interest prompts me to seek a battle; and, indeed, every evening when I go to bed I make up my mind to fight; but in the morning calmer and more rational ideas make me aware that I must sacrifice my own glory to the general interest. . . . Suppose I gain a victory; still, after gaining a delay of three months, I shall have, not to fight, but to capitulate, and were I beaten now I should have to answer to the republic for twenty thousand men.

Desaix, as is well known, urged Kleber to break the negotiations off, and thought it possible to defend Egypt. The answer of his chief was noble and wise; and Desaix, it deserves notice, did not accept the responsibility of his counsel and assume the command:—

You see I act upon my convictions; but if your heart entertains hope; if, disapproving of my conduct, you feel certain you can do better, I shall be very glad if you will explain yourself frankly, and then I will hand you over the command imposed on me against my will, and you will find I shall obey your orders as zealously and devotedly as you now obey mine. Speak out. As for me, I do not desire to see the wreck of this army destroyed without advantage to France; I have thought this enterprise a failure since the unfortunate affair at Aboukir and the declaration of war by the Porte; and so I shall hold to my purpose, indifferent whether praise or blame awaits me, for my conscience—always my best consolation—tells me I am doing well.

The Convention of El Arish was made in accordance with the conditions we have above referred to. We quote from an able paper in which Kleber explains his conduct to the Directory:—

I had hoped for reinforcements, because I knew that the Spanish and French squadrons were at Toulon, and were only waiting a favorable wind to set sail. They did so, but it was only to repass the straits and return to Brest. . . . The enemy at the same time learned our misfortunes in Italy, in Germany, nay, in La Vendée. . . . Meanwhile war was continuing in Upper Egypt; and . . . the plague was threatening us. . . . The capture of El Arish was a most unhappy event; from that moment protracting the negotiations became impossible. . . . The latest reports raise the Otto-

man army to eighty thousand men; forty-five thousand men were before El Arish, with fifty guns. . . . To this army I could not oppose more than eighty-five hundred men. . . . Still, notwithstanding this disproportion, I had hopes of victory, and might have risked a battle, had I been certain reinforcements would arrive. But the season passed away; no reinforcements came, and I was obliged to send five thousand men at least to watch the coast. . . . Without fortresses, supplies, money, or ships of war, I was bound to foresee the moment that has come, and to ask myself what I could then do to save the army. No other means of safety remained but those I have adopted.

Napoleon has hinted that had Kleber known that the Directory had been thrust from power, and his former commander installed in their seat, this "shameful surrender" would not have occurred. This, however, is a complete misstatement; Kleber, upon hearing of the 18th Brumaire, requested Desaix to set off for France, and to repeat to the first consul what had been done, expecting little consideration, indeed, but hoping for justice from one aware of the facts.

Put Desaix in the place of Kleber, and Kleber in the place of Desaix, and ask Desaix what in that event he would have done. Your heaviest task, however, will have to be performed in Paris; there you will have to support against irritated power weakness aided only by reason and truth. . . . If reason and justice preside when my conduct shall be judged I can only expect approbation; if personal ill-will, folly, and revenge, I should always have been condemned whatever course I had followed.

Berthier, too, the creature of Bonaparte, having hinted a disapproval of what had taken place, Kleber answered in this indignant language, which not only shows that he feared no inquiry, but that Berthier believed, when he left Egypt, that France could not retain her hold on the country: —

I shall not trouble you with the reflections suggested by your conduct; you must know what they are; nor shall I inform you of the state of this country. . . . But this I will do: I acknowledge the receipt of the letter you were so good as to write to me when you were embarking for France; . . . and I challenge you to let a deluded public know what you offered to paint in even darker colors for the Directory.

The judgment of history on these transactions is not doubtful. Kleber had no diplomatic experience; he may, after asking for too much at first, have been afterwards too facile; and he made a mistake in not ascertaining the extent of the pow-

ers of Sir Sidney Smith, and in agreeing to the Convention without Sir Sidney's signature. He is, also, in a great measure to blame for the insubordination in the French army, which caused the surrender of one of the keys of Egypt, and in other ways largely increased his difficulties. But that in the situation in which he was placed, and in which France stood at the end of 1799, he acted rightly in accepting terms which restored to his country a force she needed, at the price only of giving up a conquest, already half lost and impossible to retain, will hardly be questioned by impartial persons; his choice really lay between disaster and safety. This certainly was the view of the British Cabinet, for the Convention seemed to it too favorable to the French; and it was, in the main, that of Bonaparte, too, when writing as the responsible chief of the State, and not composing ingenious calumnies. The exile of St. Helena condemned Kleber; but what was the message of the first consul to Kleber, when thought to be on his way home? —

When this letter shall find you, general, the brave army of the East will have returned to France, after having left in Egypt immortal traces of its glorious achievements. The republic rejoices to receive again this illustrious portion of her defenders, absent so long, and so interesting for its devotion and its constancy. . . . As for you, general, you have amply justified the choice of the first consul, when, on his departure from Egypt, he placed the command of the army into your hands. ("Nap. Corr.," vi. 222.)

The Convention of El Arish was agreed to in the last days of January 1800. Kleber prepared, somewhat hastily, to quit Egypt; evacuated the eastern delta of the Nile; and keeping the main body of the French at Cairo, sent detachments onward to Alexandria. Upon this the grand vizier crossed the isthmus and advanced into the plains beyond; his numerous forces filling the country between Heliopolis and the desert in their rear. The author of this book repeats the old calumny, that the British government, in this state of affairs, wished to disavow the act of Sir Sidney Smith, and to insist on the surrender of the French army; but this is from first to last an error; and though the Cabinet, as we have said, disliked the Convention, it expressly declared that it would abide by it. Meanwhile, however, Lord Keith, aware of the sentiment in England upon the subject, had written to Kleber from Minorca, three weeks before the Convention was signed,



to warn him that, as chief of the Mediterranean fleet, he would not allow the French army to return to Europe except as prisoners of war. This letter reached Kleber when, in a military sense, his position appeared almost desperate, for the Ottoman outposts were near Cairo, and a rising in the city was threatening; but the brave warrior did not for an instant falter, and he led out his troops against the enemy. The battle that followed was the most remarkable of the many fought in these stirring campaigns. The French were compelled to assume the offensive; for they might have been driven into the streets of Cairo; and thus they could not employ the tactics of the Pyramids, and many other victories. Their little army, about ten thousand men, defiled silently, in the light of the moon, towards the ruins of the ancient City of the Sun; and Kleber—his noble and martial figure standing out at the head of his scanty staff—reminded a regiment as it passed before him, that to conquer was now the one hope of safety. The first encounter was disastrous to the French; their cavalry yielded to a Turkish charge; and the assailants made good their way to Cairo, which in a moment was up in revolt. Meanwhile, however, an advanced guard of the far-famed Janissaries had been cut to pieces; and the victors, moving steadily on, came at last in view of the Turkish position, a range of eminences covered by eighty thousand warriors, who spread mile upon mile, in irregular masses. The grand vizier's camp was soon all movement; and a vast multitude of exulting horsemen fell furiously upon the approaching infantry. The issue was now not a moment doubtful; regaining the advantage of the defensive, the French squares shattered their baffled foes; and the defeat of the cavalry proved the signal for the sudden collapse of the Ottoman army. Kleber gave no respite to the routed enemy; and the dissolving chaos of affrighted fugitives were driven beyond the range of the desert.

This astonishing success saved the French army; but the position of Kleber was still critical. Cairo was in insurrection and defied his arms; and he was driven to reduce the city by a regular siege. A severe example made of one of the suburbs soon, however, forced the population to submit; and the victory of the French was not sanguinary. Egypt was for the moment awed and prostrate; and there being no immediate fear of attacks from abroad, Kleber was enabled to extend once more a shadow of authority

over the country. He surrounded Cairo with redoubts and field-works; provided for the well-being of his troops; distributed garrisons at points of vantage; and made arrangements that, for the present at least, reduced the country to acquiesce in its lot. At the same time he ruled with a merciful hand; he checked extortion and military rapine; and he introduced modes of collecting the revenue, and of local administration of various kinds, which were a great improvement on Mameluke tyranny. Napoleon and others have argued from this that Kleber had changed his mind, and had become convinced that France could permanently retain Egypt, and that the facts point to but one conclusion. All this, however, is self-deception; the correspondence of Kleber proves that a few days after his great victory, he still thought he would be compelled to leave; and he regarded all that he accomplished afterwards as a mere provisional state of affairs. As for France having been able to keep Egypt, what is the plain and undoubted truth? For months after the Peace of Luneville, when he wielded the resources of a third of Europe, the first consul left nothing undone to reinforce the "army of the East;" but his efforts, vigorous as they were, failed; and the French were ultimately compelled to treat. Nor could the result have been very different had Menou been a more able commander, or had Kleber, or Bonaparte himself remained at the head of the expeditionary force; for so long as England was supreme at sea, the French in Egypt were an invested garrison, and their surrender was a mere question of time. Besides, Trafalgar was soon to come; and how could France have retained a country, on the south-eastern shores of the Mediterranean, when her flag had almost been swept from the seas?

The notion, in fact, of a French conquest of Egypt was then, and would be at this day, a delusion. Yet the occupation of that country by France forms an important event in the march of history. It not only shed lustre on her martial arms; it has ultimately been fruitful of good to mankind. France will never found a colony on the Nile; a French conqueror will never again propose to advance from Syria upon the Indus. But the enterprise of 1798-9, and the associations connected with it, undoubtedly led to the noble conception through which a water-way has been opened between the Mediterranean and the Erythræan seas, and the barrier of the isthmus has fallen. England holds



the seat of empire in the East; but it has been the peculiar glory of France to have linked Europe and Asia more closely together, and to have accelerated the commerce of two continents.

Kleber did not witness the event he foresaw, or return to France with his companions in arms. Though in every way a less severe ruler, he had not the caressing arts of Bonaparte; nor could he deceive with equal adroitness. A punishment inflicted on an Arab sheikh made him the victim of a ruthless fanatic; he was assassinated in the summer of 1800. Our estimate of this distinguished man will be gathered from what we have already written, and we shall not attempt to retrace the portrait. The remains of Kleber were conveyed to France on the return of the army in 1801; and, after lying some years at Marseilles, found at last a resting-place in his native town. A monument to the warrior has long filled a conspicuous place in a chief square of Strasbourg; the figure of Kleber stands erect, and seems to answer the message of Lord Keith with a gesture of stern and haughty defiance. This effigy and that of other great soldiers attracting the eye in several towns of the territory recently torn from France, must suggest strange thoughts, not to Frenchmen only, but to the foreign soldiery encamped on the spot, whose fathers saw Valmy, Fleurus, and Jena. France can still only say to her late antagonist, "*Tu nostros, invicta, tenes in pulvere manes;*" but the order of the world does not often permit a trophy of conquest to become permanent; and what else is the existing settlement of the oppressed lands of Alsace and Lorraine?

---

From Chambers' Journal.

FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

WHILE the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs once so gay and so beautiful had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted, or occupied by the enemy, and the villages whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society, and bound

together only by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue, carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearance of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among these refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was much attached, figures in the most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, sometimes entangled in a maze of brier-roses, their pink blossoms and green leaves falling around her in elegant garlands, and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favorite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art; and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground, so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work, one could not help thinking that after all the *lower animals* are perhaps not so far inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camellias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns

a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so of them encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till, over-excited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind-feet, till tired at length with her exertions, she would bound towards her master and throw the rings at his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners, and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her delicate constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl; and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible upon milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affectionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her, except when wanted by her master for some new study; and when it was ended, and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: "Now be off to Marie," with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *débris* of a school *fête* during happier times, placed it on the head of the little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind-legs, examined it with comical curiosity; and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted at it with her horns, twisting it round them, and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying as clearly as if she had the gift of speech: "Look! This is better than the coarse

imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing!"

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror, and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: "Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we should love each other still better!"

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly, and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when, the mother getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman, and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal, the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her, examined more carefully the state of things, when she found, to her horror, one of those large and poisonous caterpillars called in French *processionnaires*, which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that MacHenry, continuing his artistic labors in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie. Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes; and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris exhibition of modern art — the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the coloring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it, that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her into her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat: but it was in vain; no heat came, and the blood had almost ceased to

circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation, sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away; she only clung the closer to her nursling, and covering the child with her body, soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favorable impression, for his features were repulsive and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short, thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large, ill-favored bull-dog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessities of life for human beings — and that too without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare indeed to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one — alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute, who never failed to growl and shew his fangs when approached — asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh: "He has not begun yet to eat such big morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!"

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature, and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighboring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife-grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the

crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him, and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets; which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clew to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion the bull-dog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursling and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valor were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stopped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back, she renewed several times the same manœuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside like a terrier dog the long herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocket-book, which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to show that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found besides in this pocket-book, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that this pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced

to pass. The animal stopped for a moment, and looked at her; then as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered piercing shrieks, and MacHenry having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go; and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat; and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of its brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both; and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favored individual was received whenever he shewed himself with cries of "Be off, and quickly too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first."

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure; but they had hardly reached the entrance of the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been found murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighborhood, which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry and covered his eyes with his hands.

"What is the matter, my poor little fellow?" asked one of the bystanders. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: "That man! that dog! It was

they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid."

Every one looked in astonishment at his neighbor, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child; when MacHenry produced the pocket-book and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof, there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francs-tireurs*, and having been convicted of being concerned in the burning of a farm, was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. "I have now two children," he used gaily to say; "for my gentle, intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature!"

---

From The Edinburgh Review.

#### NORTH-COUNTRY NATURALISTS.\*

THE love of natural history is one of the happiest tastes with which any human being can be gifted. Should circumstances foster the feeling, it generally grows till it becomes a passion, and then one's leisure moments become a long recreation, awakening lively interests that go on increasing, with memories and associations that brighten life's labors. Your genuine naturalist is almost invariably an enthusiast. If his lines were cast in congenial places, as a boy he was always to

\* 1. *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, Thomas Edward, *Associate of the Linnean Society*. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Lives of the Engineers," etc. London: 1877.

2. *Sport and Natural History in the Scottish Highlands*. By JOHN COLQUHOUN, author of "The Moor and Loch," etc. London and Edinburgh: 1876.

3. *Natural History and Sport in Moray*. Collected from the Journals and Letters of the late CHARLES ST. JOHN, author of "Wild Sports of the Highlands," etc. Edinburgh: 1863.

be found in the company of the keepers and foresters. Even as a child he would be hanging on to the skirts of shooting parties, undutifully regardless, as we are sorry to be compelled to say, of the natural anxieties of a tender mother. Ten to one he sought the sport chiefly because it took him into those haunts of the wild creatures which had a mysterious fascination for him. For his pleasure was independent of times and seasons; when the various game-birds were under the protection of the statutes, and the hares were looking after their leverets, he would be quite as happy trudging after the keeper who was out on the war-path after winged and ground vermin. With an ardor that had more in it than mere boyish delight in bird-nesting, he would risk neck or limb in "swarming" up the branchless stem in quest of the eggs of hawk or hooded crow. With tremulous rapture he would watch the water-hen in the lonely pool from under the friendly cover of the alders, or flounder knee-deep through treacherous ooze among the sedges that sheltered her hiding-place, to the woeful detriment of his garments. Or, if he were of humbler degree, he would be but the keener in his pursuit for the obstacles unfriendly fortune opposed to him. When the opening days of the spring brought a flush of green over the landscape, he would play truant from the village school, "discounting" the inevitable chastisement, which became more and more severe for the hardened offender. He was far from a model boy according to popular notions. He struck up compromising friendships with most questionable characters. He was the sworn ally of rabbit-catchers, rat-catchers, mole-catchers, and *id genus omne* — nay, he had more than a speaking acquaintance with individuals who were in the habit of making themselves as much at home in the squire's preserves as his keepers, and whose pockets, had they been strictly searched, would have been found stuffed with snares and night-lines. Somehow, however, he seldom came to much harm; indeed, the chances were that he turned out as well in the end as his steadier companions who had always stuck to their books. For he was absorbed in the volume of nature, and the lessons he learned there he laid to his heart. In his love for nature's beauties and wonders he carried a charm with him that saved him from the contamination of his company; and though he might be incapable of analyzing his feelings philosophically, yet he found that they preserved their freshness

and purity. It might well be that circumstances proved too strong for his tastes. He might be torn from his early attachments, and condemned to the dull treadmill of routine in some city prison-house of bricks and mortar. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, thanks to the grave distractions or the constraints of society, he would become a mere *dilettante* naturalist and observer, making rough occasional notes and collecting stray specimens, but digesting no experiences that were worth imparting. Every now and then, however, some irrepressible young naturalist would become the father of the man. Irresistible genius, profiting by opportunities or stimulated by obstacles, would insist upon following its natural bent. He would feel himself impelled to write, and discover the vivid descriptive power that comes of unaffected interest in one's subject, and the enthusiastic fidelity that is a pseudo-inspiration. Then we have had one of those rare books whose fresh and vigorous simplicity makes them the delight of generations of readers.

For although the ordinary Englishman, whether he live in the country or the town, may be profoundly ignorant of natural history, yet he has generally a latent liking for it, which only needs to be awakened. Whatever the modern fashion of Lowland *battues* may seem to argue to the contrary, we believe it is seldom for the sheer pleasure of butchery that the man of the south pays a fancy rent for his moor or his Highland deer-forest. Often he may be scarcely conscious of the varied sources of his enjoyment, but it is the sights and sounds of the forest and the hill that contribute to it as much as the hope of slaughter. It would be dreary work without them, that heavy tramping through the rank heather-roots, or that patient stalk among the rocks and morasses. But his spirits are fluttered into unwonted buoyancy, and he forgets the fatigues that will follow his toil, as he sees the hawks, or possibly even the eagle, circling and soaring overhead; as he listens to the harsh croak of the raven or the whirr of the heavy wing of the blackcock; as he hears the crow of the grouse, though it may carry the alarm to the deer. Nay, even the cheerful twitter of the small moor-birds, the chirp and hum of the insects that swarm in the sunny heather, make a symphony that unconsciously soothes or excites him. So it is with the hard working man, who has his couple or so of holidays in the course of the summer. He may sometimes scandalize the advocates of

temperance and come home in more uproarious mood than he went out. But with the public-house over the way and the gin-palace round the corner, it was not merely to change the scene of a drinking bout that he has been saving assiduously through many weeks, and renounced the luxury of a lazy morning to be up and about with the early sparrows. Memory has been reviving exaggerated pleasures of anticipation, as he recalls the fresh fragrance of the fields and commons; the freedom of those zoological gardens where there are neither trim walks nor iron dens, — the bramble-brakes of Epping, the breezy downs of Boxhill, the banks of the winding Thames between Richmond and Hampton. Even the unhallowed trade of the bird-catcher points the same way; for it would never be worth his while to clear the copses and the hedgerows were it not that there was a market for those sweet songsters in many a court and grimy alley, where the country, hardly known save by hearsay, is symbolized by the sod of turf at the bottom of the tiny cage.

It is to that English sympathy with country tastes that we attribute the comparative richness of our literature in pleasant books by practical naturalists. We know that the Continent can boast of some of the greatest lights of the science. But a Linnæus deep in systematic classification; a Buffon sitting down to solemn composition in court costume and lace ruffles; a Cuvier overcharged from his learned researches in State libraries and elaborate collections, is no writer for the people, even had there been a people among their countrymen to write for. Our own Yarrells and Jennings are only known to a few as invaluable books of reference. Even the most spirited narratives of those adventurous naturalists who have braved death and hardship in an infinity of shapes that they might study the marvels of the tropical fauna, excite but an ephemeral and limited interest. Narratives like those of Bates's "Voyage up the Amazon," or Wallace's chases after butterflies in the balmy groves of the Spice Islands, are the books of a season, to be forgotten too soon. Yet nothing can be more intoxicating than those gorgeous pictures of tropical nature in her most lavish luxuriance and her gayest garb, which it is well-nigh impossible to overcharge. We are transported for the time to an earthly paradise, where the barriers that fenced its prototype are thrown down, and free admission is given to ferocious monsters. We are among trees of giant

growth and foliage, locked in the embrace of mammoth parasites, and festooned with the wealth of hanging creepers that fall in flowery curtains and floating veils. There are thickets interwoven of the primeval undergrowth, impervious to anything but the muscular reptiles that worm their way among the roots. There are quiet forest sanctuaries in natural clearings, where beneath the dense masses of the umbrella-like leaves is a chill that sends a shiver to the marrow and the darkness that may almost be felt. Yet overhead the sun is glowing like an orb of fire, in a sky that for weeks or months has been scarcely flecked by the semblance of a cloud. There are black slimy pools, the haunts of the alligator and water-snakes; while in the open the landscape is alive with forms of grace and beauty, and brilliant with the most fantastic specimens of animal and vegetable life. There are flights of gaily-plumaged birds, and troops of chattering monkeys, the changes in their voices warning you from time to time that some savage skulker of the forest is passing below them on the prowl. Groups of delicately tinted waders stand fishing in the shallows and on the spits of land that fringe the course of the mighty rivers. Sensation of one kind or another waits upon every step of the hardy explorer. It is at the peril of his life that he plunges into those jungles for the ferns that dwarf and nearly stifle him. He may be crushed in the coils of the anaconda, or caught in the spring of the jaguar. Venomous things whose sting is mortal lie hidden among the moss and stones he is scrambling over. In many places there is a fair chance of a flight of poisoned arrows from an ambush. And above all, there is the omnipresence of the fatal climate, where a drenching may mean an attack of ague; where the changes of temperature are swift and sudden, and where you may have to choose your camping-ground, when the body is wearied out, in the very shrine of the demon of fever.

Such narratives are rich with the materials of romance, and address themselves to one's natural love of the marvellous. But just because it is all so strangely unfamiliar, it makes a passing impression and nothing more. It is the "Arabian Nights" to a plain English story. We have been carried away in the spirit to the land of the genii, but when we have gazed and wondered, it is a relief to come home again. How different it is with such a book as White's "Selborne"! There we have an unpretending volume of English



parochial history, whose homeliness has been its universal recommendation. It is the matter more than the manner that makes its charm, yet there must be far more in that unpretending style than easily explains itself to critical reflection. Otherwise it would have never laid such lasting hold on the affections of innumerable ardent admirers. You made fast friends with the author as a boy; through your life you retained your kindly remembrance of him, although the urgency of engagements may have kept you apart; but should you retire to the country in your declining years, you naturally slip back into the old intimacy. White has done to perfection what he urges others to undertake. He handled the popular subject in which he was thoroughly at home, in language that is always easy and often spirited or quaint. He has the delicate feelings of a poet with the eye and touch of an artist, and the result was those easy flowing idylls of rural life and nature. We like him the more that he is but roughly scientific, and makes no parade of being technically instructive. He knew little or nothing of geology; it is not the origin or formation of his favorite Sussex Downs he is thinking about, as he leisurely jogs on his hackney over "that magnificent range of mountains," admiring the distant views or observing the habits of the choughs or wheatears. He has the delightful knack of repeating himself with no impression of monotony. So that at the last we are almost as familiar as himself with the aspect and the scenery of his parish and its neighborhood; with the Hanger, and the deep worn lanes, their banks watered with perennial landsprings; with the cliffs that, according to his favorite theory, sheltered the hibernating swallows; with the venerable trees on the village green and the old church-tower with its colony of swifts. He had the secret of success of the local naturalist, in living so entirely in his own little world, although he kept his mind open by intercourse with accomplished correspondents like Pennant and Barrington, or by the purchase of such foreign books as Scopoli's "Birds of Carinthia." His strong personal interests were bounded by the circle of his rides, but beyond the boundaries of his roughly cultivated parish, lay the wild and thinly settled country that gives the romance to his quiet volume. When there were no railways and few decent inns off the highroads, Alice Holt and Woolmer forests were practically as far removed from the Londoner as the Tyrol or the Norwegian Fjelds nowadays.

The black game had disappeared from them a generation or two before, and they had ceased to shelter the red deer which had gone out with the "Waltham blacks." But the swamps and solitary pools in these sandy wood-grown wastes were still the favorite resorts of a great variety of waterfowl; and every now and then in the winter there would come an event in the arrival of some less common visitor.

Gilbert White is still *facile princeps* in his own field and style, and the reason partly is that few English naturalists of our time can enjoy similar opportunities. It pleased him to use his eyes and brush up his faculties as few country gentlemen had done before him, and consequently almost everything that he had to tell was new. But he and some of those who took after him set people thinking and noting, so that future observers could no longer provoke curiosity by dwelling on the ordinary habits of mice, and sparrows, and swallows. Then cultivation made steady progress with the new generation of scientific agriculturists. Landowners learned to fence and drain, burdening their rent-rolls to extend their operations when they found that the work of reclamation repaid them. The fowls of the air and the birds of the field had warnings to quit their immemorial haunts; birds of passage that had paid their visits regularly, avoided the resorts where they used to seek a resting-place, and the old single barrels went out of date, and flint guns were replaced by percussion locks. All the gunners in a parish were up in arms when the advent of a bustard was signalled on the downs, or that of a bittern in the neighboring fens. The coasts were picketed in the time of probable flights by loungers on the watch for anything that would fetch its price for museums. The hoopoe or the golden oriole had but a poor chance of penetrating to sequestered places of refuge in the interior; and, in short, the pursuits of the English naturalist became gradually more tame, if not unprofitable. We have had charming books on the country by such graceful writers as Howitt, Jesse, and Miller; but these later authors have dealt chiefly in those descriptions of scenery which are ever fresh, and have only touched incidentally on wild creatures except when they had curious anecdotes to tell.

In Scotland, as might be expected, the case has been somewhat different. The northern part of the island, with its mountains, moors, and morasses, with its lakes and long arms of the sea, with its precip-



itous inland peaks and its inaccessible cliffs on the sea-bound coast, always remains a great natural preserve. Much of the country can best be turned to account by being retained as sheep-walks, deer-forests, and grouse-moors. The shy birds that are driven from the Lowlands by high farming would only have to shift their quarters were they left undisturbed. But even in Scotland the work of destruction or extermination has been going on apace. The enormous rise in the value of shootings has encouraged an extensive system of preservation, and glens where the appearance of a man with a gun was once a phenomenon are now regularly patrolled by armed keepers and gillies. Everywhere out of the deer-forests, in which it is an object to keep down the game, the *mot d'ordre* is to give no quarter to anything that goes by the name of vermin. It may be a question whether eagles and falcons do much appreciable harm to shootings that swarm with mountain hares; it is certain they do excellent service occasionally in killing off the diseased game-birds that might otherwise infect the coveys; but at all events their impending extinction is deeply to be regretted from the picturesque point of view. What can be more graceful than their circling flight, as they float seemingly without an effort against the sky or the cloud-drift; or their powerful swoop when with rushing pinions they shoot swiftly down on their prey in the heather? But skilled keepers make it their study to circumvent them, while naturalists and proprietors of museums offer fancy prices for their eggs. No doubt they are wild and wary. When they are fasting or out upon the hunt with all their faculties on the alert, it is difficult indeed to approach them unobserved. But on the other hand, they often fall victims to their voracity or rash impetuosity. We have ourselves felt the "sough" of the eagle's wing on our cheek, as he swept past our shoulder in a mist on the mountain-top in hot pursuit of a flying ptarmigan; and when he has gorged himself to repletion on the carcass of some sheep that has come to an untimely end by flood or by accident, he crumples himself up in a ball of ruffled feathers that may be knocked over by a shepherd boy with a stick. As for the peregrine and the nobler breeds of falcons, their haughty instincts often bring them to an untimely end. Like the mountain sheep, the *mouflon*, the chamois, and other inhabitants of the high places of the earth, they assume that they command creation from their

pride of place, nor dream of danger descending on them from above. So the peregrine as he perches on the splintered pinnacle, sweeping sea and land with his far-reaching glance, may be ambushed from some crag that dominates his resting-place, and tumbled over with a quiet shot. Their breeding-places ought to be comparatively secure, since they for the most part are in some shelving recess protected from above by some natural cornice. But to men who are used to risking their necks, where there is a will there is generally a way; and with the prospect of gaining a guinea or two by the escalade, the odds are on the cragsman against the birds.

An excellent authority on the changes that have come about in course of the last half-century or so in the *fera naturæ* of the north of this island, is Mr. Colquhoun, the author of "The Moor and Loch," and other well-known books on sport. Some years ago Mr. Colquhoun delivered a lecture on the subject in Edinburgh, which has since been published, and which contains the pith of the matter in a very few pages. No man knows better what he is writing about, for he shot as a boy over his father's extensive Dumbartonshire property on the confines of Highlands and Lowlands, which since then has of course been greatly improved. What he has to say about ground game and ground vermin is especially worth noting. When he was a schoolboy the henroosts of the chief of the Colquhouns and his tenants were plundered nightly by wild cats or pine martins. Since then the coverts that harbored these plunderers have been generally cleared away, and with the exception of the foxes which are to be found everywhere, they have left nothing more formidable than polecats to represent them. Both martin and wild cat, according to Mr. Colquhoun, are easily killed down on our hills. Unlike most of their congeners in foreign countries, they are so bold and greedy that they will rush upon the bait utterly regardless of the snare. When a good dog comes upon their strong scent, they are quickly "tree'd" or run to earth. And if they have taken refuge, as they are apt to do, in a hole in the rocks, the application of smoke will speedily bolt them. So it will only be fulfilling its obvious destiny, should the emblem of the Clan Chattan soon be seldom met with out of collections of stuffed animals. For our own part we shall regret him, savage, morose skulker as he is. For nothing could chime in better with the solemn impres-

sions of a Highland landscape by moonlight than his long, melancholy wail from some lonely cairn by the lake-bank, or out of the deep gloom of some dark pine wood. Badgers also are fast diminishing in numbers, although their stealthy nocturnal habits are in their favor, and they are by no means in the way of walking blindly into traps. Both the badger and the otter have a wonderfully quick apprehension of danger, and an extraordinary instinct for secreting their young. As Mr. Colquhoun remarks, it is owing partly to his being protected for sporting purposes, partly to his cunning and the secluded life he leads, that the otter is still so universally distributed over the island. But even in Scotland the otters have been greatly thinned down, especially as they are inveterate enemies of the fishermen. For the otter will not be content with watching the shallows, and killing and devouring his salmon. Though something of a glutton he is more of a *gourmet*, and if "fish" are plentiful, after having taken a bite from the shoulder he will leave his first victim to go in search of others. On the other hand there are other animals that have been multiplying rapidly, — the red deer for example, now that so much of the mountain grazing ground has been turned into still more lucrative "forest," and that the forests for the most part are overstocked. Unhappily it is but rarely at present that you come on the superb heads of former days, for the breed is dwarfed as the ground is overcrowded, and the improvements in the rifle are fatal to the deer that carries a "head of ten" and horns of mark. Thanks to his craft and wind, and the wild character of the country where he haunts, the mountain fox with his spare and sinewy frame can hold his own against his enemies. Nor need he hazard himself in the lowlands in search of prey, now that the hills are overrun with the mountain hare and in many places with the rabbit. Mr. Colquhoun can remember how in 1822 he saw the first stray specimen of the mountain hare. He was shooting ptarmigan on the summit of Ben Voir-la, a near neighbor of the more famous Ben Lomond, when "a large blue hare rose out of reach and cantered leisurely round the rocks. Now," he goes on, "like locusts they swarm in Glenfalloch and Corrynge, have descended in force on Arrochar and Glen Douglas, are numerous in Glen Luss and Glen Fruin, disputing possession with their red rivals even to the very verge of the Highland line." So in 1830 the apparition of a squirrel made as

great a sensation among the men of Dumbartonshire, as if a flight of flying foxes had descended in the Kentish hop gardens. Since then a migration of squirrels has been setting steadily northwards; the Perthshire woods have long been peopled by them, and, as we know personally, within the last twenty years they have made their way across the Don in Aberdeenshire. The roe must of course increase with the spread of plantations; and rabbits swarm to the sorrow of the farmer, where a century ago they were as unknown as the musk-rat. So the capercaillies have taken very kindly to the Perthshire woods, where they were introduced by the late Marquis of Breadalbane. Mr. Colquhoun has to tell too of the expulsion of the old Scotch black rat by the grey Norwegian invader, who, as he believes, is likewise responsible for the destruction of the black water-vole. And he adds that stoats and weasels have increased with the general increase of rats and rabbits, and he comments on the disturbance of the balance of nature by those artificial laws of proscription that are ruthlessly carried out by myrmidons of the game-preserves.

Mr. Colquhoun's sketch of the changes he has witnessed is merely in outline, though it roughly embraces England as well as Scotland. In the two other books which we have taken for the subjects of our article, the authors have confined themselves to limited districts, and go into far more minute details. Both were enthusiastic practical naturalists, chiefly self-taught, but there the resemblance between them ends. Charles St. John was a man of high connections and fairly easy means, though it was for economy, we fancy, as much as from the love of sport, that he first settled in the north of Scotland. For St. John was a keen sportsman, and it was rather to kill the time that hung heavy on his hands, that he first went in systematically for the pursuit that subsequently engrossed so much of his attention, while Thomas Edward was a hard-working man who had to support a wife and family; but of his very remarkable story we shall have more to say hereafter. But both lovers of nature relied for their facts almost entirely on personal observation, taking extreme care to make special mention when anything had been brought under their notice at second hand.

The habitual beats of the one may be said to have bordered on those of the other. Edward pursued his trade as a shoemaker in the small provincial town of

Banff, on the south side of the Moray Frith. St. John, when he wrote his "Natural History and Sport in Moray," had taken up his residence at Invererne, near Forres; and subsequently he shifted to a house that stood almost in the suburbs of Elgin. Perhaps he could hardly have hit upon happier headquarters for his favorite objects. The county of Moray is half highland and half lowland; and he was on terms of intimacy with most of his country neighbors, so that he could range very much where he pleased. From hills whose stone-strewn summits were the haunt of the ptarmigan, and whose slopes and sheltered corries were grazed by the red deer, or sprinkled by the grouse and the black game, swift salmon streams come shooting and tumbling between walls of rock over beds of boulders to the broad cultivated straths through which they flow to the ocean. The hanging woods that clothe their precipitous banks, and the great fir woods that cover the watersheds between them, are the favorite breeding-ground of an infinite variety of birds. Even the herons had a settlement between Darnaway and Altyre, before they were driven away by pilfering jackdaws. The low ground between the hills and the sea—that country of Moray where "all men used to take their prey" in the old raiding times—enjoys a wonderfully genial climate for those northern latitudes. Many species of delicate migrants are tempted to make a temporary sojourn there; the creeks and the winding bays along the shore are crowded in the season with all sorts of sea-fowl, ducks, divers, and waders; while such inland lakes as the loch of Spynie used to be peopled with swans and geese before these strangers were persecuted beyond endurance. The shootings St. John rented at Invererne was the paradise of a naturalist and of a sportsman who preferred variety to quantity, with its covers and sheltered home-paddocks, and its stretch of weather-beaten wilderness behind the sand-hills, where the furze was gnawed by the rabbits into all manner of fantastic forms, and the foxes grew to be like wolves in size and strength. While the gardens of his house at Elgin, with the overgrown shrubberies and the old walls covered with fruit-trees, being strictly preserved against all comers as a sanctuary, became a natural aviary.

It was the late Mr. Cosmo Innes, sheriff of the county and clerk of the Court of Session, who came forward as a literary sponsor to St. John, casting some of his rough notes into shape for an article in

the *Quarterly*. But the ice once broken, and encouraged by the cordiality with which the article was received, St. John was persuaded to try the pen on his own account; and his "Wild Sports and Natural History in the Highlands" was followed by his volume on Moray, and the narrative of a tour in Sutherland. He had the usual success of a man who writes with knowledge and feeling on pursuits to which he is devoted. His books breathe the air of the country; they are full of curious and instructive facts told in a natural and lively fashion; though so far as method goes, his only guides are the direction of his strolls with gun or walking-stick, the courses of the seasons or the change of the weather. We have no intention of dwelling on them, since they have been long before the public, and should be familiar to all whose fancy lies that way. But we should be glad if other country gentlemen, who have leisure like him with good powers of observation, could be induced in some measure to follow his example; and we are tempted to give an idea of the pleasures of his quiet life, and the variety of information he collected in the course of it. Here we have a fair specimen of his style, in a description of the county of his adoption:—

A more strikingly varied drive can scarcely be taken, than from the Spey at Grantown down to Forres on the seaside, near the mouth of the Findhorn River. After emerging from the woods at Castle Grant in the immediate vicinity of the Spey, and that curiously built place Grantown, with its wide street of houses almost wholly habited by Grants, the traveller comes out on the extended flats and moors of the district round Brae Moray, where there is scarcely a sign of life, animal or human; except when a grouse rises from the edge of the road, or runs with head and comb erect a few yards into the heather, and then crouches until the intruder has passed by. There is, to be sure, a turnpike house here, but it is a wretched-looking affair, and its tenant must live as solitary as a lighthouse keeper. After several miles of this most dreary though not very elevated range, the road, leaving the first view of the Frith and Cromarty Bay, enters the woods and for a long distance passes through a succession or rather one continued tract of fine pine-trees. It goes through the beautiful woods of Altyre and along the banks of the most picturesque part of the Findhorn, and gradually descending, it opens upon the rich fields of Moray and the broad Moray Frith, with the mountains of Ross, Caithness, and Sutherland—a glorious range—in the distance: a great and most pleasing change from the dreary brown muirland near Brae Moray. Having passed through the long and varied

tract of woodland, the road suddenly emerges into the rich open corn-land of the most fertile district in Scotland, near the bay of Findhorn, where the river, as if tired by its long and rapid course, gradually and slowly mixes itself with the salt water of the Moray Frith. By crossing the river near this spot, another very different kind of country is reached,—the strange sand-hills of Findhorn or Culbin. Thus in a very few hours' drive, as great a variety of country is passed through as could be found in any part of the island, each portion of which is characteristic and interesting.

The near vicinity of the sea gave him constant opportunities of observing the habits of the aquatic birds. Some species of ducks like the mallard and the teal bred regularly in the country, occasionally making their nests in places apparently the most opposed to their instincts. Marshy land in the neighborhood of pools or running streams is where their nests are naturally to be looked for. But St. John says that it is by no means uncommon to find them appropriating a crow's nest at some distance from the ground; while they not unfrequently hatch out their eggs in places where the young must be carried to the water. The widgeons and sheldrakes, on the other hand, are never known to breed in Scotland: the stray birds he has met with in the course of the summer he believes to have been wounded and so prevented from migrating. Some of the rarer species, such as the golden eye, used to make their appearance in pairs, using their individual discretion as to the times. Now and then—for instance, in February, which is the coldest month in these parts—a golden eye, or a brace of them, would come flying in from the bay when the ground was buried in snow and the river was half locked in ice. Then they would pitch in an open spot of water, only to be driven away by the drifting "pack." But the arrival of most of them, as of the geese and swans, could generally be foretold to within a day or two. They had a double visit from those that did not pass the winter with them,—in the autumn and in spring, though the former was commonly but a brief one. Mr. St. John enumerates half-a-dozen varieties of geese with which he became familiar; and the habits of all are singularly interesting. They are almost as difficult of approach as the red deer, being gifted with extraordinarily keen scent and sight, feeding in flocks in the open country, and setting pickets and regular sentinels. He tells with a sportsman's pride how one of his little boys dragged himself and a

gun nearly as heavy, through rushes and overgrown ditches that would have been impracticable to a full-grown man, till, getting within range of a flock, he made a brilliant "right and left among them." It was strange that the advance parties of the bean geese always flew into the bay simultaneously with the sowing of the first oats in the flat plains where they found safe feeding. Thereafter they gathered in daily in fresh flocks, floating through the dark hours on the surface of the bay, and flying inland with the early dawn. "After feeding in the fields in the morning, the geese either retire to the bay or to some quiet hillside or marsh where they wash or rest themselves. About three o'clock they again feed, and towards dark all return to the bay, often coming many miles." The brent geese again delight in seaweed; in the winter they fish up the roots of the floating algæ; in spring they collect in the submerged pastures that have been left bare by the reflux of the tide.

The noblest of all the marine visitors was the wild swan, of which there were two kinds, the Hooper and Bewick's. In old times the swan could pay his visits with comparative impunity. Even if an enemy succeeded in getting within shot, the charge of shot from the old-fashioned gun rattled almost harmlessly on the strong sheathing of his quills and down. But since the invention of cartridges and the improvement in rifle practice, their numbers have been rapidly diminishing; indeed many years ago the decrease had been painfully conspicuous, to St. John's great regret. "No birds," he says, "offer so striking and beautiful a sight as a numerous flock of large swans on wing, while their musical cries sound more like the notes produced by some wild-toned musical instrument than the voice of a bird." He writes in October:—

The first flock of swans which I have seen this season are just arriving in a long, undulating line. As they come over the sands, where they will probably rest for the night, the whole company set up a simultaneous concert of trumpet-like cries; and after one or two wheels round the place, light down on the sand, and immediately commence pluming themselves, and putting their feathers in order after their long and weary flight from the wild morasses of the north. After a short dressing of feathers and resting a few minutes, the whole beautiful flock stretch their wings again, and rise gradually into the air, but to no great height, their pinions sounding loud as they flap along the shallow water before getting well on wing. They then fly off, led by instinct or the experience of former years,

to where a small spring runs into the bay, and where its waters have not yet mingled with the salt sea. There they alight and drink and splash about to their hearts' content. This done, they waddle out of the stream, and after a little stretching of wings and arranging of plumage, standing in a long row, dispose themselves to rest, every bird with head and long neck laid on its back, with the exception of one unfortunate individual, who, by a well-understood arrangement, stands with erect neck and watchful eye to guard his sleeping companions. They have, however, a proper sense of justice, and relieve guard regularly like a well-disciplined garrison.

Brought up from boyhood to carry a gun, St. John was a sportsman by instinct and training. He sighs at the impossibility of getting within shot of the flight of swans, whose graceful movements he has been watching with so much pleasure; he feels remorse at the expiring glance of the roe he has just knocked over, and then, like the rest of us who are given over to shooting, he makes a fresh start after the beagles, all anxiety to have a shot at another. Nay, his enthusiasm as a naturalist sometimes makes him guilty of what seems to us almost as wanton bloodshed as the murder of the albatross by the ancient mariner; and he shoots ospreys and peregrine falcons for his own collections or those of his friends, although lamenting that these beautiful birds are far more scarce than they used to be. But the bloodthirstiness of the mere sportsman is quickly sated, while the curiosity of the naturalist and admirer of nature is always on the *qui vive* and getting the upper hand. Standing at his post in a battue — one of those north-country battues where great woods with a comparative sprinkling of mixed game are driven by a scattered line of beaters — he neglects the chances of the sport or reserves his fire, to observe anything that happens to interest him. The antics of a wily polecat, for example, that tries to sidle up to an excited but suspicious blackcock; or the identity of some bird but dimly distinguished, as it goes fluttering and twittering under the screen of the foliage. He is always eager for a day's bird-nesting with his boys, that he may study the instincts that teach the art of concealment, and the science of ornithological architecture. And from those constant researches and observations extending over so many years, he has noted down a great mass of information in the most unaffected style, and compiled an invaluable and most enjoyable guide to those who are treading in his footsteps. We may say of

him, as we have said of Gilbert White, that though he repeatedly goes over the same ground, we have no feeling of monotony. He interests us heartily in his objects and adventures. He tells, for instance — we select some illustrations at haphazard — how he had hunted in vain through many seasons for the nests of the curious crossbill in the beautiful woods of Dulsie, until we have a personal sense of disappointment when we hear that he never found any; and we are proportionately relieved when we learn from a note that at last he had the inexpressible gratification of receiving a nest and eggs from a Rosshire keeper. He hears a bird singing in his garden, and fancies he recognises "the full rich song of the blackcap." For days he keeps on the watch, while the shyness of his little warbler baffles him, but at last he can tell in triumph that he has succeeded in identifying it. One memorable day he catches a glimpse of the wryneck; he had never before or since heard of its being visible in that country. Again he is delighted by lighting upon a shoveller's nest; "eleven eggs, in a very wet grassy place; the bottom of the nest quite wet — not a great deal of down — but what down there was was very black." On the next day he makes an assault on the breeding-place of the peregrines at Covesea, and carries off the young from under the maternal wing, "just about the right size for taking." And all that light and lively but exact narrative is interspersed with touches of the picturesque and romantic; as when he pauses in a moonlight walk to speculate on the vivid play of the "merry dancers," or aurora borealis, or listens dreamily after nightfall to the plaintive whistle of the otter; or looks after the spectre-like forms of the rooting badgers, or of the owls floating noiselessly down the glades among the pines.

Thomas Edward, the Banffshire naturalist, must have been a still more remarkable man, and almost as good company in his way, though born in a very different station of life. St. John was an enthusiast like every born naturalist, but the enthusiasm of Edward verged on monomania. Mr. Smiles' book necessarily loses by being in the shape of biography instead of autobiography, but it is freely interspersed by autobiographical passages, and we may add that the literary work has been excellently done. We know something of the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, and have had opportunities of making acquaintance with the humbler classes

there; so that we can appreciate the felicity with which Mr. Smiles has identified himself with their habits of thought, and the fidelity with which he borrows their phraseology. Edward was the son of a veteran pensioner, and was apprenticed as a boy to the trade of a shoemaker, by which he afterwards maintained his wife and family. We can recall no more striking example of an irrepressible bent in a particular direction; and yet his sense of duty and his family affections were so strong, that they constrained him to reconcile them with the indulgence of his genius. So far as what we call success in life has been concerned, his has been hitherto a melancholy story; and yet we may doubt whether, after all, his life has not been an exceptionally happy one. At least it is an illustration of the remarks with which we began our article, and as a child and a boy his pronounced tastes made him a sore trouble to his respectable parents. But he only followed his fancy at the cost of self-imposed privations and the imminent peril of his limbs; and was merely a scapegrace, not a scamp. Later in life, with a household dependent on him, he was in a position where most men would have been driven to choose between earning a respectable livelihood or becoming a vagrant and possibly a poacher. Edward decided that without interfering with his hours of work he would devote his leisure to his favorite pursuits; and that meant systematically sacrificing his sleep and frequently stinting himself in his meals. His health gave way in the end under the terrible double strain imposed on it, and his body was shattered and battered by the incidents his habits invited. Nothing short of an iron frame with a most indomitable spirit could have carried him on so far and so cheerfully. When he tried to better his condition by his scientific labors, he was baffled by disappointment on disappointment; and repeatedly he had to part with his cherished collections to avert the many troubles that threatened to overwhelm him. Such friends as he made seem either to have had little in their power or to have been lukewarm. The scientific gentlemen whose acquaintance he formed through his publications in technical periodicals either never knew that their correspondent was a poor working man, or else chose to ignore the fact. Some would-be local patrons actually went the length of entertaining him at a banquet, where one of them, in a rare outburst of economical philanthropy, gave him as much praise as he could comfort-

ably swallow, winding up with the singularly practical peroration: "Assist and encourage him by all the means in your power, but" — here he paused and all eyes were turned upon him, — "but," he continued, "give him no money" (loud cheers). "I know him, as you all do, to be no drunkard, no idler, but a sober, hard-working man. But still I again say, give him no money. Give him *books*; provide him with the means of reading, and he is just the man to make money for himself." It is charitable to believe that the animated orator had as little conception of Edward's experiences as of the impossibility of realizing a competency by writing between days of toil and nights of roving. As matter of fact, the poor shoemaker did not even receive the books that would have been a treasure to him; his health had gone and things were looking very hopeless, when Mr. Smiles came to the rescue. We may believe that the welcome given to the volume we are reviewing must have brought him very sensible relief, and seldom has a pension been more suitably bestowed than that for which he has since been recommended by the premier.

There is one feature in these open-air studies of his that gives them an altogether exceptional value and piquancy. He made his excursions almost invariably at night, or at least between evening and morning. And in those nocturnal wanderings he developed many of the faculties that are in perfection in the beasts and birds of the night. His ear acquired extraordinary delicacy, his eye could distinguish objects in the dusk that would have been vague or imperceptible to ordinary mortals. He had an inexhaustible store of patience at his service; and would watch hour after hour, night after night, to satisfy himself as to anything that puzzled him. He became well-nigh regardless of weather — cold, wet, and wind were alike indifferent to him, till at last nothing seems to have kept him at home except the accumulation of almost impracticable snowdrifts. Like the foxes and the otters he had his lairs and places of retreat. There were clefts in the rocks and caves in the woods where he would turn in to refresh himself with a nap of an hour or two. Now he would be creeping for shelter from a thunder-storm under the broad flag of a tombstone in a lonely churchyard, or he would be making himself as comfortable as circumstances admitted of in the dungeon vault of some solitary ruin. And from his ambushes in these



extemporized bivouacs he not only had the opportunity of witnessing many very wonderful incidents, but on more than one occasion he tested the extraordinary audacity of animals emboldened by the darkness. Indeed, some of the facts he recounts are so strange that we might well have some hesitation in accepting them, were it not that the whole of his life and the truthfulness of his manner of writing may be taken as satisfactory guarantees for his honesty. Moreover, among his natural gifts, we see no reason to reckon a lively imagination; and we know besides that the field of natural history, though it has been so carefully reaped and gleaned by so many willing workers, is full of sensational surprises to reward the investigations of explorers.

We have long been familiar with the districts which were the scene of Edward's researches. Unlike the range of St. John's beats in Moray, they scarcely embrace anything that can be called strictly highlands, although the grand Cairngorum chain is at no great distance; but they present a great variety of distinct characteristics. Along the northern bend of the Aberdeenshire coast is some of the finest rock scenery in eastern Scotland, whilst elsewhere the coast-line sinks into flat sands divided by storm-heaped sand-hills or "bents," from broad stretches of links that are fringed by thickets of furze. The shallows, the creeks, the estuaries of the rivers offer extraordinary attractions to sea-birds, waders, and divers. The farms inland are carefully cultivated by industrious tenants on nineteen years' leases; they are fenced by "dykes" of loose stone, in the conspicuous absence of hedges and hedgerow timber, and often show magnificent root-crops, notwithstanding the poverty of the soil and the inclemency of the climate, for the district of Buchan is one of the bleakest in Scotland. Swept by winds blowing straight from the pole, the rare plantations of spruce and larch, bent down by the head and painfully distorted, have generally a strong set from the seaward. But then there are densely-wooded glens, the more pleasing by contrast, where half-hidden brooks go murmuring in the depths of the hollows under a dense overgrowth of thriving hard-wood, and which are alive with birds at all times and vocal with their song in the spring. While on the Banffshire side the soil and vegetation change with the far more genial climate, and along the banks of the Deveron, fondly known to the dwellers on it as Deveronside, there are woods, and park-

like fields, and gentlemen's seats among their ancestral trees, that remind you of countries far to the southward.

The maxim that the child is father of the man generally holds good with the naturalist, and assuredly it was never more the case than with Edward. The biographers of most remarkable men have detected signs of the future destiny of their heroes in the prattle and the amusements of their earliest infancy; but we are told that Edward took to hunting blue-bottles on the window-panes when a four months' baby in his mother's arms. As soon as he was able to walk alone he struck up friendships with the pigs and poultry; and it is certain that while he was a mere child he went to work at zoology in earnest. Like many scientific geniuses whose zeal is untempered by discretion, he became an intolerable nuisance to his unfortunate neighbors. His parents were then residing in the town of Aberdeen, and having to make the two ends meet on a small pension, they naturally occupied but a room or two in a crowded block of houses; so that when the young collector used to come home in triumph with adders, tadpoles, toads, frogs, etc., in a high state of animation, there were repeated *émeutes* on the subject in the quarter. It was hard to reproach his parents, who were more nearly interested than anybody else. Threats and scoldings, short commons, and corporal punishment were alike ineffectual; for the Ethiopian could not change his skin, and the boy obeyed an imperious volition. At school he carried his tastes to such lengths that he succeeded in alienating the sympathies of his schoolfellows, who might have been supposed to have welcomed such distractions as he provided for them. So far as they were concerned, and whatever might be the sentiments of the master, it might be all very well to have broods of young nestlings fluttering about the schoolroom, to the interruption of the lessons; but it was a different thing when in their turn their equanimity was disturbed by a plague of roving horse-leeches which had escaped from the amateur's repositories.

Expulsions, and even castigations that were positively brutal, had no sort of effect; and all this time the irreclaimable young naturalist was only six years old. His father, who was a highly respectable man, feared that his troublesome boy would turn out a hopeless "ne'er-do-well." So he resolved to put Thomas to a business at once, and the boy began to work for his living at that very early age. Two



years later he obtained his parents' consent to engaging himself at a cotton-mill in the neighborhood of the city. It is true that it was two miles distant from his home; but he had his own ideas on that subject; for although troops of factory hands were employed at the mill, it was situated in a delightfully rural situation. Nothing can be more picturesque in their way than the banks and haughs of the Don, where it winds down among scarped braes and hanging woods to the famous old Brig o' Balgownie. Edward kept hours as he was obliged to do; but during his meal-times, when the others were resting or idling, he was hunting after birds, insects, and wildflowers in the woods and the hedgerows. A couple of miles to and fro seemed a long enough walk for his young limbs; but in the fine season he would always prolong it indefinitely. Either he made a *détour* inland by the rough uplands that lead on to the granite quarries of Rubislaw, the property of Mr. Skene, the friend of Sir Walter Scott; or else he bent his devious steps homewards by the links which extend between the Don and the Dee, where he was sure of finding objects of interest in abundance. In short, before he was finally apprenticed to shoemaking, the habits were already formed which he persevered in until his health broke down; but once fairly in harness, he recognized the grave responsibilities of life. If he chose to work double tides, he seldom let natural history interfere with his business. He always earned tolerable wages; and his conduct was so steady, and his workmanship so good, that his employers were fain to put up with his eccentricities.

Passing over many intervening years, we find him established as a journeyman shoemaker in the town of Banff, and married to a woman in his own rank of life who understood him and thoroughly sympathized with him. Those practical studies he had commenced so early had begun to bear their fruits. For it must be remembered that he was almost entirely self-educated, and had left school before learning to write. He had enjoyed none of the advantages of men who have access to libraries and scientific periodicals, or who have even the means of procuring popular handbooks. He had made himself familiar with many species, while it was by slow degrees that he became acquainted with their names. And it was only after he had made himself a certain local reputation that he found himself in a position to make a fresh start. Then he

had formed acquaintance with some neighboring clergymen who kindly helped him to books; and was in correspondence with naturalists at a distance who named and classified what he sent them. When he had married and settled in a home of his own he began to think seriously of collecting. But it was only by strict economy, systematic privations, and a variety of very ingenious devices that he could provide himself with the indispensable implements. His was one of those genuine instances of self-help which Mr. Smiles has glorified elsewhere. His gun he had bought for four and sixpence, and as he had to lash the venerable breech to the rickety stock, it must have needed strong nerves to handle it. Many were the catastrophes it shared with its master in the course of his scrambling exploits among the rocks. His powder he carried in a horn, using the bowl of a tobacco pipe for a charger, and his shot was wrapped up in a brown paper parcel. But he made it a rule never to waste a charge, even though he had to capture some biting or scratching animal at the cost of serious lacerations. His coat was mined and countermined with pockets; bags of various stuffs and sizes were slung about his person, and there was a bundle of small chip boxes which he bought cheap from the chemists, for stowing away rare and delicate insects. His plants he pressed under chests filled with earth, and he knocked up his own cases for his specimens. But more than once in the absence of suitable accommodation, he had to lament heart-breaking losses. Thus he had laid aside nearly a thousand insects in a garret, and had brought down the cases to re-arrange their contents. Opening one after another, he found every one had been emptied. The mice had spared nothing, and not a few of the specimens were unique. "His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. 'Well,' said he, 'it's an awfu' disappointment, but I think the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again.'" As philosophically as Sir Isaac Newton when Diamond upset the lamp among his manuscripts.

As to his habits, his neighbors used to say of him, "It is a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house." Naturally they were entirely mystified as to his proceedings, and regarded him at first with no little suspicion.

He went out in fine starlight nights, in moonlight nights, and in cold and drizzling nights. Weather never daunted him. When

it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He knew of two such holes, both in sand-banks and both in woods which he frequently frequented. They were foxes' or badgers' dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. If they were not they did the same, except on one occasion, when a badger endeavored to dislodge him, showing his teeth. He was obliged to shoot it. He could often have shot deer or hares, which came close up to where he was, but they were forbidden animals and he resisted the temptation. He shot owls and polecats from his ambuscades. Numbers of moths came dancing about him, and many of these he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform. When it rained heavily, he drew in his head and his gun, and slept until the first streaks of light appeared on the horizon; and then he came out of his hole and proceeded with his operations.

At other times he would take up his quarters for the night in some disused buildings—in a barn, a ruined castle, or a churchyard. He usually obtained better shelter in such cases than if he were seated by the side of a stone, a bush, or a wall. His principal objection to them was, that he had a greater number of visitors there than elsewhere—such as polecats, weasels, bats, rats, and mice, not to speak of herds of night-wandering insects such as molluscs, beetles, slaters, and centipedes.

More than once, as we have said, he had unpleasant proofs of the audacity and ferocity of the smaller night prowlers. One morning, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he had fallen fast asleep under the shelter of a dyke. As it chanced, some small birds he had shot were wrapped in wadding and deposited in his hat. He was awakened by something cold pressing against his forehead. Throwing up his hand he seized a weasel which he tossed aside into the grass. Again he went to sleep, and again and again the weasel returned. He moved some hundred yards away; his indefatigable assailant followed him, to be finally seized and strangled, though not without severe bites. On another occasion when he had taken up his quarter in a ruined threshing mill, a couple of hungry rats made repeated onslaughts upon the wallet he was using as a pillow. But the most exciting and the most startling of these nocturnal encounters was one with a fumart or polecat. It sounds so strange, and we might have added so improbable, had it not been for our firm faith in him, that we are inclined to let him partly tell it in his own words. He had taken up his night quarters in the ruined castle of the Boyne which was used as a pen for cattle. As he was dozing on the

ground, he was roused by something pattering over his legs. When he raised himself, the animal beat a retreat, but when he had lain down again, it returned after a few minutes. Mechanically he swept his hand across his chest, and he knew by the shriek that the intruder was a polecat. This time it was the scent of a water-hen buttoned up in one of his breast pockets that was the attraction. He shifted his position, so as to make his assailant visible by bringing the open doorway between him and the sky.

Well, just as I hoped and expected, in about twenty minutes I observed the fellow entering the vault, looking straight in my direction. He was very cautious at first. He halted and looked behind him. He turned and looked out. I could easily have shot him now, but that would have spoiled the sport; besides, I never wasted my powder and shot upon anything that I could take with my hands. Having stood for a few seconds, he slowly advanced, keeping his nose on the ground. On he came. He put his forefeet on my legs and stared me full in the face for about a minute. When satisfied with his look at my face, he dropped his feet and ran out of the vault. I was a good deal disappointed; and I feared that my look had frightened him. By no means. I was soon reassured by hearing the well-known and ominous *squeak-squeak* of the tribe. It seemed to me that I was about to be assaulted by a legion of polecats, and that it might be best to beat a retreat.

The story goes on very dramatically, considering the scene and the circumstances. The polecat came back deliberately, repeatedly throwing looks over his shoulder as if he expected reinforcements in strength, again leaped on Edward, then once more ran back to the door and shrieked out another summons. Finally he again dragged himself over Edward's chest towards the coveted prey.

I lay as still as death, but being forced to breathe, the movement of my chest made the brute raise his head, and at that moment I gript him by the throat. I sprang instantly to my feet and held on. But I actually thought that he would have torn my hands to pieces with his claws. I endeavored to get him turned round, so as to get my hand to the back of his neck. Even then I had enough to do to hold him fast. How he screamed and yelled! What an unearthly noise in the dead of the night! The vault rang with his howlings! and then what an awful stench he emitted during his struggles! The very jackdaws in the upper storeys began to caw.

Even Edward's muscular hands failed to choke the polecat. But at last he forced open the creature's jaws, and thrust an

ounce of chloroform down its throat. Then the struggles became feebler, and the polecat was crushed; but the fight had lasted for a couple of hours, and Edward's hands were so bitten and torn that for long they continued inflamed and painful. However, as he characteristically remarks, the prey was well worth the struggle, and "all the more valuable as I succeeded in taking him without the slightest injury to his skin."

By way of showing the dangers he courted, we may select another of his adventures, more thrilling, if scarcely so singular. He had left his home in Banff to pass New Year's Day with some hospitable friends in the neighboring fishing village of Gardenstown. Naturally he followed the path along the cliffs, in the hope of making some precious additions to his collection. At Gamrie Head, the highest of the promontories, the screaming of a gathering of birds coming up from the beach below attracted his attention. He peered over, and distinguished among the rest a pair of Iceland gulls which he coveted; so he resolved to descend the almost perpendicular rocks, following a scrambling track that had clearly been made by something. The track led down to the brink of a precipice, but a jutting point below tempted him to swing himself downwards. Landed on that lower ledge, he would have given much to have retraced his steps; he had made his way to a fox's lair, from which there was no visible egress. He heard a low growl like that of a rabid dog, and saw a couple of snarling foxes crouching at the other end of the shelf. There was no possibility of climbing back, and the only conceivable way lay downwards.

Such being the case, was I not in a pretty fix? If there were any means of escape, it was from the point near where the foxes were. But how could I dislodge them to get at that point? The space on which we stood was only from two and a half to one foot broad, and about nine feet long, projecting to some distance over the cliff beneath. To have shot them and rid myself of their presence in that fashion, was, from my position, utterly impossible.

At length a thought struck me, and with the view of putting it in execution, I laid down my gun close to the back of the shelving, out of harm's way; then crouching down with my feet towards my shaggy friends, who kept up a constant chattering of their teeth during the whole time, and pushing myself backwards until I reached the nearest, I gave him a kick with my foot in the hind quarters, which produced the desired effect; for I had no sooner

done so, than I felt the feet of first one and then the other passing lightly along my back, and before I had time to lift my head they had bolted up the precipice and disappeared.

Even then his adventure was barely begun. We hear circumstantially how he swayed and scrambled between earth and heaven, from difficulty to difficulty, battered by falling stones that nearly knocked him into the abyss, until, almost helpless from bruises and exhaustion, he found himself panting on an isolated rock, with fifty feet of almost sheer cliff beneath him. In vain he signalled some passing boats; the early winter night was just closing in around him, and he seemed likely to have to choose between different forms of death. At that moment a peregrine with a partridge in its claws settled upon a shelf hard by, and proceeded to tear its prey in pieces. As it happened, it was the first time he had ever seen one of those noble birds in a state of nature, and nothing can show the man more thoroughly than that he became so absorbed in its proceedings as entirely to forget himself. When the falcon saw him and took to flight, in mingled rage and fright, he was brought back abruptly to the recollection of his position. He let his gun slip down, swathed the napkins round his head that had served as gun-slugs, and then followed the gun himself, holding his breath and trusting in Providence. He was brought up below stunned and senseless, bleeding freely from the nose and ears. He recovered from his swoon to find no bones broken, though his spine was so sore that he had to resume a reclining posture. When he made a second attempt, reeling like a drunken man, *he actually loaded his gun, with extreme difficulty, with the idea of obtaining one of the Icelanders which had been the cause of all his sorrows.* But though he contrived to load the gun, he could not bring it to his shoulder, and so the birds escaped. "I was vexed at this," he adds naively, "for both came several times within easy shot." However, he sought consolation in an examination of the object which had attracted them, and was rewarded by discovering it to be a spinous shark. And having taken minute mental notes of its peculiarities, it occurred to him at last that he might be the better for repose and refreshment. Even then the tide had nearly surprised him, and dragging himself painfully over a huge rock, he had an escape something in the manner of the Wardours and Edie Ochiltree in "The Antiquary." So ended an event-

ful day — as we can believe — “so deeply stamped upon my body and mind that it will not easily, if ever, be obliterated from either.” But it was but one of many of a similar kind, which made a wreck of his once powerful frame, and laid the foundation of aches and weaknesses for his old age.

To borrow the expression of Gilbert White, Edward became literally “a spy” on the night animals. Even in the stillest and darkest hours, from time to time he heard strange voices of the night which at first greatly mystified him, but which he gradually learned to recognize. It was not without the expenditure of time and patience, with a great deal of insidious strategy, that he traced the bark of the wandering roebuck and the *bleak-bleak* of the feeding hare. The rabbit, he found, roamed but little, although it was not unfrequently visible by moonlight; he never heard it cry, but frequently he distinguished a tapping sound, which for long he could not explain. He resolved to watch the burrows, and at length his curiosity was gratified. A buck was “thud-thudding” at hole after hole, and apparently the thud was meant for a challenge; for another rabbit rushed forth, tumbled the first headlong down the hill, where, after rolling head over heels, they rose simultaneously and fought it out in rabbit fashion, jumping over each others’ heads, striking out viciously with their hind feet in passing. The fox has a bark like the roebuck, which resembles that of the poodle, and is repeated at intervals of from six to eighteen minutes. Besides badgers and otters, Edward came across great numbers of the weasel family, of hedgehogs, rats, mice, and “such small deer,” which, like himself, were never kept at home by the worst and wildest weather. The bats preyed chiefly on the belated day insects that were about in the twilight. As for the night birds, though his nerves were strong, at first he was occasionally scared by the screech of the long-eared night-owl, which is common enough in these parts. One of them once made an actual descent on him, tugging at him with portentous yells and screams. He had gone to sleep as usual, having tethered a live field-mouse by a long string to his wrist, and he found that the owl carried off its game, leaving only the skin of the tail. Among other birds he used to hear the cries of the heron, the wild duck, the sandpiper, grouse, plover, curlew, and snipe, besides the notes of the multifarious waders which came down from their

breeding-grounds to feed upon the shore. The only songster he heard through the darkness was the sedge-warbler. The rooks are excessively wakeful and suspicious during the building-time and when they are rearing their hungry broods, and next to them the skylark is stirring; sometimes he is in the full volume of his song before there is a glimpse of dawn on the horizon.

Among the sylvan choristers, the blackbird is the foremost in wakening the grove to melody, and he is also among the latest to retire at night. As soon as the first streaks of grey begin to tinge the sky, and break in through the branches amid which he nestles, the blackbird is up, and from the topmost bough of the tree he salutes the new-born day. And when all the rest of the birds have ended their daily service of song and retired to rest, he still continues to tune his mellow throat, until darkness has fairly settled down upon the earth.

After the skylark and the blackbird have heralded the coming day, the thrush rises from her couch and pours out her melodious notes. The chaffinch, the willow-wren, and all the lesser songsters then join the choir and swell the chorus of universal praise.

The passage we have quoted shows, clearly, that though Edward has the inclination of a clever but somewhat illiterate man towards the use of fine language, yet that he writes with real feeling, and under the inspiration of a genuine sense of poetry.

As for his persistency and ardor, the instances of these are endless. The only occasions on which he neglected his work, knowing well that he must labor to make up for lost time, were where the apparition of some extraordinary bird touched his brain and carried him off his balance. He sees a couple of rare geese on the sands near Banff, and devotes the best part of a week to hunting them down. Again, a little stint, a lilliputian species of sandpiper, cost him two days and a night. While following up the flock of sandpipers with which it was keeping company, “every limb shook like an aspen leaf or a cock’s tail on a windy day.” As he had neither eaten nor slept for these two days, his strength began to fail him, when a most blessed chance brought the assembly within shot, and he bagged the bird he so eagerly coveted. So he went regular rounds to inspect the traps he had set and baited for all kinds of insects. They were set in fields and woods, in holes and in trees, in streams and in stagnant pools. Some of them had to be

visited daily, some weekly, others only once in the month. He had his regular moth-hunts, on the moors and in the woods, in graveyards and about dilapidated buildings. Later in his life when his breaking health compelled him to spare his enfeebled constitution, he fell back on such quieter studies as the investigation of shell-mounds, and the examination of those organic forms that were to be picked up by the seashore.

All the time, although his life was one of great enjoyment in many ways, yet it was one of perpetual disappointment. It was his earnest desire to get rid of the drudgery of shoemaking, that he might devote himself exclusively to the pursuits for which he was so eminently fitted. But that modest ambition was continually being baulked, though latterly he found well-wishers willing to help him. While as yet he was in full health and strength, he decided to play a bold stroke. He took the collections that were the cherished fruits of his labors for exhibition in the city of Aberdeen, hoping to bring himself into notice and to realize a handsome profit as well. The speculation ended in bitter disappointment. He was scarcely noticed either by *savants* or the paying public; he was forced to sell his collections to pay his debts, and had to fall back in despondency on his lapstone in Banff, leaving his valued treasures behind him. Nor was that his last experience of the sort. His daily wage barely sufficed for his family expenses; and when he had to call in the doctor and run up bills with the chemist, he had to draw again, as Mr. Smiles expresses it, on his only savings-bank. Forty cases of birds, with many precious specimens of mosses and marine plants, were disposed of, as we may suppose, for a comparative trifle. At Aberdeen, the intensity of his disappointment, and his gloomy apprehensions of the future, got the better for once of his manly nature. For the first and last time that we hear of, despair had nearly turned his brain. He rushed out of his wretched lodging, hesitating between drowning himself in the sea or the river. It is touching to think of the heart-broken man, after a life of almost suicidal application, rushing across the links and sands where he had so often amused himself as a boy, with the single thought of putting an end to his sufferings. Strangely enough, he was saved by the love of nature that was the immediate cause of his misery. He had actually stripped off coat and waistcoat, when a flock of sanderlings pitched hard

by. Mechanically he looked at them, and his attention was arrested by a bird in the company that was altogether strange to him. The ruling passion immediately asserted itself. Like the monk Felix in "The Golden Legend," though with a different purpose, he rushed up and down after the stranger, while the excitement of the pursuit entirely absorbed him. When the chase was over, he was in his right mind again; he quietly went back to resume his clothes, persuading himself that that remarkable bird had been sent as the special messenger of Providence.

As we have not regarded his work in its scientific aspects, we need not follow him as he pushed his discoveries among crustaceæ, zoophytes, molluscs, and fishes, to say nothing of kitchen-middens and more modern objects of antiquity. Although made curator of a local museum at an insignificant salary, Edward was never a prophet in his own country, and after raising himself to a certain height by sheer bodily strength, when strength had failed with years and illness, he slipped back on the shoemaker's bench. There Mr. Smiles found him; and Mr. Smiles has good reason for congratulating himself that he has been the means of assisting a very worthy man. We can only hope that relief from pecuniary anxiety, and from the necessity for every-day labor, may give a fresh lease of life to a naturalist who has made himself an honorable name in a life-long struggle with difficulties.

---

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### DISCOVERY OF LAMB'S "POETRY FOR CHILDREN."

WE need not go back to periods of remote antiquity, to the annals of Greece and Rome, to the lost books of Euclid or the lost decades of Livy; we need not even go back to the great Elizabethan period of our own literature, to find instances of works once published, and more or less familiar to the generation in which they were produced, but of which every trace has disappeared. "Time, the consumer of all things," manages sometimes to do his devouring work very effectually within the limits of half a century. It is only fifty-five years since Shelley was drowned, and yet at least two little volumes of his, indubitably published, advertised, and reviewed in the year 1810, are to all appearance lost to human ken. Two works by Charles Lamb and his sister,

published about the same time, have long been supposed to have shared a similar fate.

The unexpected discovery of one of these, under circumstances almost as romantic and extraordinary as those of its disappearance, has led us into the above train of reflection. Nor could the announcement of this discovery be more fittingly made than in the pages of the sole magazine still extant, in whose century and a half of honored and famous contributors the name of Charles Lamb \* ranks not as one of the least.

It may safely be affirmed that during the two-and-forty years which have elapsed since the death of Lamb, the interest that encircles everything about him has been yearly on the increase, not on the wane, and has suffered no diminution from the departure, one after another, of most of those who knew him intimately in the flesh. And since the death of Mary Lamb the full revelation, till then withheld, of all the heroic self-sacrifice of that tender and subtle nature, has given to Charles Lamb's personality a charm, surrounded his memory with a halo, and won for him a kind of affectionate personal regard such as perhaps no other writer of this century has been able to awaken. Nor has our growing interest in the man in any way disturbed or diminished our interest in the writer. In the case of Dr. Johnson this has notoriously been so; it has not been so in the case of Lamb. On the contrary, from the publication of his "Letters" and "Final Memorials" by Talfourd, down to the publication of the three latest and most complete editions of his works in 1874-76, no pains have been spared, no efforts wanting, on the part of successive editors to unearth for the delectation of the world all the Elian waifs and strays that could by untiring research be made to yield themselves to the industrious digger in the mines of old and forgotten periodicals.

The causes of the long and protracted disappearance of these little volumes cannot therefore have sprung either from ignorance of or indifference to their existence. There are three distinct allusions to the book in the published letters of Lamb. Under date June 7, 1809, he writes to Coleridge:—

I shall have to send you, in a week or two,

\* It was in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1813), vol. lxxxiii., part i., pp. 540-542, 617-622, that Lamb's paper "On Christ's Hospital and the Character of the Christ's Hospital Boys" first appeared.

two volumes of juvenile poetry done by Mary and me within the last six months. . . . Our little poems are but humble, but they have no name. You must read them, remembering they were task-work; and perhaps you will admire the number of subjects, all of children, picked out by an old bachelor and an old maid. Many parents would not have found so many.

To another correspondent, Manning, Lamb writes early in the following year (January 2, 1810):—

There come with this two volumes of minor poetry—a sequel to "Mrs. Leicester;" the best [he playfully adds] you may suppose mine, the next best are my coadjutor's. You may amuse yourself by guessing them out, but I must tell you mine are but one-third in quantity of the whole.

To Bernard Barton, seventeen years afterwards (1827), he writes from Chase Side, Enfield:—

On emptying my bookshelves I found a "Ulysses," which I will send . . . unless the book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of everything one does. I neglected to keep one of "Poetry for Children," the joint production of Mary and me, and *it is not to be had for love or money*. . . . Know you any one that has it, and would exchange it?

The existence of the book has therefore long been known to the readers of Charles Lamb and to collectors of rare books; and the quest for it has grown more eager and hotter every year. The real causes of its total disappearance for so many years are sufficiently obvious,—1, its diminutive size, a tiny 18mo, of 5 1-2 by 3 3-8 inches, proportionately thin, each volume containing little over a hundred pages, printed on paper of the thinnest imaginable texture; 2, its use mainly by children, generally a more or less destructive order of beings; 3, the fact that it was already "out of print" within three or four years of its first publication, that no new edition was ever issued, and that it had become a rarity even in the author's lifetime.

In a list of "New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street," issued apparently in 1812, and generally found at the end of copies of Goodwin's "Essay on Sepulchres" and other books published at that library, the book in question is thus advertised:—

"Poetry for Children." Entirely Original. By the Author of "Mrs. Leicester's School." In two vols., 18mo., ornamented with two



beautiful frontispieces. Price 1s. 6d. each, half-bound and lettered.\*

We are informed at the same time that it is "out of print, but the best pieces inserted in Mylius's 'First Book of Poetry.'" These so-called "best pieces" turned out to be twenty-two in number, and were printed by Mr. Carew Hazlitt in his volume of "Poems, Letters, and Remains of Mary and Charles Lamb." Two further pieces were recovered by another seeker from Mylius's "Poetical Class-Book," † and these, together with five more pieces reprinted by Lamb himself in his collected works in 1818, and in one of the "Essays of Elia," made a total of twenty-nine poems recovered out of eighty-four that the volumes now prove to contain.

In collecting his works in 1818, Lamb printed only three of his own contributions to these volumes, "The Three Friends," "Queen Oriana's Dream," "To a River in which a Child was Drowned," and one of his sister's, "David in the Cave of Adullam." His own exquisite poem of "Hester," rightly conjectured by an accomplished critic, who reviewed the collection of 1872 in the *Graphic* for February 24 of that year, not to have been meant by Charles Lamb "for children," and the five other pieces distinguished by italics in the earlier collections of his writings as "by the author's sister," are now proved not to have appeared in the "Poetry for Children" at all.

In his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," which forms one of the "Last Essays of Elia," Lamb took occasion to quote "two very touching but homely stanzas" by "a quaint poetess of our day." A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, signing himself "Uneda," and dating from "Philadelphia," stated, some ten years ago, ‡ that "Charles Lamb's sister Mary was the 'quaint poetess' who wrote the verses called 'The Two Boys,' quoted in one of his essays." "They are to be found," he adds, "in a volume published early in this century, and entitled, 'Poetry for Children. Entirely original. By the author of 'Mrs. Leicester's School.'" This information proves to be correct even as regards the title of the little piece in question; and as Lamb, in quoting the poem, does not give

any title, the writer of that note must have seen the actual book.

This gracious treasure-trove comes to us at last, as a henceforth inalienable possession, from a still more remote region of the world. From Adelaide, in South Australia, the Hon. W. Sandover sends us the long-lost book, which he has, in the most generous and obliging manner, placed at the disposal of the publishers of this magazine. Dating from Adelaide, December 28, 1876, he writes:—

When on a visit to England in the year 1866 I was staying in Plymouth, where I attended a sale of furniture and books; these happened to be among others purchased by me. The names of the authors not appearing on the title-page is most likely the cause of the failure in discovering a copy of the work.

We have already remarked that the poems are eighty-four in number. It is not our intention to quote any of the twenty-nine pieces accessible elsewhere, though we may here observe that the majority of these, as published in the Mylius reading-books, and notably the poems entitled "Cleanliness," "The Boy and Snake," the fable of "The Magpie's Nest," the lines entitled "Time spent in Dress," the fable of "The Boy and the Skylark," are deplorably deficient and incorrect in text, as will be seen more fully when the entire book comes to be republished.

The numerous misprints that occur in these poems as they are given in the Mylius reading-books would lead us to suppose that, although this selection was probably made with the tacit consent of the authors, they exercised no kind of supervision over it, and saw no proof-sheets. The frequent omission of lines and stanzas in the poems above named, made generally with very little taste or judgment, and sometimes to the destruction of sense and metre, points to the same conclusion. On the other hand, the poem which in the original book is somewhat badly entitled "The Ride," is, in the Mylius selection, more fully and fittingly re-christened "The First Sight of Green Fields," and to "The Magpie's Nest," shorn of its second title and of one of its stanzas, a note is added which is not to be found in "Poetry for Children." Whether these are interpolations of Mylius, or after-thoughts of the original authors, will probably remain an insoluble enigma to the end of time.\*

\* Lettered, we may note as a clue to the finding of the book, "Leicester's Poetry."

† See "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited and Prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd. Lond.: B. M. Pickering. 1872.

‡ *N. & Q.*, 3rd S. xii. (July 27, 1867), p. 72.

\* It should be mentioned that the two little volumes of "Poetry for Children" are themselves among the most correctly-printed of books I have ever seen.



We proceed to the consideration of the residuum of fifty-five pieces now first brought to light. The "number of subjects," on which Lamb plumes himself in his letter to Coleridge above quoted, will be best shown by quoting the titles of these, which are as follows: "The Reaper's Child," "The Butterfly," "Choosing a Name," "Crumbs to the Birds," "Discontent and Quarrelling," "Repentance and Reconciliation," "Neatness in Apparel," "The New-born Infant," "Motes in the Sunbeams," "The First of April," "The Lame Brother," "The Text," "The End of May," "The Duty of a Brother," "Wasps in a Garden," "What is Fancy?" "Anger," "Blindness," "The Mimic Harlequin," "The Reproof," "The Two Bees," "The Journey from School and to School," "The Orange," "The Young Letter-Writer," "Suffer little Children, and Forbid them not to Come unto Me," "The Men and Women and the Monkeys: a Fable," "Love, Death, and Reputation: a Fable," "The Sparrow and the Hen," "Which is the Favorite?" "Choosing a Profession," "Weeding," "Parental Recollections," "The Offer," "Nurse Green," "Good Temper," "Moderation in Diet," "Incorrect Speaking," "Charity," "My Birthday," "The Confidant," "Thoughtless Cruelty," "Eyes," "Penny-pieces," "The Force of Habit," "Clock Striking," "Why not Do it, Sir, To-day?" "Home Delights," "The Dessert," "To a Young Lady on Being too Fond of Music," "The Fairy," "Conquest of Prejudice," "The Great-Grandfather," "The Spartan Boy," "On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter," "David."

The task of separating the poems of Charles from those of Mary Lamb will not, perhaps, prove so difficult as it at first appears. Although no indication whatever of separate authorship is given in the volumes themselves, we have our independent knowledge of the mind, work, and individual character of each. We have, moreover, Lamb's distinct assurance in his letter to Manning: "Mine are *but one-third* in quantity of the whole." We have the three poems which he afterwards republished as his own, and the three which he republished or quoted\* as his sister's,

affording an absolute certainty as to the authorship of the six pieces in question, and supplying valuable criteria for the rightful attribution of the others, just as in the joint schoolboy publication, now half a century old, of Alfred and Charles Tennyson,\* similar evidence for separating the poems of one brother from those of the other is afforded by the prize poem of "Timbuctoo," and the volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," which Alfred Tennyson published in 1829 and 1830, and by the little volume of sonnets and miscellaneous pieces which Charles Tennyson published with his own name at Cambridge in 1830.

Three successive works, as I have elsewhere remarked — the "Tales from Shakespeare," "Mrs. Leicester's School," and the "Poetry for Children," to all of which Mary Lamb contributed the larger, if not, as her brother always affectionately insisted, the better part — entitle her to no mean rank in that class of literature which appeals more especially to younger readers. The two earlier prose works won their way at once to popularity; and the "Poetry for Children," which circumstances alone have hitherto prevented from becoming better known, ranks, even at its lowest, infinitely higher both in poetical merit and moral and intellectual sinew and stamina, than the similar writings of Watts, and the Taylors of Ongar, which have met with such world-wide acceptance. The morality, though always apparent, is broader and freer — more wholesome and less obtrusive.

The tragical domestic history of the Lambs had compelled them to live together unmarried, "an old bachelor and an old maid," as Lamb writes to Coleridge. But this isolated existence produced just that effect upon them that it does upon those who have to suffer the bitter disappointments of unrealized hope, the pangs of despised love, the disillusion of early romance, and who are prone to avoid the insincerities of fashionable society, and to seek relief and refuge in the innocence of childhood and the freshness of early feelings, to which they return with a zest that the experience of life has rather heightened than destroyed. We proceed, however, to the more minute examination of the newly discovered pieces.

One little poem of three stanzas only, entitled "Parental Recollections," we have no hesitation in at once assigning to Charles Lamb, from internal evidence: —

\* Poems by Two Brothers. Louth: Jackson. 1827.

Allowing for certain quaintnesses of spelling then in vogue, and a kind of pepper-box sprinkling of supererogatory commas, due doubtless to the excessive generosity of the compositor, an actual misprint is scarcely to be found from beginning to end.

\* The last line of the poem entitled "The First Tooth" is quoted in Elia's "Popular Fallacies" (*New Monthly Magazine*, 1826): "It has been prettily said that 'a babe is fed with milk and praise.'"

A child's a plaything for an hour ;  
Its pretty tricks we try  
For that or for a longer space ;  
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one, that to itself  
All seasons could control ;  
That would have mock'd the sense of pain  
Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,  
Young climber up of knees,  
When I forget thy thousand ways,  
Then life and all shall cease.\*

It is not often, however, that so high a keynote as this is struck throughout the two little volumes: the vein is generally either humorous or quaintly didactic. One piece there is of great tenderness, in which a mother endeavors to dispel from a child's mind the horror it feels at the sight of death; and here we find some difficulty in deciding whether it be the work of Charles or of Mary Lamb: —

## NURSE GREEN.

"Your prayers you have said, and you've  
wished good night ;  
What cause is there yet keeps my darling  
awake ?

This throb in your bosom proclaims some  
affright  
Disturbs your composure. Can innocence  
quake ?

"Why thus do you cling to my neck, and enfold  
me,

What fear unimparted your quiet devours ?"  
"O mother, there's reason—for Susan has  
told me

A dead body lies in the room next to ours."

"I know it ; and, but for forgetfulness, dear,  
I meant you the coffin this day should have  
seen,

And read me the inscription and told me the  
year  
And day of the death of your poor old Nurse  
Green."

"O not for the wealth of the world would I  
enter

A chamber wherein a dead body lay hid,  
Lest somebody bolder than I am should ven-  
ture

To go near the coffin and lift up the lid."

"And should they do so and the coffin un-  
cover,

The corpse underneath it would be no ill  
sight ;

*This frame, when its animal functions are over,  
Has nothing of horror the living to fright.*

"To start at the dead is preposterous error,  
To shrink from a foe that can never contest ;

Shall that which is motionless move thee to  
terror,

*Or thou become restless 'cause they are at rest ?*

"To think harm of her our good feelings for-  
bid us

By whom when a babe you were dandled  
and fed ;

Who living so many good offices did us,  
I ne'er can persuade me would hurt us when  
dead.

"But if no endeavor your terrors can smother,  
If vainly against apprehension you strive,  
*Come, bury your fears in the arms of your  
mother ;*

*My darling, cling close to me, I am alive."\**

The poem entitled "Incorrect Speak-  
ing" (and indeed the whole class of di-  
rectly didactic poems), I am inclined to  
attribute to Mary Lamb. It opens  
thus: —

Incorrectness in your speech  
Carefully avoid, my Anna ; —

for I cannot believe that so fastidious a  
writer as Charles Lamb, would, even in a  
book for children, have made that name  
rhyme (not to "manna," but) to "manner,"  
as I am sorry to say the writer of the  
poem does: —

Study well the sense of each  
Sentence, lest in any manner  
It misrepresent the truth ;  
Veracity's the charm of youth.†

Very pretty and graceful — be it the  
work of brother or sister — is the follow-  
ing, entitled

## THE DESSERT.

With the apples and the plums  
Little Carolina comes,  
At the time of the dessert she  
Comes and drops her last new curtsy ;  
Graceful curtsy, practised o'er  
In the nursery before.  
What shall we compare her to ?  
The dessert itself will do.  
Like preserves she's kept with care,  
Like blanch'd almonds she is fair,  
Soft as down on peach her hair,  
And so soft, so smooth is each  
Pretty cheek as that same peach,  
Yet more like in hue to cherries ;  
Then her lips, the sweet strawberries,  
Caroline herself shall try them  
If they are not like when nigh them ;  
Her bright eyes are black as sloes,  
But I think we've none of those  
Common fruit here — and her chin  
From a round point does begin,  
Like the small end of a pear ;  
Whiter drapery she does wear

\* Vol. ii., p. 26.

\* Vol. ii., pp. 36-37.

† Vol. i., p. 43.

Than the frost on cake ; and sweeter  
Than the cake itself, and neater,  
Though bedeck'd with emblems fine,  
Is our little Caroline.\*

The poem entitled "David in the Cave of Adullam" was, as we have seen, reprinted by Lamb as his sister's. To her also doubtless belong a lengthier piece giving the story of David and Goliath, and another "On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter."

The following piece I should unhesitatingly attribute to Charles Lamb, from its similarity to a later acknowledged copy of verses by him on Christian names :-

#### CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister ;  
I was nigh the first that kiss'd her.  
When the nursing woman brought her  
To papa, his infant daughter,  
How papa's dear eyes did glisten !  
She will shortly be to christen ;  
And papa has made the offer  
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,  
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa.  
Ann and Mary, they're too common ;  
Joan's too formal for a woman ;  
Jane's a prettier name beside ;  
But we had a Jane that died.  
*They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,*  
*That she was a little Quaker.*  
Edith's pretty, but that looks  
Better in old English books ;  
Ellen's left off long ago ;  
Blanche is out of fashion now.  
None that I have named as yet  
Are so good as Margaret.  
Emily is neat and fine.  
What do you think of Caroline ?  
How I'm puzzled and perplexed  
What to choose or think of next !  
I am in a little fever,  
Lest the name that I shall give her  
Should disgrace her or defame her,  
I will leave papa to name her.†

That the following, entitled "Clock Striking," is also by Charles Lamb, a curious parallel rhyme in his acknowledged poem of "Hester" seems to leave little doubt :—

Did I hear the church-clock a few minutes ago,  
I was ask'd, and I answer'd, I hardly did know,

But I thought that I heard it strike three.  
Said my friend then, "The blessings we always  
possess

We know not the want of, and prize them the  
less ;

The church-clock was no new sound to thee.

\* Vol. ii., pp. 73-74.

† Vol. i., pp. 12-13.

"A young woman, afflicted with deafness a  
year,  
By that sound you scarce heard, first perceived  
she could hear ;

I was near her, and saw the girl start  
*With such exquisite wonder, such feelings of  
pride,*

*A happiness almost to terror allied,\**

She shew'd the sound went to her heart."†

Its quaint humor also induces us to claim for Charles Lamb another piece, entitled "The Sparrow and the Hen," in which the former complains of having to seek its own food, while the latter is so carefully provided for. The old hen's answer to the sparrow's argument is very characteristic :—

"Have you e'er learn'd to read?" said the  
hen to the sparrow,

"No, madam," he answer'd, "I can't say I  
have."

"Then that is the reason your sight is so nar-  
row,"

The old hen replied, with a look very grave.

"Mrs. Glasse in a treatise — I wish you could  
read—

*Our importance has shown,* and has proved  
to us why

Man shields us and feeds us : of us he has need  
Ev'n before we are born, even after we  
die."‡

The most important, however, of Charles Lamb's contributions to these volumes, and by far the longest piece in the whole collection, is his delightful story of "The Three Friends," which is already well known, as he reprinted and acknowledged it in his collected works.

The long-lost "Poetry for Children" is then at length discovered, and will doubtless soon be placed beyond the chance of future loss. But another work of Charles Lamb's yet remains to be found. In the list of "New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street," already quoted, the following publication is advertised on p. 12 :—

"Prince Dorus ; or, Flattery put out of  
Countenance : " a Poem. With nine elegant  
engravings. 2s. 6d. colored, or 1s. 6d. plain.

The late Mr. Crabb Robinson records in his "Diary," under date May 15, 1811 :  
"A very pleasant call on Charles and  
Mary Lamb. Read his version of Prince  
Dorus, the long-nosed king." §

\* Compare the poem of "Hester" —

"If 'twas not *pride*,  
It was a joy to that *allied*."

† Vol. ii., p. 67.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 15.

§ Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of  
Henry Crabb Robinson. Lond.: 1869. Vol. i., p.  
329.

And he adds in a note: "This is not in his collected works, and, as well as two volumes of 'Poems for Children,' is likely to be lost." We have found the "Poetry for Children:" who will find "Prince Dorus"?

R. HERNE SHEPHERD.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### BASSANO.

OF all the rivers that show the way down the Alps into Italy not one has displayed better taste in scenery by her choice of a route than the Brenta, famous for her rapid current, fine sunsets, floods, clay embankments, flowers, and large hydraulic works. The traveller, therefore, will do well to follow her lead. From the two dark lakes of Levico and Caldonazzo on the Austrian frontier, where her sources lie, she and the diligence roll side by side down the lovely Val Sugana, rich in ruined castles and a thriving population, to the quaint little post-station of Primolano, a village in the most singular situation imaginable; crouching down under a rocky mountain wall, as if playing at hide-and-seek with its neighbors. Thence, through an eighteen-miles-long defile, wild and rugged as a landscape of Salvator Rosa's, full of banditti caves (used quite latterly in times of war as actual strongholds, but now, it is said, appropriated as casual sleeping-wards by the — let us hope — deserving poor), the Brenta streams on wide, deep, rapid, as if desperately impatient to get well into the heart of Italy, till the narrow gorge opens at last, and she suddenly bursts into the broad, fruitful, smiling plain, spreading as far away as eye can range — away to Vicenza and Verona, to Venice and the Adriatic, to Padua and the Euganean Hills.

A town, with high, ruined, red walls, white houses, interspersed with foliage and mediæval towers, stands here like a warder on the threshold of the land of lands, and bids the traveller a peaceful welcome. He will turn to his guide-books to enquire of them how long a stoppage is to be dealt out to the place before him; and he will read there that the town is called Bassano, and that Bassano has fourteen thousand inhabitants, who are celebrated for the manufacture of straw hats. More illuminated writers add such curious and interesting information as that the number of churches is exactly thirty-five, and the inn overrun with black-beetles. Neither

of which particulars will he probably care to stay and verify.

Only a rash and lawless enthusiast, who does not wait for the hand and seal of guide-book makers to trust the evidence of his own eyes, will perceive and declare, over and above what is written, that of all the favored spots the sun shines on, Bassano is one of the sweetest. What a site is hers, sheltered by the Venetian Alps, yet removed from their ruggedness, meeting the swift green Brenta just where it escapes, still fresh and clear, from the prisoned valley into a land of vines and figs, of olives and pomegranates! Approach her, as you would a bride or a princess, with a compliment on your lips. And to her unspoken salutation we returned answer aloud in the words of the old glee — words that might very well have been inspired by the first sight of Bassano, —

Thou art beautiful, queen of the valley;  
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun;  
Melodious wave thy groves. Thy garden  
sweets

Enrich the pleasant air.

Long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty . . .

Long years of peace

And happiness await thy lord and thee;

an apostrophe which naturally somewhat astonished our *vetturino*, who mistook this outburst of song for a symptom of impatience. He turned round to observe, consolingly, that if we would take him on to Padua, he would bring us there in two hours and a half, in plenty of time to catch the express; and seemed hurt on our declining his offer. We desired to be driven no farther than to the Inn of St. Antonio, in the town, where we meant to lodge, and where, in spite of the anchorite that hangs on the signboard, the traveller need fear no short commons, but may live on all the fat of the land for a few francs a day.

Bassano, indeed, from its commercial prosperity and the rich produce of the surrounding country, long ago won for itself the surname of a *piccola Venezia*. Such ultra fertility has its drawbacks, however; and of these Bassano can tell a troublous history. Who can wonder that those old German kaisers and the freebooter nobles they brought over with them, fresh from a land where every yard of soil has to be painfully tilled and cultivated, and where nothing but ill weeds will grow of their own accord, should be tempted by such lavish crops and sunny pastures as these? Well has poor Italy

rued, in the past, her "fatal gift of beauty." And though now she be delivered from the hand of the spoiler, we fear she will, none the less, have much to suffer, and everlastingly, at the hands of her admirers — if only in bad prose and worse verse.

To-day Bassano, by means of this fertility itself, is able to wreak a mild revenge upon the now harmless foreigner. That town is still as remarkable as ever for commercial industry, as the over-tired sightseer will soon find out to his cost. Market is held there three or four times a week; and on such occasions will he be roused in the middle of the night by the cheerful rattle of carts, the busy murmur of peasants' voices, and the merry pattering of peasants' feet, as the swarms of buyers and sellers come flocking in from all quarters. It is two A.M., and already the hotel, which only went to sleep at midnight, is up and stirring. In most places the cocks are counted the earliest risers; but we can testify that the birds of morning themselves are "called" by the active Bassanese.

And we English have the enormous impudence to persist in speaking of the Italians as a lazy people!

Should any reader wonder what induced us to make a stay at the very first town we meet on the Italian borders — a town that suffers the extreme penalty of faint praise in travellers' handbooks — we confess at once that it was a trivial but keen curiosity to find out whether a certain most attractive sketch, written long ago by a brilliant hand, of a certain *caffè* under the old town walls of Bassano — a sketch some forty years old — still applied. It is highly characteristic of Bassano, which has no railway station, and which remains sadly behind Padua and Vicenza in modern culture and improvements — for the Bassanese peasant girls still go to church in picturesque white veils, instead of unbecoming bonnets, everything is uncommonly cheap, and everybody very trusting and trustworthy — that the *Caffè delle Fosse* has lost nothing of its old-fashioned excellence. Though small and of homely and unpretending exterior, it is one of the pleasantest lounges of the kind in Italy; which is saying a good deal, both for the fare and for the view.

At the tip of the wing of the town, close to one of the ancient gateways by which Bassano is entered, stands the *Caffè delle Fosse*. An inside door opens upon a broad walk, that runs along outside and under the city walls for a considerable distance. From the edge of this terrace

the Fossa, a steep, smooth, green slope, slants down with the dip of some hundred feet to the stretch of outlying country between Bassano and the Venetian Alps, a delicious expanse of olive groves and vineyards, villas half buried in acacias, scattered hamlets, red campanili and broken ranges of hills, crowned by white chapels and cypress-trees.

The line of town walls makes a gentle sweep inwards, then projects boldly. Nothing of the kind could well be more picturesque than the present appearance of these tall, red, crumbling, ivy-grown defences of ancientry. The day is coming, of course, when our modern means of defence will be likewise superseded, and left to rust out. But whether the artist of the future will care to paint our ironclads and eighty-one-ton guns in their declining years is more than doubtful. So let us make the most of these mediæval fortifications whilst they last.

Sheltered behind them, the houses of the town show their heads, well grouped, especially in the highest point, where the ground rises to the height of seventy feet above the Brenta, whose waters wash the walls of the lower streets. On this vantage place above, occupied by the citadel in former times, a cathedral now stands, ugly and insignificant without, and by no means beautiful within, though carefully swept and garnished. It is, moreover, generally empty, for the peasants give the preference to the large church in the market-place as more central and convenient. The fortress itself has disappeared, though parts of it are built into the residence of the *canonico*, a picturesque old red house wreathed with greenery, rising above the ramparts. And, at the entrance to the cathedral close, stands a square brick tower, now a thing of nought, but still accursed to the memory of him whose name it bears, at which once all the Trevisan province trembled — Eccelino da Romano.

Immanissimo tiranno,  
Che fia creduto figlio del Demonio,

says Ariosto; adding, further, that Marius, Sylla, Nero and their compeers appear mild and humane by his side. Dante appoints him his portion in Inferno, seventh circle, in the congenial society of the tyrants Alexander and Dionysius. Having thus passed sentence on the great Ghibeline Eccelino, he makes haste to match him with a Guelph, Obizzo d' Este, a competitor in tyranny and crime, Eccelino's neighbor in this world and in the

next, according to the author of the "Divine Comedy."

Sitting comfortably outside the Caffè delle Fosse, with six hundred years between Eccelino and ourselves, it would be pleasanter to believe those historians who assert that the stories of his almost incredible enormities were exaggerations, often the inventions of his enemies the Guelphs. But, alas! when all on both sides is told, he still stands out in history as a signal, though by no means a solitary, example of how the propensity to cruelty, by dint of indulgence, may grow to an absolute mania and turn a man into a monster. The feline instincts, still dangerously alive, it is to be feared, in the human race, appear at their utmost development in these "hill cats," as the Eccelini have been called, in whom they were allowed to predominate till they became the leading feature of the tribe.

Ecelo, the founder of this infamous house, was a follower of the emperor Conrad II., came over from Germany with him in 1036, and, as a reward for his services, was invested with the fiefs of Onara and Romano, the latter a little village still in existence, a few miles from Bassano, and almost visible from our post outside the Caffè delle Fosse. From Romano, where the Eccelini had their castle, they took their family name. But Bassano — for its sins, we must suppose — soon became and remained a favorite residence of theirs. The town fell under their influence, and they had a large house on the Piazza Comune.

Three heads of this ferocious stock, all called, after their forefather, Eccelino, following each other successively, and each outdoing his sire by his daring and iniquities, spread its historical notoriety over a century: Eccelino Balbo, his son Eccelino il Monaco, and his grandson, he known to us *par excellence* — that is, by his flagrant obliquity — as Eccelino da Romano.

Before touching upon their thousand crimes, it is only fair to note their one virtue — extraordinary personal courage. This it was which, combined with great military talent, made of them so formidable a power in the land. Unwavering, too, was their allegiance to the cause of the emperors, so that the Guelphs had nowhere a more redoubtable enemy than the house of Romano.

Eccelino Balbo was a contemporary of Frederic Barbarossa, and distinguished himself highly in the latter's crusade against Saladin in 1154. Thus when once

the enemy sent out a champion, a sort of Saracen Goliath, who defied the opposite host, it was Eccelino who accepted the challenge, fought the luckless Philistine, and slew him. In returning to Italy he narrowly escaped shipwreck during a storm, and, in the hour of peril, vowed a vow to our Lady of the Sea in case of his preservation; which vow, on his arrival safe and sound at Bassano, he duly fulfilled by building a church to her honor. And to his own, for the walls were decorated with frescoes by Guido Bolognese, depicting the founder's exploits in the Holy Land. Not a remnant of these paintings lives to tell the tale. Subsequent popes and their partisans decided that, the whole of the Ghibeline brood of the Eccelini having been since excommunicated, the tale of their doings was not one that could fitly be told on sacred walls. The Franciscan fathers, into whose hands the church (now known as St. Francesco) afterwards passed, completely altered and "restored" the building. So that between the whitewash of pious fanatics and the artistic zeal of the monks, the works of Guido are lost forever.

Eccelino Monaco succeeded his father in 1185. Already the influence of the Romano family and the number of their fiefs had so increased that the chieftain, no longer a mere robber noble, was a settled, acknowledged power in Lombardy, well able to hold his own against any similar principality, or, indeed, against any of the town-republics among which his possessions lay, namely, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Este, and Ferrara, in whose affairs the Eccelini were always ready to interest themselves as a sure means of extending their own dominions. Not one of the cities mentioned but was pretty equally divided between the ever contending factions of Guelph and Ghibeline.

Wherever the Ghibelines triumph we see Eccelino in the front rank, and never failing to turn the success of his party to his own private advantage. Whilst if the Guelphs prevail and he finds himself worsted, as in the memorable rising at Vicenza, when Eccelino Monaco, after having obtained the supreme power in the city, was forcibly expelled with his followers, he has always his Romano estates and Bassano itself to fall back upon; and thither he retreats for a while, fomenting with the utmost duplicity the jealousies and discords among the surrounding states — discords which are sure soon to afford him another opening.

Thus the local history of that period re-

solves itself almost entirely into a repulsive chronicle of those unrelenting sanguinary struggles, fought nominally for the sake of pope or emperor, but really with the aggrandizement of this or that particular Guelph or Ghibeline family as the motive power. We say almost, because already the divine light had begun to dawn which was to scatter the darkness in the next century. To the very turbulent time and district of which we speak belongs one of the most attractive heroes in Italian history—Sordello, of Mantua, the knight-troubadour, whose strange and interesting life, Provençal lays, romantic attachment to Eccelino's daughter, and connection with the Romano family, mysterious lineage and death, have made of him so poetical, so inspiring a figure. Dante's immortal mention of him, joined to what fragments of Sordello's history and compositions have come down to us, give us a glimpse of a soul born out of due time, a foreshadowing of the genius of Italy in the midst of the veriest barbarism and the established rule of might over right; and a great poet of our own day has shed a new lustre upon his name—

Sordello,—thy forerunner, Florentine!

Eccelino, in his later years, withdrew to a cloister at the village of Oliero, up the Brenta valley, and died there in retirement whence his surname, *il Monaco*. But, in spite of this, he was supposed to have embraced the heretical doctrines of the *paterini*, a sect then spreading in Italy; and his two sons, Eccelino and Alberic, were under orders from the pope to deliver him up to the Holy Tribunal for summary condemnation; orders which, it is needless to say, the haughty youngsters disregarded.

The Monaco, though he has certainly not come down to us in the light of an amiable character, almost appears so by the side of his son and namesake, the last and best known of the Eccelini, who has simply won for himself the immortality of a fiend. To Bassano has been assigned the questionable honor of giving birth to one concerning whom legends reported that the heavenly powers, long vexed beyond measure by the sins of the inhabitants of the Marches of Treviso, sent him upon them as an instrument of destruction, an avenger and a scourge.

By his craft and skill he soon spread his power far and wide, and established it on a far firmer footing than ever his father had done. Once chosen *podestà* of Verona, Eccelino succeeded in keeping the

government of that city in his hands ever after. Vicenza, Padua, Feltre, Belluno, one by one fell under his subjection, and he made himself master of the possessions of Este in Ferrara. His authority was second only to that of the emperor himself, Frederic II., whose imperial vicar in Lombardy he had become. What a change in four generations—since the day when his great-great-grandfather Ecelo crossed the Alps, an adventurer in Conrad's train!

His utmost wealth was summed up in one steed.

His cruelty and tyranny increased in proportion to his power; and it was not without ample and hideous reason that, among many sufficiently savage despots, he was signalized as "the Ferocious." Briefly, he inaugurated in these provinces a reign of terror, which, for promiscuous, wanton cruelty, is almost unparalleled in history. The last bar to his effrontery was removed by the death of the emperor, Frederic II., after which he abandoned himself unrestrainedly to excesses that cowed the whole population into the most abject submission. There were occasional attempts at assassination, but they failed. He was destined for another end.

Like Il Monaco, who had always a number of astrologers about him, Eccelino was intensely superstitious. Tradition says that one night, by means of spells, he succeeded in raising the devil (his father, it was confidently believed), and adjured him to reveal the name of the place in which he would meet with his death. Of the fiend's reply he caught only the sound "Assano;" and, concluding that Bassano was meant, scrupulously avoided the town for the rest of his life.

It availed him very little, however. Alexander IV. succeeded to the papal chair in 1255, and one of the first acts of his reign was to preach a formal crusade against Eccelino, which was to bring the career of the Ferocious to a close at last. The cause was righteous and just; but it must be owned that the crusading Guelphs distinguished themselves neither by valor, nor mercy, nor integrity; and it is probable that Eccelino would long have remained a match for his united enemies had he not, by his grasping arrogance and false play, disgusted his allies, and forfeited every one's confidence, till his own soldiers wavered in their allegiance. Finally, he himself was wounded at an encounter with the crusaders at the



bridge of Cassano, near Milan, and taken prisoner.

Crowds of people came to stare at the "fallen tyrant," but his captors would allow no violence to be done to him. Eccelino, it is said, anxiously enquired the name of the place where the battle had been fought, and, on hearing the word "Cassano," decided at once that the demoniacal prediction was accomplished. With obstinate fatalism he tore the bandages from his wounds, refused to take food, and before long slept with his fathers; to the infinite satisfaction of all parties, for his savage atrocities had done serious harm to his own and the emperor's cause. So ended Eccelino (in German Etzelyn, or Attila the Little). He and his strange behavior in captivity form the subject of a famous picture by the German artist Lessing, "Etzelyn im Kerker." It hangs in the museum at Frankfort, where, by numbers of annual unwary visitors, it is innocently mistaken for a representation of Attila himself.

He was married four times, but left no children. Alberic, lord of Treviso, his brother and abettor in various crimes, was shortly afterwards put to death, together with all his family, by his maddened vassals. Thus was the race of Ecelo extirpated from off the face of the earth, like the noxious weeds they had become.

The story of Eccelino and the *régime* of wholesale slaughter by which he maintained his usurped supremacy, sounds as unreal and unrealizable, as we gaze over these particularly placid-looking Trevisan plains, as the nursery tales of "Bluebeard" and "Turco the Terrible." It is a matter of history, though; and we have no lack of warnings in isolated, significant, and startling facts among the annals of our day, to tell us that the gulf separating us from such a vortex of barbarism is not so wide or so impassable as might be desired.

It is a relief to turn from the chronicles of blood and iron, and the unappeasable strife of Ghibelines and Guelphs, to those immortal artists whose names are connected with the same region—men who found their pleasure in living to please. A century of painters is an agreeable change from a century of man-eaters. Better days had come to Bassano. After the fall of Eccelino it existed for a while as a separate free town, then became subject to Padua, afterwards to the Scaligers of Verona. Finally, in 1405, it joined itself to the republic of Venice; and to the Venetian school the artists of the Trevisan belong. We are here in a colony of paint-

ers indeed. Titian's home lies not so far off across the Venetian Alps; Giorgione's birthplace, Castelfranco, is but a few miles distant from Bassano, halfway on the road to Treviso. Conegliano, Udine, Pordenone—to every town a great painter would appear to be a law of nature in these parts. One of the earliest names that have come down to us in the history of Italian art is that of a certain Martinnello da Bassano, who painted in 1223; that is, in the early days of Eccelino the Ferocious, and seventeen years before the birth of Cimabue. Only his name survives; and, having noted it, we must overleap nearly two hundred years to come to the Da Ponte family of painters, so familiar to us all under their surname of Bassano. Many an amateur may be rather hazy in his mind as to the different branches of this family tree; and no wonder, seeing that it extended over three generations, and that eight painters, of more or less excellence, either inherited or adopted the appellation of Bassano. But let him console himself by the fact that the works of the greatest master of this school were repeated so successfully by his sons that even connoisseurs are at a loss to tell copies and originals apart.

The founder of the family, Francesco da Ponte, was a native of Vicenza, who came and settled in Bassano. Although cast into the shade by his more famous son, Jacopo, his name stood very high among the painters of his time. In the museum at Bassano, whither the most valuable works of art have now been removed from the churches, there is a "Madonna and Saints," by Francesco, which is considered a good specimen of the master. Francesco, in his later years, fell into the snare of alchemy, and wasted his time and his substance on quicksilver and salts, powders, crocets, and sublimatories, corrosive liquids, glass lamps, and mineral fires. The indomitable perseverance, patience, and faith under hope everlastingly deferred, shown by our alchemistic ancestors are indeed astonishing; but that we are not behind them in these qualities is proved in a signal manner by the long-suffering seekers of the philosopher's stone of Spiritualism.

To Francesco's son, Jacopo, belongs the lion's share of the family honors. His father sent him early to Venice to study under Bonifazio. Whether or no the jealous master, as the story goes, locked the pupil out lest he should discover his pet secrets in the art of coloring, and the pupil outwitted the master by looking on

through the keyhole, Jacopo Bassano, by hook or by crook, learnt enough to become a master himself, and soon had art-secrets of his own. He is said to have been a favorite pupil of Titian's; and so highly was he esteemed, as a colorist, that Palma once described a painter's ideal thus: "*Disegno di Tintoretto, colorito di Bassano.*" Tintoretto appears to have been of the same opinion. It is reported that one day he and Jacopo were driving out together, and, as they drove, speaking the praises of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Correggio, when, suddenly, Tintoretto exclaimed: "But let me tell thee, Jacopo, that if I had thy coloring and thou hadst my design, I should never allow that Raphael, Titian, Correggio, or any other man could approach us."

Jacopo did not settle in Venice; but returned to Bassano, where he spent the remainder of his life in painting indefatigably. His works are everywhere; so that, as Lanzi observes, it has become rather a disgrace for a collection to be without examples than an honor to possess them. The peculiar merit of his pictures is of a kind that will ever recommend them rather to the student than to the mere amateur. Suggestive they are not, nor passing beautiful, nor grand in conception, like the works of his contemporaries. His inferiority to the latter, his fondness for reproducing the same faces and figures, monotony, and paucity of ideas, Lanzi regards as caused by his self-banishment to Bassano, a small country town, less inspiring than a capital. But this may have been the consequence, not the cause. Jacopo, deficient in originality and imagination, must even during his lifetime, in the eyes of the public, have come far behind those other and more highly gifted immortals Titian and Tintoretto, and may very plausibly have chosen rather to reign in Bassano than to serve in Venice. Such vanity—or modesty—is perfectly reasonable: witness the pictures which Jacopo's son, Francesco the younger, painted for the ducal palace at Venice, and which do suffer somewhat from being placed in too good company, with the masterpieces of Veronese and Il Robusto.

Of Jacopo's pictures that adorn the museum at Bassano, the finest are a "Nativity," a "Paradise," a "St. John in the Desert," and a "St. Valentine Baptising."

Like the cleverly elaborated paintings of the Flemish school with which Bassano's has so strong a fellowship, these compositions must be patiently studied

before genuine admiration can be felt for them. The *coup d'œil* is disappointing, and not till we have got over this does the full excellence of the details and handling begin to dawn upon us. Then, even if we stop short of enthusiasm, we can well believe the story told of Jacopo, that once he painted a book on a table so cleverly as to deceive Annibale Carracci, who tried to take it up.

Paul Veronese, also, had the very highest opinion of him, and sent his son to study under him. In the famous picture of "The Marriage at Cana," into which Veronese introduced his friends as the musicians, Jacopo appears among the rest, performing on the flute.

A wiser man than his father, Jacopo devoted his leisure hours to gardening, which he found a much more profitable pastime than alchemy. His collection of simples and herbs became celebrated, and attracted many royal and other distinguished visitors. Horticulture to this day is so much a feature of the town, that Bassano dwells in the traveller's memory as a city of gardens and flowering trees, and the paradise of vegetarians. Jacopo's grounds were favorably situated for the purpose, his house standing on the banks of the Brenta close to the bridge connecting the town with the suburb of Angarano. This bridge has become notorious by its reverses. It was built by Palladio, but carried away by a flood in 1748; then rebuilt, but only to be blown up by the French in 1792. The present covered wooden structure could offer no resistance to flood or fire, but has, whilst it stands, the merit of being extremely picturesque.

Jacopo died, full of years and honors, in 1592. Four of his sons had he trained to follow his own profession. The sire's rather scanty mantle of originality, divided, so to speak, among four, gave but a small allowance to each; and, though all made their mark, they merely trod in their father's footsteps, and maintained, without elevating, the school originated by him. Here, as we have seen, they succeeded to admiration. In the museum at Bassano is a "Presentation," painted by Francesco, the elder son, in conjunction with his father. His pictures in the ducal palace at Venice are well known. So is his unhappy end. He was haunted by a strange monomania, a delusion that he was in constant danger of arrest. In the slightest noise he heard a constable; and, during one of these fits of panic, he threw himself out of the window, and died from the effects of the fall. Leandro, his

younger brother, suffered from similar nervous attacks; but, being something of a philosopher besides, he sought for a spell that would charm them away, and he found it in music. He became a performer on the lute, and was thus able with his own hands to exorcise the evil spirit that possessed him. He settled at Venice, where he won great distinction as a portrait-painter, and lived as artists—not princes only—were wont to live in the olden time, with a good deal of pomp and splendor, never appearing in public without his gold collar, insignia of St. Mark, and a court of disciples around him. The emperor Rudolph did his utmost to bribe him away to Vienna to paint the Austrian archdukes and archduchesses. But Leandro preferred to remain among his Venetian magnificoes and beauties. He is well represented at Bassano by a fine "Marriage of St. Catherine" in the museum, and especially by a "Martyrdom of St. Stephen," that hangs in a side chapel of the cathedral—a picture of great beauty, and the single attraction the church can boast. On the two other sons of Jacopo, Girolamo and Giambattista, there is no occasion to dwell. They distinguished themselves chiefly as copyists; and with them, and a nephew and son-in-law of Girolamo's, ended the Bassano family of painters.

About Giorgione, his life, death, and works, there hangs the peculiar fascination of mystery to enhance the interest due to his extraordinary genius and its precocity. No painter, poet, inquisitive or romantic person, will leave Bassano without a visit to Castelfranco, the painter's birthplace, and where one of his finest works may be seen. Giorgione, unlike Jacopo da Bassano, does not appear to have clung to his native heath. Venice claimed him in life and in death. Still, the pride of Castelfranco is the superb picture of the "Madonna, Child, and Saints," that hangs in the chancel of the principal church; a composition in which the ideals of perfect simplicity, unearthly beauty, and wondrous execution are blended in a manner calculated to rouse both rapture and despair in the soul of the young artist. For the amateur, if a pessimist, will be overcome with grief at the recollection that so much of the same handiwork has perished; if an optimist, with delight that so splendid a specimen should be so well preserved.

On leaving this canvas we may leave Castelfranco, quite understanding that Giorgione should have preferred Venice.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 968

The place has no further interest. Its old fortifications are picturesque; but in this respect it is entirely outshone by its little neighbor Cittadella, halfway between Castelfranco and Bassano, a most curious circular little town, with its high battlemented walls, moat, bridges, and old gateways, all complete. It presents the appearance of the shell of a coliseum, with four fortified entrances, north, south, east, and west, and a town encamped inside—as it were the mediæval fortress settlement of some chieftain and his vassals—but whose humdrum and placid streets and squares contrast oddly with its ancient and warlike girdle.

To return to the museum at Bassano, it must be noted that the picture-gallery—which, besides the Da Ponte collection, contains two small panel pictures by Veronese, a reputed Raphael, and other interesting works—forms but a part of this capital institution. There is a library of twenty-one thousand volumes attached, a collection of manuscripts, of coins, of minerals, of local antiquities, and a herbarium; eighty-six hundred prints, including many of the greatest value; several plaster casts by Canova; and a set of his original drawings, being the first designs for his works.

And here we come to another red-letter name in the art-history of the Bassanese—that of the greatest man these parts have produced in modern times. Possagno, Canova's actual birthplace and home, is a little village about two hours' drive from Bassano, and lies pleasantly nestled among the Asolan hills at the base of the Venetian Alpine chain. Its chief outward and visible boast is the singular marble temple-tomb there set up by Canova to be sacred to his own memory.

Whatever may be thought of the design, which, moreover, has never been fairly or fully carried out, the mausoleum at Possagno—a rotunda with a fine Doric portico—forms a really striking and appropriate monument. Moralists may come, see, and depart shaking their heads over the vainglory of the sculptor who could plan and build for his "vain earth and shrunken ashes" so huge a sepulchre as this. But moralists have always such uncharitable imaginations! Taken from another point of view it may appear an excess of modesty on Canova's part which led him to think of such a solid memorial as desirable, perhaps needful, to enable his countrymen to keep him in remembrance.

In the street or square of a town this

miniature Pantheon would not strike us as particularly imposing; but it looks simply colossal in its actual situation, standing alone, in dazzling whiteness, against a background of hills, on a rising ground apart from and looking down upon the straggling lane of mostly dilapidated houses of which Possagno consists. The *rotonda* does duty as the parish church. Over the altar hangs an oil painting by Canova's hand. The design is singular; and in the quaint, stiff handling and treatment of the figures and mysticism of conception observable here and in other of the sculptor's pictures, there is something that forcibly recalls the sketches of William Blake, a resemblance it is puzzling to account for. He is better represented by a bronze "*Pietà*" in one of the niches, and some fine bas-reliefs on the walls. His remains are buried in a plain marble sarcophagus in another of the *rotonda* chapels. Only his heart lies at Venice, in the pretentious lachrymose monument (designed by himself for an archduchess) in the church of Frari. His house, still inhabited by members of his family, stands in the village street opposite the mausoleum. More specimens of his oil paintings may be seen here, and the little museum adjacent contains a number of casts from his principal works.

"*Excelsior*" is a motto to be used with discretion in churches with a fine view from the roof. The ascent of the *rotonda*, however, is moderate, and the game well worth the candle. A walk round the dome, outside, affords the most delicious prospect in the world of rich-tangled vineyards, and exquisitely-shaped wooded hills. Conspicuous stands the old ruined tower of Asolo, and Asolo itself, recalling far-famed little Pippa of the silk-mills, her songs, and her most memorable of New Year's Days. Canova's attachment to his country home, which was intense, needs no further explanation to one who has stood here over his tomb and seen the radiant loveliness of the land.

When Possagno, Asolo, Romano, Castelfranco, Cittadella have all been visited, there yet remains another inviting excursion for those who seek an excuse for lingering at Bassano one more day. A little village, nobody's birth or burial-place, without a local tyrant or genius in the past, pictures, statues, or casts in the present, yet attracts notice by the curious freak of nature's which has formed there, at Oliero, three most astonishing grottoes in the rock.

We grant at once all that can be said against grottoes as an institution, their

provoking family likeness leading to the melancholy conclusion that when you have seen one you have seen all, and that the sum of them is but a dark and slippery void, where perpetual dew keeps dropping on your head, as you go splashing through pools of fresh water, where you strain your eyes after rocky formations pointed out, but imperfectly seen by the light of a tallow candle or an uncertain torch, and whence you emerge with a general impression of dripping walls, damp feet, and inward disappointment; but none the less must we say a good word for the Oliero excursion, beginning with the drive up the Brenta valley, or Brenta canal, as the Venetian sea-dwellers, with an insular inflexibility of imagination, persist in mis-calling their Alpine roads. After a careful study of this particular *canale* between Bassano and Primolano, taken in the course of some half-a-dozen drives along it, we beg to suggest the Vale of Tobacco as a more suitable and descriptive title. The leading feature of the road is undoubtedly the appearance everywhere of this plant, the privilege of cultivating it having been granted to the villagers of the valley, but under the strictest regulations; as is evident, for the plants in each separate patch of ground are all numbered, and the sum total is posted up on boards in every field, and everywhere we may see the government officials, by twos and threes, on their rounds of inspection.

Little Oliero lies close to the Brenta, seven miles from Bassano. In the mountains behind the village are the three rocky caverns of which we have spoken. Out of two of these hollows flow large streams of limpid water. The third is dry. The grounds leading up to them are prettily laid out as a garden by the Parolini family, the proprietors, and who, by their courteous arrangements, make a visit to their grottoes pleasant and easy for strangers. One of the caves can be entered in a boat. Within is a subterranean lake, where we may row for several minutes; whilst the guides light up with their torches the various stalactites and other formations at the further end. The night effect at certain seasons, when the moon shines full into the cave, is said to be exceedingly weird and fine. Altogether the position of those grottoes, the lovely vegetation that surrounds them, and the idyllic calm of Oliero itself give them a claim to be remembered above others more remarkable for size and contents.

Although we have even now but half exhausted the interest of Bassano and its environs, enough has been said to show

that it deserves to be very well known by all lovers of scenery and of art. That it is really little visited, is shown by the errors repeated innocently year after year in handbooks usually remarkable for accuracy. We note a few of these misstatements: not that infallibility can fairly be demanded of travellers' guides, but merely to show how little attention the district has received of late years.

Thus, Baedeker draws our attention to the Oratorio of San Giuseppe, asserting that it contains Jacopo Bassano's famous picture of the "Nativity." Not without a good deal of obstinacy did we succeed in finding this traditional oratorio, which we at last identified with an outhouse near the cathedral, and now used as a lumber-room. The picture has long since been removed into the museum. The same writer notices the road to Possagno with a caution as "rough and hilly." Whether these ups and downs ever existed, or how they have been got rid of, we do not pretend to determine; but we can certify that the way is as smooth, flat, and broad as though it led to a much less pleasant place. Again, in Murray we find the Villa Rezzonica, a charming country house and garden about a mile from Bassano, commended to our notice as containing "an oil painting of the death of Socrates by Canova"—an ingenious confusion of facts. The Villa Rezzonica contains, it is true, an oil painting by Canova, but it represents the "Triumph of Religion." The death of Socrates formed the subject of a series of four bas-reliefs by this master which are now scattered abroad, and a small fragment of the plaster cast for one of these is all that the Villa Rezzonica has to show.

Lastly, a popular book of travel, lately published, describes Bassano as a town with a railway station. This is the guide-book of the future indeed. There is no railway nearer Bassano than Vicenza, a distance of twenty miles. The line in course of construction is proceeding with the utmost deliberation, though sanguine hopes are entertained by some that in the course of two years there may possibly be some talk of opening it; a consummation devoutly to be wished, say the inhabitants, but one which the traveller will regret. For him the charm of the place lies in its marked individuality, quiet beauty, and many other characteristics of old Italy, which are rapidly fading away in the north at least, but which Bassano, owing to her peculiar isolation, has hitherto preserved intact.

B. T.

*This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE, from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

*In conjunction with an American writer.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### MID-ATLANTIC.

THOSE glad days!—each one a new wonder as our tremendous speed drove us into successive and totally different worlds of light and color. The weather-prophets were all at fault. Each morning was a surprise. There might have been, for example, a plunging and roaring during the night, that told us there was a bit of sea on; but who could have imagined beforehand the brilliant and magnificent beauty of this westerly gale—the sea rolling along in mountainous waves—the wild masses of spray springing high into the air from the bows of the ship—the rapid rainbows formed by the sunlight striking on those towering clouds—then a rattle as of musketry fire as they fell on the sunlit and streaming decks? And if there were two obstinate young creatures who would not at all consent to stand in the huddled companion-way—if they would insist on having their morning march up and down the plunging decks, with the salt water running down their reddened faces—had they not their reward? They were the discoverers of the fact that we were running a race. What were those black objects that leaped clear into the sunlight, and went head-foremost again into the rushing waves? One after the other the merry dolphins sprang into the air and vanished again, and we were grateful to them for this friendly escort. They were social fellows, those dolphins—not like the whales, which generally kept away somewhere near the horizon, where they could only be made out by the recurrent jet of white foam.

And then, again, it might have been the very next morning that we found the world of water and sky grown still and dreamlike—pervaded by a mystic calm. The sea like vast folds of silk, dull, smooth, and lustreless—a waste of tender and delicate greys, broken only by the

faintest shadows where the low waves rolled; the sky lightly clouded over and also grey, with lines of yellowish light that grew narrower and narrower as they neared the horizon; and here the only bit of color in the vague and shadowy picture—a sharp, bold, clear line of blue all round the edge of the world, where the pale sea and the pale sky met.

And so we went on day after day; and the bells tolled the half-hours; and the gong sounded for meals; and the monotonous chorus of the sailors—

So now farewell,  
My bonnie young girl;  
For I'm bound for the Rio Gran'—

told us of the holystoning of the decks. There was rather more card-playing than reading; there was a good deal of perfunctory walking; sometimes there was a song or two in the long saloon of an evening. And by this time, too, people had got to know each other, and each other's names and circumstances, in the most surprising manner. The formal "Good morning" of the first day or two had developed into "And how are you this morning, Mr. —?" The smallest civility was sufficient warranty for the opening of an acquaintanceship. Ladies freely took any proffered arm for that inevitable promenade before dinner—all except one, and she the most remarked of all. What was it, then, that seemed to surround her—that seemed to keep her apart? A certain look in her face?—she was not a widow. Her manner?—she was almost anxiously courteous to every one around her. All sorts and conditions of men were eager to bring her chair, or pick up her dropped book, or bid other passengers stand aside to let her pass through the companion-way; and all the elderly women—to judge by their looks—seemed to bless her in their hearts for her sweet face; and all the young women appeared to be considerably interested in her various costumes; but somehow she made no familiar acquaintances. They might challenge our bright-faced Bell to make up a side at rope-quoits; and that brave lass—though she seldom landed more than two out of the dozen of quoits on the peg—would set to work with a will, her eyes bluer than ever with the blue light from the sea, the sunlight touching the constant gladness of her face. But when our beautiful, pale, sad guest came near to look on, they only moderated their wild laughter somewhat. They did not challenge her. It was not she whom they expected to pencil down

the score on the white paint of the ventilation-shaft. But there was not one of these brisk and active commercial gentlemen (who were the most expert performers) who would not instantly stop the game in order to dart away and get a chair for her: that modest smile of thanks was sufficient reward.

There was a young lady who sat near us at dinner—a very pretty young lady who had come all the way from San Francisco, and was returning home after a lengthened stay in Europe. It was quite evident that she and her friends must have stayed some time in Geneva, and that they had succumbed to the temptations of the place. She seemed to be greatly struck by Lady Sylvia's appearance; and for the first day or two paid more attention to her than to her meals. Now on the third day, imagine our astonishment—for small things became great on board ship—on finding the pretty young San Franciscan come into breakfast without a scrap of jewellery either round her neck or on her hands. She had even discarded the fore-finger ring—an opal surrounded with diamonds—which we had unanimously declared to be beautiful. Moreover, she never wore any jewellery during the rest of that voyage. Why was this? Wearing jewellery, even Geneva jewellery, is a harmless foible. Is there any magnetism radiating from a human being that is capable of destroying bracelets and finger-rings, or at least, of rendering them invisible? These are the mysteries of life.

But indeed we had more serious matters to think about, for we had with us a stern monitress, who did not fail to remind us that existence, even on board a trans-Atlantic steamer, is not all composed of dry champagne and rope-quoits. She had made the acquaintance of the purser, and from him she had obtained particulars regarding some of the many emigrants on board. The piteous tales she told us may have received a touch here and there from an imagination never of the dullest; but they sounded real enough; and it was very clear that they went straight to Lady Sylvia's heart. Was it not possible, she anxiously asked, to do something for this poor man who was dying of consumption, and who, conscious of his doom, was making a struggle to have a look at his two sons out in Montana before the sunken eyes finally closed? What we had to do for him, a day or two afterwards, was to attend his funeral. The weighted corpse, wrapped round with a Union-Jack,



was borne along by the sailors to the stern of the ship, and there a number of the passengers congregated, and stood with uncovered heads to hear the short burial service read. It was not a pathetic scene. The man was unknown to us but for that brief hint of his dying wish. The wild winds and the rushing waves drowned most of the words of the service. And yet there was something strange in the suddenness with which the corpse plunged down and disappeared, and in the blank loneliness of the sea thereafter. The man had neither friend nor relative on board.

There was an open space on the lower deck into which, for the freer air, the emigrants often came; and there they followed their domestic pursuits as unconscious as bees of being looked down upon from above. Surely, it was with no impertinent curiosity that our Queen T. taught her gentle friend to regard these poor people; rather it was with a great sympathy and friendliness. One morning she drew her attention to a young woman who appeared to be also a young mother, for she had a couple of children dawdling about her heels; and Lady Sylvia was greatly distressed that those young things should be so dirty and obviously neglected. She was for sending for the invaluable Mr. Evans, and begging him to take some little present to the mother.

"But why should they be dirty? And why should they be neglected?" demanded that fierce social philosopher, whose height is five-foot-three. "Look at the mother—look at her tawdry ribbons—her unkempt hair—her dirty face. She is a woman who has got no womanly pride; if she has a husband,—God help him!—fancy what his home must be. If he has got rid of her, I should imagine he must be glad; he could keep the house cleaner without her. But look at that young woman over there—I know she has a young family too, for I saw them this morning. See how she has tucked up her dress so that she can go over the wet decks; see how she has carefully braided her hair; and do you see how all those tin things she has been washing are shining bright—and look at her now—polishing that knife—and putting the cloth up on the rope to dry. For my part, I have no sympathy for women who are squalid and dirty. There is no reason in the world why they should be so. A woman—and especially a wife—ought to make the best of her circumstances; and if her husband does drink and ill-use her, she won't make him any the more

ashamed of himself by becoming a slattern and driving him away from a dirty house. I am going down to speak to that young woman who is polishing the tin jugs."

And she did, too; and became acquainted with all the young wife's circumstances. These were not at all dreadful or pathetic. She was a brisk and active young Irishwoman, who was very proud that her husband in New York had at last saved up enough money to send for her and her children; and her only fear was that, New York being such a big place, there might be a chance of missing her husband on going ashore. Queen T. wholly reassured her on this point; and begged to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her children, and of course she gave them a keepsake all round—with a whole heap of fruit and sweets obtained by illicit means from the chief saloon-steward.

On—on—on—night and day—with this tremendous speed. Even our women-folk now had dismissed all fear of being ill. On one morning, it is true—during a pretty stiff gale in the "Devil's Hole," or "Rolling Forties"—they were remarkably abstemious at breakfast, but not one of them succumbed; and now that we were getting near the Newfoundland Banks they waxed valiant. They declared that crossing the Atlantic was mere child's play compared to crossing the Chanael. Bell grew learned about square-sails and try-sails, and had picked up all the choruses of the sailors. "*Give a man time to roll a man down*," is not at all a proper sentiment for a young lady; but a great deal is admissible at sea.

Then we had a dolorous day of rain; and there were more huddled groups than ever in the smoking-room playing poker; and more disconsolate groups than ever at the top of the companion-way looking out on the leaden sky and the leaden sea. Moreover, as the day waned fog came on; and that evening, as we sat in the saloon, there was ominous conversation abroad. We heard the dull booming of the fog-horn as we sped through the night. Was not our course somewhat too northerly? What about icebergs? Towards morning should we not be dangerously near Cape Race—not dangerously for ourselves, but for the anchored schooners and smacks on the Great Bank, any one of which would be ploughed down by this huge vessel, with only perhaps one shriek of agony to tell what had happened? It was a gloomy evening.



But then, the next morning! Where was the fog? A dome of clear blue sky; a sea of dark blue, with the crisp white crests of the running waves; a fresh, invigorating westerly breeze. And now surely we were getting out of the region of unknown and monotonous waters into something definite, human, approachable; for it was with a great interest and gladness that the early risers found all around them the anchored schooners, and it was with even a greater interest that we drew near and passed a rowing-boat full of men whose bronzed faces were shining red in the sun.

"These are the poor fellows I told you about," said our admiral and commander-in-chief to her friend. "Think of the danger they must be in on a foggy night—think of their wives and children at home. I should not wonder if their wives were glad to see them when they got back to shore!"

"It is dreadful—dreadful," said Lady Sylvia; and perhaps it was the new excitement of seeing these strange faces that made her eyes moist.

We had to pass still another long, beautiful day, with nothing around us visible but the blue sea and the blue sky; but if the honest truth must be told, we were not at all impatient to find before us the far low line of the land. Indeed, we looked forward to leaving this life on board ship with not a little regret. We were going farther, perhaps to fare worse. We had become a sort of happy family by this time; and had made a whole host of friends, whom we seemed to have known all our lives. And one of us was rather proud of her skill at rope-quoits; and another was mad on the subject of sea-air; and another—his initials were Oswald von Rosen—was deeply interested in the raffles and betting of the smoking-room. What would the next day's run be? What would the number of the pilot be? Would that ancient mariner have a moustache or not? There was a frightful amount of gambling going on.

The next morning our admiral insisted that there was a strong odor of seaweed in the air; and seemed proud of the fact.

"Madame Columbus," said our German friend, seriously, "it is a happy omen. I do not think you could prevent a mutiny much longer—no—the men say there is no such place as America—they will not be deceived—they will return to Spain. The crew of the 'Pinta' are in revolt. They do not care any more for the presence of those birds—not at all. If we do

not see land soon, they will kill you and go home."

But the confidence which we placed in our admiral was soon to be justified. Far away on the southern horizon we at length descried a pilot-boat flying the flag of proffered assistance. We hailed with joy the appearance of this small vessel, which the savage inhabitants of the nearest coast had doubtless sent out to welcome the pioneers of civilization; and we regarded with awe and reverence the sublime features of Madame Columbus, now irradiated with triumph. As for the wretched creatures who had been mutinous, it is not for this hand to chronicle the sudden change in their manner: "They implored her," says a great historian, "to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of her well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced her whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages."

Stranger still, the native whom we took on board this friendly boat was found to be clothed; and he spoke a language which, although not English, was intelligible. We regarded him with great curiosity; but there was nothing savage or uncouth in his manners. He had rings in his ears; and he smoked a short clay pipe.

Of course our excitement all that day was great; and there was a wild scene in the smoking-room in the evening—a mock trial by jury having produced a good many bottles of whiskey in the way of fines. The songs were hearty, and hoarse. We raffled a rug.

On the following morning there was something to make one rub one's eyes. It was a long, faint, pale, blue thing, stretching along the western horizon, and having the appearance of a huge whale lying basking in the mist of the early sunlight. We called aloud to those who were below. That blue line in the yellow mist was—America!

#### CHAPTER XXX.

#### LANDED!

THERE was excitement enough, to be sure. Every one was on deck, eagerly regarding the land that was momentarily

drawing nearer. And who were these ladies whom we now saw for the first time? Surely they could not have been ill all the way across the Atlantic? Or had they not rather given way to an abject terror of the sea, and hidden themselves close in their berths in order to get a sort of ostrich-safety? And the gentlemen who attended them, too — whence had they procured such a supply of tall hats? We resented the appearance of that ungainly article of costume. We had grown accustomed to the soft and delicate colors of sea and cloud; this sudden black patch struck a blow on the eye; it was an outrage on the harmonious atmospheric effects all around us.

For now we were slowly steaming over the bar, in the stillness of the summer morning; and the beautiful olive green of the water, and the great bay before us, and the white-sailed schooners, and the long semicircle of low green hills were all softened together with a mist of heat. The only sharp point of light was close at hand, where the promontory of Sandy Hook, blazing in sunlight, juttied out into the rippling water. It was all like a dream as we slowly glided along. The pale hills looked spectral and remote: we preferred not to know their name. And then as we drew near the Narrows, our blue-eyed Bell could not conceal her astonishment and delight. Surely, she said, we had missed our way somewhere, and got back to the wrong side of the Atlantic! The wooded hills coming close to the sea — the villas on the slopes, half-hidden in soft green foliage — the long line of sandy shore — the small yachts riding at anchor in the clear and rippling water — why, surely, surely, she said, we had just come down the Clyde, and had got to Dunoon, or Inellan, or the Kyles of Bute. We knew quite well that one of these yachts was the "Aglaia." We knew perfectly that if we were walking along the shore there, we should meet a thick-set little man in smart blue uniform, who would say, —

"Ay, ay, mem, and will you be going for a sail to-day, mem? Mr. —, it is away up the hills he is to-day; and he will be penting all the day; and the wind it is ferry good to-day, mem, for a run down to the Cumbræs and back, mem."

And what would our Bell answer? She would say, —

"Dear Captain Archie, we will go on board the 'Aglaia' at once, and go to the Cumbræs, and further than that. We will leave Mr. — painting up in the hills forever and ever, until he comes down a

Rip Van Winkle. We will go far beyond the Cumbræs, to Loch Ranza and Kilbrana Sound, to the sound of Jura and Loch Buy, and we will listen to the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay. And I pledge you my word, Captain Archie, that we will never once in all the voyage begin to cry because we are not bound for Idaho."

But these idle dreams, begotten of the morning mist and the sunlight, were soon dispelled. We came to anchor off Staten Island. We regarded the natives who boarded us from the small steamer with great interest and wonder; they were as like ordinary human beings as possible, and did not seem at all depressed by having to live in a place some three thousand miles away from anywhere — which was our first notion of America. Then we had to go down into the saloon, and go through the form of swearing we had no forbidden merchandise in our luggage. It was a tedious process; but we did not fail to admire the composure of one stout little gentleman who passed the time of waiting in copying out on a large sheet of paper a poem entitled "Love."

The love that sheds its mortal ray,

the verses began. He had stumbled across them in a book out of the saloon library; and they had been too much for his kindly heart. Happily he had his copy completed before the great ship was got into the dock.

And now the dusky, steeped mass of New York lay before us; and experts were eagerly naming the principal buildings to strangers; and the sun was beating fiercely on us with a heat we had never experienced at sea. There was a little black crowd of people on the wharf; this great floating palace seemed bearing down on the top of them. And surely it was preposterous that handkerchiefs should be waved already.

Now the people who had warned us of the awful isobars, and generally recommended us to say our prayers before stepping on board a trans-Atlantic steamer, had also harrowed our souls with a description of the difficulties of landing. Two sovereigns was the least tip to be slipped into the hands of the custom-house officer, and even then he might turn upon us with a fiendish malignity and scatter our innocent wardrobes all about the wharf. Then what about getting to a hotel in a city that has no cabs? Should we get into a labyrinth of tramway-cars, and end by getting back to the steamer

and demanding that we should be taken to Liverpool forthwith? Well, we never quite knew how it was all managed; but there was no scrimmage, and no tipping of any sort, and nothing but the most formal opening of one portmanteau out of a dozen; and such remarkable civility, swiftness, and good arrangement that before we could wholly understand it we were being whirled away in a huge hotel omnibus that had high springs like a George IV. chariot, and that ploughed through the thick dust, and then sprung up on the tramway-rails with a bound that flung us about like peas in a bladder.

"Gracious goodness!" cried Queen T., clinging on to the window, so that she should not be flung out on the other side, "this is more dangerous than crossing a dozen Atlantics!"

"Madame," said our German companion, with his teeth clenched, and his hands keeping a tight grip of about a dozen bags, umbrellas, and shawls, "the Americans suffer a great deal from liver complaint; that is why they keep their streets so."

But what was the use of his talking about America? A booby could have seen we were not in America at all. We had expected to find New York a sort of overgrown Liverpool; but here we were — in Paris! Paris everywhere — in the green casements of the window — the plaster-fronted houses with mansard roofs — the acacia-looking ailanthus along the pavements — the trailing creepers about the balconies — the doors of carved wood with white metal handles. Paris, Paris everywhere — in the hot, dry air and the pale and cloudless sky — in the gaudy shop-fronts and restaurants, with Parisian lettering on the signs. And surely this, too, is a Parisian hotel that we enter — the big and gilt saloons, the bedrooms heavily furnished in dark red velvet, an odor of tobacco everywhere, and blue clouds and pink cupids decorating the staircase?

And already we are involved in our first quarrel; for that vehement German has been insisting on the Irish porters bringing up all our luggage at once; and as there has been a sort of free fight below, he comes fuming up-stairs.

"Ah, it is true," says he, "what an American did once tell me. He said, 'You think it is all equality in my country? No, no; that is a great mistake. The obsequiousness,' said he, 'that marks the relations between the waiter at an hotel and the guest at an hotel, that is shocking — shocking. But then,' said he,

'the obsequiousness is all on the side of the guest.'"

We did not believe for a moment that any such American ever existed; though all nations — except the Scotch — have a common trick of saying evil things of themselves. We believed that this young man had impudently invented the story to excuse his overbearing and blustering treatment of these poor, down-trodden sons of Erin, who, when they did bring up our portmanteaus, showed how they revolted against this ignoble slavery by pitching them down anyhow. They had our respectful sympathy; but we dared not offer them the common consolation of a piece of money. They were doubtless — as their bearing showed them to be — the descendants of kings.

There is one distressing peculiarity of American hotels which has never been remarked upon by any traveller — and that is their extreme instability of foundation. As we were engaged in opening our portmanteaus to get some costumes more suitable for the prevailing heat, those French-looking bedrooms — with their tall and narrow windows sheltered by white casements, and their solid couches and easy chairs all covered with that crimson velvet which is a sweet solace in July — our bedrooms, I say, kept oscillating this way and that so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The passages too! After a great deal of knocking and calling we mustered up our party to go down to luncheon; and then we found the long lobby swaying hither and thither far more violently than the saloon of the big ship had done in the "Rolling Forties." We dared not go down the stairs without clinging on to each other. We began to believe that the city of New York must be built like a water-hen's nest, which rises and falls with the rise and fall of the stream. It seemed very hard, indeed, that we should have successfully crossed the Atlantic without experiencing any discomfort, only to find ourselves heaved about in this fashion. It was observed, however, that this strange conduct on the part of the hotel gradually ceased as we sat at luncheon; so that we were happily allowed to examine the characteristics of the American family at the next table — the first distinctive group of natives we had seen on shore. They fully bore out all we had heard about this country. The eldest daughter was rather pretty but sallow and unhealthy; and she drank a frightful quantity of iced water. The mamma was shrunken and shrivelled

— all eyes, like a young crow — and seemed afflicted with a profound melancholy. The papa devoted himself to his newspaper and his toothpick. And there were one or two younger children, noisy, turbulent, petted, and impertinent. All these well-known characteristics we perceived at a glance. It is true we afterwards discovered that the family was English; but that was of little account.

We went for a drive in the hot, clear, brilliant afternoon. Paris — Paris — Paris everywhere. Look at the *cafés*, with their small marble tables; look at the young men in straw hats who are continually chewing the end of a damp cigar that won't keep alight; look at the showy nettings of the small, wiry, long-tailed horses, and the spider-wheeled vehicles that spin along to the Bois de — to the Central Park, that is. Of course when we meet one of those vehicles we keep to the right hand — anybody could have foretold that. And here is the park itself — a very beautiful park, indeed, with green foliage, winding roads, ornamental waters, statues, fountains. There is a band playing down there in the shade of the trees. And here is a broad paved thoroughfare — a promenade — with a murmur of talking, and a prevailing odor of cigarettes. Of course it is Offenbach the band is playing; and it is pleasant enough to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the green sward beyond and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own. What is it they are singing and saying and laughing? —

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira!  
Tant qu'on le pourra,  
L'on trinquera,  
Chantera,  
Aimera  
La fillette.

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira!

"How do you like being in Paris?" says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

"I do not like thinking of Paris at all," said he gravely. "I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles."

And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all

expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor and dirt and smoke of an English city? She was an ardent patriot, we all know. Of all the writing that ever was written there was none could stir her blood like a piece that was first printed in a journal called the *Examiner*, and that begins, —

First drink a health, this solemn night,  
A health to England, every guest;  
That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best.

Was it because she had married a German that she used to repeat, with such bitterness of scorn, that bitterly scornful verse that goes on to say, —

Her frantic city's flashing heats  
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.  
Why change the titles of your streets?  
You fools, you'll want them all again!

But it was surely not because she had married a German that, when she came to the next appeal, the tears invariably rushed to her eyes, —

Gigantic daughter of the West,  
We drink to thee across the flood,  
We know thee and we love thee best,  
For art thou not of British blood?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
Permit not thou the tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
But let thy broadsides roar with ours!

Hands all round!  
God the tyrant's cause confound!  
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,  
And the great name of England round and round!

And was our poor Bell sorely grieved at heart, not that she had crossed the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, to find that the far daughter of the West had forsaken the ways of her old-fashioned mother, and had taken to French finery, and to singing, —

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira!

"My dear child," it is necessary to say to her, "why should you be so disappointed? They say that New York changes its aspect every five years; at present she has a French fit on. London changes too, but more slowly. Twenty years ago every drawing-room was a blaze of gilt and rose-color; people were living in the time of Louis XIV.

Five years ago Kensington and St. John's Wood had got on to the time of Queen Anne; they fixed you on penitential seats, and gave you your dinner in the dark. Five years hence Kensington and St. John's Wood will have become Japanese — I foresee it — I predict it — you will present me with a pair of gold peacocks if it isn't so. And why your disappointment? If you don't like Paris, we will leave Paris. To-morrow, if you please, we will go up the Rhine. The beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves. Instead of taking you away out to Chalons, and whipping you on to Bar-le-duc and Nancy, and making you hop across the Vosges — the Vogesen, I beg your pardon — we will undertake to transport you in about twenty minutes for the trifling sum of ten cents. Shall it be so?"

"I am not so stupid as to be disappointed with New York yet," said our Bell, rather gloomily.

She called it New York, and she still believed it was New York, though we went in the evening to a great hall that was all lit up with small colored lamps; and the band was playing Lecocq; and the same young men in the straw hats were promenading round and round; and smoking cigarettes; and smart waiters were bringing glasses of beer to the small tables in the boxes. Then we got back to the hotel not a little tired with the long, hot, parching day; and we went to bed — perchance to dream of cool English rains, and our Surrey hedges, and the wet and windy clouds blowing over from the sea.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

OF course we did not run away from New York merely because our good Bell was of opinion that the city had something too much of a French look. We had many excellent friends pressing their hospitalities on us; we had many places to visit; and then Queen T. must needs insist on telegraphing to England that letters should be sent out to us by a particular steamer. Letters! No doubt when Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador, and found a whole new world awaiting his explorations, his first impulse was to sit down and cry because he could not hear whether his mother-in-law's cold was better.

She was most economical, too, about that telegram. She would not have Lady Sylvia send a separate message.

"A couple of words extra will do," she said, "and they will understand to go over to the hall and let your father — and Mr. Balfour too — know that you have arrived safely. Why should you send a separate message?"

Why, indeed! The young wife was grateful to this kind friend of hers for so considerably throwing dust in our eyes. Why should she send a separate message to her husband, when the expense would be so desperate?

And although Queen T. lavished her time on writing letters to her boys at home, she always did that in the privacy of her own room, and rather strove to hide or to make little of these communications with England. Columbus himself, when the king and queen asked him to give an account of his travels, could not have been more particular than this new discoverer in describing the wonderful things she had seen. The amount of information conveyed to those boys — who would much rather have had a sovereign sewn up between two cards — was enormous. On one occasion she was caught giving them a precise account of the Constitution of the United States, obviously cribbed from Mr. Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans." But then these budgets were generally written at night, and they were never paraded next day. When, before Lady Sylvia, she spoke of England, she treated it as a place of little account. Our necessary interests were in the things around us. One could not always be looking back and indulging in sentiment. That was more to be pardoned — and as she said this the small philosopher was down at the Battery, her tender eyes gazing wistfully at a certain archway which barred our view of the sea beyond — that was more to be pardoned to the thousands upon thousands of sad-hearted men and women who had landed at this very point, who had passed through that archway, with their hopes of the New World but feebly compensating them for their loss of home and kindred and friends. This, said she, was the most interesting spot in all America, and the most pathetic. And as she had been two whole days on this continent, we calmly acquiesced.

And at length the arrival of our letters, which contained a vast amount of important news about nothing at all, relieved the anxious hearts of the two mothers, and set us free. We bid farewell to this Atlantic Paris, with its hot pavements, its green ailanthus-trees, its dry air, and intolerable thirst; and at about three o'clock on a

strangely still and sultry day we drive down to the wharf and embark on a large and curiously constructed steamer. But no sooner have we got out on to the broad bosom of the river than we find how grateful are these spacious saloons, and lofty archways, and cool awnings, for now the swift passage of the boat produces something like a breeze, and for a time we ceased to brood on iced drinks. Under the pleasant awning we have our chairs and books and fruit; but the books are not much regarded, for, as we noiselessly and swiftly steam up against the current, it appears more and more certain that we have got into some mystic dreamland which can in no wise be any part of America, and that this river is not only neither the Hudson nor the Rhine, but wholly unlike any river seen out of a vision of the night. What is the meaning of the extraordinary still haze that kills out natural colors, and substitutes for them the mere phantasmagoria of things? The low and wooded hills that here bound the river ought to be green; they are, on the contrary, of a pale opalesque blue and white. The blue sky is faintly obscured; we can only catch glimpses of white villas in these dusky woods; all around is a sort of slumberous, strangely-hued mist; and the only definite color visible is the broad pathway of sunlight on the stream, and that is of a deep and ruddy bronze where the ripples flash. We begin to grow oppressed by this strange gloom. Is it not somewhere in this neighborhood that the most "deevlish cantrips" are still performed among the lonely hills, while the low thunder booms, and unearthly figures appear among the rocks? Should we be surprised if a ghostly barge put off from that almost invisible shore, bringing out to us a company of solemn and silent mariners, each with his horn of schnapps, and his hanger, and his ancient beard? Will they invite us to an awful carouse far up in the sombre mountains, while our hair turns slowly gray as we drink, and the immeasurable years go sadly by as we regard their wild faces? "Bell! Bell!" we cry, "exorcise these Dutch fiends! Sing us a Christian song! Quick—before the thunder rolls!" And so in the midst of this dreadful stillness, we hear a sweet and cheerful sound, and our hearts grow light. It is like the ringing of church bells over fields of yellow corn;

Faintly as tolls the evening chime—

the sound is low, but it is clear and sweet as the plashing of a fountain—

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

And, indeed, there are two voices now humming the subdued melody to us—

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

Surely the mists begin to clear, and the sun is less spectral over those dusky hills? Hendrick Hudson—Vanderdecken—whatever in the devil's name they call you—be off, you and your ghastly crew! We will not shake hands; but we wish you a safe return to your gloomy rocks, and may your barrels of schnapps never be empty! We can see them retire; there is no expression on their faces; but the black eyes glitter, and they stroke their awful beards. The dark boat crosses the lane of bronzed sunshine; it becomes more and more dusky as it nears the shore; it vanishes into the mist. And what is this now, close at hand?—

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!

Vanderdecken, farewell! There will be solemn laughter in the hills to-night.

But there is no romance about this German ex-lieutenant, who exhibits an unconscionable audacity in talking to anybody and everybody, not excepting the man at the wheel himself; and of course he has been asking what this strange atmospheric phenomenon meant.

"Ha!" he says, coming along, "do you know what it is, this strange mist? It is the forests on fire—for miles and miles and miles—away over in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, and it has been going on for weeks, so that the whole air is filled with the smoke. Do you smell it now? And there is not enough wind to carry it away; no, it lies about here, and you think it is a thunder-storm. But it is not always—I mean everywhere; and the captain says there is not any at West Point, which is very good indeed. And it is very beautiful there, every one says; and the hotel is high up on the hill."

In the mean time this mystical river had been getting broader, until it suddenly presented itself to us in the form of a wide and apparently circular lake, surrounded with mountains, the wooded slopes of which descended abruptly to the shores, and were there lost in a wilderness of rocks and bushes. Do you wonder that Bell called out,—

"It is the Holy Loch! Shall we go ashore at Kilmun?"

And then the river narrowed again, and the waters were very green; and of course



we bethought ourselves of the Rhine, flowing rapidly along its deep gorge.

Or was it not rather one of the shores of the Lake of Geneva? Look at the picturesque little villas stuck over the rocks, and amid the bushes and trees, while the greens seem all the more intense that the sun out there in the west has become a rayless orb of dusky and crimson fire — as round and red and dull a thing as ever appeared in a Swiss lithograph. It never seemed to occur to any of us that, after all, this was not the Holy Loch, nor the Rhine, nor the Lake of Geneva, but simply the river Hudson.

And yet we could not help reverting to that Rhine fancy when we landed on the little wooden pier, and entered a high hotel omnibus, and were dragged by two scraggy horses up an exceedingly steep and dusty road to a hotel planted far above the river, on the front of a plateau and amidst trees. It was a big, wide hotel, mostly built of wood, and with verandas all round; and there were casements to the bedroom windows; and every where in the empty and resounding corridors an odor as of food cooked with a fair amount of oil. We threw open one of these casements. There was a blaze of fire in the west. The wooded hills were of a dark green. Far below us flowed the peaceful river, with a faint mist gathering on it in the shadows.

Then by-and-by we descended to the large, bare-walled, bare-floored, but brilliantly lighted saloon, in which the guests were assembling for dinner; and now it was no longer the Rhine, for the first object that struck the eye was the sharp contrast between the dazzling white of the tables and the glossy black faces and heads of the waiters. From this time forward, it may here be said, we began to acquire a great liking for those colored folk, not from any political sympathy, for we were but indifferently fierce politicians, but simply because we found Sambo, so far as we had the honor of making his acquaintance, remarkably good-natured, attentive, cheerful, and courteous. There was always an element of surprise about Sambo, the solemn black bullet-head suddenly showing a blaze of white teeth, as he said "Yes, sah!" and "Yes, mahm!" and laughingly went off to execute orders which he had never in the least understood. There was so much of the big baby about him, too. It is quite certain that Queen T. deliberately made the most foolish blunders in asking for things, in order to witness the suppressed and

convulsive amusement of these huge children; and that, so far from her being annoyed by their laughing at her, she was delighted by it, and covertly watched them when they thought they were unobserved. She was extremely tickled, too, by the speech of some of them, which was a great deal nearer that of Mr. Bones, of St. James's Hall, than she had at all expected it would be. In fact, in the privacy of her own chamber she endeavored once or twice — But this may be read by her boys, who have enough of their mother's wicked and irreverent ways.

Then, after dinner, we went out to the chairs on the wide and wooden balcony, high up here over the still-flowing river, in the silence of the hot, still, dark night. A grey haze lay along the bed of the stream; the first stars overhead were becoming visible. Far away behind us stretched those dusky hills into which the solemn Dutchmen had disappeared. Were they waiting now for the first glimmer of the moon before coming out to begin their ghostly carouse? Could we call to them, over the wide gulf of space, and give them an invitation in our turn? "Ho! ho! Vanderdecken — Hendrick Hudson — whatever they call you — come, you and your gloomy troop, down the hill-sides and through the valleys, and we will sing you a song as you smoke your clays! The dogs shall not bark at you; and the children are all in bed; and when you have smoked and drank deep, you will depart in peace! Ho! ho! — Ho! ho!"

Could we not hear some echo from those mystic hills? — a rumble of thunder, perhaps?

"Listen!" called out our Bell — but it was not the hoarse response of Vanderdecken that she heard — "there it is again, in among the trees there. Don't you hear it? Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!"

And by-and-by, indeed, the hot, still night air became filled with these calls in the dark; and as we watched the moon rise over the hills, our fancies forsook the ghostly Dutchmen, and were busy about that mysterious and distant Katy, whose doings had so troubled the mind of this poor anxious insect. What was it, then, that Katy did that is never to be forgotten? Was it merely that she ran away with some gay young sailor from over the seas, and you, you miserable, envious, censorious creature, you must needs tell all the neighbors, and give the girl no peace? And when she came back, too, with her husband the skipper, and her five bonny



boys, and when they both would fain have settled down in their native village, she to her spinning-wheel, and he to his long clay and his dram, you would not even let the old story rest. Katy-did! Katy-did! And what then? Peace, you chatterer, you tell-tale, you scandal-monger, or we will take you to be the imprisoned spirit of some deceased and despicable slanderer, condemned forever to haunt the darkness of the night with your petulant, croaking cry.

Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! Cannot you send us a faint halloo? The moon is high over the hills now, and the wan light is pouring down into the valleys. Your dark figures, as you come out from the rocks, will throw sharp shadows on the white roads. Why do you draw your cowls over your face? The night is not chilly at all, and there is no one to see you as you pass silently along. Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! The night is clear. Our hands shall not tremble as we lift the bowl to you. Cannot you send us a faint halloo?

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers —  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Or is it the tinkling of the sheep bells on our Surrey downs, with the sunlight shining on the spire of the church, and the children walking between the hedges, the blue sky over all? Or is it the clear, sweet singing of the choir that we hear — falling on the grateful sense like the cool splashing of running water? Gloomy phantoms have no place on our Surrey downs; the air is bright there; there is a sound as of some one singing.

Katy-did! Katy-did! Was it on such a night as this that she stole away from her home, and looked pale and troubled as she fled along the lonely road to the side of the stream? See how the moon lights up the dusky sides of the hills, and touches the rounded foliage of the woods, and flashes a bold line of silver across the broad, smooth river! There are other lights down there, too — the colored lights of moving boats. And will she step on board with a quick, hurried, trembling foot, and hide her pale face and streaming eyes in her lover's arms? Farewell, farewell to the small, empty room and its flowers; farewell to the simple life and the daily task; for the great, eager, noisy world lies all ahead, unknown and terrible.

Swiftly speeds the boat through the moonlight and the mist — there is no sound as it goes — not even a faint and parting cheer from Vanderdecken and his merry men as they solemnly gaze down from the hills.

It is the lieutenant who rouses us from our dreams.

"Lady Sylvia," says he, "you know the Rhine — were you ever at Rolandseck? Do not you think this place is very like Rolandseck?"

For a second or two she could not answer. Had she ever been to Rolandseck on the Rhine!

---

From The Spectator.

#### DIAMONDS.

UNTIL within little more than ten years ago, an "Ethiop" on his native soil desirous of wearing a fair jewel in his ear would have had to import the bauble; and at a much later date, the colonists of Queensland and New South Wales believed that nature, in the storing of her treasure-houses out their way, had drawn the line at gold. In all the riches of the earth had English territory a share, except in those much-prized things which have inspired fancies and fables from the beginning of all records of fancy and of fable. The diamond had hitherto yielded up its peerless preciousness in Indian mines and in Brazilian gravel-beds — where in early times the men who, in washing gold found the sparkling stones, threw them away, or used them as card-markers — in the Ural Mountains (where the earth was also bountiful of emerald), and in Borneo. Of these treasure-hoards, India's were the most ancient and rich, and the most industriously rifled. When, in 1727, Bernardino Fonseca Lobo, who had seen rough diamonds in India, took a number of the pretty card-markers from Minas-Gerães to Portugal for sale, the European merchants, frightened lest the discovery should cause a fall in the price of the gems in their possession, declared that "Brazilian diamonds" were only the refuse of the Indian stones, forwarded to Goa, and thence to Brazil. No inanimate article of commerce in the world has inspired more cruelty and tyranny or occasioned more misery than the diamond, and if among the animate the horse rivals it as a suggester of subtle swindling, it barely does so. The very fairies cannot

help cheating in precious stones,—how, then, should mere mortal merchants? So the dealers, having the ear of the diamond-buying world, pooh-poohed and discredited Brazil; whereupon the Portuguese cut their human fellow-diamonds deeply, by sending the Brazilian stones to Goa and thence to Bengal, where they were offered for sale as Indian gems and fetched Indian prices. This was a very neat transaction, pending the establishment of the “Diamantina” as a remunerative fact demonstrated by slave-labor.

Some remarkable stories are connected with the discovery of diamonds in Brazil, so much regretted by the Marquis de Pombal, who vainly endeavored to arrest the evil by forbidding search in the province of Bahia (Brazilian diamonds were known at first as “Bahias”) on the plea that agriculture would suffer from the diversion of industry. We find these stories in Mr. Streeter’s valuable work on “Precious Stones,” in which every branch of his fascinating subject is made interesting. The discovery of diamonds in Bahia was in this wise: “A cunning slave from Minas-Geraes, keeping his master’s flocks in Bahia, observed a similarity between the soil of his native place and that of Bahia. He sought therefore in the sand, and soon found seven hundred carats of diamonds. Fleeing from his master, he carried these with him, and offered them for sale in a distant city. Such wealth in the hands of a slave caused him to be arrested, but he would not betray himself. The master, to whom he was given up, tried to get at his secret by cunning, but without avail, until he thought of restoring him to his former occupation in Bahia, and watching him.” A year afterwards, twenty-five thousand people were digging diamonds in the fields there (eighty miles long by forty broad), and at the rate of fourteen hundred and fifty carats a day. Dreadful misery ensued on the discovery of the “Diamond Rivers.” The government wanted to secure the monopoly of the new-found wealth to the crown, and so the dwellers on the rivers’ banks were driven from their homes to distant wilds and despoiled of all they possessed. “Nature seemed to take part against them; a dreadful drought, succeeded by a violent earthquake, increased their distress. Many of them perished, but those who lived to return, on May 18, 1805 were benevolently reinstated in their rightful possessions. Strange to say, on their return, the earth seemed strewn with diamonds. After a shower, the children used to find gold in the streets, and in the

brooks which traversed them. Often the little ones would bring in three or four carats of diamonds. A negro found a diamond at the root of a vegetable in his garden, and poultry, in picking up their food, took up diamonds constantly.” Æsop thus improved upon, in the fulness of time we find Sindbad parodied. In 1868 the child of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs, settled at the Cape, amused himself by collecting pretty pebbles on the banks of the neighboring river, and picked up a specimen which attracted his mother’s attention, so that she showed it to one Schalck van Niekerk, who was curious in such matters. He was puzzled about its nature, and offered to buy it, but Mrs. Jacobs laughed at his offer, and gave him the pebble, which afterwards passed carelessly through two intervening pairs of hands before it reached—in a gummed envelope and unregistered—Dr. Atherstone, of Graham’s Town, an excellent mineralogist. This gentleman, having examined its physical character and tested its degree of hardness and density, and its behavior when subjected to optical tests by means of polarized light, pronounced it to be a diamond. This is the stone which was examined by *savants* of all nations during the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and purchased at the close of it by Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500. In 1870, Mr. Streeter’s diamond expedition party were exploring the Transvaal far and wide, and ascertaining facts which complete our knowledge of the new wonder of the world. Amid dry geological details, charming touches of anecdote and adventure crop up, like the gems themselves, from the gravel and the quartz; and great solitary jewels, like the “Stewart” and the “Dudley,” emerge and take their places in history, with the Sancy, the Pitt, the Great Mogul, the Hope Brilliant, and many another bright bauble, blood-and-tear-stained. The Transvaal, our new territory, is Sindbad’s Valley in prose fact, and the origin of the most celebrated group of dry diggings—that called Du Toit’s Pan, which does not sound poetical—is as simple and fantastic as a fancy of Hans Christian Andersen’s. “A Dutch Boer, named Tan Wyk, who occupied a farmhouse in this locality (twenty miles south-east of Pniel), was surprised to find diamonds *embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from a neighboring pond*. This led to examination of the soil, which was soon found to contain diamonds. On continuing to dig lower and lower, diamonds were still

brought to light, nor did they cease when the bed of rock was at length reached."

It was but natural that the discovery of diamonds at the Cape should excite only moderate enthusiasm in Brazil, but the Portuguese trick was long past, and the merchants would have been wiser had they been less angry, and especially less incredulous; had they remembered, to avoid them, the incidents of a century before. They refused to receive the warnings sent in perfect good faith, and in stolid unbelief beheld the attention of the trade diverted to the Cape stones, which were brought to market by all kinds of holders, and so fascinated the Amsterdam lapidaries that for a long time they would cut none other. The Brazilian market went down, and down, and has never recovered itself. "The Cape yield of large stones," says Mr. Streeter, "enhanced the difficulties of influencing the Amsterdam lapidaries. They, finding a superabundance, refused to cut small ones, and these Brazil furnished in every parcel with which the merchants supplied the market. The merchants of Brazil had therefore to exclude all small stones, and contrive to compose their parcels so as to enter into competition with Cape gems. They have not succeeded yet, not because in beauty and quality the Brazilian diamonds had deteriorated, but because of the exorbitant prices at which they had been offered for sale. The future appears decidedly unpropitious for the importation of Brazilian diamonds, so long as the prices of diamonds generally remain at their present level. A very considerable rise would alone produce a resumption of the mines in the diamond districts of Brazil, where none the less untold treasures are still hidden." So is the eclipse of the great Cuddapah, Kandiah, and Ellore groups avenged.

The discipline of the Brazilian diamond-fields is well contrived and maintained, but it must be comical to behold the tableau of "honesty rewarded," when a lucky negro finds a stone of 17 1-2 carats, and is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and led in procession to the manager. It is pleasant to know that the triumph has substantial elements also; that the virtuous digger receives his freedom, a new suit of clothes, and permission to work for wages. The only important Australian diamond-fields are in New South Wales — discovered within three years — the gems existing in Victoria and South Australia being not remarkable for quality or quantity; but Mr. Streeter is convinced that great things are in the future for Australia,

when the colonial continent shall be scientifically ransacked for these mysterious and beautiful formations of the immeasurable past. He believes that in the Australian Alps the matrix will be discovered whence the crystals of pure carbon already found have been washed, and that, as the geological formation of the whole of the New England district in New South Wales resembles closely that of the district of the Baggage Mines in Brazil, it will sooner or later be found to yield diamonds in paying quantities. Of Queensland he prophesies that another diamond-field will be found, either on the Palmer River or its affluents, where some very remarkable and rich gold-mines have lately been recovered; or on the Gilbert River and its affluents, and in the country extending to the Gulf of Carpentaria,— that pitiless country, which has witnessed so much heroic effort and terrible suffering.

The Indian princes and nobles are greedy of diamonds beyond all people, and there is but one country in the world in which any product of nature is held more precious than this wonderful combustible gem, whose nature, indeed, we know, but whose genesis is still a moot question for science. That country is Burmah, the land of the white elephant, where the finest rubies sheltered in the earth's breast are found, and are rated far above diamonds. As the king of Siam prizes his cats, so the king of Burmah prizes the rubies of his country, jealously prohibiting the export of them, so that the beautiful aluminous stones — which do but glow with a clearer and richer color when they are exposed to fire in which the diamond would be consumed and disappear — can only be procured by stealth or favor of private individuals. No European has ever been permitted to see the king's wonderful ruby, "the size of a pigeon's egg, and of extraordinary quality;" and the sale of the two magnificent rubies which were brought to England in 1875 — the finest ever known in Europe — caused such excitement, that a military guard had to escort the persons conveying the package to the ship. Five days' journey south-east of Ava lies the home of the blood-red gems, the jealous earth in which the people believe that they ripen, becoming from their original colorlessness, yellow, green, blue, and, last of all, the matchless ruby-red. Next to these rank the rubies which are found in the Tartar wilds of Badakshan, and which the people there believe are always found in pairs.

"When one of the seekers has discovered one, he will frequently hide it until its mate is found." Mr. Streeter knows of only one specimen of a red diamond, which is like a gem on fire, and it passed from his hands into the possession of a great connoisseur last year. "The red diamond," wrote Sir Thomas Nicols, in 1651, "is prized according to the glorious beauty of its perfection. It feeds your eyes with much pleasure of beholding, and hence are discovered to us the excellency of super-celestial things."

There is something fascinating to the imagination in the experiments which have been tried on diamonds in order to wrest the secret of their nature and their formation from them. One cannot read without a feeling of suspense how the Accademia del Cimento, in the year 1694, induced by Cosmo III., fixed a diamond in the focus of a great burning-glass, and watched it, dismayed, as it cracked, corrugated, and disappeared; and how the experiment was frequently repeated, until Lavoisier (he whom Fouquier Tinville declared to be unnecessary to the republic) proved that diamonds burn just the same as common coal, if oxygen be not shut out,

because they are pure carbon and combine with oxygen. How silent and how still one would have stood to watch Guyton de Morveau at his work, when he consumed a diamond in oxygen by means of the burning-glass: "First, he saw on that corner of the diamond which was in the exact focus of the lens a black point; then the diamond became black and carbonized. A moment after, he saw clearly a bright spark, twinkling on the dark ground; and when the light was interrupted, the diamond was red-hot and transparent. A cloud, and the diamond was more beautifully white than at first; but as the sun again shone forth in its full strength, the surface assumed a metallic lustre. Up to this point, the diamond had sensibly decreased in bulk, not being more than a fourth of its original size; of elongated form, without definite angles; intensely white, and beautifully transparent. The experiment was suspended for a day or two, when, on its resumption, the same phenomena recurred, but in a more marked degree; subsequently, the diamond entirely disappeared," — like Macbeth's witches, making itself — air!

**THE CYCLOSCOPE.** — It is well known that if a mirror be attached to a vibrating tuning-fork, and a point of light which moves uniformly in a plane at right angles to that in which the fork is vibrating be reflected from this mirror, the image will be an ordinary single wave. Again, if a series of luminous points move uniformly with such velocity that a point passes over two intervals during an odd number of vibrations of the fork, the two waves overlap and produce a double figure of the form of a series of figures-of-eight. Extending these principles, Professor McLeod and Lieutenant G. S. Clarke have recently constructed an ingenious apparatus which has been described before the Royal Society under the name of the cycloscope. Equidistant perforations are made in a circle on a disc, which is attached to a rotating axis, and the light passing through these apertures falls upon a vibrating tuning-fork of known period, whence it is reflected on to a screen; and from the shape of this reflected image the rate of rotation can be deduced. Hence the cycloscope promises to become of much value in determining the speed of machinery. On the contrary, if the speed at which the cylinder rotates be known, the pitch of the tuning-fork may be ascertained.

**CAPTURING OSTRICHES.** — The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can be captured only by a well-planned and long-continued pursuit on the swiftest horse. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts with outspread wings against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person a great distance long before he can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the path the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two of the birds; but often one or two of the fleet horses fall, completely tired out with so sharp a chase.

Newspaper Paragraph.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1733.—September 1, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXXIV. }

## CONTENTS.

I. VENICE DEFENDED, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . . .	515
II. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXVI., . . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar,</i> . . . . .	533
III. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude. Part III., . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	540
IV. CARITA. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Zaidee," etc. Conclusion, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	543
V. A SCOTTISH "ELIA," . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	561
VI. KING JOHN OF ETHIOPIA, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	570
VII. AN OBSOLETE VIRTUE, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> . . . . .	574
VIII. ABOUT BEES, . . . . .	<i>Ladies' Treasury,</i> . . . . .	576

## POETRY.

REGAINED, . . . . .	514	SONNET, . . . . .	514
DIED HAPPY, . . . . .	514	TO THE EMPRESS OF INDIA, . . . . .	514

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## REGAINED.

## I.

LIKE the notes that stir and die  
 When a harp-string snaps in twain;  
 Like a fading sunset-sky  
 After driving wind and rain;  
 Like a sound within a shell,  
 Like an odor on the air,  
 Like an echo in a dell,  
 Like a star, remote and fair,  
 O, my child, thou art to me!  
 And thy soul is linked to mine,  
 As the pale moon draws the sea  
 Or the sun lifts up the vine.

## II.

In the passion of my tears,  
 In the blindness of my grief,  
 Through the melancholy years  
 I eschewed the sweet relief;  
 And I stretched my yearning hands  
 Through the dark, to clasp thee near, —  
 But to bind me in the bands  
 Of an ever-haunting fear.  
 I smiled on those beside me,  
 And deemed I did thee wrong,  
 And dreamt thou mightst deride me  
 For sharing joy or song.

## III.

Now, thy face comes back to me,  
 All free from tear or stain:  
 A brighter image of thyself,  
 Triumphant over pain.  
 I sought it not, for heedless,  
 I nursed my own despair;  
 And so I hold it likeness  
 Of reality, most fair:  
 No picture could unfold it  
 To any stranger's eye;  
 'Tis like a starlet shining  
 Within a winter sky.

Good Words.

E. CONDER GRAY.

## DIED HAPPY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

YOU say, O friends! that I am strangely altered;  
 My dying youth has won the calm of age;  
 Sweet strength has come into my voice, that  
 faltered.  
 And why? Because my life has turned a  
 page  
 After that day.

A page — you could not trace the writing in  
 it, —  
 So blurred and blotted, faded and obscure;  
 Yet angels, looking down one golden minute,  
 Can read it all, with smile content and pure  
 As mine that day.

Dear sisters, walking in our pleasant garden,  
 Whiter than lilies, rosier than the rose,  
 And almost of my pale lot asking pardon, —  
 Wherefore? When I might pity you, God  
 knows,  
 After that day.

I have no fear of life and all its noises,  
 Or silent death, since more than life it  
 brings,  
 In halcyon nest midst earth's tumultuous  
 voices,  
 My soul sits quiet, folds her wings, and  
 sings,  
 After that day.

Good Words.

## SONNET.

A MOMENT past, the whole of this fair scene  
 Was wrapt by clouds that now are rolling fast  
 Up yonder mountain. See now, where the  
 last  
 Has left its top, the landscape lies serene,  
 Far-spreading; at my feet the hillside green;  
 Below, the lake, upon whose breast is cast  
 The adverse mountain's form; and, gliding  
 past,  
 A boat appears, the splashing oars are seen.  
 As with this earthly prospect, so the soul  
 Is wrapt by mist, and clouds of threatening  
 form  
 Beat on it with full fury; thunders roll;  
 And all seems death and darkness. Then the  
 warm  
 Strong sun bursts through; a swift wind  
 sweeps the whole;  
 The heart stands free; God's sun has held the  
 storm.

Ardochy.

ST. LOE.

Spectator.

A poem has not the same political value as a diplomatic document. But it may possess a deeper significance; and the following lines by A. Maikoff, printed in the May number of Katkoff's monthly review, the *Russian Messenger*, are worth considering, if only from the fact that they are the work of a popular Russian poet, and are published in a popular Russian periodical.

## TO THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

SAY that in thee again the prophet doth arise,  
 Say, an thou wilt, thou'rt of the gods elect;  
 But, empress of the east! in native eyes  
 No sway imperial shall thy claim reflect.  
 There in the Orient, rooted in the soil,  
 Live prophecies and very old traditions,  
 Which round the hearts of men like serpents  
 coil  
 And nestle in the strangest superstitions.  
 The Eastern mind has strange prognostic drawn  
 Of dark dominion chased by northern star,  
 Which, as the herald of a promised dawn,  
 Shall signalize the reign of the White Tsar!

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Edinburgh Review.

## VENICE DEFENDED.\*

THE rank of a man in this life is determined by his power of making things better than he finds them — of smoothing the rough, redeeming the waste, of improving, transforming, and even creating the conditions around him. The art of the painter, as addressed to the eye, consists in converting the flat service of his canvas into depth and space; that of the sculptor, his inflexible material into a substance yielding apparently as human flesh. The same wrestling and conquering process is applicable to all things. Difficulties are the natural education to which we are born, but these, once mastered, open the door to all facilities. For the power that has braved opposing currents is not spent when they are passed, but has, on the contrary, acquired an impetus which sends the conqueror forward over fields of easy and delightful success. He who has subdued one thing will probably be master of many, but the people who have subdued the elements themselves are pretty sure to become the masters of all.

It would be difficult to name a part of the globe presenting fewer materials of hope and use to the skill of man than that which lies in a region, neither sea nor land, but a combination of the least promising elements of both, at the north-west corner of the Adriatic. Whatever the cause that drove an unwilling colony to dispute with the sea-fowl the possession of a tract of shallow salt marshes and low sandy islands, swept by rising and falling tides, their prospects must have daunted the stoutest hearts. With no materials at hand, either of wood or stone, it was much

that they should have contrived to rear on such foundations even the humblest lacustrine settlements. But who shall limit the energy of a race destined to found the republic of Venice! In proportion as they subdued the peculiar nature around them did she turn and do them homage. As the ancient engineer declared that had he lever sufficient he could move the earth; so any philosopher at the beginning of the Christian era — and Venice is believed to have been founded in the fifth century — viewing from some lofty galley the conformation of the lagunes, might have exclaimed, "If a city could possibly be built here, her inhabitants would command the seas!" And that possibility, as chimerical apparently as the lever of Archimedes, did come to pass, and Venice commanded the seas and all that the seas could bring, from her own "Castello" to the Euxine; and explored them from Greenland to Japan.

There is no doubt that the Italian people, and notably those of northern Italy, were — as they still in great measure are — a race of peculiar hardiness. Starting from a union of some of the strongest human elements — northern and southern, the Goth and the Roman — the open-air conditions of their existence have permitted, or rather invited, habits of sobriety, and even of abstinence, unknown and perhaps impossible in the less-favored lands across the Alps. A curious fact is recorded by a Venetian envoy to England in the fifteenth century.\* Too good a son of St. Mark to see any advantage in our trial by jury, he nevertheless records one which touched him closely. And this was on the occasion of the trial of any Italian in England, when the superior hardiness of the race enabled them to hold out under circumstances of fasting and privation much longer than their English fellow-jurymen, and thus to turn the verdict in favor of their own countryman.

Nor have the intervening centuries of dependence and degradation robbed the northern Italians of this Spartan quality. It is well known that on the occasion which tried the strength and powers of endur-

\* 1. *La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au seizième siècle, d'après les papiers d'Etat des Archives de Venise.* Par CHARLES YRIARTE. Paris: 1874.

2. *Monumenti per servire alla Storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia, ovvero serie di atti pubblici dal 1253 al 1797; che variamente lo riguardano, tratti dai Veneti Archivi, e coordinati da GIAMBATTISTA LORENZI, coadjutore della Biblioteca Marciana.* Parte I. dal 1251 al 1600. Venezia: 1868.

3. *Discorsi sulla Veneta, cioè, rettificazione di alcuni equivoci nella Storia di Venezia del Signor DARU, del Conte DOMENICO TIEPOLO, Patrizio Veneto.* Udine: 1828.

4. *Venezia e le sue Lagune.* Tre Volumi. Venezia: nell'I. R. privil.: Stabilimento Antonelli. 1847.

\* Italian Relation of England in 1481.



ance of strong men in an intenser degree than any other recorded in modern history — namely the retreat from Moscow — the Italian soldiers suffered the least. The stamp of these frugal habits may be said to be still physically embodied in the people. The northern Italians are a lean and wiry race; small eaters, hard workers, and defiant of cold; the very reverse of the southern German, who is flabby and lymphatic, hungry and thirsty from morning to night, and living in an atmosphere as foul as it is hot. The Italians are consequently fast superseding the Germans, especially in the Tyrol, in all domestic service; while in the formation of railroads they may be said to have almost entirely taken their place; the German lines, as well as the Swiss, being chiefly built by Italians, who push upward through German territory till met and stopped by the Belgian navy. It may be doubted indeed whether the reproach of the "*dolce far niente*" was ever applicable to the frugal and hard-working people of the north and middle of Italy. At all events, as said by General La Marmora, and repeated indignantly by other late writers, it is now, and has been for centuries, "*una calunnia atroce*." \*

The material foundations of Venice — namely the erection of buildings calculated to stand on such a site — were doubtless at the beginning a matter of gradual experiment. Under exceptional conditions, exceptional devices have to be applied. But at whatever period we place the first solid erections the substructure in point of stability must have been much the same as now. No economy of material, labor, and time could be practised in a place where forests of wood and mountains of stone have to be buried before a safe wall can rise. The present plan is therefore no modern one, but has doubtless continued nearly the same since Venice imported timber from the spurs of the Alps, and stone from the Istrian quarries. A sketch of the process pursued in preparing the foundations of a Venetian building may interest the reader. Some site on the corner of an island being obtained, sur-

rounded possibly on two or even three sides with water, the proposed form of the structure is outlined by a closely-placed and deeply-sunk double row of squared piles, set parallel, at about three feet apart; the space between them being cleared of mud to the depth of the contiguous canals. Each row is then lined within by a boarding of stout planks fastened firmly. The narrow passage between the two rows of piles, thus made as far as possible water-tight, is now filled with an impervious cement. The outer framework being thus built, the internal space over which the house is destined to stand is dug out, such water as soaks through being ejected by pump or human labor. This part of the operation is generally tedious and expensive, for water in most cases filters through. When pronounced to be sufficiently dry a forest of unhewn stakes of oak or larch about four to five metres long is driven in, and if the bed be soft and unresisting their length is increased. About nine of these stakes are allotted to a square metre, being driven in by the heavy mechanical means in use among the Venetians, till they resist further pressure, when the vertical spaces between them are filled with fragments and chippings of the hard Istrian stone or marble. Thus far may be considered the foundation of the foundation, which latter consists in a platform, called the *zatterone*, or large raft, composed of a double layer of larch planks, filled up with cement. On this base are raised the walls, starting from a depth of from two to four metres below the mean level of the tide. If the wall be exposed to the action of the water — as in all structures facing a canal — the lower part is built of Istrian stone, strongly cemented by a volcanic earth from the little island of Santorino. The bricks used for the upper part, and in many cases faced with marble, are of a fine quality of clay also from one of the Venetian islands, and peculiarly calculated to resist the saline atmosphere.

But before habitations for man, or rather, as in Venice, fit not only for princes, but designed apparently for giants, were constructed, other needs quite as urgent had to be provided; that especially,

\* *Episodio del Risorgimento Italiano.*

first and foremost, in the calculations of a founder whether of a house or a city, the need for a provision of fresh water. At first this staple of life was doubtless furnished from the mainland. But a great and growing city could not depend solely on such a contingency. Robinson Crusoe set his gourd-shell to catch rain-water, and in Venice all were Robinson Crusoes in this respect. Few things are more interesting, because more simple, than the device the Venetians adopted to secure their main supply. They piously followed the teaching of nature, imitating the process by which on dry land the common well is produced. This, as we know, roughly speaking, consists of an impervious bed below, with a stratum of lighter and pervious earth above. The water from the rainfall, or streams from hills, spreading over the surface and filtering through, is arrested by the impervious pan, a vertical hole dug down to which and walled round by human labor becomes a well for the use of man. The cisterns of Venice, of which the numerous ancient and beautiful stone wells—as we must call them—are the outward and visible signs, are framed on the same laws. A large cavity is dug, lined below and all round with an impervious cement; its top level with the surrounding earth. In the centre of this cavity an upright cylinder is constructed; the space between that and the sides of the cavity is filled with pure sand, on to which the rainfall from the roofs of surrounding buildings is conducted; which, filtering through, enters the cylinder by pipes below, and rises up in the form of the coolest and purest *acqua potabile*. The engineers of Venice needed hardly to refer to the mainland for their lesson in this respect. Among the insulated tongues of land called *lido*, natural wells exist; some of them perhaps not more ancient than the artificial *pozzi* in the city. For the constant action of tides and meeting currents, always going on in the lagunes—the main causes of the formation of the islands which stud them—has furnished some of them with a gradually formed and naturally impervious lower stratum, over which the winds have accumulated sufficient masses of sand, and through which

the skies shed sufficient streams of rain-water for all purposes of natural supply. This furnishes also the reason why in some few of the seventy-two islands on which Venice stands, fresh water is occasionally known to surge up in accidental excavations. It also goes far to explain why Torcello, Malamocco, and other distant islands were peopled before Venice herself. Natural wells have existed and still exist in Torcello, and doubtless did also in the other early colonies. It must also be supposed that the existence of some fresh-water supply on the island of Rialto—though none is known there now—first justified the removal of the seat of government thither in the ninth century, from which time the institution of the artificial wells may be dated. These, from the beginning, must have fallen under the care of so watchful a government, and in later more historic times were superintended by special magistrates. The earliest record of their public recognition appears in 1303,\* when the construction of the wells in the court of the ducal palace was decreed—the first step doubtless to all the splendor that now surrounds them. The growth of the city was thus restricted by no fear of failure of water, for the more roofs were raised the greater the supply. The laws referring to wells were stringent, for he who built even the humblest dwelling was required to annex a cistern to it. In the courts of convents existing to this day these wells were a provision for the poor.

Thus far the ingenuity of man provided this exceptionally placed city with an indispensable condition of life, though never entirely keeping the population independent of the extra supply from the Seriola Canal on the nearest mainland, which is conveyed daily by a service of boats and emptied into the public cisterns. A second step in ingenuity, and one which may claim to be equally of Venetian origin †

\* In quoting the earliest record it must be understood as the earliest now existing; the French having destroyed and dispersed chief part of the curious documents belonging to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries.

† In Marino Sanuto's diary, July 8, 1533, an account is given of three *proveditori del commune*—Zorzi, Loredan, and Morosini—who had seen a well in the

the Artesian well — has been assayed of late years, calculated under favorable conditions to render Venice independent of her twofold enemies, drought and blockade. That reservoirs of fresh water would be found under the stratum of clay called *caranto*, on which the waters of the lagoon rest, no geologist had questioned, though the depth necessary to be attained could be only a matter of surmise. A contract was accordingly entered into by a company to make the experiment of perforation, and between August 1847 and October 1852 no less than seventeen wells were bored in different parts of the city. Curious phenomena followed, though far from unqualified success, either as to quality or quantity. The Artesian screw tapped a reservoir of water at the depth of 137 metres. The water, strongly impregnated with gas in some places, with iron in others, escaped on one occasion with such violence as to threaten the foundations of a church, throwing up to a great height masses of a peculiar clay, which made an excellent cement. These wells, though so strange in quality, were a great resource during the sixteen months' siege — 1848-9 — when a long drought brought the cisterns to their lowest ebb, and no supplies could pass from the mainland. They are now all closed, we believe, but two — one in S. Polo, the other in the Campo of S. Maria Formosa; the waters of the last-named flaming up readily at the touch of a lighted match, as we can personally attest. That in S. Polo is strongly ferruginous, and much resorted to medicinally. Those who look forward with anxiety to the time when the salt waters of the Adriatic, the surface of which is known to rise so many inches in a century, will invade the existing cisterns — a contingency probably no more imminent than it was a thousand years ago — may find in a better development of this sub-aquean reservoir a way out of the dilemma.\*

district of S. Agnese (Venice) which had been dug or gimleted (*trivellata*) by two engineers, the one from Brescia, the other from Vicenza. These persons had dug out twelve *passa*, and gimleted four more, and found sweet water, when they stopped the boring ("*et hanno strofà il buso*"). The engineer from Vicenza, Signor Arcangelo, had also obtained water elsewhere in Venice by the same process, which was taken to the "Collegio" where Marino Sanuto had himself tasted it. See also Tassini, "*Curiosità Veneziana*."

\* It appears that the failure to obtain the pure element was owing to the comparatively shallow depth to which the screw was driven. The company had agreed to bore to the extent of three hundred metres, but stopped short at one hundred and thirty-seven metres. The experiment has therefore not been fairly carried out. Calculating the incline of the Venetian basin, and supposing it to have existed prior to the diluvial

We have cited the cisterns as one of the devices consequent on the exceptional position of this city. The gondola is another. For though it required no ingenuity to discover the necessity of boats to navigate these water-streets, yet the kind of boat as well as boatman is what the peculiar conditions of Venice could alone have fashioned, educated, and joined in a species of matrimony together. For no servant and master (we repudiate any further allusion to man and wife) were ever more interdependent in their mutual duties and offices. The boat is required to draw but little water, to carry considerable weight, to shelter its passengers, to move lightly, stop instantly, turn as on a pivot, glide serpent-like out and in of any cranny, and, generally speaking, to obey not so much an order as a hint. The man is at once rower and steersman, coachman, manservant, and guide, with more than the cumulative intelligence of these combined functionaries; bound also to know every pile in the waters and every iron ring in the walls, and warranted not to take up more room than that he stands on. In short — for here the matrimonial idea again interferes — man and boat are in some sort one. If the form of the gondola has been as curiously adjusted to its purposes of swift obedience as that of a bird's wing, the skill of the man has been equally educated to propel, guide, and control. The gondolier is not an overtaxed son of Adam; his work is not so heavy as so dexterous. It is distributed equally through his muscular system, employing the whole frame, from the tip of the toe, as they express themselves,

period, the ancient formations beneath it have been reckoned to lie at a depth of above four hundred metres. It is therefore now believed that water of the purity and quantity required would hardly be found nearer the surface than six hundred metres — a depth still short of that which the Artesian screw has attained with perfect results elsewhere. As no city in the world is so interested in obtaining water, independent of the care of man and the changes of the seasons, it is to be hoped that future generations will see Venice supplied with an inexhaustible supply from her own bosom. Meanwhile, though plans and propositions for canals, tunnels, conduits, viaducts, etc., from the mainland, periodically crop up, and though it would be most desirable to supersede in some way the impure water fetched from the Seriola Canal, yet the government has hitherto warded off such expensive schemes by the shrewd conviction that were water to be thus conducted into the city, free of individual care, the cisterns, which require vigilance and expense in their maintenance, would be neglected; and thus in case of blockade Venice would incur great danger. At present the feeling of the local legislature inclines to a greater stringency in the maintenance of the existing cisterns, and even to adding to their number — at this time no less than 6,782, including good, bad, and indifferent, 6,602 being attached to private houses, and 180 provided by the city for the use of the public.

to that of the longest hair on the head. This distribution of labor consists in its division—arms and legs alternately taking the work, and even each leg alternately. The work is done by poise as much or more than by strength; the weight of the body as much as its effort gives the impulse. As the gondolier leans his whole person upon the water, the palm of the hand presses, instead of pulling the oar; as he retires back the fingers lightly hold it. Standing to his work, on the highest part of his boat, with one foot directly behind the other, he seems to taper to a point, and that point to rest, in a foreshortened view of the boat, on a speck; so that with arms outstretched the man appears to be skimming the surface. Nor is the general aspect devoid of the grace inseparable from all finely balanced action; the tall, slim gondolier—for there is not a fat gondolier to be seen—in full swing of his work, recalling nothing so closely as the eager figure of the classic charioteer urging his coursers in the antique race. We speak of the gondolier rightly in the singular number, for one man is strictly all that is needed; the second is for pomp and extra speed. It would be a grave slander on the boat if it needed, even when heavily laden, to serve more than one master, and this one as he stands on the poop of his little vessel, overlooks that and all before him. For this purpose the *felze*, as the black cabin in the centre is called, must be low enough for him to see over it. His passengers enter by two steps at the prow end. The prow itself is terminated by a beak, or rather flat sheet of bright steel, of curious shape, and towering to a considerable height—an ornament of ancient derivation, yet an ornament strictly subordinate to use. For by this *ferro*, as it is called, the gondolier steers, and under whatever bridge or cavern this passes, he knows that his *felze* will pass too. Another feature of the gondola, characteristic of a necessity contingent on tortuous windings, sudden turns, narrow canals, and crowded navigation—such as now happily prevails in Venice—is the *forcola*, or crooked piece of tough walnut wood, against which the oar works. This is no rowlock, as with us, confining the instrument, and apt to break with its sudden and violent movement; the Venetian oar must be as free as he who wields it; ready to leap from its place, to reverse the action, or to spin the vessel round in a moment. We can conceive no greater astonishment to fill

the human breast than that of a true Venetian gondolier, born and bred on the water, which is an almost indispensable condition, at the sight of an "Oxford eight" at once in smooth water and strong labor, straining and pulling at their oars with an expenditure of strength which wrecks many a fine constitution. The reason that can induce strong men to be content in the first place to sit at their work, and that with their backs to the goal; to be driven backwards, and to all intents blindfold, they know not whither, at the mercy of a steersman, himself an extra weight, who can hardly see over their heads—the reason for all this apparent waste and misapplication of labor it would be hard to make "Toni" understand.

We turn to another subject. That commerce should become the chief occupation of a people thus situated was less matter of choice than of necessity. Venice produced nothing naturally but fish and salt—the last-named commodity, favored by the nature of her lagunes, her earliest and most valuable article of exchange; but, excepting these, she had chiefly to buy before she could even feed her people, far less give them the power to sell. Neither the State nor any of its inhabitants possessed before the fourteenth century any landed property. Leaving, therefore, the cares of vast territory to the rulers on the mainland, she became that for which her position marked her out—viz., a middle-man or agent of exchange chiefly between the East and the West. She had two mighty neighbors—the Longobard Kingdom on the one hand, and the Empire of the East on the other—and these two were always in a state of contention by which she profited; for each wanted things from the other which she alone could purvey. From the Lombards she bought the homelier goods, woollen cloths, and those *fustagni* whence our fustians to the present time; and in the markets of Constantinople and Alexandria costlier articles—silks, cloth of gold, cotton, and all variety of domestic spices, sugar, indigo, and even, it must be owned, slaves. For Shylock's retort, "Ye have among you many a purchased slave," is one of Shakespeare's touches of truth. The history of Venetian commerce is that of the republic. Her laws, her policy, her friendships, her quarrels, her treaties and her treacheries, were all directed to the maintenance of the trade by which she flourished. It not only made her people richer than their

neighbors, but more intelligent. While those neighbors, equally the Italian States as those more barbarous on the other side of the Alps, were comparatively ignorant of the arts of life, and fettered by feudal laws, she ruled unrivalled in that policy of freedom and power of self-enrichment which go hand in hand. From the first, and never so much as at first, did she know where her true interests lay, and these consisted primarily in a wise indifference to territorial possessions as such. Those which the *Consoziacione*, as the colony was called before the name of Venetia appears, originally held in the mainland, were even abandoned as a source of perpetual weakness. The ample basin of the lagunes, protected by strips of insular land, provided her the safest harbor in the world, and her fleet only left it to seek commerce or to defend it. As long as they possessed the mouths of the Italian rivers, north and west, and with them free access to the interior, and so over the Rhætian and Julian Alps, the Venetians cared not who ruled the land. Their conquests of the coasts of Dalmatia, Croatia, Istria, and all along the gulf were directed to the same end; and so thoroughly did they achieve their purpose, that, while Venetian mariners could hardly land on Italian soil without being out of their own dominions, their way to the East was made so smooth that, between Venice and the Black Sea, there was not a day or night that their vessels could not take refuge in ports subject to her flag. Candia offered difficulties in her surrender, but they cut the knot by purchasing the island from Bonifazio Montferrat for hard money. Venice, in the phraseology of the time, was not the *Capitale* but the *Dominante*; and the strictness of her rule, however readily submitted to by a prosperous population, was nowhere more evident than in the law which prohibited a Venetian captain from proceeding from the port where he sold to that where he bought, but required him to end as he began every voyage at the port of Venice herself — thus returning, like the blood in the human body, to the central heart, and starting afresh from it.

But no laws, however strict, or enterprise however daring, could have sufficed to secure the prosperity of the State, had she not been guarded against dangers more powerful and insidious than any that man can devise. We have spoken of the safety of the Venetian harbors and of the mouths of Italian rivers, but the ordinary visitor to Venice little guesses how great

was the natural antagonism between these two, nor the extent of human thought and labor that has ensured the continued access to the lagunes, and preserved that purity of the saline waters which conduces to the long-famed salubrity of the city.\* Nature gave a place of refuge to man, but she required his co-operation to maintain it. The natural effects of numerous and impetuous streams discharging their floods, and with them their sand and soil, into the waters of the Adriatic, above and below Venice, not only tended to dilute their saltiness and pollute their clearness, but gradually to raise the bed of the sea, to obstruct the natural canals, and to disturb the action of the marine currents. Thus by a slow, but relentless progress, the peculiar area of the lagunes was foredoomed to be finally snatched from the dominion of the sea, and converted into a brackish and unhealthy swamp. To obviate this and to preserve especially the lagoon on which Venice stands — “the Lagoon of the Lido” as it is called — works of the most colossal character have been needed. There is scarcely a river which disgorged itself, either to the north or south of the city, which has not been diverted from its course, and compelled to betake its torrents to a safer distance. The river gods must have been startled in their sedges at the liberties taken with their time-worn beds. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the rapid Piave, roaring from the Friulian hills, which had plunged into the Adriatic at Jesolo, was constrained to turn in a more westerly direction, and to find a new exit near Caorle. The periodical swellings of its waters, however, rebelled against the greater flatness of the new accommodation, and broke their bonds so often, that a century later a great rupture near Cortellazzo was wisely adopted for their permanent vent. Next, the little Sile, rising near Castelfranco and issuing by the port of the Tre Porti, received its sentence, and, by means of a cut, has now long flowed contentedly through the forsaken channel of the Piave. Then the Businello and other minor mountain streams suffered the same violence, and forgetting their ancient courses calmly water new domains, and reflect other scenes. So much for these and other streams to the north of Venice. On the south, the Brenta, rising from the Italian Tyrol and traversing Ve-

\* The islands in the lagunes, in many of which Roman remains are found, had such a reputation for salubrity that the Roman emperors sent gladiators thither to recover vigor.

netian territory, had found its outlet in the neighborhood of Chioggia. As early, however, as the twelfth century it was converted into a source of annoyance to the republic by the Paduans, who so obstructed the waters as to throw them into the Venetian lagune. The remains of vast works which for a time obviated this injury are still perceptible towards Malamocco. Altogether the far-famed Brenta has undergone many changes. For a couple of centuries it was conducted through a new bed, called the Brentone, falling into the Porto di Brondolo towards the south, where it did great mischief to the adjacent country; nor, till the year 1840, does it seem to have found rest for its fretted waters by a new cut, back into the lagune of Chioggia. In the same way the Bachiglione—the ancient Medoaco Minore—rising in the province of Vicenza; the Gorzone, from Vicenza and Verona, which bears for part of its course the significant name of *la Rabbiosa*; and finally the tremendous Adige, rising in the Tyrol and rushing through Verona, have all, by means of cuts, canals, and *sostegni*, been made obedient to the will of him who was appointed to subdue the earth.

Much might be said of the tides which send their advancing and retreating pulsations through every artery and vein of the peculiar city—rising ordinarily about three feet; in time of scirocco (south-east wind) from five to six feet; and under the north wind not more than one foot; of the currents called *partiacqua*, formed by opposing islands, which meet at certain parts of the lagunes and neutralize or excite each other; and of the peculiar force which sets round the shores of the Adriatic, rising from Corfù and expiring on the south-eastern shores of the peninsula. Much also of the splendid *murazzi* or walls of white hewn marble which defy the waves from the low shores of Palestrina and Sotto Marina on the south, the greater one extending a length of 4,027 metres—or above two miles and a half—bearing the proud inscription, “*Ausu Romano, ære Veneto*,” works which may be called one of the wonders of the world, and which, executed by the Venetian government in the last century, lift up their voices in strange contradiction to the degeneracy by which the State fell. But space forbids more digression in these directions, and we turn from the natural and primary causes which favored or threatened Venice, to those secondary ones by which she ruled and prospered.

No small proof of the practical ways

adopted by the Venetians to facilitate what may be truly called their “business,” is the fact unparalleled in mediæval history, that they coined the money of various barbarous lands and races in the East expressly for the convenience of traffic. Thus silver pieces were issued from the mint of Venice, the facsimile in value, size, and stamp with those current in the Levant, in Candia, Cyprus, Corfù, and other islands, which were prohibited all currency in the city, and exclusively destined for the use of the mercantile navy.\* Such and other devices were the natural consequences of a range of colonies which carried the rule of the *Dominante* wherever they planted themselves. Even Constantinople itself became after its conquest by the Crusaders an outlying portion of the republic; a considerable quarter of it being held by Venetian traders, who elected the patriarch, held their *Maggior Consiglio*, received their own magistrates and *podestà* straight from Venice, and governed only by Venetian laws. It is even historically stated that the doge Pietro Ziani, 1205–1229, considering the expenses attendant on the peculiar position of Venice, and the benefits offered by that of Constantinople, proposed the transfer of the seat of government to the Byzantine capital. Whether fortunately or not for the good of mankind, and especially of unborn Turkish Christians, he was opposed in this by Angelo Faliero, a procurator of St. Mark, who urged the advantages of their native lagunes, the memory of their ancient deeds, and the “*carità della patria*.” But the chronicler adds that little was wanting to carry the majority with the doge.

While thus studying their own interests no people better observed the rule of giving as well as taking. For while none ever more systematically turned the ignorance and wants of others to account, they equally made way for those new ideas which other States resisted. Various were the races—Turks, Moors, Arabs, Germans, Greeks, and Jews—who had their own factors in Venice, their own *fondachi*, churches, cemeteries, and usages. Lutheran doctrines from the first found here unmolested exercise; scientific truths, in the person of Galileo, were nobly encour-

\* *A propos* of Venetian coinage, the gold ducat, bearing the effigy of Christ blessing on the one side, and the doge kneeling and receiving from St. Mark the standard of the republic on the other, is a specimen of the continuity and longevity of Venetian institutions. First struck in 1284, it circulated unaltered till 1797, comprising a period of five hundred and thirteen years and the reigns of seventy-three doges.



aged. The original history of these islands was repeated over and over again. Refugees from all countries, and, later, from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and the sack of Rome, found asylum here. No less also did deposits of merchandise from all parts of the world find storage, all contributing to the population, the activity, the wealth of the State, and the rising value of its limited area. The prosperity of Venice, like her tongues, and like her architecture, was an amalgam of the needs and habits, and forms of thought and expression of all lands. Accused of self-seeking and exclusiveness, she was the most liberal of all States to foreigners, for she had the sense to see that such was her best policy.

Various also were the means of self-enrichment, besides her actual trade, of which Venice took advantage. At the period when the ambition for relics — possessing at all events the miraculous power of attracting pilgrims — ruled supreme in Christendom; when nations and individuals thought no violence or treachery too great for the acquisition of a tooth or a thorn, Venice may be said to have been foremost in such means for such an end. The successful abstraction of the supposed body of St. Mark by two of her daring sons, from a church in Alexandria in 827, was the grand turning-point of her early history. The story up to a certain point bears few traces of probability. The jealous custody of the evangelist's bones for many centuries in a church in the heart of Saracen intolerance; the ready substitution for it of another saint's body — that of S. Claudia; the devices necessary for concealing the removal of the remains from infidel fanatics who must have had the utmost contempt for them, — all these are points for the faithful to settle. There seems no doubt, however, that a body, believed to be that of St. Mark, was brought from Alexandria to Venice at that time. And no body, dead or alive, was ever — according to the incontrovertible evidence of Tintoret's magnificent picture in the Libreria Vecchia — carried off more miraculously as well as dashingly. For a raging storm, providentially raised at the time, and which only those so piously engaged could brave, sent every infidel spy flying for shelter. Certainly no stolen goods ever brought such glory to the thieves, or such profit to the receivers. The abduction of St. Mark's bones was the most successful of commercial speculations. It had, however, well-nigh defeated its own object; for owing to the compe-

tion with which this species of body snatching was then carried on, the secret of its place of rest was kept so strictly, that by the close of the eleventh century no one knew where the precious remains were. A miracle then brought to light the existence of a bronze case concealed within a pier — a miracle for which every lover of art is bound to be grateful; for round the revealed treasure has since risen that structure, unique in antiquarian interest, solemnity of effect, and gorgeousness of material — the Cathedral of St. Mark. Mr. Ruskin, it is to be hoped, has had some similar revelation granted to him in support of the title — "St. Mark's Rest" — given to his just commenced "History of Venice;" otherwise it is hinted that the patriarch himself might be puzzled to say in what part of St. Mark's his "Rest" is, or whether it be there at all.

Other treasures of the same kind assisted to swell the attractions of Venice. Sir Richard Gylforde, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land" in 1506 dwells on the number of sacred bodies, as well as sacred parts of bodies, to which he and his lady paid their devotions. There was St. Helen, St. Barbara, St. Roch, St. Zacharias, St. Nicholas, parts of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and a long list besides. "For many islands have abbeys and religious houses that stand in the sea," and every religious house possessed some relics.

Another grand commercial speculation under the garb of piety is also laid to the score of the republic — namely, the part played by Venice in the conduct and promotion of the Crusades. Viewing, however, her peculiar history and position, it is but fair to regard the profits that accrued to her trade, and the lustre that reverted to her city, in great part as a natural and inevitable coincidence. No place was so favorable for a starting-point for the Holy Land; no people so qualified to supply the pilgrims with correct data and ready material help. The Venetians represented at once the combined facilities of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the information of Murray and Bädcker, and the organization of Cook's Tourists. And if it is not to be denied that they turned the needs and helplessness of these raw travellers to usurious profit in one way, they lost by the cause in another. For it is notorious that the Christian princes who headed the movement failed to repay the sums they had borrowed. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the City of



Waters shared to the utmost both in the enthusiasm and perils of the time, and more than all in material sacrifices. Venice had long been the resort and the stay of pilgrims. Before Peter the Hermit fired the train which kindled all Europe, she had had her special *hospices* on the Giudecca island, for the reception of travelers, bound not only for Jerusalem, but for Rome, Loreto, and Compostella. If the devotees were wealthy, they found every convenience for awaiting a favorable wind; if poor, they were lodged and forwarded gratuitously. When the Crusades fairly set in, the pious accommodations were greatly enlarged — one *hospice* was opened on the island of S. Elana, another on that of S. Clemente, a third at the Castello. These were chiefly provided by the liberality of the citizens; and if there was prudence as well as piety in thus applying her appanage of islands to such purposes, who could blame? for devotees whom no one could turn away were apt to bring the plague, the leprosy, and other inconvenient evils.

The Crusades were no less a crisis for Venice than for the rest of semi-civilized Europe. Although, like their small modern parody, the late Conference, they failed to attain their end, yet their subsequent effects acted like a new birth upon the European and especially upon the Italian mind. Venice profited most at first, but least in the end. The possession of Constantinople was not only lost again in fifty-five years, but that pre-eminence in commercial knowledge and enterprise which had been her monopoly, passed away from her. The emancipation of ideas produced by the contact with other races, which had hitherto been her exclusive privilege, was now shared by her neighbors, and especially by those occupying a littoral position. Taught by the same modes that had taught her, they no longer needed her services in the same degree.

In this gradual leavening of northern and central Italy with the same aspirations for wealth and power by which Venice had risen, one cause, if not of decline, yet of great change may be traced. Other causes followed, as inevitably as inexorably. The recovery of Constantinople by the Greeks and the admission of the Genoese and the Pisans to similar commercial rights with herself, were severe blows; the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1452 a still severer one; the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, in 1499, another.

All these events gradually first disturbed, and then destroyed, the simplicity of her conditions. Elements of discord and danger intervened. The people she had once subjugated detested her; those she had surpassed first envied, and then competed and warred with her; and lastly and worst the fall of Constantinople exposed her to the unceasing attacks of a strong and merciless race of barbarians; hostile to every principle of commerce, humanity, and order; of whom Marco Barbaro in his "*Relazione*" to the Senate on returning from his captivity in Turkey, says, "*Le bon plaisir, le vol, et la rapine règnent d'un bout à l'autre de l'Empire.*"

The fight by Venice against the elements had now to be directed against man; the struggle for her trade gradually turned into one for her existence. That supremacy which she had derived from her peculiar position she had now to seek from other causes, to create those causes mainly for herself, and to defend them with her blood and treasure when created. She developed them from three sources, — the devotion of her citizens, the excellence of her navy, and the justice and jealousy of her government. Not, as it were, by rule and measure, like modern, mushroom constitutions, but by that process of healthful *growth* by which our own has flourished. At once conservative and reformatory, rigid and elastic, the length of life attained by the Venetian republic under conditions of perpetual peril, is one of the most curious and interesting of studies.

To begin with the attachment of her citizens. It was evident that the existence of such a State, whether as regards length or strength, was contingent upon the cohesion of all her social elements, and that cohesion again upon a community of interests and strict legal equality. The freedom of action on which depended the means for their daily life stood to her citizens in lieu of landed estates, and her citizens to her in lieu of territorial possessions. Venice had her children, her islands, and her ships, and wanted nothing more. The early institutions of the republic are lost in the obscurity of ages, but one chief fact is patent, namely, that she ruled by the voice of all. How the government gradually passed from a popular to an elective assembly in the twelfth century, from a democratic to an aristocratic character at the end of the thirteenth century, and how her aristocracy merged finally into an hereditary *noblesse* in the beginning of the sixteenth century,

was a process which it is beyond our scope to follow. It suffices to show the wisdom of the government that all these changes were wrought without shock or convulsion; all smoothed and reconciled not only by an even-handed justice alike for all classes, but by a public prosperity which was and ever will be the best-understood argument in favor of any form of government. The restriction of the popular authority was regarded therefore with indifference as long as liberty, legal equality, and plenty remained. Thus no antagonism ensued between classes in those early days. The people had nothing to fear from nobles who possessed neither land, castles, nor retainers; and readily parted with power they were not capable of wielding. All classes were associated together equally in commerce as in war. Aristocrat and plebeian alike turned into fighting men at the unfurling of the banner of St. Mark, and back again into traders when that duty was over. The citizens of the higher class were trained to business from their earliest years. As mere lads, though already responsible as men—for majority was attained at sixteen years of age—they left the paternal roof, and sought their fortunes in distant lands, returning with riches, with experience, and with a knowledge of other nations—with the shrewd brains of merchants and the courage and hardihood of sailors. For the Venetians never lost their maritime character, nor ever assumed a military one. When in their later history they needed soldiers, and captains to conduct them, they hired them. Their citizens meanwhile commanded vessels both of trade and war, but Venice was far too wary to allow any of her sons to lead her military forces.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, to the beginning of the fifteenth, were the meridian of Venetian wealth and activity. Commerce had turned from what was mainly an ardent instinct into a science. The invention of consulates, for instance, placed as substitutes for previous rule, is owing to Venice. At the end of the fourteenth century she ceased to be exclusively a maritime power. As neighboring Italian states fell by the abuse of popular rule into the hands of tyrants, who respected no treaties, Venice suffered injury from quarters hitherto innocuous. Self-defence ended accordingly in conquest, and conquest in acquisition of territory. This inevitably altered the condition of the higher and wealthier classes. The joint power and opportunity of acquiring

land were temptations not to be resisted. The money vested in land was withdrawn from commerce; they ceased to be merchants and became great nobles. With land also came castles and villas, pomp and splendor, and all the "train attendant." The pride of family and desire to found a house and perpetuate a name naturally followed, and in 1506 occurred the significant fact of the institution of the so-called *libro d'oro*, containing registers of every noble birth, regulations of entailments, laws concerning equality in marriage, and all the provisions belonging to a select caste. This outbreak of ambition, or vanity, happened curiously at the most menacing crisis of Venetian history, for the greatest danger that ever threatened the republic—the combination of France, Germany, Naples, and Rome against her, known as the League of Cambray—occurred in 1508. She came out of the peril with consummate skill and glory; but, though she never wore her triple crown of commerce, policy, and art with greater splendor than through the sixteenth century, yet elements of danger and decay, too familiar in other countries, but hitherto unknown to her, began to show themselves. She lived now chiefly upon the wealth already stored; her nobles spent freely, and magnificent works were carried on. Her luxury and intelligence also commanded things which, by the nature of her position, were most difficult to obtain. A love of horsemanship prevailed in the thirteenth century, and certain penalties were imposed for racing on the Piazza. Another passion, that of horticulture, was not so surprising, for their voyages developed many a naturalist. Venice had her competitions in gardens; and the first known and still existing botanical garden, that of Padua, was founded by a Venetian patrician. Her nobles also were famed as capital shots. Still, in her burst of splendor and pomp, in the sixteenth century, she may be compared to some painters who build a larger studio when their powers begin to fail. The seeds of decay had been sown, and were engendered chiefly by two causes. The first was the wealth of the monastic orders, and the almsgiving purposes to which they turned it; thus laying the foundations of the degradation and pauperism which has been, and still is rampant among the lower orders, who, like St. Francis, elect poverty rather by choice than need; the second, not so much the creation of a hereditary nobility, as the mistake of bestowing the same title alike

upon every member, male and female, of the family — a mistake leading inevitably to that fatal source of obstruction, burden, and anomaly in a State, a class of titled poverty and uselessness. The fall was still far off, but in these two forms principally appeared the pride that comes before it.

To return, however, to the Venetian citizen, now no longer *nostro cittadino*, but *nostro nobile*. Though outwardly more like his brethren on the mainland, it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was so in all respects. Venice could never afford to be like other States, or her citizens like other subjects. Her safety lay in her difference from other countries, and where that ceased in one direction she needfully repaired the balance by difference in another. The subtle brains that had hitherto toiled mainly for self-enrichment, now devoted themselves to maintaining the dignity of the State. The life of a Venetian noble was a vassalage of extraordinary character, for the duty of serving in certain offices was compulsory. The habits of business which had been formed in bartering goods, keeping accounts, and commanding merchant vessels now found occupation in the work of the State machinery. The causes of decay we have glanced at were thus for long met and neutralized by a system of statesmanlike education known only, though by no means to the same extent, among our own political nobility. To study and copy the laws, the knowledge of which was indispensable to one who might be called upon at any moment to administer them; to note down the events of the time, and to reason upon them; these were from early adolescence the prescribed occupations of the noble scion. Every house of mark had its carefully maintained contemporary annals; every great man kept his journal — a practice of which Marino Sanuto's diaries are an extreme example. There never was a more intricate clockwork than that of the Venetian State organization, nor one of which the wheels were so continually oiled, repaired, renewed, or, if need were, totally changed, by a body of vigilant administrators, trained from youth upwards for these functions. In this lay much that now strikes us as pedantry, circumlocution, practice of dissimulation, and loss of time — but also much of the secret of the longevity of the republic. Such were the incessant public duties of the Venetian patrician that a newly married man had no leisure to attend on his wife, or to

give her even the protection due from him. Hence, we are assured, the origin of the *cavaliere servente* system, which began in all decorum; an elderly and honorable man being chosen at the marriage by the lady's family — himself generally one of them — to attend her in public places, and generally to guide and advise her. In M. Yriarte's life of Marco Barbaro he shows how the life of the patrician in public service extinguished *la famille*. During the perpetually recurring meetings of the Maggior Consiglio over a space of thirty-four years, once only was he absent from his place, and then the significant word *ammalato* is found attached to his name.

This brings us to the subject of the Venetian ladies, of whom local history says strangely little. The close communication with the East would seem to have influenced their position. They remained much out of sight; only appearing on *fête* days to show their jewels and brocades; lining the walls of the great council chamber at the reception of Henry of Valois, or standing or sitting in formal rows, as we see in Gentile Bellini's picture of "The Miracle of St. Mark," and in Tintoret's representation of a Venetian feast under the name of "The Marriage at Cana." No sign of female intelligence or moral influence appears. Like the Medici ladies they had their royal alliances. A Tommasina Mocenigo married a king of Hungary, and Caterina Cornaro the prince of Cyprus, but there the parity ends. Of Tommasina nothing more is heard; and but for the childlessness of Caterina, which made her a political instrument in the hands of the Signory, she would have been equally forgotten. As with the infamous Bianca Capello, it was not the woman but her adventitious position which the republic turned to account. The only distinction which Venetian ladies appear to have coveted, and which they fully attained, was that extravagance of costume which finally entailed the sumptuary laws. The fashion of changing the color of their hair they have transmitted to the present day, but in the adoption of the *choppine*, as mentioned by Evelyn, they stood (or tottered) alone. This preposterous contrivance how not to walk — still seen in the Museo Correr — consisted of a heelless shoe fastened on the top of a structure as high as a top-boot. Perched on this they stood head and shoulders above their sex, and could only move their elephantine extremities by leaning on two attendants, who of course also assisted to hoist them up and to lift them down. But even this

idiotic fashion would seem to have been in some sort an outcome peculiar to the city which invites but little walking exercise, and probably took its rise from the desire to see and be seen over the heads of others in the great centre of Venetian amusement, the Piazza of St. Mark. Far, however, from regretting their wives' limited powers of locomotion, the gentlemen, Evelyn adds, seemed, strange to say, rather to rejoice at it!

There is no sign, however, that the patrician ladies were ignored by the laws. They could hold property independent of their husbands, who could only claim a thousand ducats for their dowry, and were bound to make that good upon death or separation. A curious exception was made in favor of one marrying a very young wife — and women were marriageable by law at fourteen — the husband being then permitted to expend a third of her dowry in gratifying her fancies and love of pleasure. But if he married a widow or a woman of twenty-four years of age it was assumed that such follies were over, and no such allowance was granted. The rights of the sex were further acknowledged in the beginning of the last century, when they were admitted, equally with the men, to the penalties of banishment on occasion of State misdemeanors.

We have alluded to the Venetian navy, identified with her Arsenal, the word itself, of which no satisfactory etymology is given, being of Venetian origin. Nor can the chief power and perpetual vigilance of the State be understood without some account of an institution which meant much more than a place for storing materials of war. The Venetian Arsenal was at once the citadel, the garrison, the drill-ground, and the dock-yard — the Tower, the Chatham, the Woolwich, the Portsmouth, and the Plymouth of the *Dominante*. Its workmen were also of higher significance than even these multiplied offices imply. The *Arsenalotti* were a body not only skilled in every department of naval work, but a picked corporation of men, sworn and unimpeachable in devotion to the republic; the defenders of the State, the guardians of public order, the body-guard of the doge; assisting in all solemnities, at hand in all dangers. To them the immense premises of the arsenal — more than four miles in circumference — were emphatically *la casa*, the home; gathering them within its walls, and housing their families in periods of the plague, educating their children, and providing for themselves in old age. To be a *figlio dell'*

*Arsenale* was in short a pledge of high character, a guarantee for fidelity, and a security against want. Such a nucleus of inviolable principle in the working heart of the State was of incalculable value as an inflexible standard and a noble infection. Honesty was not so much the motto of the *Arsenalotto* — that was a matter of course — honor was his watchword. Their rewards and privileges were great, and great also their spirit of independence. After the two calamitous fires in the ducal palace, first in 1574, and then in 1577 — both extinguished by them — the Senate voted them large sums, which on each occasion they refused to accept. M. Yriarte, in his "*Patricien de Venise*," describes the shipbuilding feat exhibited by the republic to Henry of Valois in 1574, when a ship of considerable tonnage, standing in its naked keel and ribs at noon, was put together with every competent part, external and internal, and launched by two o'clock. This *tour de force*, the result of the perfect skill and drill of a large body of artificers, and the accurate numbering of thousands of pieces, was astonishing enough. The same may be said of the collective power by which, in the war of Lepanto, a hundred galleys were launched in a hundred days. But the fundamental excellence of the administration appears, perhaps, more in the character of every department, and the vigilance which maintained the high standard of each. There was the rope and cordage department, called *la Tana*;\* there was what would be now termed the woods and forest department; and there were the great bakeries of bread and biscuit, etc., etc., all presided over with a care commensurate with the purpose each subserved, namely, the maintenance of the Venetian navy. The forests especially, as the bone and muscle of their marine power, were guarded with utmost jealousy. Plans of the great woods in Istria and elsewhere were drawn up with as much accuracy as those of the fortresses and other strong places belonging to the State, and kept in the Arsenal. The three patricians (*proveditori alle legna e boschi*) placed over this department were required to swear upon the sacrament that they possessed no land or property within a circle of five miles from the forests committed to their charge.

\* The best hemp was imported from Russia by the mouth of the river Tana in the Black Sea, hence, in the familiarity of Venetian phraseology which meets us at every turn of her history, the name given to the magazine containing these stores.

The strictest orders were issued to heads of provinces, towns, and villages to watch over the oak-timber; and any loss of a tree, or injury to it, was punished with severity and without appeal. So great was the anxiety to keep up the supply, that private woods came under strict surveillance, and any citizen possessing ten *campi* of land was required to devote one *campo* to the growth of oaks. Regulations were also issued in the fifteenth century in the Venetian and Illyrian dialects for the proper culture and preservation of the precious tree, not rarely designated in these documents as the *sacro rovere*.

As to the bread and biscuit supplied to the navy by the thirty-four great ovens on the island of S. Elena — close to the present public gardens — it appears to have had a charmed life. For chroniclers state that the *tarlo*, or worm, never attacked it, and the authority whence we take our information \* declares that in 1821 he tasted biscuit which had been left by the Venetians in a granary at Candia, on its surrender to the Turks in 1669, and that it was sound and excellent still, without the slightest distasteful quality. Well was it said by a Frenchman in 1797, after the Treaty of Campo Formio, of the Venetian Arsenal: "*On y trouvera le type des meilleures institutions administratives.*" †

We have now to speak of the justice and jealousy of the government — the first by no means so acknowledged as the second; the two united forming, as we have hinted, one of the most curious studies that the history of man affords. But this study can be undertaken with no chance of success unless accompanied by the conviction that profound and incessant causes existed for that intricate and apparently exaggerated caution which meets us at every turn. Never in modern records shall we find such unanimous agreement in unanimous mistrust. It was not so much that no one trusted another, but that the laws provided that no one should trust another. In every office, from the highest to the lowest, every public servant not only consented to laws and regulations, but helped to make them, which implied that he might be a traitor or a jobber, and took care that he should be neither. The legislature might be said to exist by a system of checks and counter-checks, involved and cumbersome in the highest degree, and only to be understood

by the logical conclusion that the perils they guarded against were worse than the trouble they occasioned. Mr. Rawdon Brown, in his philosophical preface to his first volume \* says, "The leading idea of the Venetian constitution was to combine the greatest possible vigor of the executive with the least possible power of the individuals who composed it." This was a problem which obviously only a severe training and a devoted patriotism could solve; and the double fact in a measure unknown before or since, may be safely accepted. Venice embodied the Cavenish motto, "*Cavendo tutus.*" As with the winds, the tides and the currents, so with more subtle and covert dangers, her safety consisted in her precautions. Surrounded with envy and treachery as with the waters of her lagunes, she especially realized the truth that "nothing is stronger than its weakest part." Seeing how neighboring States had fallen from the rule of the many to the tyranny of the one, the whole aim of the government was directed to prevent such a catastrophe at home. Every fresh-discovered peril or plot was accordingly the signal for tightening the bonds of caution; these consisting usually in some addition to the courts of justice and to their stringency. Thus the plot of Bajamonte Tiepolo in 1310 led to the establishment of the Council of Ten — that of Marino Faliero in 1355 added twenty more members, called in Venetian *la Zonta*, italicè *l' Aggiunta*. The Three Inquisitors of State, believed to have been instituted in the fifteenth century, though a separate board, were no addition, being themselves an integral portion of the Council of Ten, and, like that, dealing only with political offenders. The power of the doge, in proportion as it was for life, underwent an opposite process, being gradually reduced to the mere shadow of sovereignty. The restrictions that hedged him round were, like the laws, tightened with every reign; a body of five magistrates, elected each time, called *correttori*, or correctors, revised and generally curtailed the ducal power at each election; and three *inquisitori del doge defunto* investigated the acts and expenses of his life before decreeing him a public funeral; making his heirs answerable for any defalcation. So jealousy was all foreign influence excluded that no patrician was eligible for the office who had married out

\* *Venezia e le sue Lagune. Forze militari*, da G. Casoni, vol. i., part 2nd, p. 157.

† *Mémoire du Citoyen Forfait, sur la marine de Venise.*

\* Calendar of State Papers and MSS. relating to English affairs, existing in the archives and collections of Venice, and in other libraries of northern Italy. 1864.

of the state, and no doge's son could marry a foreigner. Further, the doge could hold no property out of Venetian territory, and was compelled to sell such as he might possess previous to his election. He could not quit Venice, nor the lagunes beyond the port of Malamocco, on pain of a fine of one hundred ducats. He could neither read nor write a letter, public or private, without submitting it to his councillors, on pain of two hundred ducats. One son or brother of a doge might continue to sit in the Maggior Consiglio, but neither could vote; nor could any son or brother hold a government office either during his life, or for four years after his death. Even the very officers that had been attached to his person were ineligible for a year. The doge was also forbidden to speak to ambassadors on any matters of State; no one might kiss his hand, or bend the knee to him, and he was stripped of the title of *monsignore* and of the canopy that once hung over the ducal throne. Finally the dogressa ceased to be crowned, and was shorn of all the beams in which ladies are supposed to delight to bask. Such being a few of the disabilities and annoyances with which the head of the Venetian State was surrounded, the further laws which required that, *nolens volens*, the dignity should be accepted by the individual elected, on pain of forfeiture of all his goods, are perfectly intelligible. Not so, however, the extraordinary and almost incredible forms of precaution, wheel within wheel, which attended the election of such a King Log. At the risk of boring the reader we must give a brief outline of them.

They commenced by the summoning of the Maggior Consiglio—only those members being admitted above the age of thirty. A vessel of copper, or "hat" as it was called, was brought out, containing as many balls as individuals present; thirty being gold, and the others all silver. Then the youngest member present and one other went down into the Cathedral of St. Mark, and brought thence the first little boy they met, to whom the name of *ballotino* was given, and who proceeded to draw a ball for each. When a gold ball appeared the member in whose name it was drawn remained, but his father, uncles, brothers, or sons all departed. Those who drew the silver balls also retired. At length there remained but the thirty who had drawn the gold balls. Then the hat came out again and thirty balls were put in, of which only nine were

gold, which being drawn in the same way by nine, the rest retired. These nine then proceeded to elect forty members from the Maggior Consiglio in the following way. Having cast lots for precedence the first four named five each, and the last five four each—the forty names being subjected to further scrutiny by each requiring the suffrages of seven out of the nine voters. This over, the Maggior Consiglio was convoked for the second time and the names of the forty thus elected announced, when all the rest departed. The hat was then produced again with forty balls in it, twelve of gold, and the same balloting process gone through. The twelve then proceeded to elect twenty-five, casting lots as before, the first naming three, the other eleven two each. Again the Maggior Consiglio assembled for the third time, the names of the twenty-five were announced, and again the hat appeared. This time twenty-five balls were put in, of which nine were gold. By the same process as before these nine chose forty-five, who, in their turn, were announced to a fourth meeting of the Maggior Consiglio, and then again reduced by balloting to eleven. Having thus filtered away every possible grain of jobbery or nepotism, these eleven chose forty-one, who were submitted to the approval of a fifth meeting of the Maggior Consiglio—no longer weeded of its members below thirty years of age—and, if approved, these forty-one finally proceeded to elect the doge by a majority of twenty-five of their number.

What else, we would ask, but a severe training and an exalted patriotism could have sustained a body of gentlemen through this protracted game of "Fright"? Nor did the caution end here. The august forty-one were immured in an apartment of the ducal palace as closely as the cardinals in conclave. It happened once in 1311 that some of the electors standing at a window saw a certain Marino Giorgi pass in the piazza below. He was a man of the highest character, the mere sight of him suggested his eligibility, and he was chosen. From that time not one of the forty-one was allowed to approach a window. Then, half a century later, news was brought into the room that Lorenzo Celso had defeated the Genoese, and he was unanimously elected. But the intelligence proved false; the Genoese had defeated him; and after that no public tidings were allowed to enter. In spite of all this, however, the forty-one, who were allowed free table and all costs at the ex-



pense of the republic, would seem, in later years, to have been in no hurry to declare their choice. M. Yriarte ascertained that in 1709 the conclave sat for thirteen days at a cost of 59,325 francs; while in 1789 at the election of Manin, the last doge, a séance of six days cost the State 378,387 francs! It was evidently time to have done with doges.

But the patriotism of the Venetian patrician bears no imputation of self-interest during the grand days of the republic. Her service was more honorable than lucrative. Public employments brought scant emolument. Many offices had no salaries attached. The inquisitors into a deceased doge's affairs in many instances showed that his dignity had caused his ruin. In the case of Venetian ambassadors the allowance granted did not cover their expenses. It was fortunate, therefore, that the jealousy of the republic limited their time of residence at any court to two years. This perpetual mistrust showed itself conspicuously in curtailing the tenures of office in every department. Few government officials held their post more than one year. The councillors of the doge were changed every eight months, and could never be two of the same family, or even of the same quarter of the city. The very *proveditori* of the *Tana* held that place but for sixteen months. The utmost length of office was for three years, and when M. Yriarte states that even boys who occupied certain ceremonial offices were kept no longer, he rather unfortunately instances the only class who necessarily outgrew their functions.

There was, however, one form of precaution peculiar to Venice, of a shrewder character than any we have instanced, which in its wisdom and courage appealed to posterity for due appreciation. No one will wonder now by the light of subsequent history that the policy of the republic should jealousy have excluded all Romish influence from her councils; but such a policy was marvellous then. Rome was never so boldly defied by any State confessing her creed as by the fact that no ecclesiastic could take part in the Venetian government. Those citizens, to whom her laborious, ill-paid, and compulsory offices were objectionable, might avoid them by one means—namely, by taking orders. On occasions touching the clergy, or when negotiations with the Vatican were discussed in council, even those members who had relations or connections in orders, were excluded from

deliberation with the simple words, *fuora papalisti*. Such rules were the more significant at a time when France almost invariably selected cardinals and bishops to represent her in foreign embassies, or in negotiations of high political importance; and when, out of ten French ambassadors accredited to the Signory, seven were ecclesiastics.

So much for the jealousy of this extraordinary government. Now we must face a quality still more repugnant to our modern ideas—viz., its secrecy. There is no doubt that to the secrecy in which certain portions of the administration were shrouded, much of the unfavorable verdict passed upon the republic has been owing. Not that the mere fact that secrecy was observed in some departments need suggest surprise, still less condemnation. The same necessity existed in all States, and must ever, in some degree, exist in all. A government is the best judge of what it is prudent to reveal, and the large numbers concerned in the machinery of Venetian legislation—in itself a guarantee against injustice—made the necessity for discretion the more stringent. The pains and penalties against the *propalatori di segreti* were extreme, ranging from fines and banishment to death. We do not defend them—as little as we defend our own comparatively lately abolished punishment of death for sheep-stealing; but Venice, as the object of the perpetual envy and plots of neighbors and allies, had more than common cause for her severity. What would now be our temporary condition if at war with most of the European powers, was her chronic condition then; the comparison at the same time falling far short of the truth; for, with all present shortcomings, it would be impossible to reproduce in the nineteenth century the treachery and falsehood which were the current coin of popes and potentates in the fifteenth and sixteenth, and, no less, when need was, of doges and senators. To pass from the standard of the Scorpion (the Visconti) to that of S. Marco; from that of the Lilies to that of the Keys, and to betray each in turn, was reputed no infamy, though punished as such when caught and detected.

But whether Venice deserves all the accusations of cruelty and secret terrorism heaped upon her, more, or even so much, as other contemporary governments, is the question at issue. We can but ask ourselves whether it was possible that the most prosperous, liberal (as regards legal



equality), patriotic, and longest-lived of Christian States should have been the one most iniquitously governed? "For evil in its nature is decay." Fortunately her defence rests not only on abstract propositions. The suspicion that Venice has been painted much blacker than she deserves, has been gradually obtaining; and though much remains to be cleared up, much can never be understood, and a plentiful residue of evil will remain, yet proofs are already not wanting to render the worst charges more than doubtful. The vindications compiled by a few thoughtful writers of the till lately fallen city, have not penetrated far, but they have the stamp of the truth that will prevail. To the modern historian of Venice, Count Daru, are traceable the chief source and spread of the generally received ideas regarding the hideous nature of Venetian laws, especially as embodied in the Council of Ten and the Three Inquisitors of State. At the same time it is notorious that Daru was strongly biassed against the Venetians. A devoted adherent of the "empire" he felt that the more he dwelt on the wickedness of Venice the better he vindicated Bonaparte's unscrupulous conduct towards her. Not that he can be charged with deliberate falsification of history, but there is small doubt that the authority on which he grounds his worst impeachments was not worthy of trust. Daru plumes himself on having discovered in a library at Paris the very statutes drawn up for their own regulation, by the two secret tribunals above mentioned, statutes so odious in character as, in the words of a modern history of Venice\* — chiefly extracted from his volumes — "to exceed any other product of human wickedness." To the calm and careful analysis of these by a certain Conte Tiepolo is owing an exposure of their spuriousness, which no dispassionate reader will call in question. We have placed the title of his work, published in 1828, at the head of this article.

The first doubt cast upon them lies in the fact that no contemporary or subsequent allusion acknowledges the existence of these so-called statutes, and that till Daru discovered them no one had heard of them. At the same time regulations such as these could not have been discussed, formularized, and adopted without both the knowledge and sanction of the *Maggior Consiglio* — a body chosen annually from a public of above a thousand

persons — to whom every act and decree of these inner tribunals were jealously subjected. They must also have been formally entered in the books of decrees and laws, and especially in the registers of the Council of Ten itself. No trace of them, however, appears in the carefully preserved public records. No writer of the time (1454), or after, quotes them. In addition to this they teem with mistakes and anachronisms, of which we add a few specimens. Purporting to have been framed in 1454, they are written, not in the Latin used at that time for all government and magisterial transactions, but in the Venetian dialect not in vogue till half a century later. Further, they are couched in the name of the *Inquisitori di Stato*, a title not applied to that body till the seventeenth century. They assign to these *Inquisitori* the jurisdiction over the prisoners confined in the Piombi (*sic*), such prisons not having been instituted or arranged for the service of the State till 1591. They speak of territories, wide apart as Candia and Cyprus, as governed by one and the same *generale*; whereas no Venetian functionary ever held the title of general; the governor of Candia being styled *dux*, while Cyprus in 1454 had still her own prince and legislature, and only fell to Venice at the widowhood of Caterina Cornaro, in 1489. They speak of the disappearance of men, secretly killed by order of the tribunal, one individual being fortunately instanced whose name stands in his parish necrology as dying at the age of eighty, and that in the house of a relative. Such hideous regulations, therefore, for the secret and deliberate ensnaring of merely suspected individuals, as are formularized in these statutes; the preference to be observed in secret murders for the *ferro* over the *fuoco* — the stiletto over the pistol; the sickeningly minute rules regarding the measures to be adopted by spies and informers, and again for counter-espionage and information — rules calculated to make the Venetian legislature rather a pandemonium of fiends than an assemblage of "grave and honorable signors," — all such accusations, therefore, as rest on these pretended statutes may, we think, be justly banished from the hearts they have troubled.

It would be easy to quote from Daru himself descriptions of the internal peace which reigned for five and a half centuries — of the absence of all rebellion whether in the city or in her colonies, despite periods of dearth, pestilence, excommunications, and disastrous wars — descrip-

\* Sketches of Venetian History, 2 vols. 1831.

tions certainly incompatible with the fact of a deadly cancer at the heart of the State, eating away all liberty, confidence, and security; a condition which might have entailed fever, paralysis, or death, but never peace.\*

There remain sufficient of those mediæval cruelties from which modern feeling recoils—but cruelties not peculiar to Venice—namely the use of torture, at all events as early discarded by Venice as by other States, and the practice of secret executions; for which, in common with her contemporaries, she must bear the penalty. Jeremy Bentham shrewdly remarks, “The secret nature of one of the republic’s operations was the cause of all the false ideas about the Venetian government.” Still, it must be urged, however distasteful the subject, that executions were rather private than secret. For the bodies, in some cases at all events, were publicly exhibited. Antonio Foscarini—the friend of the Countess of Arundel—executed in the night of April 21, 1622, for high treason, was found next morning suspended between the two columns. Furthermore, it is certain that not only were those thus privately executed buried in consecrated ground—in the cemeteries of S. Giovanni e Paoli, and of S. Francesco—but that by a decree of the Council of Trent, all parishes were ordered to keep strict *necrologi*, without respect to condition of life, or mode of death. In the registers of St. Mark’s accordingly—the parish church of the ducal palace and of the state prisons—every death, from that of the doge to that of the executed criminal, appears in order of date. The name of the criminal is, moreover, accompanied by that of the office which

condemned him, by his crime, and whether his sentence was publicly or privately carried out. So precise were these registers that on the discovery of Foscarini’s alleged innocence, a notification to that effect was subsequently added to the entry of his death.

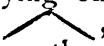
As to another imputed mode of making away with inconvenient or suspected persons by drowning them—of which Fenimore Cooper’s “Bravo” gives so thrilling an account—this seems, it may be said, too false to disprove. For a certain hold of an object is needed even to destroy it. All that can be said is that it lacks all confirmation. Setting aside the fact, that the name given to the waters behind S. Giorgio Maggiore—the Canal Orfano—supposed to have fastened on them in connection with the drownings, is now believed to have been borne by that part of the lagune for centuries before any state inquisitors existed—setting aside this, there are strong reasons for supposing that such a mode of execution—like many other stock stories about Venice into which we have not space to enter—were entirely the creation of romance. In the readiness to throw open her stores of local history Venice may be said to challenge the utmost inquiry on all points. The work quoted above this article, “*Monumenti per servire alla Storia del Pallazzo Ducale*,” etc., published at the expense of Mr. Ruskin, is a specimen in point, containing literal transcripts, without any comment, of the proceedings day by day of the Council of Ten, beginning in 1253, and extending to 1600. No attempt is here made to conceal sentences of death by hanging between the two columns, sentences to lose both head and hand, sentences to the *corda* (or rack)—no attempt to conceal a pestiferous state of the prisons (accompanied, it must be added, by stringent directions for reforming such conditions); while as to sentences by drowning as little sign appears of them as of sentences by burning, of which barbarity, common in Spain, France, Germany, and England, Venice, at all events, was never guilty. Lastly, there is not wanting the testimony of those living in this century who had been assured by members of the Council of Ten, that the idea of drowning as a mode of judicial execution was too contemptible to deserve refutation.

While therefore acknowledging that Venice carried the practice of caution and mystery to an extreme which has thus avenged itself, we may still ask what mo-

\* Another frequently quoted source of impeachment against these tribunals, supposed to proceed from high authority, may be equally as justly impugned. In a little dateless work purporting to have been drawn up by Paolo Sarpi for the guidance of the Inquisitors of State, maxims are found fully as atrocious, and therefore corroborating those in the spurious statutes discovered by Daru. Great names, we know, are no safeguard against calumny; rather the reverse—and there are few, whether in intellectual or moral elevation, which more indignantly repel such a charge than that of the Servitan monk. It is sufficient to remember that Rome was his enemy, and Roman emissaries his assassins, to comprehend why, like Venice herself, he has suffered defamation. Abstractedly judging therefore, the grounds for doubting the authenticity of the work entitled “*Opinione del Padre Sarpi, Servita, come debba governarsi la repubblica Veneziana per havere il perpetuo dominio*,” are far stronger than those for giving it credit. Few questions would be more interesting to sift; meanwhile the reader may be referred to another Venetian work called “*Opinione falsamente ascritta al Padre Servita come debba governarsi internamente e esternamente la repubblica Venetiana per havere il perpetuo dominio. Venezia, 1681 e 1885, col titolo ‘Ricordi.’*”

tives existed for such depravity on the part of private individuals, chosen from the most honored and independent members of the *Maggior Consiglio*, individuals who swore on the Gospels "to counsel in conscience and good faith all that shall conduce to the public good;" or how a succession of the same monsters was annually secured? For they held office only for one year; they received no salary, and to take fee or bribe was a capital offence. The decisions also of the Council of Ten—in reality seventeen in number, for it included the doge and his six councillors (these last changed, be it remembered, every eight months)—required the votes of, at all events, two-thirds of the number; in more important questions of three-fourths, or of seven-eighths; while the decisions of the Inquisitors of State were required to be unanimous. As to the denunciations by the "Lion's Mouth"—a slit in the wall or door, like our post-boxes—the horror of these pales before publicity. Every board of justice had such a box. But if by secret were meant anonymous denunciations, all such, by a law of 1387, were ordered to be forthwith burnt. In 1542 an exception is made in the case of anonymous accusations of blasphemy, but the names of three witnesses present at the fact were needed. Later, if the accusations involved matters of high state importance, they might be anonymous, but the votes of four-fifths of the Council were necessary before the accused could be proceeded against. Later, again, these four-fifths were increased to five-sixths, and these votes, furthermore, confirmed by a process, as with the election for doges, four times repeated. Taking therefore into consideration that severe laws existed against false accusers, it would really seem that, instead of secretly warring against the lives and liberties of their subjects, the Venetian government was more slow to entertain a charge against a man than most governments of those times to condemn him.

Much more might be adduced to throw discredit on these, not "the mock pearls," but the false blots of history, which poetry and romance have rendered well-nigh indelible. As with the tale of Correggio's persecution and death by the Danish dramatist Ohlenschläger, the poet and romancer may be forgiven. The fault lies with the historian who, like Daru, lightly or maliciously accepts, and with the book-maker who carelessly repeats, libels not so much against Venetian as against human nature. The *Piombi*, for instance, have

been prolific in tales of horror. Freezing in winter and broiling in summer, they have been held up to shuddering readers as proofs of State tyranny and malice. But the rooms on the highest story of the ducal palace are there still, and are about the warmest in winter that the building contains. And the leads that, under a midsummer sun, are supposed to have burned directly over the heads of innocent beings, incarcerated on false pretexts or on none at all—these leads, lying on the roof, not flat, but in this form , are also there still. Furthermore, they are divided from the rooms containing the cells, called the *Piombi*, by a solid ceiling of magnificent oak rafters, between which and the roof is a space justly stated by Mr. Ruskin to be "five metres high where it is least, and nine where it is greatest." \* So much for these and other stories, of which it may be safely predicted that the time will come when they will be as utterly exploded as those of Romulus and Remus.

The faults of the Venetian legislature were its caution and mystery; neither doubtless without strong grounds of necessity now difficult to realize. For both Venice has paid dearly; her mystery gave her a reputation for infamous acts, while the habit of caution, no longer balanced by power and boldness, led to that policy of neutrality, both in the wars of the Spanish succession, and in the closing days of 1797, which became not only her ruin but her disgrace.

Here we must quit a subject so vast and intricate as almost to reprove us of presumption in thus approaching it. As we have looked thus superficially into the annals of this unique State, chapter after chapter, teeming with interest, wonder, and, it must be added, warning, have passed necessarily untouched before us. On the one hand the glories of her art, the treasures of her erudition, the riddles of an antiquity long preceding her own, which challenge solution from many a wall. On the other, that abject compromise between pride and poverty which, in the seventeenth century, opened a place in her vaunted *libro d'oro* to all who could pay for it; and that degeneracy of morals more abject still, which, in the eighteenth century, attracted the giddy and the guilty to her magical shores as to a haven of safe and shameless pleasures. As Venice has been called an amalgam of the arts, tongues, and usages of all nations, so, in

\* *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii., p. 293, note.

her latter days, may she be said to have presented a refuge and a sphere for the vices of all. Let us not be too severe on her victims. Surrounded as she was with the prestige of the past, and with that ineffable charm which must endure while sea and sky and Venice stand, the spells of the older Circe must have been feeble in comparison. Instead, therefore, of boasting of the length of her years, it may be averred that she lasted too long. Had the tree been cut down in its strength it might have sprung up again; but the sapless shell which looked so fair contained at last only bitter ashes, whence no germ of better life could take root. The collapse, therefore, "of that which once was great" was the result of an inexorable necessity, as well as of the perfidy of Bonaparte. Generous and romantic natures have lamented her subjection to the stranger—one not too severe for her faults—but without it, the moral of her story, needed as much for other States as for herself, would have been incomplete. But the days of her bondage are over; the enchantress is again on her trial, and a growing semblance of activity, as well as the hopeful logic of statistics, encourages the belief that she is destined to rise once more to self-respect and independence.

---

*This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

---

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

*In conjunction with an American writer.*

---

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### OUR RANCH-WOMAN.

FAR away in the north, where the sea is—the real sea, not the decoction of chalk we have around most of our southern English shores—the small boy sits on the rocks, over the clear deep, and carefully baits his hook (five a penny from the village grocer). As soon as he has hidden the blue barb with a crisp white bit of cockle, or with a slice from

a spout-fish, or with a mussel of tawny orange and brown, he lowers it into the beautiful water, where nothing is as yet visible but the wavering outline of the rocks, and the moving purple of the seaweed, and mayhap the glimmer of a starfish on the sand at unknown depths below. Then suddenly, from the liquid darkness around, comes sailing in, with just one wave of its tail, a saithe!—and the eager eyes of the fisherman follow every movement of his prey, ready to prompt the sudden twitch. But now the fish begins to play the hypocrite. He does not at all make straight for the tempting morsel suspended there, but glides this way and that by the side of it, and under it and over it, pretending all the while to pay no attention to it whatsoever. Occasionally he seems to alter his mind; he makes a dart at the bait, coming right on with his eyes staring and his mouth agape, and then, again, the youthful fisherman says something about *vich-an-dhiaoul* as he sees the narrow green back of the saithe shoot down again into the deeps. But the doom is near and certain.

Now this was the way in which our Bell proceeded to take possession of that tempting property that was waiting for her at Colorado. She was never tired of suggesting that we should go to this place and that place, rather than that her legitimate curiosity should be satisfied as to her new home. Her eyes went down to New Orleans, and then went up to Montreal, but were scarcely ever turned due west. And when we, who rather feared that she was proposing these diversions for our sakes alone, remonstrated with her, and pointed out that she would have ample opportunity of visiting the great lakes and Canada on her way back at the expiry of her year of banishment, you should have seen the light that came suddenly into her face. She seemed already to imagine herself free.

"Take a roundabout way home?" exclaimed the young matron, with proud eyes. "I think not. The moment my year is out, you will see if I don't come home straighter than any crow that ever flew. If I could only go up to the top of the mountains, and spread my wings there, and make one swoop across the plains, and another swoop across the Atlantic——"

"Stopping at New York, of course, for a biscuit."

"You would see how soon I should be in England. Just fancy the first evening

we shall spend all together again. Lady Sylvia, you will come to us that evening?"

"I hope so," said Lady Sylvia, with a startled look — she had been dreaming.

And so, in pursuit of these idle vagaries we left West Point and ascended the Hudson a bit by boat, and then landed and got into a train which most kindly kept by the side of the river as it whirled us along. The carriage was a comfortable one, with arm-chairs on pedestals by the windows, and with small tables for our books, fruit, and what not; and while the lieutenant had passed along to the smoking-car to have a cigar and some iced drink on this blazing hot day, the women-folk amused themselves by spreading out on the table a whole store of trinkets belonging to a youthful merchant attached to the car, and by selecting a vast number of perfectly useless presents for people at home. It was an agreeable occupation enough, to connect the names of those who were far away with those bits of ivory and photograph frames and puzzles; and Queen T. faithfully undertook to deliver all these little gifts with appropriate messages. The representation that they were going to carry those trumpery things about with them all over America, that their boxes would be encumbered, that the things themselves would be broken, and that the proper time for purchasing presents was just before sailing from New York, met with that absolute indifference which was generally accorded to the advice of a person who had by this time subsided into the position of being a mere chronicler of the doings of the party, and who had found out that in this land of liberty it was as unsafe for him to open his mouth as it was in his own home in England.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," said Queen T. as this Swiss-looking railway-car was rumbling along toward Saratoga through a dusty and wooded country that looked parched enough under the blue sky, "I guess I feel just real mean."

Lady Sylvia's eyes asked what this extraordinary language meant.

"Don't you?" she continued. "Here are we going into Saratoga in the company of a ranch-woman, a farmeress, a stock-raiser, a bowie-knifer. What was it the judge said in New York about Saratoga? — that we should find there 'a blaze of wealth, beauty, and culture such as was not to be found in any capital in Europe'? and of course it would have been bad enough in any case for us simple country-folk to go into such a whirl of fashionable life; but with one of the wild

desperadoes of Colorado — what will they think of us?"

"I guess you want a tarnation lickin'," said the stock-raiser calmly. "Buffalo Jack, where's my cowhide?"

Buffalo Jack, being immersed in time-tables, would pay no heed to her nonsense; but Lady Sylvia was heard to say that the conduct of a ranch-woman in coming to Saratoga was deserving of respect rather than ridicule, for she would no doubt learn something of manners before going back to her bowie-knives and cattle.

What, then, was this big, busy town through which we drove, with its broad thoroughfares, deep dust, green trees, and huge hotels?

We look at the jewellers' shops and the *cafés*, and the promenaders, and one cries out, "Baden-Baden!"

We catch a glimpse of some public gardens and colored lamps and avenues, and another calls out, "It is Kreuznach, and the band is playing!"

We whirl along another spacious thoroughfare, and a third calls out, "It is the Boulevard Poissonnière!" when it is mildly suggested that, after all, this may be no more Kreuznach than the Hudson was the Rhine, and that it might be better, on the whole, to call it Saratoga.

It was with great diffidence that we ascended the steps of the monster hotel, and found ourselves in a large central hall. We were conscious that we were travel-stained, and had scarcely sufficient moral courage to ask the clerk for rooms. We knew that the smart young men standing around were regarding us; and oh! so snowy were their white neckties, which they wore in the middle of the day. And then, to make matters worse, this pernicious ranch-woman had donned in the morning a costume of light-blue serge, in which she had done some yachting the year before; and we knew, though we dared not look, that there must be stains of the salt sea foam on it. Finally, our inward rage and humiliation were complete when, having been furnished with our keys, we entered the lift to be conveyed to the floors above; for here we found ourselves confronted by three young ladies — but the human imagination refuses to recall the splendor of the attire of these angels in human form. Each of them had a jeweller's shop on her hands.

However, we dried our eyes in secret, and made as brave an appearance as possible when we assembled together in the saloon below.

"Look here, child," said Queen T. to our ranch-woman, as she lifted a white object from the table. "Do you see that? That is a fork. You take it in your left hand, and you lift your food to your mouth with it, instead of with your fingers, as you have been accustomed."

"It's a thorough lickin' you want," said this child of nature, doggedly. It was all we could get out of her.

Then we went out for a drive; and a mighty fine show we made, with our green gauze curtains to keep out the dust, and *with our two horses*. The lieutenant was perched up beside the driver. Occasionally he disappeared from our sight altogether, hidden away by the dense clouds of brown dust that came rolling in the wake of some carriage. And the further we went out into the country, the deeper the dust in the roads appeared to become, until our German friend had assumed the guise of a baker, and there was scarcely any difference between the color of his hat, his beard, and his coat. But we came to our journey's end at last, for we reached a series of deep gullies in the sand; and in each of these gullies, which were a good bit apart, were some more or less temporary buildings, mostly of wood; and at each of them we found a gentleman in a tall black hat, who in the most courteous manner offered us a glass of the saline water he was prepared to sell, informed us of its chemical qualities, presented us with a prospectus of his company, and was generally most affable. It was a terrible temptation. We might have remained there all day, drinking gallons of the water—for nothing. And indeed we began to pride ourselves on our connoisseurship; and if the present writer had only the various prospectuses by him at present, he could pick out the particular spring which we unanimously declared to be the finest. We had to tear ourselves away.

"After all," said Bell, with a sigh, "they manage these things better at Carlsbad."

Then we drove away again through the thick sand, and in process of time found ourselves on the broad, bare avenue which leads out to Saratoga Lake. And here we found ourselves still further ashamed, notwithstanding our two horses, by the fashion in which the people shot by us in their light little carriages, their toes perched up, their swift little trotters apparently running away with them. In spite of the dust, we could see the diamonds flashing on the fingers and shirts and neckties of

the brown-faced, brown-bearded gentlemen who appeared to have come right up from California. We reached the lake, too—a large, calm extent of silvery grey water, becoming somewhat melancholy in the evening light. We gathered some flowers, and bethought ourselves of another lake, set far away among lonely woods, that we had seen in the bygone days.

"Once upon a time," says Queen T., as we are standing on the height, and looking abroad over the expanse of water, "I can remember there were two young people sailing out on a lake like this in a small boat in the moonlight. And one of them proposed to give up his native country in order that he might marry an English girl. And I think it is the same girl that has now to give up her native country—for a time—for the sake of her children. Were you ever at Ellesmere, Lady Sylvia?"

Lady Sylvia had never been to Ellesmere, but she guessed why these things were spoken of. As for Bell, she was putting the gathered flowers in a book; they were for her children.

We drove back to dine in the large saloon, with its flashing lights and its troop of black waiters. We were more than ever impressed by the beautiful attire and the jewelry of the ladies and gentlemen who were living in Saratoga; and in the evening, when all the doors of the saloons were thrown open, and when the band began to play in the square inside the hotel, and when these fashionable people began to promenade along the balcony which runs all round the intramural space of grass and trees, we were more than ever reminded of some evening entertainment in a Parisian public garden. Our plainly dressed women-folk were out of place in this gay throng that paced up and down under the brilliant lamps. As for our ranch-woman, she affected to care nothing at all for the music and this bright spectacle of people walking about the balcony in the grateful coolness of the summer night, but went down the steps into the garden, and busied herself with trying to find out the whereabouts of a katy-did that was sounding his incessant note in the darkness. What was it they played? Probably Offenbach; but we did not heed much. The intervals of silence were pleasanter.

But was it not kind of those two gentlemen, both of whom wore ample frock-coats and straw hats, to place their chairs just before us on the lawn, so that we



could not but overhear their conversation? And what was it all about?

"Pennsylvania's alive — jest alive," said the elder of the two. "The miners are red-hot — yes, *Sir!* You should have heerd me at Mauch Chunk — twenty thousand people, and a barbecue in the woods, and a whole ox roasted — biggest thing since 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.' When I told 'em that the bloated bond-holders robbed 'em of their hard-earned wages, to roll in wealth, and dress in purple and fine linen, like Solomon in all his glory, and the lilies-of-the-valley, you should have heerd 'em shout. I thought they would tear their shirts. The bond is the sharp-p'inted stick to poke up the people."

"And how about Philadelphia?" says the other.

"Well, I was not quite so hefty there. There's a heap of bonds in Philadelphia; and there's no use in arousing prejudices — painful feelings — misunderstandings. It ain't politics. What's good for one sile ain't good for another sile. You sow your seed as the land lays; that's politics. Where people hain't got no bonds, there's where to go in heavy on the bond-holders. But in Philadelphia I give it to 'em on reform, and corruption, and the days of the Revolution that tried men's souls, and that sort o' thing — and wishin' we had Washington back again. That's always a tremendous p'int, about Washington; and when people are skittish on great questions, you fall back on the Father of his Country. You see —"

"But Washington's dead," objected the disciple.

"Of course he's dead," said the other, triumphantly; "and that's why he's a living issue in a canvass. In politics the deader a man is, the more you can do with him. He can't talk back."

"And about Massachusetts now?" the humble inquirer asked.

"Well, those Yankees don't take too much stock in talk. You can't do much with the bonds and corruption in Massachusetts. There you touch 'em up on whiskey and the nigger. The evils of intemperance and the oppressions of the colored brother, those are the two bowers in Massachusetts."

"Rhode Island?"

"Oh, well, Rhode Island is a one-horse state, where every body pays taxes and goes to church; and all you've got to do is to worry 'em about the pope. Say the pope's comin' to run the machine."

Then these two also relapse into silence,

and we are left free to pursue our own speculations.

And indeed our chief manageress and monitress made no secret of her wish to leave Saratoga as soon as possible. We had taken it *en route* out of mere curiosity; it was obvious to her that she could gain no moral here to preach at the head of her poor pupil. These lights and gay costumes and languid quadrilles were the mere glorification of idleness; and she had brought this suffering one to America to show her — in our rapid transit from place to place — something of the real hardships that human nature had to fight against and endure, the real agony that parting and distance and the struggle for life could inflict on the sons and the daughters of men. Saratoga was not at all to her liking. There was no head for any discourse to be got out of it. Onward, onward, was her cry.

So it was that on the next day, or the next again, we bade farewell to this gay haunt of pleasure, and set out for grimmer latitudes. We were bound for Boston. Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for discourse; and during the long hours, as we rolled through a somewhat Bavarian-looking country — with white wooden houses set amid that perpetual wooden forest that faded away into the hills around the horizon — we heard a great deal about the trials of the early settlers and their noble fortitude and self-reliance. You would have fancied that this lecturess was a passionate Puritan in her sympathies; though we who knew her better were well aware that she had a sneaking liking for gorgeous ritual, and that she would have given her ears to be allowed to introduce a crucifix into our respectable village church. That did not matter. The stern manners and severe discipline of the refugees were at the moment all she could admire, and somehow we began to feel that, if it had not been for our gross tyranny and oppression, the "Mayflower" would never have sailed.

But a graver lesson still was to be read to us. We could not understand why, after a time, the train was continually being stopped at short intervals, and we naturally grew impatient. The daylight left us, and the lights in the carriage were not bright enough to allow us to read. We were excessively hungry, and were yet many miles away from Boston. We had a right to speak bitterly of this business.

Then, as the stoppages became more



lengthened, and we had speech of people on the line, rumors began to circulate through the carriages. An accident had happened to the train just ahead of ours. There was a vague impression that some one had been killed, but nothing more.

It was getting on toward midnight when we passed a certain portion of the line; and here the place was all lit up by men going about with lanterns. There was a sound of hammering in the vague obscurity outside this sphere of light. Then we crept into the station, and there was an excited air about the people as they conversed with each other.

And what was it all about? Queen T. soon got to know. Out of all the people in the train, only one had been killed—a young girl of fifteen; she was travelling with her father and mother; they had not been hurt at all. The corpse was in a room in the station; the parents were there too. They said she was their only child.

We went on again; and somehow there was now no more complaining over the delay. It was past midnight when we reached Boston. The streets looked lonely enough in the darkness. But we were thinking less of the great city we had just entered than of the small country station set far away in the silent forest, where that father and mother were sitting with the dead body of their child.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### AN INROAD ON PALE FACTS.

BUT we were not always to be preached at by this miniature Madame Solomon. We had not come three or four thousand miles to be lectured up hill and down dale. Even our stern teacher herself forgot her moralities when, after a long night's rain, Boston received us with breezy blue skies, cool winds, and a flashing sunlight that broke on the stirring trees. We breathed once more, after the heat of New York and the dust of Saratoga. We walked along the pavements, and, as we had always been told that Boston was peculiarly English, we began to perceive an English breadth of frame on the part of the men, an English freshness of complexion on the part of the women. We shut our eyes to the fact that the shops were more the shops of Brussels than of Brighton. Surely these were English clouds that swiftly crossed the sky; English trees and parks that shone fair in their greenness; an English lake that was rippling in waves before the brisk breeze? And then, again,

away down in the business part of the city, amid tall warehouses, and great blocks of stores, how could we fail to notice that that was the Atlantic itself which we suddenly caught glimpses of at the end of the thoroughfares, just as if some one, tired of the perpetual gray and red of the houses, had taken a huge brush and dashed in a stroke of brilliant cobalt across the narrow opening?

"Ships go from here to England, do they not?" asked Lady Sylvia once, as we were driving by a bit of the harbor.

"Certainly."

She was looking rather wistfully at the blue water, and the moored steamers, and the smaller craft that were sailing about.

"In a fortnight one could be back in Liverpool?"

"Doubtless."

But here our Bell broke in, laying her hand gently on the hand of her friend.

"You must not think of going back already, Lady Sylvia," she said, with a smile. "We have got to show you all the wonders of our Western country yet. How could you go back without seeing a buffalo-hunt?"

"Oh," said she, hastily—and the beautiful pale face flushed somewhat—"I was not thinking of that. It was a mere fancy. It seems so long since we left England, and we have come so great a way, that it is strange to think one could be back in Surrey in a fortnight."

"We can not allow you to play truant, you know," said Queen T., in her gentle way. "What would every one say if we allowed you to go back without seeing Niagara?"

"I assure you I was not thinking of such a thing," said Lady Sylvia, seriously, as if she were afraid of grievously offending Niagara. "Would not every one laugh if I were to show homesickness so soon?"

But, all the same, we could see that she never looked at these blue waters of the Atlantic without a certain wistfulness; and, as it happened, we were pretty much by the seaside at this time. For first of all we went down to Manchester—a small, scattered, picturesque watering-place overlooking Massachusetts Bay, the Swiss-looking cottages of wood dotted down anywhere on the high rocks above the strand. And when the wild sunset had died out of the western skies—the splendid colors had been blinding our sight until we turned for refuge to the dark, intense greens of the trees in shadow—we had our chairs out on the veranda, up here on the rocks, over the sea. We heard the splashing of

the waves below. We could vaguely make out the line of the land running away out to Cape Cod; and now the twin lights of the Sisters began to shoot their orange rays into the purple dusk. Then the moon rose; and the Atlantic grew grey; and there was a pale radiance on the rocks around us. Our good friends talked much of England that long, still, beautiful night; and now it seemed a place very far apart from us, that we should scarcely be able to recognize when we saw it again.

Then we went to see some other friends at Newport, arriving just in time to get a glimpse of the afternoon drive before the people and their smart little vehicles disappeared into those spacious gardens in which the villas were partly hidden. The next morning we drove round by the sea; and now the sun was burning on the almost smooth water, and there was a fresh smell of seaweed, and the tiny ripples curled crisp and white along the pebbly bays. Our Bell began to praise the sea. Here was no churned chalk; but the crystal sea-water of the northern shores that she loved. And when she turned her eyes inland, and found occasional glimpses of moorland and rock, she appealed to Lady Sylvia to say if she did not think it was like some part of Scotland, although, to be sure, there was no heather here.

"I have never been in Scotland," said Lady Sylvia, gently, and looking down. "I—I almost thought we should have gone this year."

There was no tremor at all in her voice; she had bravely nerved herself on the spur of the moment.

"You must go next year; Mr. Balfour will be so proud to show his native country to you," said Queen T., very demurely; but we others could see some strange meaning in her eyes—some quick, full expression of confident triumph and joy.

And how is it possible to avoid some brief but grateful mention of the one beautiful day we spent at Cambridge—or, rather, outside Cambridge—in a certain garden there? It was a Sunday, fair and calm and sweet-scented, for there were cool winds blowing through the trees, and bringing the odors of flowers into the shadowed veranda. Was not that bit of landscape over there, too—the soft green hill with its patches of tree, the hedges and fields, the breezy blue sky with its floating clouds of white—a pleasant suggestion of Surrey? There was one sitting with us there who is known and well beloved wherever, all over the wide world, the English tongue is spoken; and if that

gracious kindness which seemed to be extended to all things, animate and inanimate, was more particularly shown to our poor, stricken patient, who could wonder who had ever seen her sensitive mouth and pathetic eyes? Of whom was it written—

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the  
hour on her spirit;  
Something within her said, "At length thy  
trials are ended"?

If she could not quite say that as yet, her sorrows were for the moment at least forgotten, and she sat content and pleased and grateful. And then we had dinner in an old-fashioned room of the old-fashioned house, and much discourse of books; the mute listener, having won the favor of all, being far more frequently addressed than any body else. The full moon was shining on the trees when we went out into the clear night. It was shining, too, on the Charles River, when we had driven on along the white road; and here, of course, we stopped to look at the wonderful picture. For beyond this flashing of silver on the rippling water, the river was bounded by a mass of houses that were black as midnight in the shadow; and here and there a dusky spire rose solemnly into the lambent sky, while down below there was a line of lamps burning in the dark like a string of ruddy jewels. These were the only points of color, those points of orange; all else was blue and silver—a dream of Venice.

What more is to be said about Boston before we leave it for the mystic woods and lakes of Chingachgook, whose ghost we hope to see emerge from the dim forest, in company with that of the simple-minded Deerslayer? Well, a word must be said about the great thoughtfulness of our good friends there, who took us to see every place and thing of note—except Bunker's Hill. They most scrupulously avoided all mention of Bunker's Hill, just as a Scotchman would rather die than mention Bannockburn in the south; and, to tell the truth, we never saw the place at all. This is much to be regretted; for the visiting of such scenes is most useful in refreshing one's knowledge of history; and indeed this courtesy on the part of our Boston friends led to a good deal of confusion afterward. For, one evening up in Canada, when Bell had been busy with her maps, she suddenly cried out, —

"Why, we never went to see Bunker's Hill!"

"Neither we did," was the reply.

"And it is close to Boston!"

"Assuredly."

She remained in deep reflection for a moment or two; and then she said, in absolute innocence, —

"I do wonder that a nation that fought so well, North and South, should show such a sensitiveness as that. They never said a word about Bunker's Hill when we were at Boston. You would have thought the humiliation of that small defeat was quite forgotten by this time; for I am quite sure the South would not speak about it, and I am quite sure the North is as proud of Stonewall Jackson now as the South can be."

Stonewall Jackson? — Bunker's Hill?

"What do you mean?" said Queen T., severely; for she thought the young wife had taken leave of her senses.

"Well," said she, simply, and rather ungrammatically, "if the North was beaten, they fought well enough afterward; and when they can point to such battles as Gettysburg, they need not be afraid of the South remembering Bunker's Hill against them."

This was too awful. She was the mother of two children. But we wrote to our friends in Boston, begging them in the future not to let any of their English friends go through the town without telling them what Bunker's Hill was all about.

Next, a word about the singular purity of the atmosphere: at midday, as we stood in the street, or walked across the Common, we could make out with the naked eye the planet Venus, shining clear and brilliant in the blue overhead.

Finally, a word as to a certain hotel. We had gone there partly because it was conducted on the European plan, and partly because it was said to be the best in America, and we naturally wanted to see what America could do in that way. We came to the conclusion that this hotel was probably the best in America a generation ago, and that its owners, proud of its reputation, had determined that it should never be interfered with — not even by an occasional broom. It was our friend the Uhlan who waxed the most ferocious. He came down in a towering rage the first morning after our arrival.

"The best hotel in America?" he cried. "I tell you, we have no room at all; it is a box; it is a miserable hole, without light; it is full of mosquitoes; it looks into a sort of well, over the kitchen, and it is hotter than an oven; and the noise of the quarrelling in the kitchen; and I think a

woman dying of — what do you call it? asthma? — in the next room — No, I will not stay here another night for a thousand pounds!"

However, we pacified him, and he did stay another night, and was richly rewarded. He came down on the second morning with a pleased air. He had a sheet of writing-paper in his hand on which were displayed a number of strange objects.

"Ha!" said he, with a proud smile, "it is so kind of them to let us know the secrets of the American ladies. These things lie thick all over the room; but they are very small, and you cannot easily see them for the dust. But they are very strange — oh, very strange. Did you ever see hairpins so small as these?"

He showed us a beautiful variety of these interesting objects, some of them so minute as almost to be invisible to the naked eye. Almost equally minute, too, were certain India-rubber bands. Then that tiny brush, tipped with black; what was that for? Surely the thousand virgins of Cologne must have in turn inhabited this room, to have left behind them so many souvenirs.

"You have no business with those things," said Bell, angrily. "They don't belong to you."

"To whom, then?" said he, meekly. "To the crown? Is it treasure-trove? But one thing I know very well. When we go away from this pretty hotel — from this, oh! very charming hotel — we will not shake the dust from our feet, because that would be quite unnecessary. They have enough; don't you think so?"

And then we set out on our travels once more; and during a long and beautiful day went whirling away northward through a rough, hilly, and wooded country, intersected by deep ravines, and showing here and there a clear stream running along its pebbly bed. Here and there, too, on the hills the woods were already beginning to show a yellow tinge; while at rare intervals we descried a maple that had anticipated the glowing colors of the Indian summer, and become like a flame of rose-red fire among the dark green of the pines. It was a picturesque country enough — this wilderness of rocks and streams and forests; and it might have been possible to begin and imagine the red men back again in this wilderness that they once haunted, but that, from time to time, we suddenly came on a clearing that showed a lot of bare wooden shanties, and the chances were that the place rejoiced in some such name as Cuttingsville. Cut-

tingsville! But perhaps, after all, there is a fitness in things; and it would have been a worse sort of desecration to steal one of the beautiful Indian names from some neighboring stream and tack it on to this tag-rag habitation of squatters.

The evening sun was red behind the dark green of the trees when, at Glenn's Falls, we left the railway, and mounted on the top of a huge coach set on high springs. Away went the four horses; and we found ourselves swinging this way and that as if we were being buffeted about by the five tides that meet off the Mull of Cantire. It was a pleasant ride, nevertheless; for it was now the cool of the evening, and we were high above the dust, and we were entering a country not only beautiful in itself, but steeped in all sorts of historical and romantic tradition. Far over there on the right—the last spur of the Adirondacks—was the mountain held by the French artillery to command the military road through these wilds, and bearing the name of French Mountain to this day. Ahead of us, hidden away in the dark woods, was the too famous Bloody Pond. And Fort William Henry?—of a surety, friend, these lovely damsels shall be safely housed to-night, and the dogs of Mingoes may carry the news to Montcalm that his prey has escaped him!

It was a plank-road that carried us away into the forest, and the monotonous fall of the horses' hoofs was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night and of the woods. The first stars came out in the pale gray overhead. Our lamps were lit now; and there was a golden glory around us—a blaze in the midst of the prevailing dusk.

And now the forest became still more dense, and the road wound in an intricate fashion through the trees. For our part, we could see no path at all. The horses seemed perpetually on the point of rushing headlong into the forest, when lo! a sharp turn would reveal another bit of road, it also seeming to disappear in the woods. And then the pace at which this chariot, with its blazing aureole, went flashing through the darkness! Mile after mile we rattled on, and the distant lake was nowhere visible. Not thus did the crafty Hurons steal through these trees to dog the footsteps of the noble Delawares. We were almost ashamed to think that there was no danger surrounding us, and that our chief regard was about supper.

Suddenly there was a wild yell ahead, and at the same moment a black object

dashed across the heads of our leaders. Then we caught sight of a vehicle underneath the lamps; and there was a shout of laughter as it flew onward after that narrow escape. The sharp turn in the road had very nearly produced another massacre of pale-faces in the neighborhood of Fort William Henry.

"Do you remember that night at Keswick?" our Uhlan said, with a laugh. "That was near, too; was it not, madame? And now this great coach—we should have run clean over that wagonette, as you described the big steamers running over a small schooner; and the driver, did you see how smart he was in taking his leaders off the planks? It was very well done—very well done; he is a smart fellow, and I will give him another cigar, if it does not annoy you, Lady Sylvia."

"It is very pleasant in the night air," said our courteous guest. "And indeed I am accustomed at home to the smell of pipes—which is a great deal worse."

And so the Lilacs was still her home? She betrayed no embarrassment in speaking of the nest she had forsaken; but then she was sheltered by the darkness of the night.

Then at last the long, delightful drive was done; and there was a great blaze of lamps over a broad flight of stairs and a spacious hall. We turned before we entered. Down there in the dusk, and hemmed around by shadowy hills, lay the silent waters of Lake George.

---

From The Nineteenth Century.  
LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

#### PART III.

THE king and the English bishops looked with reasonable confidence to the result of their appeal. Becket had broken his promise to accept the Constitutions, and had so broken it as to show that the promise had been given in conscious bad faith. He was a defaulting public officer. He had been unjust as a judge. He had defied the crown and the estates of the realm. He had refused to answer for his conduct, and had denied his responsibilities. He had deserted his post, and had fled from the realm, although the king's proclamation had left him without the excuse that he was in fear of personal violence. He was an archbishop, and possessed, in virtue of his office, of mysterious powers which the laity had not yet learned to defy. But the pope was supe-

rior to him in his own sphere, and on the pope the king naturally felt that he had a right to rely. The Earl of Arundel with other peers, the Archbishop of York, and the bishops of London, Chichester, and Exeter, were chosen as envoys, and were despatched immediately on the dissolution of the Northampton meeting. They crossed the Channel on the same night that Becket crossed, and after a hasty and unsatisfactory interview with Lewis at Compiègne they made their way to Sens. Becket ought to have met them there. But Becket preferred to feel his ground and make friends in France before presenting himself. He was disappointed in the Count of Flanders, who declined to countenance him. He escaped in disguise over the French frontier, and addressed himself to Lewis at Soissons. Lewis, who meant no good to Henry, received him warmly and wrote in his favor to the pope. At the French court he remained till he saw how matters would go at Sens, sending forward his confidential friend, Herbert of Bosham, to watch the proceedings, and speak for him to the pope and cardinals.

He might have easily been present himself, since Herbert reached Sens only a day after the arrival of the English ambassadors. The bishops stated their case. They laid the blame of the quarrel on the archbishop's violence. They explained the moderation of the king's demands. They requested the pope's interposition. The Earl of Arundel followed in the name of the English barons. He dwelt on the fidelity with which the king had adhered to the Holy See in its troubles, and the regret with which, if justice was denied them, the English nation might be compelled to look elsewhere. He requested, and the bishops requested, that Becket should be ordered to return to Canterbury, and that a legate or legates should be sent with plenary powers to hear the cause and decide upon it.

Seeing that the question immediately before the pope did not turn on the Constitutions, but on the liability of the archbishop to answer for his civil administration, the king was making a large concession. Many cardinals had their own good reasons for being on the king's side, and, if left to himself, the pope would have been glad to oblige a valuable friend. But to favor Henry was to offend Lewis, under whose shelter he had taken refuge. The French bishops were many of them as violent as Becket himself. The French people were on the same side from natural enmity

to England, and Pope Alexander was in the same difficulty in which Pope Clement found himself three centuries later between Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth. He said that he could form no resolution till he had heard what Becket had to say. He suggested that the English envoys should wait for Becket's arrival; but it was uncertain when Becket might arrive; his French friends were gathering in their rear, and might intercept their return. A protracted stay was impossible, and they again pressed for a legate. Alexander agreed to send some one, but without the ample powers which the envoys desired. He reserved the final decision for himself.

The influences by which the papal court was determined were already too grossly notorious. A decision given in France would be the decision which would please the king of France. The envoys went home, taking with them a complimentary nuncio from the pope, and they had some difficulty in escaping an attempt to waylay and capture them.

They had no sooner gone than Becket appeared at Sens. He was received with no great warmth by the pope, and still more coldly by the cardinals "whose nostrils the scent of lucre had infected." \* French pressure, however, soon produced its effect. He had come magnificently attended from Soissons. His cause was openly espoused by the French nation. At his second interview, on his knees at Alexander's feet he represented that he was the victim of his devotion to the Holy See and the Catholic faith. He had only to yield on the Constitutions to be restored at once to favor and power. The Constitutions were read over, and he asked how it was possible for him to acknowledge laws which reduced the clergy into common mortals, and restricted appeals to the last depositary of justice on earth.

Herbert of Bosham states that the pope and cardinals had never yet seen the Constitutions, but had only heard of them. This is simply incredible, and, like many other stories of this interesting but interested writer, is confuted by the facts of the case. John of Salisbury had said that the proceedings at Clarendon were better known on the Continent than in England. They had been watched in France for almost a year with the closest attention. Bishops and abbots had gone to and fro between the pope and the English court with no other object than to find some

\* "Quorum nares odor lucri infecerat."

terms of compromise. It is not conceivable that after sending an order to Becket to submit, after Becket had first consented, had then suspended himself for the sin of acquiescence, and had been absolved by Alexander himself, the Holy Father should never have acquainted himself with the particulars of the controversy. It is no less incredible, therefore, that, after hearing the Constitutions read, the pope should have severely blamed Becket, as Herbert also says that he did, for having ever consented at all. Be this as it may, the Constitutions found no favor. Parts of them were found tolerable, but parts intolerable, especially the restriction of the appeals. Again the pope took time for reflection. English money had secured a powerful faction among his advisers, and they were not ungrateful. Henry, they said, would no doubt modify the objectionable articles; and it was unsafe to alienate him at so dangerous a time. In private they sharply blamed Becket for having raised so inopportune a storm; and but for his own adroitness the archbishop would have been defeated after all. Once more he sought the pope's presence. He confessed his sins, and he tempted Alexander with the hope of rescuing the nomination to the see of Canterbury from secular interference. He had been intruded into Christ's sheepfold, he said, by the secular power; \* and from this source all his subsequent trouble had arisen. The bishops at Northampton had bade him resign. He could not resign at their bidding, but he threw himself and his office on his Holiness's mercy. He had accepted the archbishopric uncanonically. He now relinquished it, to be restored or not restored as the pope might please.

It was a bold stroke, and it nearly failed. Many cardinals saw in the offer a road out of the difficulty. Terms could now be arranged with Henry, and Becket could be provided for elsewhere. For some hours or days his friends thought his cause was lost. But the balance wavered at last so far in his favor that the sacrifice was not permitted. He was not, as he had expected, to be sent back in triumph to England supported by threats of interdict and excommunication to tri-

umph over his enemies. But he was reinstated as archbishop. He was assigned a residence at the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny, thirty miles from Sens; and there he was directed to remain quiet and avoid for the present irritating the king further.\*

The king was sufficiently irritated already. The support which Lewis had given to Becket meant too probably that war with France was not far off. Becket himself was virtually in rebellion, and his character made it easy to foresee the measures which he would adopt if not prevented. The posts were watched, strangers were searched for letters. English subjects were forbidden to introduce brief, bull, or censure either from the pope or from the archbishop. The archbishop's estates were sequestrated. Were he allowed to retain his large income and spend it abroad, he would use it to buy friends among the cardinals. The see was put under administrators—the rents, so Henry afterwards swore, were chiefly laid out in management, and the surplus was distributed in charity. The incumbents of the archbishop's benefices being his special creatures were expelled, and loyal priests were put in their places. Another harder measure was adopted. All his relations, all his connections and dependants, except a few who gave securities for good conduct, were banished from England, four hundred of them, men, women, and children. Either it was feared the archbishop would employ them to disturb the country, or it was mere vengeance, or it was to make Becket an expensive guest to Lewis.

All this Becket was obliged to bear with. Armed as he was with lightnings, he was forbidden to make use of them. Nay, worse, the pope himself could not even yet be depended on. Angry as he was, the king wrote to propose that Alexander should visit him in England, or, if this were impossible, that the pope, Lewis, and Henry should meet in Normandy and take measures together for the common welfare of Christendom. Henry had no wish to join Barbarossa if he could help it; and neither the pope nor Lewis could wish to force him. If such a meeting came off, it was easy to foresee the issue. John of Salisbury, who was Becket's agent at the French court, when he heard

\* "Ascendi in ovile Christi, sed non per ipsum ostium: velut quem non canonica vocavit electio, sed terror publicæ potestatis intrusit." (Materials for the History of Thomas à Becket, vol. ii., p. 243.) But all these accounts of conversations must be received with caution. The accounts vary irreconcilably; and the enthusiasm of the biographers for their master and his cause infects every line of their narrative.

\* The answer supposed to have been given by the pope, permitting him to use the censures, belongs to the following year. It refers to the sequestration of the Canterbury estates, and this did not take place till after Becket had been settled at Pontigny.



what was intended, wrote that it must be prevented at all hazards. In terms not very complimentary to the Holy Father's understanding, the archbishop implored Alexander to consent to no meeting with the king of England, except one at which he should himself be present. "The king," he said, "is so subtle with his words that he would confound the apostolic religion itself. He will find the weak points of the pope's character, and will trip him up to his destruction." \*

The king of France [John of Salisbury wrote to Becket] admits that he fears to urge the pope to use the censures in your behalf. If this be so now, how will it be when our king is here in person, arguing, promising, and threatening with the skill which you know that he possesses? He has secured the Count of Flanders—the countess, like a prudent matron, is thinking of marriages for her children—and has sent him three hundred ells of linen to make shirts. The Archbishop of Rheims is the count's dear friend. . . . I advise you, therefore, to trust in God and give yourself to prayer. Put away thoughts of this world: pray and meditate. The Psalms will be better reading for you than philosophy; and to confer with spiritual men, whose example may influence your devotion, will profit you more than indulging in litigious speculations. I say this from my heart: take it as you please.

These words show Becket to us as through an inverted telescope, the magnifying mist blown away, in his true outlines and true proportions. The true Becket, as the pope knew him, was not the person peculiarly fitted to be the Church's champion in a cause which was really sacred. John of Salisbury thought evidently at this time that there was no longer any hope that the archbishop would really succeed. He wished, he said in a letter to the Bishop of Exeter, to make his peace with the king. He could not desert the archbishop, but he was loyal to his sovereign. He called God to witness how often he had rebuked the archbishop for his foolish violence.† He could not promise that he would quit his old master's service, but in all else he would be guided by the Bishop of Exeter's advice.

Meanwhile the quarrel between Becket

\* "*Sed et citius poterit apostolica circumveniri religio ex varietate verborum regis . . . et si rex infirmiora domini papæ prænoverit exitus viarum suarum obstruet offendiculis*" — *Materials*, etc., vol. ii., p. 346.

† "*Novit enim cordium inspector quod sæpius et asperius quam aliquis mortalium corripuerim dominum archiepiscopum de his in quibus ab initio dominum regem et suos zelo quodam inconsultius visus est ad amaritudinem provocasse, etc.*" — *Letters*, vol. i., p. 203, ed. Giles.

and the king of England become the topic of the hour throughout Europe. Which was right and which was wrong, what the pope would do or ought to do, and whether England would join Germany in the schism—these questions were the theme of perpetual discussions in council and conclave, were debated in universities, and were fought over at convent and castle dinner-tables. Opinions were so divided that, in a cause which concerned heaven so nearly, people were looking for heaven to give some sign. As facts were wanting, legend took the place of them, and stories began to spread, either at the time or immediately after, of direct and picturesque manifestations of grace which had been vouchsafed in Becket's favor. It was said that when dining with Pope Alexander he had twice unconsciously turned water into wine. At Pontigny he had been graciously visited by our Lady herself. He had left England ill provided with clothes. His wardrobe was in disorder; his drawers especially, besides being dirty, were in holes. He was specially delicate in such matters, and was too modest to confess his difficulties. He stayed at home one day alone to do the repairs himself. He was pricking his fingers and succeeding indifferently, when our Lady—who, as the biographers tell us, had been taught to sew when she was at Nazareth—came in, sat down, took the drawers out of the archbishop's hand, mended them excellently, and went as she had come. The archbishop had not recognized his visitor. Soon after a singular case of Church discipline was referred to his decision. A young Frenchman, specially devoted to the Virgin Mary, had built a chapel in her honor not far from Pontigny, had placed her image over the altar, and had obtained ordination himself that he might make his daily offerings there. But he neither would nor could repeat any mass but the mass of the Virgin. The authorities reprimanded him, but to no purpose. Our Lady filled his soul, and left no room for any other object. The irregularity was flagrant—the devotion was commendable. Becket was consulted as to what should be done, and Becket sent for the offender and gently put before him that he was making a scandal which must positively cease. The youth rushed away in despair, and flung himself before our Lady's image, declaring that his love was for her and for her alone. She must save him from interference, or he would pull the chapel down and do other wild and desperate things.



The eyes of the image began to smile, the neck bent, the lips opened. "Have no fear, *carrissime*," it said; "go to the archbishop. Entreat again to be allowed to continue your devotions to me. If he refuses, ask him if he remembers who mended his drawers." We may guess how the story ended.

With tales of this kind floating in the air, the first year of Becket's exile wore out, the pope giving uncertain answers to the passionate appeals which continued to be made to him, according to the fortune of the emperor Frederick in Italy. Frederick being at last driven out of Lombardy, the pope recovered heart, and held out brighter prospects. He sent Becket permission to excommunicate the persons in occupation of his estates and benefices, and he promised to ratify his sentence if opportunely issued. He did not permit, but also did not specially forbid him to excommunicate the king, while Lewis, with Becket's knowledge, and in the opinion of the cardinals who came afterwards to inquire into his conduct, at Becket's direct instigation, prepared to invade Normandy. Henry, well informed of what was coming, began now to turn to Germany in earnest. By the advice of his barons, as he said, he wrote to Reginald, Frederick's archbishop-chancellor, to tell him that he was about to send an embassy to the pope to demand that he should be relieved of Becket, and that the Constitutions should be ratified. If justice was refused him, he and his people were prepared to renounce their allegiance to Alexander and to unite with Germany.\* The chancellor was himself invited to England to arrange a marriage between the princess Matilda and the duke of Saxony. A decided step of this kind, it was thought, might bring the pope to his senses.

Separation from Rome, indeed, was the true alternative; and had the country been prepared to follow Henry, and had Henry himself been prepared at the bottom of his mind to defy the pope and the worst that he could do, the great schism between the Teutonic and Latin races might have been antedated, and the course of history been changed. But Henry was threatening with but half a heart, and the country was less prepared than he. In Germany itself, the pope in the end proved too strong for the emperor. In England, even Wickliffe was premature. With all its enormous faults, the Roman Catholic organization in

both countries was producing better fruits on the whole than any other that could have been substituted for it; and almost three centuries had yet to pass, bringing with them accumulating masses of insincerities and injustices, before Europe could become ripe for a change. A succession of Becket's would have precipitated a rupture, whatever might be the cost or consequences; but the succeeding prelates were men of the world as well as statesmen, and were too wise to press theories to their logical consequences.

The Archbishop of Cologne came to London with the taint of his schism upon him. The court entertained him. The German marriage was arranged. But Henry received a startling intimation that he must not try the barons too far. They had supported him in what they held to be reasonable demands to which the pope might be expected to consent. They were not ready to support him in a revolt from Rome, even though disguised behind the name of an antipope. The hunchbacked Earl of Leicester refused Barbarossa's chancellor the kiss of peace in open court at Westminster, and on his departure the altars at which the schismatic prelate had said mass were destroyed.\*

Alexander meanwhile had written to Foliot, directing him and the Bishop of Hereford to remonstrate with the king, to entreat him to act in conformity with his past reputation and to put an end to the scandal which he had caused, hinting that if Henry persisted in refusing he might be unable to restrain the archbishop from excommunicating him. The two bishops discharged their commission. "The king," Foliot replied to the pope, "took what we said in excellent part. He assured us that his affection towards your Holiness remained as it had been, but he said that he had stood by you in your misfortunes, and that he had met with a bad return. He had hindered no one from going to you on your invitation, and he meant to hinder no one. As to appeals, he merely claimed that each case should be first thoroughly heard in his own courts. If justice could not be had there, appeals to Rome might remain without objection from himself. If the emperor was excommunicated, he promised to break off correspondence with him. As to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he had not been expelled from England; he had left it of his own accord, and might return when he pleased. To the Church, now as always, he wished to

\* Giles, vol. i., p. 319.

\* Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, 1165.

submit his differences with the archbishop."

If this was not all which the pope might expect, Foliot advised him to be contented with it. "The king," he continued, "having consented to defer to the Church, considers that right is on his side. Let your Holiness therefore beware of measures which may drive him and his subjects into revolt. A wounded limb may be healed; a limb cut off is lost forever. Some of us may bear persecution on your account, but there will not be wanting those who will bow their knee to Baal. Men can be found to fill the English sees who will obey the antipope. Many, indeed, already wish for the change."\*

The pope, who did not understand the English character, was as much disturbed as Henry could have desired to see him. He found that he had encouraged Becket too far. He wrote to press upon him that the days were evil; that he must endeavor to conciliate the king; that he must on no account excommunicate him, or lay England under interdict, or venture any violent courses, at any rate before the ensuing Easter.† He wrote affectionately to Henry himself. He thanked the two bishops with the utmost warmth, and expressed himself delighted with the accounts which he received of the king's frame of mind.‡ The Archbishop of Rouen and the empress Matilda had written to him to the same purpose, and had given him equal pleasure. If Foliot could bring about a reconciliation, he would love him forever. Meanwhile he would follow Foliot's advice and keep Becket quiet.

A very slight concession from Becket would now have made an arrangement possible, for Henry was tired of the quarrel. He invited the Norman prelates to meet him at a conference at Chinon. The archbishop was expected to attend, and peace was then to have been arranged. In this spirit the Bishop of Hereford addressed the archbishop himself, entreating him to agree to moderate conditions. Far away was Becket from concessions. He knew better than the pope the state of English feeling. He was in correspondence (it is likely enough) with the Earl of Leicester. At all events he must have heard of Leicester's treatment of Reginald of Cologne. He knew that in fearing that England would go into schism the pope

was frightened by a shadow. He had not defied king, peers, and bishops at Northampton that the fight should end in a miserable compromise. Sharply he rebuked the Bishop of Hereford for his timid counsels. "For you," he said, "I am made anathema, and when you should stand by me you advise me to yield. You should rather have bidden me draw the sword of Peter and avenge the blood of the saints. I mourn over you as over my first-born. Up, my son. Cry aloud and cease not. Lift up your voice, lest God's anger fall on you and all the nation perish. I grieve for the king. Tribulation impends over him. They have devoured Jacob and laid waste his dwelling-place."\*

To John of Salisbury Becket announced that his patience was exhausted, that when Easter was past he would be free, and that in his own opinion he ought to forbear no longer. He desired to know how far his friend agreed with him. John of Salisbury was more prudent than his master. "Precipitate action," he said, "may expose you to ridicule and ruin. You ask my advice. I recommend you not to rely on the Holy See. Write to the empress mother, write to the Archbishop of Rouen and the other prelates. Tell them you are ready to obey the law and go back if you are treated with justice. The adversary will not agree to conditions really fair, but you will have set yourself right with the world. Should the king be more moderate than I think he will be, do not stand upon securities. Content yourself with a promise under the king's hand and the assurance of the empress mother. Do not try the censures. You know my opinion about this, and you once agreed with me. The king is not afraid of excommunication. The bishops and most of the clergy have stood by him; some may be with us in heart, but they are not to be depended on."†

Becket, like most persons of his temperament, asked advice without meaning to follow it. He addressed the king in a letter which Herbert describes as being of extreme sweetness. It was to entreat him to let loose the bride of Christ whom he held in captivity, and to warn him that if he persevered in his wicked ways, "Christ would gird his sword upon his thigh," and would descend from heaven to punish him. Inflated language of this kind was not general at that time. It was peculiar

\* Foliot to the pope, 1165. Hoveden (ed. Giles), vol. i., p. 231.

† Giles, vol. i., p. 324.

‡ "Gaudemus et exultamus super eâ devotione ejusdem regis."

\* Becket to the Bishop of Hereford, Hoveden. I am obliged greatly to compress the diffuse rhetoric of the archbishop.

† John of Salisbury to Becket, April 1166 (abridged).

to Becket, and we need not be surprised that it produced no effect on Henry. He went to Normandy to the Chinon conference immediately after Easter, 1166, hoping there to meet Becket and speak with him and with the other prelates as with reasonable men. He did not find Becket there, but he found a second letter from him, which from a saint would have tried the temper of a more patient sovereign than Henry, and from a man whom he had known so lately as a defaulting chancellor and unscrupulous politician was insolent and absurd. After reproaching the king for allowing him to live on the charity of Lewis of France, the archbishop proceeded:—

You are my king, my lord, and my spiritual son. As you are my king, I owe you reverence and admonition; as you are my lord, I owe you such obedience as consists with the honor of God; as you are my son, I owe you the chastisement which is due from the father to the child. You hold your authority from the Church, which consists of clergy and laymen. The clergy have sole charge of things spiritual: kings, earls, and counts have powers delegated to them from the Church, to preserve peace and the Church's unity. Delegated from the Church, I say. Therefore it rests not with you to tell bishops whom they may excommunicate, or to force clergy to their answers in secular courts, or to interfere with tithes, or do any of those things to which you pretend in the name of custom. Remember your coronation oath. Restore my property. Allow me to return to Canterbury, and I will obey you as far as the honor of God and the Holy See and our sacred order permits me. Refuse, and be assured you will not fail to experience the severe displeasure of Almighty God.\*

This letter appears to have been placed in Henry's hands immediately before he met the Norman bishops. On entering the conference he was ill with agitation. Persons present said that he was in tears. He told the bishops that Becket was aiming at his destruction, soul and body. He said they were no better than traitors for not protecting him more effectually from the violence of a single man.† The Archbishop of Rouen protested against the word "traitors." But it was no time for niceties of expression. War with France was on the point of breaking out, and Becket, it was now plain, meant to give it the character of a sacred war by excommunicating Henry. Easter was past: he

was free to act, and clearly enough he meant to act. The Bishop of Lisieux advised an instant appeal to the pope, which would keep Becket's hands tied for the moment. He and another bishop rushed off to Pontigny to serve the notice on him. They arrived too late. Before launching his thunderbolts Becket had gone to Soissons, there to prepare for the operation.

At Soissons were to be found in special presence the Blessed Virgin and St. Gregory, whose assistance the archbishop considered would be peculiarly valuable to him; and not they only, but another saint, Beatus Drausius, the patron of pugilists and duellists, who promised victory to intending combatants on their passing a night at his shrine.\*

Becket gave St. Drausius three nights—or perhaps one to each saint—and thus fortified he betook himself to Vezelay, where at Whitsuntide vast numbers of people assembled from all parts of France. There from the pulpit after sermon on Whitsunday, with the appropriate ceremonies of bells and lighted candles quenched, he took vengeance at last upon his enemies. He suspended the Bishop of Salisbury. He cursed John of Oxford and the archdeacon of Ilchester, two leading churchmen of the king's party. He cursed Chief Justice de Luci, who had directed the sequestration of his see. He cursed Ranulf de Broc and every person employed in administering his estates. Finally he cursed every one who maintained the Constitutions of Clarendon, and he released the bishops from their promise to observe them. A remnant of prudence or a report of the king's illness led him partially to withhold his hand. He did not actually curse Henry, but he threatened that he shortly would curse him unless he repented.

In high delight with himself the archbishop issued a pastoral to the bishops of England telling them what he had done, talking in his usual high style of the rights of priests over kings and princes, and ordering them at their souls' peril to see that the sentence was obeyed. He wrote at the same time to the pope enclosing the

\* "*Archiepiscopus noster in procinctu ferendæ sententiæ constitutus iter arripuerat ad urbem Suessionum orationis causâ, ut Beatæ Virgini, cujus ibi memoria celebris est, et Beato Drausio, ad quem confugiunt pugnaturi, et Beato Gregorio Anglicanæ Ecclesiæ fundatori, qui in eâdem urbe requiescit, agonem suum precibus commendaret. Est autem Beatus Drausius gloriosissimus confessor qui, sicut Franci et Lotharingi credunt, pugiles qui ad memoriam ejus pernolant reddit invictos.*" — John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, vol. i., p. 227, ed. Giles.

\* Becket to the king, May, 1166 (abridged).

† "*Tandem dixit quod omnes proditores erant, qui eum adhibita operâ et diligentia ab unius hominis infestatione nolebant impedire.*"

terms of the excommunication, his condemnation of the Constitutions, and the threats which he had addressed to the king. These threats he declared his intention of carrying into effect unless the king showed speedy signs of submission, and he required Alexander in a tone of imperious consequence to confirm what he had done.

On the arrival of the censures in England the bishops met in London and determined on a further appeal to the pope. They addressed a unanimous and remarkable remonstrance to him, going into the origin of the quarrel, insisting on the abominable conduct of many of the clergy, the necessity of reform, and the moderation which the king had shown.\* The Constitutions which he had adopted they declared to have been taken from the established customs of the realm. If they appeared objectionable, his Holiness need but point to the articles of which he disapproved, and they should be immediately altered. The archbishop's uncalled-for violence had been the sole obstacle to an arrangement.

With this letter and the others from the king an embassy was despatched to Rome, John of Oxford, whom Becket had personally excommunicated, being significantly one of its members.

Pending the result of the appeal, the English bishops in a body remonstrated with Becket himself. They reminded him of his personal obligations to the king, and of the dangers which he was provoking. The king, they said, had listened coldly hitherto to the advances of Germany. But these good dispositions might not last forever. For the archbishop to scatter curses without allowing the persons denounced an opportunity of answering for themselves was against reason and precedent; and they had placed themselves under the protection of his Holiness.

Becket was not to be frightened by threats of German alliance. He knew better. He lectured the bishops for their want of understanding. He rebuked them for their cowardice and want of faith. The Bishop of London had recalled to him unpleasant passages in his own past history. The tone of Foliot as well as his person drove Becket wild. He spoke of the Bishop of London as an Ahithophel and a Doeg.

\* "Qui cum pacem regni sui enormi insolentium quorundam clericorum excessu non mediocriter turbari cognosceret, clero debitam exhibens reverentiam eorundem excessus ad ecclesiæ judices retulit episcopos, ut gladius gladio subveniat."—*Ad Alexandrum Pontificem*. Hoveden, vol. i., p. 266.

Your letter [he replied to him] is like a scorpion with a sting in its tail. You profess obedience to me, and to avoid obedience you appeal to the pope. Little will you gain by it. You have no feeling for me, or for the Church, or for the king, whose soul is perishing. You blame me for threatening him. What father will see his son go astray and hesitate to restrain that son? Who will not use the rod that he may spare the sword? The ship is in the storm: I am at the helm, and you bid me sleep. To him who speaks thus to me I reply, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The king, you say, desires to do what is right. My clergy are banished, my possessions are taken from me, the sword hangs over my neck. Do you call this right? Tell the king that the Lord of men and angels has established two powers, princes and priests—the first earthly, the second spiritual; the first to obey, the second to command. He who breaks this order breaks the ordinance of God. Tell him it is no dishonor to him to submit to those to whom God himself defers, calling them gods in the sacred writings. For thus he speaks: "I have said ye are gods;" and again, "I will make thee a god unto Pharaoh;" "Thou shalt take nothing from the gods" (*i.e.* the priests).\* . . . The king may not judge his judges; the lips of the priest shall keep wisdom. It is written, "Thou shalt require the law at his mouth, for he is the angel of God."

The Catholic Church would have had but a brief career in this world if the rulers of it had been so wild of mind as this astonishing martyr of Canterbury. The air-bubble, when blown the fullest and shining the brightest, is nearest to collapsing into a drop of dirty water. John of Salisbury, sympathizing with him and admiring him as he generally did, saw clearly that the pope could never sanction so preposterous an attitude. "I have little trust in the Church of Rome," he said. "I know the ways of it and the needs of it too well. So greedy, so dishonest are the Romans, that they use too often the licence of power, and take dispensations to grant what they say is useful to the commonwealth, however fatal it may be to religion."†

The first practical effect of the excommunication was the recoil of the blow upon

\* "Non indignetur itaque dominus noster deferre illis quibus omnium Summus deferre non dedignatur, deos appellans eos sapius in sacris literis. Sic enim dicit, 'Ego dixi, dii estis,' etc.; et iterum, 'Constitui te deum Pharaonis,' 'Et diis non detrahes,' *i.e.* sacerdotibus, etc."—Becket to Foliot. Hoveden, vol. i., p. 261.

† "Nec de ecclesiâ Romanâ, cujus mores et necessitates nobis innotuerunt, multum confido. Tot et tantæ sunt necessitates, tanta aviditas et improbitas Romanorum, ut interdum utatur licentiâ potestatis, procuretque ex dispensatione quod reipublicæ dicitur expedire, etsi non expediat religioni."—To Becket, Letters, 1166.

the archbishop's entertainers. In the shelter of a Cistercian abbey in France, an English subject was committing treason and levying war against his sovereign and his country. A chapter of the Cistercian order was held in September. King Henry sent a message to the general, that, if his abbot continued to protect Becket, the Cistercians in England would be suppressed, and their property confiscated. The startled general did not dare to resist; a message was sent to Pontigny; in the fluttered dovecots it was resolved that Becket must go, and it was a cruel moment to him. A fresh asylum was provided for him at Sens. But he had grown accustomed to Pontigny, and had led a pleasant life there. On his first arrival he had attempted asceticisms, but his health had suffered, and his severities had been relaxed. He was out of spirits at his departure. His tears were flowing. The abbot cheered him up, laughed at his dejection, and told him there was nothing in his fate so particularly terrible. Becket said that he had dreamt the night before that he was to be martyred. "Martyrdom!" laughed the abbot; "what has a man who eats and drinks like you to do with martyrdom? The cup of wine which you drink has small affinity with the cup of martyrdom." "I confess," said Becket, "that I indulge in pleasures of the flesh. Yet the good God has deigned to reveal my fate to me." \*

Sad at heart the archbishop removed to Sens; yet if the pope stood firm, all might yet be well.

J. A. FROUDE.

\* "Ergo martyrio interibis? Quid esculento et temulento et martyri?"

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur, calix vini quod potas et calix martyrii.' 'Fateor,' inquit, 'corporeis voluptatibus indulgeo. Bonus tamen Dominus, qui justificat impium, indigno dignatus est revelare mysterium.' — Materials, etc., vol. i., p. 51.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WORST SCRAPE OF ALL.

A RUMOR had spread in the little hamlet which had gathered about the junction, of some travellers who had missed their train. The faintest rumor echoes a long way in the quiet of the country, and as the village was chiefly formed of the cottages of railway laborers and porters, it was nat-

ural that this kind of report should travel more swiftly than anything else. Oswald and his companion walked down the still road in the soft dusk like two ghosts. In the mind of Agnes nothing less than despair was supreme. What was to become of her? Shame, disgrace, destruction, the loss of all things. How could she dare to face the wondering women in the "house"? Sister Mary Jane might understand her, but who else? And what comments there would be, and what talk! And home — how could she go home? To spend a night at an inn at all was something entirely strange to Agnes. But thus — all alone, and with a gentleman, one who was not related to her, of whom she could give no account or befitting explanation! A wild fancy seized her of flying from him, disappearing into some corner behind a high hedge, some nook under the trees. But this was as futile as everything else, and might be worse than anything else. She had the bondage of custom before her, though she had put herself into a position in which all her familiar habits were thrown to the winds. And yet going to the inn with Oswald was about as bad as spending a night in direful desolation in the dark corner of a field. The one was not much better than the other! If she could have got away at once it was the field she would have chosen. She could have crept into a corner in the dark, and there waited, though she might have been frightened, till morning broke, and there was an early train. Had she but done that at once, stolen away before he could see what she was doing! But she could not disappear from his side now, at the risk of being pursued and argued with and entreated and brought back. So, with her mind in a blank of despair, not knowing what to think, she walked close by his side between the hedgerows through the soft darkness. Oh, what a punishment was this for the indiscretion of the day! It was indiscretion, perhaps, but surely the punishment was more terrible than the guilt. She drew the thick gauze veil which was attached to her bonnet over her face. What could any one think of her — in that dress? Then there came into her mind, to increase her pain, an instant vivid realization of what her mother would say. Mrs. Burchell would judge the very worst of any such victim of accident. "Why did she lose her train?" her mother would have said. "Depend upon it, such things don't happen when people take common care." Agnes knew how her mother would look, denouncing

the unfortunate with hard eyes in which was no pity; and naturally her mother was her standard. So, no doubt, people would think—people who were respectable, who never placed themselves in embarrassing situations. They would go further, she thought, with a still more poignant touch of anguish—they would say that this is what comes of religious vagaries, of sisterhoods, of attempts at being or doing something more than other people. They would laugh and sneer, and hold her up as an example—and oh, never, never, never, could she get the better of this! it would cling to her all her life—never, never could she hold up her head again!

Oswald too was full of thought, planning in his mind how he was to carry out his intentions, his mind so overflowing with plans that he could not talk. He had been grieved to the heart by the dilemma into which his carelessness had plunged them. But now he began to recover, and a certain sensation of boyish pleasure in the escapade came stealing into his mind. He would not have acknowledged it, but still there it was. The village was a mere collection of common cottages in yellow brick, as ugly as it was possible to imagine; but the inn was an old roadside inn of past times, red, with a high-pitched roof all brown with lichen, showing the mean modernness of the others. An inquisitive landlady stood at the door watching for them, inquisitive but good-natured, the fame of their failure having travelled before them. Oswald strode on in advance when he saw the woman. "Good evening," he said, taking off his hat, which was a civility she was not used to. "If you are the landlady, may I speak to you? There is a young lady here who has missed her train. She is very much frightened and distressed. Can you give her a room and take care of her? It is all an accident. Can you take care of her for the night?"

"And you too, sir?" asked the woman.

"Oh, never mind me. It is the young lady who is important. Yes, Miss Burchell," he said, going back to Agnes, "here is some one who will attend to you. I will not ask you to talk to me to-night," he added, dropping his voice, "but do not be surprised if you find me gone in the morning. I shall be off by the first train, and you will wait for me here. I think you will be comfortable—everything shall be settled directly."

"Oh, how can I, how can I? Mr. Meredith, it is not possible. I must bear

it. It was not our fault. I will tell them everything, and—I will go home."

"Yes, darling, with your husband. What does it matter this month or next? You have promised me one way or the other. There is no harm in getting married," he said, with a breathless eagerness in his voice. "Is it not by far the best thing? And then all will be settled at once."

"No, not that!" she said, breathless too with excitement. "But if you will go to the 'house' and tell Sister Mary Jane everything—you must tell her everything—"

"I will," he said, fervently. "Surely you may trust me. And I will bring her to you in the afternoon. Everything shall be right. Now go, my dearest, and rest, and don't worry yourself. I will take all the blame upon myself."

"The blame was mine too," she said, gravely. She strained her eyes through the darkness to see his face. Was he taking it with levity—was he unaware of the terrible, terrible seriousness of the whole business? She could not bear the idea that it was anything less than tragic to him too.

"No, I cannot allow that. It was my folly, my thoughtlessness. But could I be expected to think to-day? I can't even say good-night to you, darling. Promise me to sleep, and not to worry yourself with thinking. By six o'clock I shall be off to set all right."

"To bring the sister?" she said, casting a soft look back at him. "I shall be very, very grateful. Good-night."

"Good-night," he said. He stood in the little hall and watched her going upstairs, her slight little figure drooping in its black drapery, the cheerful landlady preceding her with a light. What a revolution since the morning! Then she had been a kind of divinity worshipped at a distance, now she was his; and not only his, but already dependent upon him, absolutely in his hands. To do Oswald justice, this consciousness only increased the touch of reverence which had always mingled with his love. She was not a girl like other girls, though, indeed, full of levity and carelessness as he was, Oswald had never been disrespectful even of those "other girls," who were not to be mentioned in the same breath with Agnes. She was by herself; there was no one like her. Even in this indiscretion which she had committed—and though it was entirely his fault yet it could not be denied that it was an indiscretion—what a deli-



cate veil of maidenly reserve had been about her! Still like one of Perugino's angels just touching earth, ready to fly if exposed to a look or word less exquisite than her own purity. This was how he thought of her, and it is well for all parties when young lovers think so; though not the wildest extravagance of "fastness" could be worse than what Agnes thought of it in the silence of the little room upstairs where she had already fallen down upon her knees by the bed, crying her heart out, her face hidden in an anguish of shame. Oswald's feelings were less acute. He went out when she disappeared, and sat down on the bench outside, where two or three silent men were sitting smoking, drinking their beer, and giving forth a fragmentary remark at intervals. There was no light but that which streamed from the open door, and the little red-curtained window beside it, where the same kind of dull sociable drinking was going on. Outside, the soft night air and pale yet warm night sky elevated the homely scene. Oswald took off his hat and exposed his head to the fresh caressing of the air, which blew his hair about and refreshed him body and soul. He was tired, for he had taken an unusual amount of exercise, not to speak of the strain of mind he was still undergoing. He took a mighty draught of beer, and felt himself strong again. Naturally there had been no such beverage in the boat, and even the smile of Agnes, which, though sweet, was very timid, did not sustain his strained muscles; and he had rowed hard for the last half-hour at least, and was unaccustomed to the exertion — out of training, as he would have said. So that altogether it was in a very agreeable moment of repose that he set himself to a final arrangement of his plan. He was in a scrape, no doubt; but that he was used to, and this time what a glorious scrape it was! a fit climax to all the others of which he had exhausted the sensations; but for Agnes indeed, and her pain, it was, he said to himself, the very way he would have chosen to settle his marriage. No lingering negotiations, no presentations to her family, and sense of being on his best behavior while they inspected him, no fuss of presents and trousseau, and tiresome delay (to tell the truth, no one would have enjoyed the presents and the preparations, and all the importance of the intervening time, more than Oswald; but his easy mind easily ignored this, and took refuge in the most desirable aspect of the alternative). The only thing he disliked in the

prospect before him was the idea of having to get up very early in the morning, which, especially after the fatigue and excitement of this day, was a bore to think of. Otherwise everything was ideal, he persuaded himself. He watched a light come into a window overhead as he sat resting enjoying the fresh air. That must be her room, bless her! Poor darling, how pale she had grown, how frightened! But never in her sweet life to come should there be anything to be frightened of. Thus Oswald resolved in his tender thoughts.

"Do you know at what hour the first train goes?" he asked of one of the men who were sitting by.

"Well, master, mostly it's at six o'clock," was the answer; "but to-morrow, you see, being Sunday —"

"Good heavens! Sunday!" he said, with a cry of dismay.

"Well, wherever 'ave you been a-living not to know it was Sunday? Any fool knows that. I reckon, master, as you've come from abroad. They don't take no notice of Sundays there, I've heard say. It's Sunday, and ten o'clock is the first train; and early enough too," said the man, who was a porter on the railway, and felt the hardship of the rest disturbed.

Oswald could not find a word to say. He had forgotten this terrible fact. It made everything doubly terrible for the moment, and it turned all his own plans into foolishness. He sat dumb, unable to say a word, unable even to think, his mouth open, his heart beating. What was to be done? Now, indeed, he felt the harm of his folly; a whole day lost, and Agnes kept in this equivocal position, and all tongues let loose. This fairly sobered the light-hearted young man. He stole up-stairs to the little bedroom which had been prepared for him, still speechless, as much cast down as Agnes was. What were they to do? He flung himself on his bed in a kind of despair.

Next morning, though it was not his custom, Oswald was awake as early as if the train had been at six o'clock, as he thought. It was better not to let her know, nor to agitate her further. Having once got this idea into his head, he went further, and resolved upon the most disinterested course of action possible. He would go all the same, though he could do nothing he wished to do — and carry out her will; she should be satisfied. To do this, with new-born delicacy, he left the inn early, so that she might suppose he



had only carried out his original intention. What would Sister Mary Jane say to him? He would be the wolf and Agnes the lamb in her eyes. How could any one think otherwise? But what did it matter so long as Agnes had justice? He went up to town in the aggravating tedium of a slow Sunday train. It was true he had come down in a slow train the day before, but that was entirely different, there was no tedium in it. The streets were very still when he got to town, everybody being at church, as good Christians ought, and it was only after repeated knockings that he got admission at the big door of the "house." The portress gave a little scream at sight of him. "Oh, sir, can you tell us anything of Miss Burchell? She never wrote to say she was going to stay, and we've been that anxious about her!"

"Can I speak to the sister superior?" said Oswald, somewhat troubled in his mind as to the reception he would receive.

"The sister superior has been sent for to the mother house, sir," said the portress. "She had to go yesterday. It is some meeting — nobody knew it till yesterday. Perhaps she will be back to-morrow, but we don't know. Would Sister Catherine do? If it was anything about Miss Burchell —"

"It was the sister superior I wanted," said Oswald, and after a pause he turned away. He would not say anything about Miss Burchell. After he had left the house, it occurred to him that even this humble portress would have been better than nothing, but then it was too late. He walked about the streets for a whole hour, questioning with himself what he ought to do. His mother? She was very kind, but she was not without her prejudices; and would not she recollect afterwards that her first sight of her daughter-in-law had been at the railway inn at the junction, in a semi-conventual dress, and a most equivocal position? If he could but have laid hands on Cara! But on what excuse could he run away with a second young lady? No — there was nothing for it now; he must go back to Agnes, and tell her of his non-success, which was not his fault, and next day he must carry out his own plan. There was nothing else for it. He went to the chambers of a friend, not venturing to go home, and borrowed some clothes; then went back again in the afternoon. There were few trains, and not many people who were travelling so far. He was the only individual who got out at the junction, where already he was a person of importance.

"The young lady said as there was another lady coming," the porter said to him, who had told him last night about the train; and the man looked suspiciously about the carriage, in the netting and under the seat.

"Do you think I've made away with her?" said Oswald; but he trembled as he walked down the road to the inn between the two high hedgerows. Agnes was walking about, waiting, with wistful eyes. He saw at a glance that she had modified her dress by some strange art not to be divined by man. Her cloak was laid aside; her long black dress looked severely graceful in comparison with the snippings and trimmings of fashion, but not otherwise extraordinary. And she had a simple hat, borrowed from the landlady's daughter, over the warm, golden-brown Perugino hair. She stood still, clasping her hands, when she saw he was alone.

"It is no fault of mine," he said, going up to her in hurried apology and desperation. Agnes grew so pale that he lost all his courage.

"She would not come, then?" the poor girl cried, with a half-sobbing sigh.

"No, no; not that; she was not there. It is our bad luck. She was gone to the mother house, whatever that may be. What could I do? I have done nothing but think since I left you. O Agnes, forgive me, my darling, for having brought you into this! My own plan is the only one; but I never thought of this — Sunday — to-morrow, to-morrow everything can be arranged."

This was the text upon which he enlarged for the whole afternoon. There was not another train till the evening, and what could they do even if there had been trains? They had to eat the chicken which the curious landlady had prepared, together, and went out again in the afternoon, and sat under a tree and talked. They were miserable, or at least Agnes was miserable — and yet happy. Oh, if she had but known, if she had but gone on this morning, or back to Limpet Bay, where there were sisters and a shelter! But now! every moment compromised her more, and made it more impossible to do anything but acquiesce in what he proposed. And so the long, slow, weary, anxious, miserable, delicious Sunday wore to a close; it was all these things together. They took the landlady into their confidence, and told her all that had happened, while Agnes sat crying. She thought even this woman would shrink

from her; but the woman, on the contrary, was deeply interested, delighted, and flattered. There was the parsonage half a mile off, and the clergyman the kindest old gentleman. A wedding in the house! She could not contain herself with pride and pleasure. Crying! what was the young lady crying about? An 'usband that adored her instead of them nunnery places as she never could abide to hear of. This unexpected support quite exhilarated Oswald, and it cowed Agnes, who had no power of self-assertion left.

In this way it all came about according to Oswald's rapid programme which he had sketched out as soon as he knew they were too late on Saturday night. He was so much in earnest, so eager to carry out his plans, that, much as it went against his mind to do so, he went to town again on Monday by the six o'clock train. As soon as the offices were opened he presented himself at the proper place (wherever that may be; I have not the information) and got his licence. By this time he was so much himself again, his light heart had so regained its characteristic boyish ease, and the tragicality had gone so completely out of the situation, that it seemed to him the best of jokes—a delightful, practical pleasantry, a piece of charming mischief to startle all sober people. He went about in his hansom with involuntary smiles on his lips, the chief thing that alarmed him being the chance of meeting Edward or Cara or some one who would know him. How startled they would be when they knew! Poor dear little Cara, would she *feel* it just a little? But for the rest it was the greatest joke. To come down upon them with his wife—his *wife*! Oswald laughed in spite of himself, half with happiness, half with a sense of the fun. When he had got his licence safe in his pocket—which gave a kind of legality to the whole—he went to a famous milliner's and had a large boxful of things packed up. This was a business which delighted him. He chose a little white bonnet, a white dress partially made, which the lady's maid could arrange in an hour, the smiling milliner assured him, a veil which would envelop the figure of Agnes from top to toe, a hat in which she could travel. How she was to be transported to London in that white silk dress it did not occur to him to ask; for he was still young and thoughtless, though on the eve of being married. He had never seen her surrounded by any of the pretty finery which girls love—in nothing but her black dress and poke bon-

net. To throw the veil about her, to see her Perugino countenance under the large leaved hat with its drooping feathers, what a transformation it would be! And when, having done all his business, he travelled back to the junction with his big dressmaker's box, all thoughts except those of delighted anticipation had gone out of Oswald's mind. The junction had a friendly look to him, and he walked down the lane to the inn with the feeling of going home.

What a fortunate thing that the poor old governor had died when he did! Poor old fellow! his son did not grudge him his existence as long as he remained in this world, or rather in the other world across the seas in India, where he interfered with nobody. But as he did mean to die, what a thing it was that he should have done it just then! Oswald made a hurried run to his bankers while he was in town, and supplied himself with money, that grand requisite of all extravagant and eccentric proceedings. He was as happy as a child walking down the lane, the porters, grinning and knowing all about it, carrying the big box after him; he had got his own portmanteau, too, with his best clothes in it, according to the orders which he had telegraphed to the square; and all was ready for the wedding. Surely a stranger wedding never was. The little cluster of houses at the junction was as much excited as if the event had been a family one concerning each house. How did they know? Who can say? The landlady swore it was no doing of hers. Agnes would not wear the white silk which he had bought for her, but consented to put on a plain white muslin which the dressmaker next door had luckily just made for herself, and which she was free to dispose of at a profit. And so the soft June twilight dropped, and the dews fell once more, and quite a little crowd hung about the inn, trying for a peep at "them." Only three days since they came from London in separate carriages to meet "by accident" on the sands. And now they were bridegroom and bride, and to-morrow was their wedding-day.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### CLEARING UP.

MR. BURCHELL was brought up-stairs with some solemnity. Though Mrs. Meredith's mind was very full of all that had been passing, and with no small amount of personal feeling, a father in such a case

could not be put off. They were all agitated in different ways, the elder people painfully, the young ones happily. As for Edward, his energy and satisfaction knew no bounds. He even jarred upon the feelings of the others, though most innocently, his heart was so light. "You are like Oswald," his mother said to him, with a sigh of anxiety; "you are not like yourself." "I feel like Oswald," said Edward. He did not seem able to put his self-gratulation into fitter words. The sense of being second, of being the shadow to Oswald's sunshine, went out of his mind; and, with it, all sense of grudging and everything like envy, which, however deeply repressed and disapproved, had been in his heart hitherto, an involuntary weakness. All that was over now. That Cara loved him he scarcely ventured to believe; but she was free; she was not swept up like every other good thing by his elder brother. What an ease diffused itself through his heart! And with Cara, too, the sensation was that of ease; her bonds were broken. She might have stood faithful still as the screen (for indeed that poor lady was in the "*Vita Nuova*," and it was not kind of great Dante, great as he was!), but circumstances had broken her bonds. Cara had not been intimate with Agnes Burchell that she should be much disturbed by finding out her identity with Oswald's Agnes. And after the first shock she was confident that nothing amiss could have happened to her while Oswald was there. And her own preoccupations made the whole matter but secondary in her mind. Was it selfish of her? But she could not help it. She had cast off more than one burden; her young frame was tingling with the excitement of the two disclosures she had made, one of which had brought her father to her, the other — well, the other at least had set her free; it had set her right with others, if nothing more. It was Edward who went to the dining-room to conduct Mr. Burchell up-stairs, feeling such a friendliness towards him as words could not express. Had not he been the occasion of it all? "My mother begs that you will come up-stairs," he said, feeling an inclination to hug his visitor, though he was little captivated. Mr. Burchell had a feeling of disapproval of the house and all that were in it. It was the house Roger had given an account of, where he had dined on Sunday, and where the lady lived who was so intimate with Mr. Beresford. The rector disapproved of all such intimacy. But he was anxious and rather

unhappy about his daughter, and it was his duty to take Cara back out of this doubtful, perhaps polluted house. So he followed his conductor up-stairs, looking about him with involuntary criticism. These kind of people had so many comforts that did not fall to the lot of their superiors in every moral sense. Large comfortable houses, many servants, the *Times* every day (he found it on the table in the dining-room), and many other luxuries. He could not help making this remark to himself; he could not afford such pleasures; and now his child, his daughter, not theirs who perhaps deserved it, had gone away. Matters were not mended when Mrs. Meredith, with all her usual sweetness, but with a thrill of agitation still about her, came up to him holding out her hand. "Cara tells me that you are anxious about your daughter, and that my son — knows her," she said, faltering. It was so difficult to know what to say.

"So she tells me," said the rector. "You will understand it is not from me; I know nothing of it. Agnes has said nothing; and perhaps," he added, looking round with a little natural defiance, "her absence may turn out to be quite simple; there may be nothing in it. She is not a good correspondent. But we are anxious, her mother and I."

"I do not know where Oswald is. Oh! heaven knows, if my son has anything to do with it, I shall be grieved, grieved and ashamed to the heart! But no harm will happen to her in Oswald's company," said Mrs. Meredith, raising her head in her turn with tearful pride, "I know my boy."

"It is what I would not say of any child of mine, or of myself, for that matter," said the rector. "Who can tell what a moment may bring forth? But if there should be anything in it, and you have any clue to your son's movements —"

"I have none. Thursday or Friday he said he would come back. Cara, if you can tell us anything —"

Cara told at once what she knew; how he had heard that Agnes was going somewhere, she did not remember where, and that he had made up his mind to go too, and explain himself. "Limpet Bay; she is not there," said Mr. Burchell. He took no interest in the rest of the story, which excited the others so much, that half of them spoke together. Edward, however, had the *pas* as being the most energetic. "I will go at once to Limpet Bay," he said, "and find out if anything is known of them; that seems the best thing." Mr. Burchell looked at him with a half-sus-

picion in his eyes. But this was how it was finally arranged. The rector himself seemed to have greater confidence in wandering about town. He was going now to his sister's at Notting Hill, and then to the "house." Then he would come back again to the square, to see if any news had come. "My son Roger will be in London in an hour or two," he added, with a kind of vague trust in that. But he neither sanctioned nor objected to Edward's mission. He had no notion himself what to do. He had no faith in his own child, and even thought worse of Mrs. Meredith — if there could be a worse or a better about such a person — for thinking well of hers. When he went away at last in his heavy distress they were all relieved. He was to come back in a few hours to see if any news had been received. As for Edward, he was like a man transformed. He ran up-stairs with airy energy, thrust what he wanted into a bag, tossed a heap of notebooks on the floor (where his mother found them, and, picking them up carefully, put them away behind his bureau where he could not find them), and came down again swiftly and lightly, ready for anything. Then it was arranged that Cara and her father should walk with him to the "house" to see if anything had been heard there. This new chapter of anxiety was a relief to all of them, strange as it may seem to say so. Even Mrs. Meredith was comforted, after all the personal excitement of the afternoon, to have this outlet to her emotion. She was not afraid that anything very dreadful could have happened to Oswald, nor, though Mr. Burchell thought her confidence wicked, to any one else, through her boy. She knew Oswald's faults, she said to herself — who better? but Agnes would get no harm from him. On the other hand, the fact that they had disappeared together was in itself active harm. The boy was safe enough, but the girl — that was a more difficult matter; and even a young man who decoyed away, or could be said to have decoyed away, not a poor milliner or housemaid, but a girl in his own rank — society would look but darkly, there could be no doubt, on such a man. It was evident that in any point of view to find Oswald was the chief thing to be thought of. In the mean time, however, they had been reckoning without their train. There was not one going to Limpet Bay till six o'clock, and a pause perforce had to be made. And people began to come in to call, in the midst of their agitation, the first being actually shown up into the drawing-

room while they still stood talking together in their scarcely subsiding excitement. This was more than the others could bear. Mrs. Meredith indeed met her visitors with her usual smiles, with hands stretched out, with all the air of soft and kind interest in them which bound her friends so close to her; the air of agitation about her only increased the kindness of her looks; but the three others were not so courageous. They all forsook her, stealing away one by one. Mr. Beresford went to his library, where he had so many things to think of. Cara and Edward, stealing away one after the other, met on the stairs. "Will you come into the square," he said, "till it is time for my train?" The square was a spot where they had played together when they were children. It had been avoided by both of them without any reason given; now they went out and took refuge in it, where the little ladies and gentlemen of the square were still playing. They wandered demurely among the flowery shrubs and those kind trees which do not despise London, their hearts beating softly yet loud, their young lives in a tender harmony. They seemed to be walking back into the chapter of their childhood, and to see themselves playing hide-and-seek among the bushes. "You used to look just like that," Edward said, pointing to a pretty child in a white sun-bonnet with her lap full of daisies, who looked up at them with serious blue eyes as they passed. Cara was not so very much older, and yet what a world of youthful experience lay between her and this child! Then naturally they began to talk of what had happened to their knowledge, and of what might have happened which they did not know.

"And you think he really loved her," Edward said, his voice at this word taking a reverential tone. "He must indeed — or else — But was he in earnest? — he was always so full of levity. And where can they have gone?"

"He did not mean to have gone for more than the day. It must have been some accident. He would not have done anything again to get her scolded. I scolded him for it before."

"You scolded him. I wish you would scold me, Cara," said Edward, looking at her. "You never talk to me as you used to talk to him. What bad feelings you used to rouse in my mind — you who are as good as an angel! — hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness. I went very near to hating my brother. Poor Oswald,

I shall stand by him now through thick and thin."

"I am glad of that," said Cara, thankfully ignoring what went before.

"That is your doing too, like the other; Cara — there seem so many things that I want to say to you."

"Oh, we must not talk of anything to-day, but how to get this settled," cried the girl, with a nervous shiver. "What a trouble for your mother, to see all these people to-day! I could not stay to help her — it seemed impossible; but she — she could not be unkind to any one," said Cara, with generous fervor; though indeed Mrs. Meredith, unwittingly, had strewn a few thorns in Cara's pathway too.

"Yes," said Edward; "I don't think my mother is a humbug — at least, yes, she is, in the way of kindness. She can't bear that any one should feel neglected — and yet she means it, too," he added, doubtfully looking up at the window, at which some of her visitors showed, for the day was very warm. Her friends had flooded back upon her, notwithstanding her recent widowhood. It was not like going into society, they all said. Society, indeed, went to her instead. To desert her in her troubles was not a friend's part. The consequence of this doctrine was that her receptions were almost as crowded as ever, and that all who considered themselves her intimates were more punctual than ever they had been.

"Ought we not to go?" said Cara at last, and they turned and came out through the dusty bushes once more. The square was not lovely in itself, but it looked like a garden of Eden to the two, when they had been walking in the cool of the day, like Adam and Eve, thinking of each other, talking, with little breaks and relapses into thoughts which were dangerous, but very sweet, of other things. Now they came out again, side by side. As they crossed the road, Roger Burchell joined them. He had been sent for, and had hurried, poor fellow, to do his duty, and look for his lost sister. It was not a happy errand to begin with, nor was it exactly happiness for him to see Cara, though the thought of doing so had lent wings to his feet. He looked at her with a face full of suppressed agitation, longing and yet suspicious. This was not the Meredith he was afraid of — this was the one with whom he was rather in sympathy, the unfortunate one, like himself. But there was something in the looks of the two which hurt Roger and angered him, he could scarcely have told why.

He addressed Edward rather roughly. "If you are going after them, tell me," he said, with a hoarse tone in his voice, "or I will do it. There is no time to lose."

"I am waiting only for the train," said Edward. It was a valid excuse enough, and yet poor Roger felt that he might have waited hours for the train without being amused meantime in this heavenly fashion. The gate of the garden was at some little distance from the house, close to the thoroughfare which passed along the end of the square. They could see along this line of road as they turned to go back.

"We must go for Mr. Beresford," Edward was saying. "He was to go with us first to the 'house.'"

Here he stopped short, open-mouthed, and the others stopped too, by that curious instinct which makes one man share in the startled sensations of his companion, without knowing what they mean. They were both startled like Edward. A carriage had drawn up within a little distance, and two people were getting out of it. Cara's eye, following Edward's, reached this little group. She ran forward, with a low cry. The new-comers, seeing nobody, occupied with themselves, advanced steadily. They came up to the corner of the square. Just within that comparative stillness, they too started and stopped, he facing the others boldly, with smiles on his face, she drooping, blushing, trembling, with her hand on his arm.

"Oswald! for heaven's sake, who is this lady?" cried Edward, stepping in advance. The others waited with equal eagerness, though they knew very well who she was.

"Edward, my good fellow, you must make much of her," said Oswald. He was really moved, and his gay voice faltered. "You and Cara — we want you and Cara to make up our happiness. This is my wife."

Though it was the public road, or, at least, the corner of the square, Cara rushed forward and threw herself upon Agnes, who, red as a rose, with downcast face and eyes that could not bear the light, stood on her trial, as it were. Edward put out one hand to her and another to his brother, without saying a word. He came unthinking between Roger and his sister.

"You and Cara." He and Cara; nothing to say to the brother, who stood behind, red and lowering, looking on, noticed by no one, like a stranger. The two pairs fell together as by nature; Roger was the one who was left out. Is it not the very essence of all youthful story, even of all

childish games, that some one should be left out? The little girl in the sun-bonnet in the square garden could have produced half a dozen instances — that there is no fun without this; from puss-in-the-corner upwards, the situation is invariable. But the left-out one does not see the fun. Roger stood, and changed into all manner of colors. He was not wanted. He and Agnes — he and Cara; for himself nobody, no companion, no notice, no share in it all. To take it sentimentally and sadly, and turn away, in all the dignity of the neglected, is one way; to be angry and resent is another. Roger, who felt the hot blood tingling down to his very finger-points, chose the latter. He made a step forward, pushing Edward aside, even thrusting aside Cara, and seized his sister roughly by the arm.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he said. "Agnes, what do you want here? where have you been? My father has come up to town in trouble about you; my mother is ill of it at home. Where have you been? These people have nothing to do with you. You've got to give me an explanation of it — and you too, sir!" cried Roger, with natural inconsistency, turning fiercely upon Oswald. What! this fellow, who had appropriated Cara so calmly, was he to have Agnes too?

"O Roger, don't quarrel — don't quarrel! I went home this morning. Mamma knows," cried Agnes, flushed and tearful, clasping her hands.

"And I am ready to give you every explanation," said Oswald. "You have a right to it. We were married on Tuesday. It was no doing of hers. The fault is all mine. And your mother is satisfied. Come in with us, and you shall have every detail. And come, Roger, shake hands with me. There is no harm done after all."

"Harm done!" cried the young man, in his bitterness; "harm done! is it no harm that she has disgraced herself? I don't know what greater harm is in the world."

"O Roger, Roger!"

"This has gone far enough," said Oswald; "take care what you say. Agnes, my darling, take my arm, and come to my mother. He does not know what he is saying; and, Ned, come along, you and Cara. There are a hundred things to tell you. I want you to hear everything to-day."

They passed him, while he stood fuming with bitter rage, not on account of

Agnes, though she was the excuse for it. She took all the guilt to herself, however, looking at him pitifully, appealing to him as her husband led her to his mother's door.

"Roger, O Roger dear, come with us!" she cried. She had spoken to no one but him.

But Roger paid no attention to Agnes. It was the other pair who had all his thoughts; he seemed to be supplanted over again, to have all the pangs of failure to bear over again. The idea of Oswald's success with Cara had become familiar to him, and there was a little consolation in the fact that Edward, like himself, was unhappy. But at this new change, the poor young fellow ground his teeth. It was more than he could bear. Rage and anguish were in his eyes. Even Cara's kind look at him, her little mute apology and deprecation of his wrath, increased it. Why should he go with them? What did it matter to him? His sister? Oh, there were plenty of people to look after his sister, and why should he follow them, who cared so little for him? But, after a while, he did follow them. There is something in this kind of suffering which attracts the sufferer to the rack. He is in course of healing when he has the courage to turn his back upon it, and go firmly away.

The whole young party went into the dining-room, where the *Times* which Mr. Burchell had grudged to Mrs. Meredith, was still on the table. A dining-room is an oppressive place for such a purpose. It looks like bad interviews with fathers, when there are admonitions to be given, or those fearful moments when a young offender is detained after the others have left the cheerful table, to be told of his faults. Agnes went into the house of her husband's mother, with her heart in her mouth, or, at least, in her throat, leaping wildly, ready to sink into the ground with shame and terror. How would Mrs. Meredith receive her? Her own mother had yielded only to the arguments which the poor girl despised the most, to the details of Oswald's income, and the settlements, about which he had already written to his lawyer. This mollified her — not Agnes's weeping explanations; and the bride's heart was still sore from the pang of this forgiveness, which Oswald, not caring in the least for Mrs. Burchell, had been quite satisfied with. He did not care very much for anything except herself, she had already found out, and took all disapproval with the frankest levity of indifference,



which made it burn all the more into the heart of Agnes. Perhaps it was necessary for her to have a burden of one kind or another. And his mother; how would his mother look upon her? Would she set her down, as it was so natural for mothers to do, as the guilty party, the chief offender? Agnes had felt that her own mother had done this. She had excused Oswald. "No man would ever think of such a thing, if he had not got encouragement." Even Sister Mary Jane had said so, in a modified and more generous way. Was it always the poor girl's, the poor wife's fault? Agnes shrank into a corner. She could not take any courage from Cara's caressings, who came and hung about her, full of admiration and interest.

"I was his confidante all the time," said Cara; "but how was I to know that his Agnes was you?"

Agnes did not get much comfort out of this; she was not quite sure even that she liked him to have had a girl confidante. Though she was "happy" in the ordinary sense of the word, as applied to brides, happy in the love of her new husband, and in her own love for him, yet the troubles of the moment had seized hold upon her at their worst. She trembled for the opening of the door. She was almost at the limit of her powers of endurance. Her "happiness" had cost her dear. She had got it at the sacrifice of all her tender prejudices, all her little weaknesses of sentiment. She took Roger's angry speech for true, and endorsed it. However happily it might all turn out, though everything should be better than she thought, still she would have disgraced herself. Nobody could be so much shocked at the whole business as she herself was. To every one who censured her she was ready to say amen. It may be supposed, therefore, that the feelings with which she awaited Oswald's mother were agitating enough. If Mrs. Meredith received her unkindly, or coldly, — and how was it possible that a mother could receive otherwise than coldly such an unexpected bride? — it seemed to Agnes, in her discouragement and terror, that she must fall at her feet and die.

"Go and tell my mother, Ned," said Oswald, who was himself rather breathless with suspense. "Go, you and Cara — take Cara with you. She will be kinder if you go together."

"Was she ever unkind?" said Cara, half indignant.

"Come all the same," said Edward, tak-

ing her hand in the freedom of the moment. "If I offer to make a sacrifice to her if she will forgive them," he whispered, as they went up-stairs together — "it will not be true — Cara, may I do it, not being true?"

"Does she want to be paid for her kindness?" said Cara, whispering back; but she smiled, notwithstanding, not knowing what he meant, yet knowing quite well what he meant. They went into the drawing-room thus, still for the moment hand in hand, which Mrs. Meredith perceiving, turned round from her guests with a little excitement. What had they come to tell her? She disengaged herself from the people whom she was talking to, and hurried towards them, breathless — "Children, what is it?" the conjunction had already had its effect.

"Mother, Oswald and his wife are down-stairs; come and speak to them — come and console her."

"His wife! Good heavens! has it gone so far? — and is that all?" the mother said inconsistently in one breath.

Edward went up close to her, and whispered in her ear — "And I no longer think of going to India. If that pleases you, forgive them."

"Traitor!" said Mrs. Meredith; "that is not the reason;" and then, "God bless you, my darling!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### CONCLUSION.

It is not necessary to go into details, and tell how Mrs. Meredith forgave her son and received her new daughter. In any case, I don't believe she would have been capable of "hurting Agnes's feelings" by a cold reception; but as it was, she was as tender to her as if she had been her own daughter, and Oswald was the stranger husband who had to be forgiven. A great deal of this was that superlative politeness which was part of her nature, and part of it was the result of Edward's communication. The cloud which had spoilt everything was definitely lifted from her life, and to be good to the trembling, timid bride, which was the first kind action within her reach, was Mrs. Meredith's way of thanksgiving for her happiness. It must be allowed it is not a bad way, as good as giving public thanks in church, or perhaps better, though that is good too. When Agnes began a faltering confession of wrong-doing, Mrs. Meredith kissed her and stopped her.



"My dear, we will think nothing more of that," she said; "we might have wished it otherwise; but no one is beyond the reach of accident, and this will end most happily, please God, for all of us."

The result of the interview was that Agnes fell in love with her mother-in-law — not a very usual thing, if one puts one's faith in books, yet not unparalleled. They understood each other, or rather the elder woman understood the younger, and with her warm natural charity was able to comprehend and excuse everything. She looked with a little wonder and amusement at the awe with which Agnes still regarded her bridegroom. That there should be some one in the world who did not simply make allowance for Oswald, and love him in spite of his faults, but to whom his faults were as yet invisible, and himself worthy of deepest respect and admiration, was a thing which was very amusing to his mother. She could scarcely keep from smiling when she saw the serious looks of veneration which his wife gave him. "Hush, hush," she said, when Edward, grown saucy, ventured to smile at his brother, and when she even herself felt tempted to say, "How like Oswald!" Oswald was like everything that was fine and noble and generous to his bride.

"And if he did not think of himself quite so much, how good my poor boy is!" the mother said, with tears in her eyes; and in future, perhaps, he would not think so much of himself.

Anyhow, on the other side everybody was quite satisfied. Oswald, never ungenerous, made settlements upon his wife after they were married which filled the Burchell family with admiration. And they got a pretty little house, and made a kind of religion of furnishing it; and for every pretty thing they got, Agnes, compunctious, hurried down to the "house," and devised something for the orphans. Sister Mary Jane grew used to these visits, and, being a wise woman, restrained undue liberalities. She gave a great deal of good advice to the young wife. "If you take on another child for every bit of china," she said, "there will soon be no room for the girls, and no money left in the purse."

"Oh, how can I let money be spent for nothings, when I know how much need there is in the world!" cried Agnes. It was difficult to answer such arguments. As for Oswald, he never attempted to answer them. He gave her to understand that she was a mixture of a goose and an angel.

"Both have wings, you know," he said, going away light-hearted to his pleasures, and understanding about as much of the more serious feelings in her mind as her baby did when she had one, which fortunately was in good time. He made the best of husbands, ever eager that she should spend more money on her dress-maker, entertain more, have all manner of pleasures. Louisa Burchell, who was the next sister, thought the little house in Mayfair was like heaven; and Mrs. Burchell kept a list of the important people to whose houses Agnes was asked, looking up her noble acquaintances in the peerage, and finding out the incomes of the rich ones, and the works of those who wrote or painted (though these last figured much less largely in her mind). And Agnes was happy. To have a husband you love, and in due time a pretty baby; and a delightful little house in Mayfair, and a pair of ponies, and more dresses and bonnets than you wish for — could there be a happier lot? If a young woman in such beatific circumstances got confused sometimes in her mind, and wondered whether it might not be better to walk about at the head of a procession of schoolgirls in a black cloak and poke-bonnet, and to work in stuffy schoolrooms, and to have no more recreation than could be got among the girls in St. Cecilia, what could that be but momentary aberration or even a kind of temporary insanity? Is not a wife better than a sister? Oswald had no kind of doubt on the subject when he saw his beautiful young wife at the head of his table, and reflected with inward complacency upon the aspect she bore when first he saw her, though at that time he had thought the poke-bonnet half-divine. But Agnes was not so sure, had not such unhesitating convictions as her husband, and wondered. This, perhaps, was the penalty she paid for her escapade. Oswald's light-heartedness was alien to her serious mood. He took his existence so easily! and she knew that life was not so easy a matter, and would take an occasional panic as the fair landscape glided past her, the beautiful days and years flying away from her as fields and trees do on a journey, when you seem yourself to be stationary, and it is the country about that flies and travels on either side.

If she had known him longer, if she had known him better, would it have made any difference? In all probability not the slightest, and she did not ask herself that question; for after all, Oswald was Os-

wald, and the only man in the whole world —

As for the other personages mentioned in these pages, their affairs worked themselves out as was to be expected, with no very extraordinary results. Roger Burchell recovered of his wound because he could not help it, not with any will of his; and went out to India in due time, where he did very well and made steady progress, but neither then nor now became very remarkable. He married too in the due course of events, when he could afford it — as most men do, except perhaps in the very heart and centre of society, a sect so small that it does not affect the world's continuance, nor need necessarily affect our peace of mind who look on. He forgot Cara and the chapter in his life which was dominated by her, far more completely than the romantic reader would believe possible, and was not at all sure after he had been some years married whether it was not he who had behaved badly to her; and, indeed, I think his wife had this impression, and, never having seen this object of his early affections, was rather pleased to believe Cara a little flirt with whom her Roger had been involuntarily "entangled," but escaped in time. So stories are travestied and turned into myths with piquant change of circumstance all over the world.

Mr. Maxwell had a more unlikely fate. Bursting out of No. 6 in the square, in the trouble of his mind, after that unlucky interference which had come to less than nothing, but which must, he felt sure, cost him his friends, he went with murderous energy through all his round of patients, and took it out of them with unregulated zeal, making his hypochondriacs really ill by way of variety, twisting the joints and cramping the sinews of the unhappy people in his hands as cruelly as Prospero. This way of avenging himself upon mankind, however, did not prevent him from suffering tortures in his own person. Should he apologize — should he appeal to Cara to intercede for him? Should he go humbly to the feet of the injured one, and ask to be kicked and forgiven? He adopted another expedient more wonderful than any of these. Next day was the day of his weekly visit to the Hill. Lovelier lights and visions than those that revealed themselves through the openings of the trees on that sweetest day of June could scarcely be. The sky was as soft as a child's eyes — the air as its breath. The trees hung rich and close still in their early green, throwing their wealth of foli-

age all the more closely together to hide that the flowers were over, the may faded, the golden laburnum boughs all dropped to dust. Through the leafy arches came glimpses of the great plain all billowy with trees, shadowing far into the blue distance, and the great grey castle with its royal flag. Underneath on the hedgerows there was one flush of the wild rose lighting up the winding road as with a smile. To live on such a day was enough for pleasure. To move through it easily without fatigue, with trees waving over you, and the unfathomable blue shining, and the sun throwing magical gleams over the landscape, hushed even the most restless soul to a semblance of goodness and happiness. Unless you happened to be toiling along a dusty road, in the blaze of the sunshine, in tight boots, or a dress too warm for the season, which circumstances I allow to be contrary both to happiness and goodness, I cannot understand how you could refuse to be good and happy on such a day.

But everything promoted these exemplary sensations about the Hill. Fatigue was not there, nor dust, nor undue heat. Old Miss Charity in her sun-bonnet, and less old but still not young Miss Cherry in her cool and soft grey gown, were on the lawn, surrounded by a world of roses — roses everywhere, in standards, in dwarfs, on trellis-work, over arches, along the walls. The air was just touched by them to a delicate sweetness, to be elevated into beatitude when you approached your face to a particular flower. Mr. Maxwell arrived with his troubled soul, and the ladies made much of him. They compassionated him for his hot drive. They offered him tea; they gave him, on his refusal of the tea, claret cup with great bits of ice tinkling in it, and making a grateful noise. They gave him a comfortable chair on the lawn, where he had his doctor's talk with old Miss Charity, and felt her pulse and admired its steady beat, not one more or less than it ought to be. "Please God, if I live long enough, I'll pull you along to a hundred," he said, with professional enthusiasm. "But I shall not live long enough," he added in a despondent tone.

"How old are you now?" said Miss Charity. "Fifty? phoo, nonsense! I am seventy-three. I want only seven-and-twenty of the hundred. You will be just over my present age when we've accomplished it. And what a thing to have lived for!" The old lady was more ready for the joke than he was — he shook his head.

"You can't think what foolish things I have been doing," he said; "never man made a greater fool of himself."

"You have been asking some one to marry you, my poor man!"

"No, by Jove! I never thought of that," he said, looking up quickly. Miss Cherry had walked discreetly out of hearing, as she always did while they had their medical talk. This was evidently a new idea to the doctor. "No," he went on, "trying to keep other people from marrying, that was all."

"Still sillier; they will hate you forever and ever," Miss Charity said, in her ignorance, seated cool and smiling in her garden chair.

Meanwhile Miss Cherry strayed to one of the openings and looked wistfully across the country. She wanted to hear about "the child." A thousand questions were on her lips, but in her soft old-maidenly self-consciousness she did not wish to take the doctor aside in her turn, and there were questions which she did not like to ask in her aunt's presence. It may be imagined then what her surprise was when, startled by a voice at her elbow, she turned round and found the doctor by her side. "The views are lovely to-day," he said; but he was not thinking of the views, Miss Cherry could see. Had he something painful to tell her—had anything gone wrong? She began to ask a few faltering questions. "Tell me about Cara," she said. "I am so hungering for news of the child." Miss Cherry looked up pathetically in the doctor's face, with wistful anxiety in her soft eyes—everything about her was soft, from her grey gown to her eyes. A mild, consolatory woman, not charming like Mrs. Meredith, not clever like other people he knew, but a refreshment, like green lawns and green leaves and quietness to the heart. The doctor turned round to see that nobody was looking. The old lady, who had her suspicions of him, had gone in, and, like a naughty old lady as she was, had gone upstairs to a bedroom window, where she stood behind the curtains, chuckling to herself, to watch the result. When Mr. Maxwell saw the coast was clear and nobody looking (as he thought), he turned round again to Miss Cherry, who stood anxiously waiting for the next word, and deliberately, without a word of preface, fired as it were point blank into her with a pistol at her heart—that is to say, he proposed. A greater shock never was administered by any human being to another. Right off on the spot, without wasting any

words, he offered her himself and his brougham and his practice and all that he had. The old lady at the window—naughty old lady!—could make out the very moment when it was done, and saw Cherry's start and jump of amazement. "Will she have him?" she asked herself. "I could not put up with a man in my house." But it does not do to take a gentle old maiden like Miss Cherry so suddenly. In the very extremity of her surprise, she said no. How she trembled! "Oh no, I could not, I could not, thank you, Mr. Maxwell! I am too old *now*. Long ago I might have thought of such a thing; but I could not, I could not. It is not possible. You must excuse me *now*."

"Oh, no one will force you, Miss Cherry, against your inclination," said the doctor, angry and discomfited. And without waiting to say good-day to his patient, he went off and threw himself into his brougham more uncomfortable than before.

Whether Miss Cherry ever regretted this I cannot tell—perhaps if she had not been so entirely taken by surprise—but "Oh no, oh no," she said to herself "I could not have done it. It would have been cheating Cara." But what a shock it was on that June afternoon! As if the man had brought an electric battery with him, Miss Charity said, who was the only one of the three, however, to whom it was an amusement and no shock at all.

Such was the end of this middle-aged wooing, which was all over in a quarter of an hour. The other of which we know, which had been going on so long, and which only artificial motives made into a wooing at all, had been broken off very abruptly by that interpellation of Dr. Maxwell's and all that followed. It was not till after the commotion caused by Oswald's return, and all the arrangements consequent upon his marriage, were over, that the two friends returned to this broken chapter again. The changes which had happened had not thrown them apart, however, and the naturalness with which, even in the suspense of this question between themselves, their intercourse went on, showed plainly either that warmer relationships were unlikely or that they were the most natural things in the world; but which? Each of them had been slightly piqued by the absence of enthusiasm on the part of the other, but even that pique produced no enthusiasm in themselves. They were exactly in the same state of feeling, their minds only too much alike. But a return to the question

was inevitable one way or other, and Mr. Beresford took it in hand, not without a little tremor, one still summer evening at the usual hour, when they were sitting in their usual places, their windows open, but the lamps lighted, and the soft dusk outside relieving with its shadowy background the soft illumination within.

"Do you remember," he said, "the talk we had one evening before all these agitations began? It was not decided. You would not say yes, or no."

"Would I not say no? it was because it has too harsh a sound. Why should there be yeses or noes between you and me?"

"Ah, but it was needful. What do you say now? I can only repeat what I said then. You know all my heart. Speak to me, dear. Shall it be yes or no?"

She had nothing to do with blushing at her age — yet she blushed and was ashamed of it; but looked at him frankly, openly, all the same, holding out her hands. "Dear," she said, "I will call you so too. No; why should we do this and disturb our life and trouble our children with new ideas. Listen, James Beresford. I would rather marry you than lose you; but there is no thought of losing you in any case."

"None, my dear, none — none, whatever comes of it."

"Then why should we trouble each other with new ideas and disturb our lives? We cannot be happier in our intercourse, you and I; we have all we want in each other. Let the children marry; it is natural. What a blessing of God it is that we have these dear proxies, James! And my boy is not going away," she said, the tears coming to her eyes. "And I love your girl as if she were my own — and we are the father and mother without any trouble. What could heart wish for more?"

And no more was said. The subject was closed at once and forever. Such is the perversity of human nature, that when James Beresford went home that evening he felt just a little cast down, disgusted, lonely, and slighted as it were by fate. He had not really wished for the change; indeed, did not really wish for it now; but yet — On the other side of the wall, Mrs. Meredith was much more comfortable — for why? she had been permitted the woman's privilege of being the refuser, which banished all possibilities of pique, and made it impossible for her to feel herself slighted. But by-and-by they were both a great deal happier, and at their

ease, which they had not been for weeks before.

And do I need to tell how the natural conclusion which their father and mother wisely and happily evaded arrived for Edward and Cara? Not quite immediately, however, for the young man gathered his note-books together again, and, having given up India, entered upon his course of dinners, and betook himself (like most other people) to the bar. He was "called" before the marriage took place; and when the marriage did take place the young people remained along with the old people in the two houses which were one. It would be hard to make an absolute appropriation of what belongs to No. 6 and what belongs to No. 8 in the square. The thing which is most like a fixture is Mrs. Meredith, who sits smiling in the same chair as the years go on, hearing what everybody has to say. She is not expected to go to any one; but every one comes to her; and her chair is the only absolutely undisputed piece of property in the two houses. The young people are very happy and go honeymooning as once their elders did; and sometimes Mr. Beresford will make a journey in the interests of science or art. But nothing has touched the double house, nor is likely to touch it, till death does those sworn companions part.

---

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SCOTTISH "ELIA."

AN obscure Scottish novelist, whose luck or whose merit obtained him favorable notice in certain journals south of the Tweed, recently, it is said, received the congratulations of an Irish friend to whom the thing was no mystery — the fact is, he remarked, everything Scotch *takes* there just now. If this candid friend was not mistaken, there is a chance that "The Life of a Scottish Probationer" may prove to be an attractive title in England, notwithstanding the circumstance that probably not one person in a hundred will have any notion of what it means. A little work with this title has just been published, which deserves its share of whatever popularity "everything Scotch" enjoys, and which might even have the effect of contributing to that popularity in the way in which Scott's novels and Burns's poems have enhanced the reputation of Kilmarnock bonnets and Glenlivet whiskey. It is seven years since Thomas

Davidson, the subject of the brief memoir which appears under this title, after pining through several dreary winters, the victim of a hopeless malady, "fell on the threshold of the summer," and was carried to his grave in Teviotdale, leaving behind him a few poems and a quantity of letters, which to his friends and fellow-students were precious memorials of genius, and which now tell to the world the tale of a poet and a humorist numbering his days and applying his heart unto wisdom. What came from his pen after his illness assumed a fatal aspect occupies about a half of the space to which his biographer has limited himself, and is the text to which the rest of the book is introduction and commentary. Even when illness and death therefore are not in the writer's thoughts they are in the reader's; where they are not the central figures of the picture they are shadows in the background, more conspicuous for being there. "The Life of a Scottish Probationer" ought thus to be a book for readers whose tastes are what Davidson called "necropolitan." The charm of the volume lies in the fact, that, in spite of fate, it is bright and festal with a poet's joy in all that is sweet and fair in nature, and with a humorist's delight in all that is queer and not too deformed in man. It contains verses which bear the undoubted stamp of poetic genius, and it largely consists of letters which only a consummate humorist could have written. But to the thoughtful reader its interest in this point of view is immeasurably inferior to that which it possesses in respect of being a monument of as knightly an encounter "with that old Ishmael whose hand is against us all," as any that has been recorded.

Perhaps the most famous probationer on record was one whose connection with the order would have made it at least as famous as himself, if his first public appearance in that character had not also been his last. Readers of "Guy Mannering" will remember the passage recording the event:—"In process of time, Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong and obvious disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation, upon his first attempt he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse; gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, tumbled down the pulpit stairs, trampling upon the old women who gen-

erally take their station there, and was ever after designated a 'stickit minister.'" To Meg Merrilies and all his acquaintance it was in the latter character that the dominie was known. His connection with the order of probationer was too slight to be of any advantage to it in the way of making it as illustrious as himself. Yet any one who is curious as to the meaning of the term may learn something from the passage in the dominie's history in which his first appearance as a preacher is recorded. He will gather from it that after Abel had completed at the university his studies in arts and in divinity, and was duly licensed to preach the gospel, he was, technically speaking, a probationer. If his nervousness had been less overpowering, or if the risibility of his audience had been better restrained so as to allow of his proceeding with his first discourse, his occupation for the next few years might have been to go about the country exercising his gifts as a preacher, when invited to do so, in vacant charges, or by ministers wanting his help for a Sunday or two, and in that case his proper style and title would have been Mr. Probationer Sampson. Had his probation not been cut short as it was, his lanthorn jaws and gaunt figure would have become familiar to grinning schoolboys in numerous parishes, perhaps in several counties. Having to provide himself with a horse as the first equipment for his work, "he would have been seen riding from church to church, with his sermons and changes of raiment packed in his saddle-bags," his reward for his apostolic labors and travels being "bed and board" for a week at the place at which his saddle-bags were opened for the delivery of a specimen of his slender stock of sermons. Since the dominie's day the world has changed for the preacher of the gospel as well as for other mortals. But in some respects the probationer of to-day is as nearly as possible what he was then. His life is still one which has its own share of romance, from which indeed rather an uncommon share of romance is excluded only by the fiction that those who preach the gospel care little whether or not they can manage to live by the gospel. His *Lehrjahre* is followed by a *Wanderjahre* which cannot last forever, and in the course of which he gains or loses a fortune as often as he appears in his proper character, that is to say, as often as he has to exhibit his gifts in a vacant charge. If his discourse pleases by its piety or its bombast, by its logical force or by the force with which

its logical weakness is delivered, it is manse and stipend to him; if it makes no impression, or a bad one, he has lost a living by preaching it. The event too, whatever it may be, is known to the public and to all his friends and acquaintance, including perhaps (as in Davidson's case) an aged father and mother, whose supreme desire is to see their son settled in life, and possibly "a nearer and dearer one yet than all other," who has a still deeper interest in the question of his settlement in life than his father or his mother. It is not every probationer whose *Wanderjahre* is concluded within one twelve-month, and when it extends to three or four years, the hopes which cheered and brightened its commencement are apt to be chequered with dismal apprehensions as to its end. Apart therefore from the circumstance that the probationer sees cities and men and congregations in the course of his travels, his life is not destitute of variety and adventure, nor without opportunities for the cultivation of gifts like those with which Thomas Davidson was destined to preach to a larger and more appreciative audience than ever listened to his sermons.

It is only, it must be remarked, in one of the Scottish Churches that this description of the probationer is now strictly applicable. But to that Church Davidson belonged. In the established and Free Churches licentiates are as a rule employed at mission stations, and as assistants to ministers, much as deacons are in the Church of England, and earn in that way a modest stipend, on which they are able to nourish the hope of being promoted some day or other to a parochial or, at any rate, a ministerial charge. In these Churches the probationer accordingly is hardly known by that name. It is only in the United Presbyterian body, whose Committee of Supply distributes preachers over the country according to a regular plan, that the legitimate representative of the old probationer is now to be found. Davidson was on the "list" of probationers in that Church for five years, and for the first half of that period, until fairly disabled by illness, travelled wherever he was sent by the Committee of Supply. He had gifts as a preacher, but they were not popular gifts. In truth, they were unpopular gifts — modesty amounting almost to Abel Sampson's nervousness, disdain of clap-trap, sense, sincerity, culture, being among the number. As a preacher, therefore, his probation was not encouraging, and possibly never would have been brilliant. In

spite of his talents, or rather in virtue of them, he seemed as likely as any of his contemporaries — far more likely than the dullest dullard of them all — to lapse finally along with Abel Sampson and many other good and some able men into the condition of "a stickit minister." His biographer, with a natural desire to screen the Church to which Davidson belonged from the imputation of indifference to genius, labors to make it appear that the poet and humorist was not unsuccessful as a probationer. Davidson himself took another and, it would seem, a juster view. He knew the worth as well as the worthlessness of popularity. He was strenuous in advising his probationer friends to cultivate it with all their might, especially in the way of an energetic delivery. He was resolved, "if the Great Healer should bid him preach again," to follow the advice which he gave his friends. But this resolution, announced by him in a letter written a few weeks before his death, was very much of a recollection, and very little of an anticipation, and pointed to the fact that the most gifted probationer of his time had been weighed in the balance of popular judgment and found wanting — a hint perhaps to Church reformers that even when the sheep are free to choose their shepherd, mistakes may possibly occur.

It was, as has been said, after his name was placed on the list of probationers of the United Presbyterian Church, and indeed after the time when it might as well have been transferred to the catalogue of preachers whose probation was ended, that he wrote those poems and letters, the publication of which, as his biographer has well judged, is the best possible monument to his memory. Davidson might, therefore, be left to speak for himself in some of these later writings of his, and to furnish a new instance of the truth or falsehood of the Irish dictum — that everything Scotch *takes* in England. But it will perhaps not be without interest for the reader of these pages if we first avail ourselves of the help of his biographer to take a glance at the earlier part of his career, and to note some of the influences which regulated the growth and fashion of his genius and his character.

He was born in a shepherd's hut, near Jedburgh, in July, 1838, and, with the exception of the period of his university career and of his wanderings as a probationer, his life was spent in different places in the neighborhood of that famous border town. All the influences of flood and fell, of song



and story, which have rendered the border counties of Scotland so prolific of singers, and to which the genius of Scott owed so much of its inspiration, were influences in which Davidson's mind was steeped from his infancy, and from which he was never less insulated than when he was furthest away from the Cheviots and the Teviot. Influences no less favorable to his character and the growth of his mind were those to which he was subjected in his father's house. His parents were born and married south of the border, but they were Scotch by devout attachment to the Secession Church, and, as his biographer hints, by the cultivation of all the virtues upon a little oatmeal, in which the Scotch peasantry have always been considered adepts. When he was four years old he was put in training for the vocation of poet by being taken by his father on his rounds among the hills. At six years old he had devoured every scrap of child's literature he could lay his hands on, and "his mind was filled with a mass of border traditions and ballads." From his twelfth to his twenty-third year the home of the family was on a farm in the parish of Ancrum. Here Ruberslaw and Minto Crag, Tweed-side and the Eildon Hills were scenes on which the eye of the youthful poet feasted on his long journeys to and from school. Among such scenes it was inevitable he should become a student of Sir Walter. He sat far into the night reading his novels and his minstrelsy, and alarmed his anxious mother lest "reading Walter Scott should turn his head." By the advice of Dr. Nicol, minister of the church of which the shepherd and his wife were members, who detected the boy's ability, he was enrolled as a pupil of the Jedburgh Academy, and after spending a few years in that institution, removed to Edinburgh to begin his studies for the ministry. His biographer gives us some glimpses of Scotch university life, for which English readers will be thankful to him. But it is enough here to say that Davidson's introduction to it served to mark distinctly his vocation as a poet and his bent as a humorist. Like a born singer as he was, he sat in his city lodgings dreaming for hours of his native borderland, and with a humor which already showed that a veritable, if lesser, Elia had been born on Scottish ground, he described to old friends his new experience. Though he had not yet made the acquaintance of the daintiest of English humorists, it was in Elia's manner that he related in one of his letters "how he and

a companion had been driven to the *café* in search of their dinner because a fellow-lodger in charge of the commissariat had ordered salt herring and potatoes for the midday meal;" moved thereto by the fact that in his habit of chanting in an ejaculatory manner certain random lines, generally the introductory ones of any song that suggested itself, the particular line which Davidson was most frequently crooning over at that time was, —

I hae laid a herrin' in saut.

Poetry, as well as hunger, was sauce for the dinner on this occasion, and specially for the apple-tart.

Tart! it was no simple tart we were eating! It was an aggregate of all savory substances, of all delicate essences, of all delicious dainties. There was flour in it, fine flour at the sowing whereof ploughboys had whistled, over the green expanse whereof birds had lilted and warbled, and at the reaping whereof the reapers had sung the songs of harvest. . . . As a background to this, imagine two fellows sitting grim, assiduous, anatomical, bone-discovering, over potatoes and salt herrings.

As might almost have been anticipated from the decided bent of his mind towards literature, that starved and neglected department of university business, Davidson's career as a student imperfectly answered the expectations of some of his friends, but it gave ample promise of a brilliant future in the respect and admiration which it drew to itself from his fellow-students. In the English literature class in which he had the opportunity of displaying his poetic gifts, he obtained only the second place. But the poem of "Ariadne at Naxos," by which he gained that place, was zealously passed from hand to hand among his fellow-students, was submitted by one of them to the critical judgment of Thackeray, and to the great delight of many friends and the utter astonishment of the author, appeared, with an illustration, in the *Cornhill* in 1860. In the music of the verse and the delicate tenderness of the sentiment, the poem shows clearly that Davidson had not in vain combined some study of the melodious minstrelsy of Greece with an erudite acquaintance with border ballads. First prize poems, as a rule, after one day's fame, are consigned to eternal oblivion outside the university calendar. It would be curious to consider in how many instances second prize and third prize poems have a different fate, or deserve it. In this case it would have been interesting to have had Thackeray's judgment, or Mat-



thew Arnold's, as to the comparative merits of "Ariadne" and the poem, now, it is to be feared, no more, to which it was declared by academic authority inferior.

Strangely enough, the record of Davidson's divinity course, which extended over five years, and which is to be traced in his journals and letters, begins with the first mention of his illness. On his way to Edinburgh he caught cold, in consequence of travelling by rail in wet clothes. It was many weeks before he recovered, and he was always afterwards very susceptible of cold. It is not beneath the dignity of journalism to note the circumstance. It may be that many cases of illness might be traced to the sufferer having sat in a railway carriage in damp clothes; but it is not every illness thus induced which is as memorable as Davidson's has been made to those who read his poems and letters, and who "assist" at a death scene from which fear has been driven away by piety indeed, but also by subdued laughter.

During his divinity course, "not wishing to eat the bread of idleness," and eager to relieve his parents from the burden of supporting him, he labored as a teacher in one or two places, particularly at Forres, where he stayed a couple of years, and where he is still remembered as a "tall, erect, slender young man, with hair and complexion exceedingly fair, with a lofty forehead, and with an eye in which rest and reflection and deep meaning were to be noted."

He loved teaching no better than other poets, or than many who are only poets in detesting drudgery; but "independence" was very much to his taste, even though he had to teach for it. "After all I like Forres very well; the consciousness of independence gives life a smack which for me it never had before; for there is a real pleasure in being able to say as you put your butter on your bread, 'I have bought this bread and I have bought this butter; ergo, I have a right to them both.'"

While he was at Forres the monotony of a life of uncongenial toil was broken for him by presbytery examinations, of which he affected fits of inexpressible horror, and by the composition of verses, of which at least one specimen — "The Auld Ash-Tree" — is likely to live. As Mr. Scott Riddell, a good judge in such matters, has said, it breathes the true spirit of simple Scottish song.

There grows an ash by my bour door,  
And a' its boughs are buskit braw

In fairest weeds o' simmer green,  
And birds sit singing on them a'.  
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,  
An' o' your liltin' let me be;  
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves  
To weary me, to weary me!

That great crisis which happens at least once in the lives of most men, and which is inevitable in the life of a poet, occurred in Davidson's experience after he had taken up his residence in Edinburgh in 1861, and is thus recorded by his biographer:—

In the sister of one of his fellow-students he found a companion of kindred tastes, who cared for the books in which he delighted and shared his enthusiasm for poetry and for music. All through his wanderings as a probationer, and during the long years of trouble, he wrote the weekly letter, and the letter which he received in reply was one of the joys that lightened his darkness. In this attachment he found a new motive for intellectual activity.

If only on account of this attachment, one of the purest and tenderest of which there is any record in the lives of those who learned in suffering what they taught in song, Davidson's experience at the conclusion of his divinity course was calculated to turn a wholesome heart to gall. The sermon which he preached before the presbytery on presenting himself to be taken on trial for license was rejected. It is seldom that in any presbytery any student (be his gifts as poetical or prosaic as they may) meets with anything but compliments and congratulations on such an occasion. As a rule, some member of court, after hearing a few sentences of the sermon, is prepared to affirm that the young preacher will prove a burning and a shining light, and in this judgment it is the custom for all present to express their hearty concurrence. It is difficult to see why this custom, good or bad as it may be, should have been set aside in Davidson's case. Since the presbytery of Edinburgh is obliged to hear its share of the first discourses of all those preachers, not born orators, under whom Christian congregations have afterwards to groan or sleep, and must thus, in the course of many years, have allowed many sermons of little merit to pass muster, it might have been expected that a discourse rejected by the presbytery would be found to be marked by some remarkable features either of literary or doctrinal depravity. Davidson's biographer, himself a preacher of merit, assures us that the reader of the poet's sermon looks in vain for anything to justify its rejection. The thing is a mystery like

other proceedings of Church courts in ancient and modern times; for example, the application of Jeddart justice to cases of heresy, by which a person suspected of that crime is suspended from office before he is regularly accused or brought to trial—hanged, and then tried.

Happily, however, it would seem that, as far as Davidson was concerned, there is little to regret in his rejection by his presbytery. He had the art, which few poets have had, unless, like himself, they have been humorists as well as poets, of turning evil to good on the score of enjoyment as well as of intellectual and moral profit. He felt keenly the indignity to which he had been subjected; but he felt still more keenly the absurdity of the situation. As usual, adversity became his friend, and grinned pleasantly at his jokes. He composed a doggerel verse, beginning with

Woe's me that I rejected am,

which he was accustomed to sing to the tune "Coleshill," the most doleful measure in use in the Scotch churches. One young member of presbytery, who had been Davidson's fellow-student, distinguished himself by the warmth with which he took part in the proceedings of the court. Davidson had his revenge upon him when he wrote to a friend: "I have broken bread with this man; I have cracked jokes with him; though to tell you the truth, I had generally to act as both legs of the nut-cracker myself."

What remains to be noticed of the probationer's story must be told in a few words. A year after his rejection he was accepted by the presbytery, and began his travels in search of a living,—a humble, rural charge, "free from colliers," being that which would have contented his ambition and gratified his tastes. What the United Presbyterian probationer has to fear, besides the chance of never obtaining a living, is that he may be sent to Orkney in winter to look for one. It was Davidson's fate to be ordered on that dismal errand. He spent some weeks on the island of Shapinshay, suffocated with smoke as long as he kept within doors, and unable, except for an hour now and again, to face the tempests raging over sea and land. Few probationers would have found Shapinshay, under such circumstances, an entertaining residence; but Davidson, to whom nothing human was alien, and much that was human was droll, found amusement for himself even in Shapinshay.

... Really one never knows what the next five minutes will develop. I was just going to go straight into some very interesting subject or another, when the dishevelled old Eliza before mentioned made her appearance with the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, and a threatening of supper (both of which I knew quite well were a mere apology for a *haver*—the cunning old Eliza) and put the whole affair out of my head.

Eliza is a very peculiar little old body. I can scarcely describe her. I have called her dishevelled, and yet there is a certain show of orderliness about her too. She always reminds me of some of the touzie little girls at country schools, bright-eyed and sprightly, with a lock of black hair hanging on their brows and threatening to make them squint all their days. Eliza is like one of these lassies turned all of a sudden forty-five years old. That looks absurd in the extreme certainly; but that does not in the least spoil the description, for Eliza *is* absurd. She has a good deal of shrewdness too mixed up with much nonsense; for mentally as well as bodily she is dishevelled. She has continually recurring "lucid intervals," so continually recurring as to get mixed up with the other intervals beyond all possibility of disentanglement.

On one of his journeys he was travelling in a third-class carriage, and had for a companion an old woman, who had much to tell him respecting her family, and particularly a son, who was a soldier, "far away on the banks of the Yang-tsi-Kiang." To this incident the students of the University of Edinburgh are indebted for a song of Davidson's, "which they have often sung with great effect on occasions like that of the election of lord rector," and which still, we believe, maintains among them its original popularity. It thus begins:—

My name is Polly Hill, and I've got a lover  
Bill,

But he's caused me many a pang;  
For his regiment got the rout, and he's gone  
to the right about,  
To the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

Oh! the war had broken out, though I don't  
know what about,

But they that make the wars go hang!  
For he's gone with thousands ten to fight the  
China-men

On the Yang-tsi-Kiang.

One evening, at a friend's house, in June, 1865, after a severe fit of coughing, he remarked: "Rather a necropolitan tone that." "No, no," his friend replied. "Ay, man," he persisted, "there's the ring o' the kirkyard about it; it pits ane in mind o' the clap o' the shool (shovel)." His wanderings as a probationer, particu-

larly those which made him acquainted with the dishevelled Eliza of Shapinshay, had overtaken his strength. From this time the progress of his malady seems to have been as steady as was his determination to make no account of it. In spite of occasional blood-spitting and other indications of its gravity, he went on preaching till the end of 1866, when his career as a probationer closed on a Sunday, of which there is this characteristic record in his diary:—

Of all places in the world, Clackmannan, Saturday, 15th December. — Came to Stirling to-day with Gibson, and after waiting some time there, continued to this place. They seem to be thoroughly in the hands of revivalists here: I am lodged in the same room with an Evangelist. I hope I love the Evangel: but I don't know about *these* Evangelists. This one is a feeble brother. He inquires "if there is any *stir* in Glasgow?" and seems to carry on a kind of warfare against an invisible tricky, practical joker, whom he terms "the Old Boy." Oh, for Monday! Have read nothing this week.

His father had now leased a small holding near Jedburgh, consisting of an orchard and some fields, and to this humble, but to him delightful, home, Davidson returned, in the hope that a few weeks of rest would recruit his strength. But even from an early stage of his illness the chance of recovery was possibly small; and whatever the chance was, it seems pretty clear that the most was not made of it. Davidson, like many whose lives were valuable to mankind, appears to have been ignorant enough of the laws of health to be unconscious of his ignorance, and to be incapable of learning the lesson which duller minds have sometimes been taught by empty pill-boxes, and by waste-paper in the shape of prescriptions. He submitted willingly, or, if not willingly, he submitted somehow, to treatment which relieved him of bile by making a skeleton of him in a week.

I had been going on from one cold to another — carrying, of course, a little of the old forward with me to the new — and at length I could not help seeing that if I wished to advance in any direction other than cemeterywards, the sooner "I went bald-headed" for plain *shelvation* the better. And I shelved myself accordingly. I shelved myself shortly before Christmas; I am on the shelf still, and whether or no fate is going to put sides, ends, and a lid upon it does not yet appear very clearly. . . . The family doctor fell upon me, armed with a box of most remorseless pills, and in little more than a week reduced me to a condition which was not merely *lean*, but

utterly fleshless. To give him his due, however, I must be honest enough to own that what he left of me was quite cured; in fact, it could scarcely be otherwise, seeing my complaint was neither a skin disease nor a bone one!

Almost to the very end the inevitable stages of his progress towards the grave were regarded by him as so many accidents, fresh colds, to be encountered by new remedies and (for such often are the regular practitioner's regular remedies) new diseases and new miseries. As far as it is possible to judge from his journals and letters, it would seem that, only when it was too late, he took any decided steps for the recovery of his health, and that some of those which he then took were well calculated to make recovery impossible. If, when he was first struck with the necropolitan tone of his cough, he had given some time to the study of health, with the view of becoming his own physician, he might possibly have lived to preach many sermons, too good to be popular, and to write many poems, too good to perish. As it was, we read how, after spitting blood one Monday in November, he spent the following Monday in walking a few miles with a friend; and we anticipate with a deplorable certainty what to-morrow will bring forth in this kind:—

"Tuesday. Spent the forenoon in reading Carlyle, and in spitting and coughing, attributable to yesterday's buffeting with wind and defiance of snow."

Such is the story (admirably told by his biographer) of the probationer's fortunes, and of the course of his not very eventful life, till the time when its only events were those which marked the advance of death.

We have reached at this point the last chapter of the "Life." But here, as has been said, the end is a beginning. The book, in point of peculiar and characteristic interest, consists of one concluding chapter, which lends to what precedes it some value as a preface. Of this chapter, however, it is impossible to render any just account except by the method of transcribing a great part of its contents, and thus at our hands the book must have scant justice done to it exactly where its claims to notice and to approbation are least questionable. A very few extracts from the poems and letters written by the probationer in the course of his last illness would serve to show that he had at times, in a fashion of his own, "a heart for any fate;" but our space forbidding us to quote the whole collection, we can-

not hope to show in how notable a manner it was his habitual and customary way to smile cheerfully in the face of destiny when that face wore its worst frown. It is as if we were required to illustrate the genius of Beethoven, and were permitted to do so only by whistling snatches of his sonatas. Since nothing better however is possible, if we cannot give Davidson's sonatas, or any considerable specimen of their quality, as they came from his hands, we must be content to indicate, as we best can, a strain which runs through them all.

It is the old familiar strain of which love and death are alternate notes. With other imaginative writers, familiar only in fancy with the gloomier side of human experience, it is a strain of forced and rather tuneless melancholy. With Davidson, acquainted with the undertaker's shadow as with his own, it is one of easy, artless, melodious cheerfulness — always rippling out into laughter. What he wrote was not intended to be given to the world; but if his purpose had been to supply materials for a biography, it would have been clear that he was resolved to have nothing to say to readers who take pleasure in death-bed scenes, and that in fact he held such readers and their tastes in some considerable contempt. Not that, any more than the subject of the latest religious biography written *à la mode*, he was ignorant of the fact that death is no joke. He comforted others with sadness — deep and genuine sadness too — when they needed it, in regard to Death and his doings, though it was not his way to bestow that sort of consolation upon himself. To a friend who had suffered the loss of a daughter he wrote: "God himself can do much (in the way of comforting the sorrowful), and indeed the most that we can do is only to remind one another of *that*." Only the most Bœotian stupidity or the most senseless religiosity will discover any improper levity in the tone of a letter of his, in which the doom of death is registered upon authority only too indisputable, that of Professor Gairdner.

I am going to tell you a secret — "tell no man." Seriously, I had my chest once more looked into the other night by a Glasgow doctor. He told me my left lung is "affected;" a fact of which I have been perfectly well aware for many weeks past, but which now looms to me slightly larger through the haze of this professional confirmation. Now, that fact is a little unpleasant: in the great majority of cases the unpleasantness gradually deepens until it terminates in the plain "necropolitan." The coming winter, I suspect, will settle the matter (and possibly *me*). Now, you will un-

derstand that all this, except the hopeful possibilities it contains, is *entre nous*. (I wonder why I am betaking myself so much to my little stock of French. Perhaps it is that I am a little serious, and trying to seem the other. Well.) To people that inquire for me you will say that I am "middling;" that I am not *quite* ready yet for re-entering the "lists."

To say nothing of a deeply religious nature in him, his poetic gift was too large to admit of his wayfaring in the valley of the shadow of death and erring therein as a giggling fool might err. His levity, indeed, if any can be laid to his charge, is not a sign that with him the stream of proper feeling — proper according to every accepted rule — is shallow, but that it runs deeply, and therefore smoothly: the bubbles on the surface mark the depth and even flow of the current. To him the stern realities of life and death are so great and awe-inspiring, that, with the self-depreciation of a poetic soul he cannot allow himself to speak of them as if he could measure them with a foot-rule and enter them in a ledger; he indulges instead in a vein of banter, always at his own expense, to hide the fact that he is obliged to contemplate them in silence.

To a friend who noted in his altered looks the ravages of disease, and who advised him not to lose heart, he said, "There is no fear of my losing heart if I do not lose my lungs." The truth of this remark is what forces itself upon our notice as we peruse the correspondence with his friends, which he maintained as long as he was able to hold a pen. It challenges our attention in a variety of forms, one of the most striking of which is that of the probationer going on with his studies and his literary recreations as if his lungs were no less sound than his heart. "He resolved to study the early English dramatists, and his first weeks at home were spent in reading Marlowe, Greene, and Ben Jonson." This was previous to the occasion on which, as has been seen, his physician relieved him of bile by reducing him to a skeleton. But after that time, and when, in spite of further medical help, or in consequence of it, the skeleton which was left to him could with difficulty find its way from the fire-side to the garden, he had this account to give of work still in progress: —

We must all die, and we know that pretty well. But the feeling I used to have about it, and which I suppose most people have, was that over the hills and far away, and deep down in a certain "dowie home," sate that

Lean One playing with his dart, and that by the time I reached him I should be so wearied and jaded going up hill and down dale, that I should take the *coup de grace* at his hands not ungratefully. But all of a sudden, or comparatively of a sudden, this idea changed itself into the feeling that he was risen up and coming over the hills swiftly to meet me, and that at the top of the very next ridge or so I should infallibly have my weasand slit and the life let out of me. To speak plainly, during all the earlier part of last winter I fully expected to be gobbled up quite shortly. Now this change of feeling—especially if it be a sudden change—about the last incident is very apt to have a paralyzing effect upon some of one's faculties. At any rate one feels but little inclination to initiate anything—in the writing way, I mean. I therefore procured myself a grammar and dictionary, and sat down to learn the German language, and to see what should occur; I acquired the German language, and nothing occurred. I am alive, and can read Schiller and Goethe.

While he was waiting to see what would occur, something did happen—a report that he was dead came to his ears. He took up his pen and wrote a poem on the subject, a poem on which the labor of the file was not spared and was not wasted, but of which any specimen we could give would represent the whole only as a head or a leg might represent the human figure. Not even when death would brook no more delay, and pressed for his own as upon a bill long over-due, would the fainting student forswear his German or the poet and humorist lay aside his pen. He was laid prostrate by what he called a *dwam* (*Scotlicè* a fainting-fit), of which his correspondents heard nothing but the name for many weeks. This *dwam*, when the real nature of the seizure could no longer be concealed, was described by him in prose and verse.

About six or seven weeks ago, I had quite a thrilling and romantic visitation in the shape of bleeding at the lung. I don't know very well what brought it on: it may have been over-exertion in the way of walking or lifting weights; or it may have been the sudden swoop of severe weather which took place then; or it may have been a cold, for I had a cold,—we all had colds, and the whole household was in a state of "hoasts encountering hoasts," as the paraphrase has it. In short—

How it cam' let doctors tell—  
Ha! ha! the bleedin' o't!

Come it did—first two slight attacks which I suppressed, and then another one which caught me at the fireside reading "*Juventus Mundi*" after breakfast, and which was of too *fountaincous* a nature to be suppressed. My mother thought I was going to die; for my self, I had an avalanche of three hundred and

seventy-six thoughts at once; my sister went for the doctor—having some thought that there might be "succor in God and good leeching." In a minute or two the affair hushed itself up again for the time, and under persuasion of morphia its visits became more and more of the angelic kind—shorter and farther between—until in a week they happily ceased altogether. To-morrow it will be five weeks since I had the last of them. The morphia often made my eyes too heavy for reading, and to keep myself from moping during the demi-semi-lucid intervals, I endeavored to extract some faint amusement out of the attempt to lampoon myself and my rickety old lung. I send you the result, that you may see what I can do in the hobgoblin line.

Of the "lampoon," or, as he otherwise called it, "the hobgoblinade," which accompanied this letter, only a stanza or two from the first of the four parts of which it consists can be here given, but even this will perhaps suffice to show that Davidson had in him something of the quality of S. T. C.

#### A DOGGEREL ALLEGORY OF HEMOPTYSIS.

##### PART I.

(*The Singer catcheth Cold.*)

Last night I left my door ajar,  
To-day I much repent it;  
For there stepped one into the floor  
Unbidden and unwanted.

"I'm Death," said he. "I know," said I;  
"I know already; bless you,  
The merest babe could ne'er mistake  
That wondrous want of tissue."

Davidson had still to linger on a few months after finishing his "hobgoblinade." It was not the last effort of his muse. How the balance hung now for him in regard to the number of his days, or rather hours, was not doubtful, but he wasted no time watching it; he devoured books with as keen a relish as ever, and exercised his pen as long as he could hold it. He thought it shameful to "succumb" when, having borne up through a long winter, he "smelt spring air and saw the crocus again." No stain of shame, even of this kind, was to blur the white shield of a noble life which he had so far carried. His weekly letter, written on the 24th of April, was in his usual vein. "On the 29th he passed calmly away."

"His poems are as beautiful as flowers or birds, and the letters might have been written by a Scotch U. P. Charles Lamb." Such is the judgment pronounced upon the Scottish probationer by one of whom all Scotchmen are proud, whose approbation is worth a large measure of common renown. It is a judgment which will be

readily indorsed by all who read Davidson's poems and letters, after having cultivated a taste for poetry and for humor by reading "*Horæ Subsecivæ*." Davidson described himself, when, in his last unfinished poem, he said of his hero, —

It was his nature  
Rather to stoop than overstretch his stature.

This was his nature, and in this lies the secret of any mastery he attained in the art of living a noble life — that art which to him, as to most whose names are least perishable in the history of literature, was many arts in one. If it is a fashion for young men of parts to clutch at unripe fruit in the shape of literary distinction, it was a fashion which he could not follow. Expecting nothing from life except what was to be got by patient continuance in well-doing, and in doing things well, he learned to be, in the best sense, sufficient unto himself. His aim was not success, but merit. This was his merit, and it was his success. He did not go out to meet fame, therefore fame has come to him. His biographer remarks upon the rapid increase of his powers as his bodily strength declined, and appeals in proof of it to that concluding chapter from which our quotations have been drawn. Perhaps there was some increase of his powers, as, for certain, there was no failure. But it is more unquestionable that time had brought along with illness the opportunity to use his powers, than that bodily debility served to augment their volume, or intensify their action. To another mind than Davidson's, illness and the prospect of death would not have been literary advantages. But such they were to him. Opportunity came with them for the man to show what he was, and with it the opportunity for the poet and humorist to exercise his gifts on themes not unworthy of them, and in circumstances which lend to his work a dramatic interest. It was only to a nature like his, strong and self-possessed in virtue of its perfect modesty and sincerity, patient in well-doing, devoid of self-seeking, asking and expecting nothing from circumstances, that the valley of the shadow of death could have been a tolerable abode, a homely bit of the world in which it was not profane to be one's self and smile. In possession of such a nature, Davidson, as a poet and humorist, had not to go on any doubtful quest after themes, entertaining from their novelty or variety; those which were thrust upon him by that old Ishmael, whose hand is against us all, were those which his good

angel, jealous of his fame, might have prescribed for him; the oldest, and tritest, and dismalest became in his hands as fresh, and glowing, and lightsome as if nothing had been ever said or sung about them in an evil world, or in the language of mortals.

JOHN SERVICE, D. D.

From The Spectator.

#### KING JOHN OF ETHIOPIA.

ONLY those to whom the natives of every land on the far side of the Red Sea are merely "blacks" will fail to recognize in King John of Ethiopia, whose game of ambition our Abyssinian expedition helped to play, a striking and picturesque personage. As Kassa, prince of Tigre, claiming equal descent with Theodorus from King Solomon, he figured largely in the blue-books which formed an exceedingly interesting but little-read history of the events which preceded the expedition; and that impression is deepened by the account given by Mr. De Cosson, — who, in company with the late General Kirkham, visited King John at his camp, near Gondar, the ancient capital of Abyssinia, in 1873, — of the king and his surroundings. The country, its people, their ways, and their faith, are not like any of the African types in other portions of the continent, and yet they are not "Oriental," as we loosely, but always with the notion of Mohammedanism attaching to it, employ that word. They remind us of the Old Testament Scriptures; the whole picture is like that of the tribes and the feuds which we find in the book of Genesis and the books of the Kings; these four or five millions of warlike people, shut into their mysterious country by three great mountain ranges, are like Israelites with Christianity tacked on to them without any solution of continuity. Long before the king is reached, the traveller hears tales of him, — his strength, his wisdom, and his prowess in war. At Axum, the former capital of Tigre, he is shown the great monolith, seventy feet high, and told how Kassa used to cast his heavy spear over it — a great feat to do with an ordinary lance — and still practises this exercise when he comes to Axum. There is little disposition to "forward" a traveller, the disposition to keep their country free from the stranger being as strong as ever in the Abyssinians — and with reason, as any one may see who reads the article in last month's *Blackwood* on the Egyptian cam-



paign, and notes its sympathy with the American adventurers who *exploiter* the country in the interests of the khedive — but the king promises his help and protection to all who shall be properly recommended to him by the French consul at Massowah, and the reluctance of intervening personages has to give way. Not only did King John fulfil this promise in Mr. De Cosson's case, but, the traveller's road from the Takazze River to Ambachura passing through difficult, rock-strewn defiles, the king ordered that all obstacles should be cleared away along the line of march from the river to his mountain camp, from whence the great Lake Tyassa is visible. A league from the camp, Mr. De Cosson was met by a company of the king's guard, — commanded by a little lieutenant, who gave orders in English to the stalwart men, whose long rifles were decorated with jackals' tails, — and so escorted to the confines of the far-spreading camp, with its numberless tents; the king's tent and audience-hall, enclosed by a stout fence, standing on an elevated spot just below the grey craggy cone of the mountain. Here the traveller was met by the king's interpreters, Murcher and Maderakal, attired in long silk robes of honor, the king's gift; who conducted him to a tent close to the king's enclosure, which had been pitched expressly for the traveller, and spread with rich carpets from the royal treasury. So far, all was very dignified and grand; though the effect is a little injured, perhaps, by the interpreter communicating to the honored visitor the fact that, the Lent fast having come to an end on the previous night, they had all devoured so much raw meat, that to-day everybody was at home in bed, sleeping off the ill effects of the change from vegetable to animal food, but that on the morrow the king would receive his visitor, and celebrate Easter with a great state banquet. When Mr. De Cosson had taken possession of his tent, the king sent him two jars full of a dreadful drinkable, called *tedge*, fifty "breads," an antelope's horn full of salt and pepper, and a live cow, which was killed and cut up before his eyes, and the meat piled up inside the tent. He subsequently visited Murcher's house, which was, like all the Abyssinian houses, constructed of wood and branches; and there he saw a pretty sight, that of Murcher's horse forming one of the family circle. The beautiful, intelligent animal was lodged in a little thatched stall opening into the house, his neck adorned with a handsome chain, his food and drink given

him at regular intervals in a clean earthen dish, the corn being the same as that of which the household bread was made; he was regarded as a cherished friend and comrade. After the civilities of the king's interpreters came the good offices of the king's cook, who sent the honored guest four dishes of curry. The king's cook, who also acts as taster, is a great personage; he must be a priest, must have always led an irreproachable life, and is never permitted to marry.

Next day at dawn came one of the officers called *likamanguas*, splendidly dressed in a robe of flowered silk, with an India muslin *kuarie*, and silver-mounted pistols in his sash, to inquire after the traveller's health in his Majesty's name. He was one of those who have the privilege of wearing the same dress as his sovereign, and the dangerous distinction of going into battle similarly armed, so that the royal person may not be distinguished. Early in the afternoon came Maderakal, attended by an esquire, bearing the royal sword and shield, to conduct the stranger to the king's banqueting-hall. Drums and trumpets sounded; a salute was fired from a battery of brass howitzers as the guest entered the wooden, rush-roofed building, of oblong form and vast extent, with a double colonnade of tree-trunks leading to the centre, where, on a divan, raised high, and draped with purple velvet, sat King John of Ethiopia, cross-legged, a pair of English rifles, cocked and loaded, resting on the cushions to left and right of him, and his slippers of solid silver filigree on the carpet before him. By his side was a beautiful sword, with a sheath of velvet and enamel; on his head the great triple crown of Ethiopia flashed with gold and jewels; his robe was of cloth of silver, and over his brows hung a long veil of crimson silk, worn under the crown, and falling in heavy folds round the face. The barbaric splendor of that scene was perfect in every respect. Here are Mr. De Cosson's words, which fall, he says, far short of his impressions: "On either side of the throne stood two gigantic eunuchs, clad in shirts of purple and green silk, and holding drawn sabres. A swarthy guard of honor, dressed with equal magnificence, stood, also with drawn sabres, behind; while all around crowded the great officers of state and noted warriors, in long robes of silk and velvet of every color, the scarlet scabbards of their swords gleaming with gold and silver filigree, and their necks adorned with the skins of the lion and black panther. The



air shook with the wild notes of the trumpets and the roll of the drums." When Mr. De Cosson reached the throne and bowed, King John shook hands with him, and bade him welcome. Then the whole company seated themselves on the carpets (some which our queen had sent to Kassa, prince of Tigre) and the next arrival was of special interest. It was that of Ras Warena, who had ruled over all Amhara as an absolute prince until subdued by King John. He presented a most striking figure, as he walked up the centre of the hall, a rifle in one hand and a richly ornamented shield in the other. The conquered *ras*, tall, stout, very handsome, wore a splendid tippet of black panther-skin, enriched with clasps and bosses of gold filigree, which the king had just given him; a robe of the richest silk; on his right wrist a silver-gilt gauntlet, studded with gems, an especial mark of the king's favor; a splendid sword, and his carefully plaited hair was covered with a thin piece of white muslin, attached by a golden pin. His feet, like those of all present, were bare. Among the wild and splendid crowd was a veteran warrior, the oldest of the king's personal attendants, whose ninety years had not dimmed the fire in his dark eyes nor bowed the gaunt, tall figure, almost as straight as the silver matchlock in his hand; whose grey beard mingled with the tawny mane of the lion's skin thrown over his shoulder, and whose locks were bound with a silver crown. It is difficult to imagine this splendid assemblage sitting about the throne of the king, who is a great soldier, a just judge, and a powerful ruler; of distinguished and refined appearance, a fine horseman, a master of all athletic exercises; alike learned and practical in his religion, interested in other countries, and unquestionably the ablest prince who has been allotted to his own; and, after an Arabian-Night-like incident, *i.e.*, the passing of a long line of slaves bearing on their heads baskets covered with red cloth, containing flat-cakes called *tef*, of which they deposit one before each of the principal guests, all the effect of the beautiful and poetical scene being dispersed by the following proceedings: "Meanwhile, several cows had been slaughtered on the threshold of the hall, and large hunks of the raw and smoking meat were placed on the baskets, the stranger guest being first served. Two attendants then went round, one distributing knives from a case he carried at his side, and the other offering an antelope's horn full of mixed salt and

red pepper, for us to season the meat with. All the company then set to, and began to devour the raw cow's flesh with the greatest avidity." This barbaric banquet, with all its accessories of silken robes, beautiful weapons, delicate fabrics, rich gems, dark, handsome faces, with gleaming eyes and teeth, and braided hair, the scene a camp, and the guests fierce warriors, a conquered chieftain, and an English officer, is a combination whereon to exercise the liveliest fancy. The king sent his drinking-glass to Mr. De Cosson; it was a present from Queen Victoria, and had a head of Cupid painted on it. The glass was afterwards assigned to the guest's use during his stay, and he was frequently asked whether the head was not a portrait of her Majesty's eldest son. After the feast, a party of natives came dancing to the foot of the throne, led by a man wearing a lion-skin, who every now and then fired his gun in the air, and danced to his companions' chanting; he had slain a lion single-handed (considered a greater feat than the killing half-a-dozen men in battle), and had come to boast of it before the king. Next day Mr. De Cosson was invited to dine with King John — who had sent a strong escort to bring on the other travellers and their baggage, detained by the ill-will of the heads of certain villages and found everything different. The king and the court were simply clad in the universal garment of Abyssinia, a white blanket, or *kuarie*, with a crimson stripe. Red and white are the only colors worn in the country; because "our Lord, being innocent of all sin, was clothed in white until the day of his crucifixion, when blood flowed from his wounds and stained his garments red. In remembrance of this, the crimson stripe of the *kuarie* is worn over the left breast, that being the side where the lance pierced the body of our Lord." King John's head was uncovered this time, a small diamond pin in his braided hair and a string of silver beads on each ankle were his only ornaments; and this is Mr. De Cosson's description of the fiery soldier and clever politician, whom the writer in *Blackwood* treats as an ordinary savage, holding that his country would gain by being handed over to the civilizing influences which have rendered Egypt so free, so happy, so moral, and so rich, as all the world knows she is: "King Johannes is about thirty-five, and his stature somewhat under the middle height; his figure is perfectly proportioned, and indicative of great strength and endurance, his hands and feet are

very small and delicately shaped. His face is delicately moulded, the brow slightly retreating; the nose is aquiline, with very finely-formed nostrils; the eyes deep-set, and not very large, but singularly courageous and penetrating; the cheek-bones high for an Ethiopian; the mouth and chin sharply chiselled, and the ears almost as tiny and shell-like as a woman's." He is grand to see, mounted on his beautiful charger, with its elegant bossed harness and saddle-cloth, carrying his spear and his shield, bare-headed and bare-footed, the great toe of each foot only in the stirrup, which is merely a silver ring. He is a splendid shot, and very fond of firearms. He is entirely devoid of the boastfulness and the vanity which distinguish most "savage" princes, is very simple in his demeanor, of a secretive turn of mind and taciturn habit; is of a studious disposition, well read in the laws of Ethiopia, and of remarkable sobriety and piety of life. This account of King John, being given by one who resided in his camp for weeks, and persuaded him to write the letters to our government which conveyed his promise to suppress the slave-trade within his dominions, who had ample opportunities of studying the king's administration, and learning the truth about his relations with Egypt, is much more convincing than the "Notes of a Staff-Officer," who, perhaps, himself believes, but certainly wishes to make others believe, that Abyssinia is the aggressor in the quarrel with Egypt. "Facts," however, as Mrs. Gamp remarked, "bein' stubborn things, and not easy drove," it may be asked with some point, *à propos* of the imputed inroads of Abyssinia on Egyptian territory, how it happens that Galabat, where Mr. De Cosson afterwards attended a slave-market, wherein many Abyssinians and Gallos, male and female, were bought and sold, is now a frontier town of the Egyptian Soudan? It belonged in 1862, and for a long time after, to the kingdom of Ethiopia; and when Sir Samuel Baker presented his firman to the sheik Jumar, that personage told him that "this was Abyssinia, and the firman of the viceroy of Egypt was a bad introduction, as the Egyptians forced them to pay tribute at the point of the bayonet, although they had no right to enter this country; and that they paid taxes willingly to the king of Abyssinia, who had a right to exact them." The Egyptian case has a strong flavor of the wolf and lamb of that marvelously happy fable, which has been inter-

preted, illustrated, and justified by all the ages.

In the camp at Ambachura, King John of Ethiopia lived in this wise. At 3 A.M. every morning he rose, and read the psalms of David by candle-light for a couple of hours; then he went to church, after which he frequently sat fasting in open court to hear all cases that might be brought before him. The Old-Testament-like effect which the entire description creates is especially strong when we thus see the king, as supreme judge, "sitting in the gate." He is a just judge, if severe, according to our notions. "The rest of the day was divided between the necessary hospitalities of the camp, riding out to indulge in the martial game of *goaks*" — this resembles the *djerced*, as practised by the Moors while they still used the shield — "and in attending to State affairs. Two or three hours were reserved by his Majesty for study, while by nine he was in bed, as became one who rose so early."

It was afterwards General Kirkham's pleasant privilege to present to King John the great Abyssinian book of laws, which her Britannic Majesty's government had entrusted him with to give to the king. It had been brought to England after the defeat and suicide of King Theodorus. King John received this recovered treasure with great courtesy and gratitude, and ordered a copy of the queen's letter, in Abyssinian, to be placed in all the churches, that his people might know, as he said, the graciousness of "his Mother of England."

The whole story of the English officer's residence at the camp of King John reads — raw meat excepted — like one of the "Thousand and One Nights," — nothing more so than the parting incident, when Maderakal came to the stranger's hut, followed by some of the king's pages, leading a beautiful cream-colored horse, fully caparisoned in the Abyssinian fashion, the headstall and breastplate being profusely ornamented with plates and bosses of solid silver. "This was a present from his Majesty," says Mr. De Cosson, "who also sent me one of his shields, richly ornamented with silver work; a pair of the light spears or javelins with which Abyssinian horsemen are armed, and a mule, with a curiously-worked saddle of scarlet and green leather, which is called in Abyssinia 'the golden saddle,' and can only be conferred by the king, who permits none under the rank of *dedjatch-match* to use it." Why is not King John invited to visit England? He is a prince-

lier prince than the shah, and a cleaner liver than any sultan. He keeps his word when he has put it in writing, and he has made the most binding of oaths among his people, "By the death of Yohannes." Let us hope we might not wean him from his old virtues of piety, early rising, and doing his duty in person, not by deputy, that we might convince him that raw cow is vastly inferior as a festive viand to the roast beef of old England. King John of Ethiopia at the Mansion House, calling cousins, per favor of King Solomon, with the Earl of Beaconsfield, would be in earnest, not in the least *pour rire*, an edifying spectacle.

---

From The Examiner.

#### AN OBSOLETE VIRTUE.

THERE was once a virtue that everybody said was the most useful, and wholesome, and sensible, and self-rewarding that ever was. Everybody loved and respected it — even those who never thought of practising it. But so much was written and talked in its honor that there were few people who at some time or other did not make up their minds to practise it, and, just as the good books told them they would do, they always felt a glow of satisfaction whenever they had carried out their intention; though some of them only carried it out once or twice, and then gave it up again till the next time for making good resolutions arrived. That virtue, now so long forgotten that many of the present generation have never heard of it, was early rising. Its history is simple and sad: it was for a few centuries a habit; then, becoming rarer, it was promoted to a virtue, in which honorable dignity it was suffered to remain long after it had lost all influence; finally it was declared guilty of arrogance and keeping unseasonable hours, and, falling into disrepute, vanished, ashamed, into obscurity. Several persons of archaic disposition, especially schoolmistresses with a turn for inditing advice to the youthful female mind and getting it published, have, within the memory of man, tried to resuscitate the legendary honors of the fallen virtue, but such attempts were about as practical and as successful as if they had aimed at the revival of knight-errantry, and their main result was to arouse damaging attention and remind vivacious but lie-a-bed writers of small-talk essays of a palpable theme for sarcasms.

The change in the literature of early rising is indeed a noticeable phenomenon. During the epoch of mediæval superstition and barbarity when everybody got up early, it seems to have almost completely escaped the attention of poets and moralists, and such tributes to it as have been handed down to us are contained almost, if not altogether, exclusively in those pithy summaries of practical ethics called proverbs — terse axioms of experience which condense a whole code of policy into half-a-dozen words, but which do not concern themselves with the virtues from an unremunerative point of view. When the proverb tells us that

He that would thrive,  
Must rise at five;  
He that has thriven,  
May rise at seven,

it ascribes no moral superiority to the five o'clock over the seven o'clock riser; it simply recommends a line of conduct serviceable towards getting on in the world. And so with the other matutinal proverbs, we cannot in any way draw from them the inference that early rising was, in the times which gave birth to them, classed among the abstract virtues; neither can we draw from them the inference that it was not. They are economical recipes of the character of our own pet cut-and-dried phrases about small profits and quick returns, buying in a cheap market and selling in a dear, and so forth — phrases which would long since have been crystallized by rhyme or alliteration or homely metaphor into such familiar views as those which made the prudence of our ancestors' gospel to Hob and Wat and their babies, but for the disappearance of the gift of proverb-making from among a spelling-book-ridden and grammar-haunted generation. But the time came when early rising met with higher recognition than that of a few utilitarian proverbs. It is an invariable consequence of civilization that mankind comes to prefer being awake chiefly in the hours of artificial light and asleep chiefly by daylight, and thus, as civilization progressed, early rising became less and less customary, until at last it attained that degree of rarity which is essential to a virtue. The days of its triumph had arrived. The poet racked his imagination for many-hued pictures of the dawn, and sang of the healthfulness of getting damp with the pearly morning dew; the social philosopher expatiated on the righteous joys of being up before everybody else, the strengthening of the

moral tone, the improvement of the complexion, the increase of acquaintance with nature and of appetite for breakfast; the arithmetician did inspiring sums about the decades that would be added to life by rising every morning only a few hours sooner than fires are lit and sitting-rooms swept and dusted. From round-text copy-slips to epics early rising was the theme of every pen. And then, without transition and without premonitory signs, the reaction came.

The causes of the revulsion of style by which this disused and venerated practice became all at once a theme for reprobation and derision seem to have been several and dissimilar. One, and perhaps the most important, was doubtless the spirit of earnestness which, though already on the wane, was predominantly manifest among us a few years back. Persons who had decided on earnestness could not be content with lip-service; it could never be to their mind to recognize a duty, to praise a virtue, without strenuously putting it into action; they said early rising was wrong. Another cause was the spirit of levity of these latter days — that mocking spirit which rejoices in exhibiting time-honored respectabilities in the comic light and making, as it were, Aunt Sallies of the venerable idols of a didactic past. Yet another was what, for want of a name in classic English, must be called the spirit of topsyturveness — that which moves us to eulogize the modest merits of a Nebuchadnezzar, the first vegetarian, and the votary of a proud simplicity in days of effeminacy and luxurious apparel, and to despise the selfish cowardice of a Boadicea, taking with her in her chariot her two young daughters to face the missiles of the enemy, while she, safely ensconced behind them, displayed her skill in rhetoric — that which makes us intelligently deaf to any side but the other side, and vivaciously blind to whatever is not concealed by a millstone. Much also was due to the fact that there was nothing left to say in honor of early rising — no similes, no sums, no eloquence — all had been used up by that obtrusive class of persons which, in spite of malediction, has persevered through centuries in saying our good things before us. Obviously, when a subject has got to the stage in which nothing new can be said in its favor, the next thing for authors to do with it is to write against it.

Early rising, then, has become known among us as an act of arbitrary and un-Protestant asceticism — a vainglorious

piece of Pharisaism, to be abhorred of modest souls who sleep late and make no boast over their neighbors — a disorderly caprice of, and an infringement of the uniformity of domestic routine. It is impertinent, it is ridiculous. Frequently — alas! too frequently, for “sweet is sweet,” and a joke is a joke, “but while a little strange” — frequently is it observed that the early worm would not have been got by the early bird if he had stayed in his hole. It is asked why we should be set to imitate the lark and the lamb rather than the owl, the very bird of wisdom, and the victorious lion; how we can rise with the dawn when the dawn varies from four A.M. in summer, to noon, or not at all in winter; why we should lengthen our lives by getting up early more than by sitting up late; and, if it has not been added it might be, what is the use of getting an appetite for breakfast when you cannot get the breakfast? And, whatever amount of argument there may be in the questions with which it is now customary to answer the ancient parables and precepts, who shall deny the relevancy of that last? In it he who runs may read the monumental vale of early rising: it is an anachronism. In 1877 servants like a long night’s rest, and they like it to begin late. And they do not like masters and mistresses getting up before they do: they discourage it.

But, whatever other guilt there may be in early rising, the reproach that it is Pharisaic is now in itself an anachronism. There is no pomp of conscious virtue about early rising now: if we commit it we are abashed and secret. Should some ill chance require avowal we admit the practice timidly, we are humbled by our malfeasance, we make haste to forestall the coming ridicule by laughing at ourselves; we say the things about the early worm; we put forward our excuses deprecatingly, as who would lie as late as the latest if we could have our will; we hug ourselves when we hear of a fellow-culprit and endeavor anxiously to make out that he is a quarter of an hour the sooner. The pickpocket may be proud — in fitting company — but not the early riser.

And yet something might be said in favor of lengthening our forenoons — or rather, of having forenoons at all, for that part of the day, more and more curtailed, is fast disappearing from our practical existence. Much of the hurry that wears the lives of business and professional men is due to that crowding the appointments of the day into three or four hours, to which, if they do not condemn themselves,

others condemn them; they are perpetually straining their energies to get in 360 minutes between midday and four o'clock. Seamstresses lie in bed late because they sit up late; but would it not be better for them to use the early daylight than to work on wearily through the night and blind themselves over their needles by candlelight? And so with other callings, both men's and women's, might not the work, with advantage both to the work and to the workers, be begun sooner in the day, to end the sooner? It will come to that again in the end. Meals, occupations, amusements, grow later to hour after hour, till at last custom will have gone round the clock, and passed on from rising at sunset to beauty-sleep and eight o'clock breakfast. But that will take a generation or two. Meanwhile, a large number of persons, the majority even in London perhaps, and certainly the majority in the United Kingdom, follow the fashion of lateness after Charles Lamb's method of measuring his office time — they get up late, "but then they go to bed so early." To have legislated all night, or to have danced all night, is full reason for sleeping away the next morning, and after all it is only keeping good hours for the antipodes, but there are households by the million which, having neither duty nor amusement to keep them up, get into bed at a punctual or even a premature ten, and barely manage to be up in time for breakfast at a lagging nine. In ancient times these would have been exposed to unpleasant references to the ways of the ant, but there are no sluggards now, only people too wise to waste the precious hours by being out of bed earlier than they can help.

---

From The Ladies' Treasury.  
ABOUT BEES.

"THE baby-bee destined only for work finds herself, on emerging from the egg, an inhabitant of one of those common six-sided cells which appears so proportioned as in some measure to limit her growth, and thus prevent her from attaining her full development. To this outward restriction is superadded an inward check in the quality of the food administered by her nurses. Instead of the 'royal jelly,' that stimulating and nutritious extract pre-

pared only for the queen, her infancy is supported on the simple fare of bee-bread, which, while it suffices to bring to maturity every useful endowment of activity, affords no food for the development of the sensual and vindictive passions, and with all these smothered in the cradle, our worker comes forth matured in all apian excellence — of modest habits, a nun among insects, and a very 'sister of charity' among her fellows." Drones are male bees; they have no stings; their bodies are long and clumsy. They are of the least valuable class in the bee community; out of thousands of these idlers one only is serviceable as a husband for the queen. Their life is precarious, being sometimes limited to a few hours or a few days; perhaps a few weeks in the summer days between April and August, for when the queen has chosen her mate those drones are killed by a general massacre. They are helpless, having no stings, and fall quickly under those of the busy workers. It is not always that recurrence is had to this mode of destruction. From July to September, when the drones are weakly, they wander from the hive and fall to the earth starved, but if they have age and strength they are harassed by the workers, who worry and sometimes sting them. If they do not take these warnings and disappear from the community, then they are killed and thrown out of the hive. If the hives have scant store of honey, no drones will be reared during the winter. Bees discard all laggards who in idleness consume provisions. The drone selected by the queen while in the air to be the father of her family is needed but once to perpetuate the race, consequently they are useless after this; and it is said that no drones are raised until the queen-bee is quite old, when of necessity a number are required, as the chances are if there were fewer, the queen who leaves the hive unaccompanied would not chance to meet any unless they were numerous. There are drone-cells, worker-cells, and queen-cells. Whenever the condition of a colony of bees requires drones, the bees prepare the cells, if they have no drone-cells made, and, if drone-cells already exist, but have been filled with honey, the bees cut them down and otherwise prepare them for the eggs which are to produce drones; but this is never done till a good supply of honey from flowers is obtained, whence simultaneously all good stocks of bees rear drones.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1734. — September 8, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH, . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . .	579
II. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part XI., . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . .	593
III. NELSON IN THE BAY OF NAPLES, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	602
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXVII., . . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar,</i> . . . .	611
V. HARRIET MARTINEAU, . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . .	617
VI. NORWAY AND THE MAELSTROM, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	627
VII. GENERAL IMPRESSIONS, . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i> . . . .	630
VIII. MR. PONGO, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	633
IX. THE MONGOOSE, . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . . .	636
X. MUSHROOM CULTIVATION IN JAPAN, . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . . .	639
XI. THE PROTECTION OF IRON AGAINST RUST, . . . .	<i>Popular Science Review,</i> . . . .	640

## POETRY.

A SYLVAN REVERIE, . . . .	578   MORNING-GLORY, . . . .	578
---------------------------	------------------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## A SYLVAN REVERIE.

SCENE. — HAWARDEN PARK. — Mr. Gladstone discovered engaged in felling a tree, surrounded by fourteen hundred Liberals of Bolton. He strikes a few blows; the crowd cheer vociferously. Mr. Gladstone pauses from his labors, reflects a few moments, and then sings *sotto voce* : —

How sweet are the sounds of the popular voice

In an ex-ministerial ear !

How surely I know that the national choice  
Must go with the noisiest cheer !

As I gaze upon votaries faithful as those,

And their incense of worship ascends,

I forget for a moment the malice of foes

And — still better — the coldness of friends.

I feel I am great, and I know I am good,

And no longer regret my position

As statesman who's taken to chopping of wood

And abandoned the paths of ambition.

Is it vanity prompting me ? is it self-love ?

Can I, safe in my conscience, decide

That it is not such feelings my bosom that move ?

Yes . . . I think it's legitimate pride.

I am not — or I hope not — a lover of praise ;

I am humble — I hope so at least.

It will do me no harm — on occasional days —

Such a rich popularity-feast.

For perhaps I *am* great, and I think I am good,

And it's surely a mark of submission

To take, though a statesman, to chopping of wood,

And abandon the paths of ambition.

[*He strikes a few more blows with his axe : then again pauses. The cheering is renewed.*]

How simple I look ! how unconsciously grand,

As I rest from my toil for a space,

With my waistcoat thrown off, and my axe in my hand,

And humanity's dew on my face !

Oh, my brethren in toil, who stand wond'ring around,

By what ties have I bound you to me !

An orator, scholar, and statesman renowned,

Condescending to cut down a tree !

Yes, I know I am great, something tells me I'm good ;

And I feel it's a lofty position,

A statesman's, who's taken to chopping of wood,

And forsaken the paths of ambition.

[*He gazes round him for a few moments with visibly increasing complacency.*]

The consular woodman ! this citizen-host !

Could the old world's imperial queen

In the days of her early simplicity boast

A more nobly republican scene ?

Let me think, as I watch the admirers who note

The simple pursuits of my home,

Of Lucius Quinctius summoned by vote

Of the State from the furrow to Rome.

Yes, I feel I am great, and I know I am good,

And I'm greater by far, with submission,

As statesman, when occupied chopping of wood

Than when treading the paths of ambition.

But Rome ? Is it Roman or Greek that's recalled ?

'Tis the heroes so dear to my pen,

Pelides, whose war-cry the Trojans appalled,

Agamemnon the leader of men.

For have I not led men aright when astray ?

Turned them back from the false to the true ?

And do not the Tories and Turks with dismay

Recollect what my war-cry can do ?

Yes, yes, I am great, and I surely am good,

Or I could not endure the position

Of statesman resigned to the chopping of wood,

And renouncing the paths of ambition.

But both Roman dictator and Danaan chief

In one cardinal point I excel,

For I am — as I hazard the humble belief —

Conscientiously Christian as well.

And content with all this, let detractors repeat —

As with angry persistence they do —

That my claim to their homage I p'r'aps might complete

Were I only an Englishman too.

Let them rave — I am great ; let them sneer — I am good ;

And they vex not the happy condition

Of statesmen who, taking to chopping of wood,

Have abandoned the paths of ambition.

Pall Mall Gazette.

## MORNING-GLORY.

WONDROUS interlacement !

Holding fast to threads, by green and silky rings,

With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings ;

Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,

Sturdy morning-glory ;

Creeping through the casement,

Slanting to the floor in dusty shining beams,

Dancing on the door in quick, fantastic gleams,

Comes the new day's light, and pours in tideless streams,

Golden morning-glory.

In the lowly basement,

Rocking in the sun, the baby's cradle stands ;

Now the little one thrusts out its rosy hands ;

Soon his eyes will open ; then in all the lands

No such morning-glory !

Transcript.



From The Edinburgh Review.

## THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH.\*

WILLIAM HARRISON, the author of this account of England in the days of Shakespeare's youth, was, when Holinshead applied to him to furnish descriptions of Britain and England as an introduction to his well-known "Chronicles," a country clergyman, rector of Radwinter, near Colchester, and domestic chaplain to Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham. In some respects he might have been thought singularly unfitted for the task, for on his own confession he had never travelled "forty miles forth right," or right on end, "in one journey in all his life." In others no better man could have been found for the purpose. He was the friend of Camden and Smith and Lambarde, and had all the book-learning on the topography and antiquities of the country at his fingers' ends; besides he had long been engaged in compiling a "Chronologie" of his own, to which these descriptions, which he modestly calls a "pamphlet" in his preface to his patron, were mere child's play. The indefatigable Mr. Furnivall, to whom the world is indebted for this reprint, has succeeded in ferreting out from the Diocesan Library of Derry in three enormous volumes the MS. of that "Chronology" which Harrison considered his *magnum opus*, and to which he refers in his "Description." In this compilation he had amassed an enormous amount of information, and out of this, together "with letters and pamphlets from sundrie places and shires of England," he, in a comparatively short space of time, completed his "Descriptions," though not altogether to his own satisfaction, for in the same preface he calls it "a foule frizeled treatise to stand in lieu of a description of my Countrie." "But," he adds, "howsoever it be done, and whatsoever I have done, I have had an especial eye unto the truth of things." It is evident from this account of the "Description" that it was likely to be a production of very unequal interest. Whole

chapters are, as Mr. Furnivall points out, mere stuffing and padding derived from the works of other writers, while in all that depended on Harrison's own observation there is a life and freshness which are irresistibly attractive.

We may as well dispose of the few particulars known of Harrison's life before we turn to the "Description" itself. "Happily for us," says Mr. Furnivall in his peculiar style, "William Harrison was not one of those dignified prigs who are afraid of writing about themselves in their books." He tells us in the "Description" that he was born in London, and he mentions the fact more particularly in his "Chronologie" under the year 1534. "The author of this boke is borne upon ye 18 of Aprill, hora 11, minute 4, secunde 56, at London, in Cordwainer Streete, otherwise called bowe lane, in ye house next to the holly lambe towards Chepeside, and in ye parish of St. Thomas the Apostle." Living in the neighborhood, he was sent to St. Paul's School, then the most famous place of education in England; but we are not quite sure that Mr. Furnivall is right in saying that Harrison was at Westminster School as well; for though he says at p. 83 of his "Description" that he was "sometimes an unprofitable grammarian in Westminster School, under the reverend father Master Nowell, now deane of Paul's," we think the word "grammarian" might imply that he was not a learner but a teacher of grammar in that celebrated school. Whether he were at one or both of those schools, there is no doubt that he was both at Oxford and Cambridge, and of each he spoke with equal love. In 1569 he proceeded to the degree of bachelor of divinity at Cambridge under a grace which calls him an M.A. of Oxford of seven years' standing. Before this in 1558-9, while domestic chaplain to Lord Cobham, he had been inducted to the rectory of Radwinter, on the presentation of his patron, a preferment which he held till his death. Let no one be startled to hear — though many in his own day were shocked at it — that Harrison was a pluralist. He was not at all like one of our recent modern pluralists rectors of Much and Little Hadham; for the clear yearly

\* *Harrison's Description of England in Shakespeare's Youth.* The 2nd and 3rd Books, edited from the first two editions of Holinshead's Chronicle, by F. J. FURNIVALL, for the New Shakspere Society. London: 1877.

value of Radwinter Rectory was 21*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, tithes 2*l.* 3*s.* 2 1-2*d.*; while that of Wimbish Vicarage, his other living, was 8*l.*, tithes 16*s.*: 32*l.* 10*s.* 6 1-2*d.* in all. By this scanty pittance he supported himself, his wife, and his children, on an income which he made up to 40*l.* a year, and though he could not be called "rich" with that annual income, it was enough for his wants. On it he spent the best part of his life at Radwinter working away at his "Chronology," running up for a month or two to write this pamphlet his "Description" away from his books, bringing up his children not without the use of the rod,\* and even collecting Roman coins, which were probably to be had for the asking, and not run up to fabulous prices as at our modern auctions. He took pains with his garden, too, in which, though its area covered but three hundred feet of ground, there was "a simple" for each foot of ground, "no one of them being common or usually to be had." Sometimes we gather from his preface that he paid a visit to Lord Cobham in Kent, but wherever he was we may be sure, from his "Description," that he kept his eyes open, and saw all that was to be seen. We suppose that his "Description," must have brought him fame. Perhaps the high praise which he paid to Elizabeth, and the good testimony which he bore to the virtue of her court, fell gently on the royal ear. On April 2, 1586, William Harrison was appointed canon of Windsor, and at once installed. This preferment he held for seven years. In 1593 he died, apparently at Windsor, and was buried there, though there is no record either of the day of his death or of the place of his interment.

Turning now to this "Description of England" by this shrewd observer, it is with some regret we find that Mr. Furnivall has not thought the first book, the "Description of Britaine," sufficiently interesting to reprint. He calls it "a long and dull historical and topographical book,"

\* In book iii., which is to form the second volume of this reprint, Harrison says, speaking of his mastiff, "If I had beaten anie of my children he would gentlie have assaied to catch the rod in his teeth and take it out of my hand, or else pluck down their clothes to save them from the stripes." In which perhaps we see the old school usher peeping out.

and even lays on it the blame that the "Description of England" is not "a thousand times more widely known." It is perfectly true that any stick will serve to beat a dog; but, to our minds, who have known Harrison long before this reprint was thought of, the 1st book is as interesting as the 2nd or 3rd, and some readers might think it more so. A better reason might be the length to which the reprint of Harrison's "Pamphlet" would have run, if all these three books had been published by the New Shakspeare Society; but this is scarcely a sufficient excuse. In such matters it is never worth while to make two bites of a cherry, and it could have mattered little to the members of the New Shakspeare Society if Harrison's "Description" had filled two or three volumes, except that in the first case they would have been put into possession of a mutilated and in the second of a complete edition of the work. We must, however, be thankful for what we have got, and after this protest we turn to Mr. Furnivall's reprint of the second book.

As a Churchman it is not unnatural that Harrison should begin with the constitution of the Church in England. Standing between the new state of things in England and the old, while he inveighs against the abuses of the Church of Rome he is not silent as to the evils peculiar to the Reformation. If he calls Becket in his first chapter "the old cock of Canterburie," after whom "all the young cockerells of other sees crowed," and complains of the pride and sloth and luxury of Romish times, he is not slow to remark how the recent suppression of conferences of the clergy and laity by the ecclesiastical authorities had worked perniciously to the Reformed Church; for those gatherings and conferences, or "prophecyings" as they were also called, "stirred the parsons to applie to their bookes, which otherwise would give themselves to hawking, hunting, tables, cards, dice, tipling at the alehouse, shooting of matches, and other like vanities." At the same time Harrison complains of the burdens which were laid upon an impoverished Church now that it had been stripped of its lands and possessions, so that it has "now become the asse

whereon every market man is to ride and cast his wallet." The prelates of old were covetous and the pope grasping after first-fruits and Peter's-pence; but what was to be said of the covetousness of patrons under the new system? Of whom some "do bestow advowsons upon their bakers, butlers, cooks, falconers, and horse keepers," while others forced them to pay for their "hawkes-meat," or to let glebes to them for a tenth of their value, and so "scrape the wool from the cloaks of us parsons." Nor are the glimpses which he gives us of the condition of the fabrics of the churches themselves without interest, as when he notes how Popish "images and monuments of idolatrie are remooved from the churches," "onlie the stories on glasse windows excepted which are let to stay for a while from the scarcity and cost of white glass." In his treatment of saints' days Harrison is thoroughly Protestant, and makes a proposition to combine the religious and civil holidays, which would bring tears into the eyes of those earnest young men and women who date their letters on the "Vigil of St. Brice" or on the "Feast of St. Machutus." Thus, though he expresses great satisfaction at the reduction of saints' days in the calendar to twenty-seven, while under the pope they were "four score and fifteene, together with superfluous numbers of idle wakes, guilds, fraternities, church-ales, help-ales, and soule-ales called also dirge-ales, and heathenish rioting at bride-ales," he adds, "And no great matter were it if the feastes of all our apostles, evangelists, and martyrs, with that of all saints, were brought to the holidays that follow upon Christmasse, Easter, and Whitsuntide; and those of the Virgin Marie with the rest utterlie removed from the calendars, as neither necessarie nor commendable in a reformed church." In dress the reformed ministers presented a praiseworthy and remarkable contrast to that of their Popish predecessors. "Those blind Sir Johns, who went either in diverse colors like plaiers, or in garments of light hew as yellow, red, greene, etc., with their shoes piked; so that to meet a priest in those daies was to behold a peacock that spreadeth his taile

when he danseth before the henne." The hint may be of use to the variegated section of our modern clergy.

As for the universities, though he praises Henry VIII. for reproving his courtiers when they wished him to divide among them the estates of those learned bodies as he had done those of the Church, he is so far from finding the education of young men at Oxford and Cambridge perfect, that he deplores over and over again "the packing and bribery practised at elections for fellowships and scholarships," and how "poore men's children are commonly shut out by the rich, whose sons ruffle and roist it out, exceeding in apparel, and haunting riotous companie, which draweth them from their bookes unto another trade." In one point Harrison is quite agreed with our modern university reformers. He is dead against "idle fellowships," and declares that after forty years of age such men become drones and "live on the fat of the colleges, withholding better wits from the possession of their places." "Long continuance at the university," he declares, "is either a signe of lacke of friends, or of learning, or of a good and upright life; as Bishop Fox sometimes noted, who thought it sacrilege for a man to tarrie any longer at Oxford than he had a desire to profit." In spite of all this the professors and the workingmen at the universities were equal to the best in any foreign nation, and if they would only give up going to Italy, from which they generally returned corrupted, Harrison would be quite satisfied with them. The general ignorance and incompetence of the country clergy, noted by almost every divine of the time as well, drives Harrison to another proposition in which neither the patrons of livings in his own nor in our age would be likely to agree. He thinks that the university authorities should have the sole power of appointing to Church livings; for if "this order were taken, then should the Church be provided of good pastors by whom God should be glorified, the universities better stored, the Simoniackal practices of patrons utterlie abolished, and the people better trained to live in obedience to God and their prince, which were an happie estate."

So wrote Harrison of the Church and the universities, painting his description in sad and sober grey; for to no writer, however able, is it given to rise above the circumstances which surround him, and from the conditions of his existence; and the eyes of a man insensibly catch the color of his cloth. William Harrison certainly is no exception to the rule. He was a country parson with poor preferment, and his book is sobered and saddened by the hard experiences of his daily life. But for all that — though he often hardly seems to see it — it was an age of wonderful progress, and the England of the Virgin Queen was striding towards wealth and power at a pace which would have astonished the cautious Henry VII.; just as the stingy George III. would rub his eyes and wring his hands could he behold this imperial London of Victoria, with all its wealth and luxury. Henry VIII. had created the young giant and set him, so to speak, on his legs, and though Mary had done her best to bind him with spiritual swaddling clothes, he had cast them off and was now rejoicing to run his course in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

At no time had the lower nobility and the gentlemen and merchants had such a field for advancement. The Wars of the Roses and the policy of Henry VII. had broken and almost destroyed the old nobility of the land, and under Henry VIII. the power of the Church was uprooted, and its estates bestowed on new comers. There never had been such days for new men, and the new men were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunity. As for the old temporal peers, they had dwindled to one marquis, Winchester, twenty earls, two viscounts, and forty-three barons. There had been dukes in England, and one duke even in Elizabeth's reign; but before Harrison wrote the treacherous nature of the Duke of Norfolk had found its fitting end on the scaffold, and Harrison, in this as in many others the *laudator temporis acti*, does not fail to remark, "The title of duke . . . now a name of honor, although perished in England, whose ground will not long beare one duke at once; but if there were many as in time past, or as there be now earles, I do not think but that they would flourish and prosper well enough." That they have so flourished and prospered since Harrison's time, any one may see who will turn to the peerage and count our modern dukes, when it will not be unprofitable also to reckon the number of marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons which the age of

Victoria has to set against that of Elizabeth. So much for the "lords temporal," but where came the bishops in Harrison's days? He classes them with "lords of office," or what we should call "life-lords."

Unto this place [he says] I refer our bishops who are called lords and hold the same room in the Parliament-house with the barons . . . and whose countenances in time past were much more glorious than at this present it is; because these lustie prelates sought after earthlie estimation and authoritie with farre more diligence than after the lost sheepe of Christ. . . . Howbeit in these days these estates remaineth no lesse reverend than before. . . . They retaine also the ancient name "lord" still, although it be not a little impugned by such as love either to heare of change of all things or can abide no superiors.

Passing from these remnants of a temporal and spiritual past, Harrison proceeds, in his account of the degrees of people in England, to the great class of gentlemen out of which in due time a new nobility was to be created. "Gentlemen," according to him, "be those whom their race and blood, or at the least their virtues, do make noble and knowne." Thus there are gentlemen whose ancestors are known to have come in with the Conqueror, and others who having distinguished themselves in arts or in arms "can live without manuell labor." "Such a man," adds Harrison ironically, "who will bear the porte, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, shall for monie have a cote and arms bestowed upon him by heralds . . . and be called 'Master,' which is the title that men give to esquires and gentlemen, and be reputed a gentleman ever after. By this arrangement the crown loses nothing; for the gentleman, when called to the warres pays for his own outfit. His title hurts no man but himself; if he chooses to walk in 'wider buskens than his legs will beare,' or as the proverb says 'bear a bigger saile, than his boat is able to 'susteine.'" From all which it is easy to see that our worthy Essex rector thought little of such herald's gentlemen, while he esteemed greatly gentlemen of Norman blood; "for of the Saxon races yet remaining," he says, "we now make none accompt." But in nothing, perhaps, does he show his sturdy old conservative nature more characteristically than in the way in which he inveighs against foreign travel, and noblemen and gentlemen sending their sons to Italy, "from whence they bring home nothing but meere atheisme, infidelitie, vicious con-

versation, and ambitious and proud behavior." As for unhappy Italy, to which England as well as all the world had been so indebted, the very mention of her name acts on Harrison as red cloth to a bull—he bellows and stamps the ground, and can find no worse epithet for a gentleman or a scholar of that day than to say that he is "Italionate."

Another class had enormously increased in England in those latter days, and that in a way not altogether to Harrison's liking. These were the merchants. There were too many of them—just as there were too many lawyers, a profession worse even to Harrison than Italians—and they sinned in two ways; first in carrying the necessities of life out of the land to other countries, and so making them dear at home, and secondly in having a monopoly of foreign trade, and so keeping up the price of imports. "In times past," groans Harrison in accents which it would have done Cobden good to hear, "when the strange bottoms were suffered to come in, we had sugar for fourepence the pound, that now is worth halfe a crowne; raisons or corints [raisins and currants] for a penie, that now are holden at sixpence, and sometimes at eight and ten pence the pound; nutmegs at twopence halfepenie the ounce. Ginger at a penie an ounce . . . cinnamon at foure pence the ounce, cloves at two pence an ounce, and pepper at twelve or sixteen pence the pound." Lest any one should think that the price of spices such as cinnamon, cloves, or nutmegs could not be a serious object to householders in any age, they must remember that old English cookery made very great use of them, and that many of the dishes in that age were rendered as nauseous with cloves and nutmegs as that most famous but most disgusting of all dainties, "lamb stuffed with assafætida." Worse still, these wicked merchants were not content with their old trade to "Spaine, Portingal, France, Flanders, Danske, Norwaie, Scotland, and Irelande onelie;" but have "soughte out the East and West Indies, and made," to Harrison, "suspicious voiajes not onlie unto the Canaries and New Spaine, but likewise unto Cathaia, Moscovia, Tartaria, and the regions there about, from whence, as they saie," but Harrison does not believe them, "they bring home great commodities. But alas, I see not by all their travell that the prices of things are in any whit abated." In all which who does not hear the cry re-echoed in this age too by all who have fixed incomes, that everything gets

dearer and dearer, while their means to provide for themselves and their families grow less and less? Whatever we may think of our own time, we see clearly that Harrison's outcry against merchants and their prices is but a confession of the increase of England's wealth and prosperity, in an age when those very merchants with their bold ventures were laying the foundations of that enormous system of trade which has made England the mistress of the world. Even for the monopolies of which he complains much might he said. They were as useful in the infancy of commerce as they are prejudicial to its maturity, as encouraging a new class of men to risk their capital in enterprises on which without that security they could not have been induced to embark. They were the ladder by which England climbed to the top of the tree, and it would be as unphilosophic to abuse them in Elizabeth's reign as it would be false political economy to advocate their continuance in an age when commerce needs no leading-strings.

Besides the merchants there were yeomen in England, a class which will soon be as extinct among us as the woolly-haired rhinoceros and the cave-bear of our prehistoric period. A yeoman, according to Harrison, was "a freeborne Englishman who could spend of his owne free land in yearlie revenue six pounds." They lived well and worked hard, and made money by the increased price paid for their produce. So that these little farmers, too, had a share in the national advancement, and were able to buy out poor gentlemen, and, educating their sons at schools and universities, so made them gentlemen, and left them capital. "These were they," says Harrison with honest pride, "that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called 'Master' as gentlemen are"—like Master Shallow—"or 'Sir' as to knights appertaineth"—like Sir John Falstaff—"but onelie 'John' and 'Thomas,' "yet have they been founde to have doone verie good service; and the kings of England, in foughten battels, were woont to remaine among them, who were their footmen, as the French kings did amongst their horsemen; the prince thereby shewing where his chiefe strength did consist." Such were the yeoman of Harrison's time, worthy sons of those who had conquered at Cressy, Agincourt, and Flodden. Men who afterwards went with Sidney and the Veres and Ogle to the Low Countries, who steadily withstood the Spantards at Nieuport, and defied the leaguer of Ostend.

As Cromwell's Ironsides they broke the power of Charles and his Cavaliers, and swarmed up to London with Monk when the second Charles came to what he called his own again. When England began to maintain a regular standing army, and military service was no longer national but mercenary, we do not find the yeomen so constant to the wars. But their arms were felt at Landen and Neerwinden under William of Orange, and they helped to win the wonderful series of victories which adorn the career of Marlborough. Perhaps there were still a few of them at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and at Culloden the Butcher Cumberland may have led some against the Highland clans. Wellington's glorious campaigns were fought and his victories won by armies moulded out of such vile materials, that they justified the remark that a good general can make a soldier out of anything. Certainly there were few yeomen in his ranks. In these modern times if we ask for the English yeoman and what has become of him, the answer must be a reference to those Domesday Books of the three kingdoms which tell the fatal truth that the land of Great Britain and Ireland has passed into the possession of a few thousand owners, who, if they were all mustered, would not make up one of the *corps d'armée* of Germany or France. Things of course might be worse even than this, and we may still come to that worse condition. We remember that Sparta, the soldier-state when ancient Greece was Greece indeed, had passed, when the Romans took possession of it, into the hands of one or two heiresses.

The fourth and last class of the English community are the day-laborers and artificers. As for slaves and bondsmen, says Harrison, "we have none." Nay, "if anie come hither from other realms, so soone as they set foote on land they become as free of condition as their masters." These laborers and artificers have no rule in the country but are to be ruled, though sometimes they serve the State on inquests, and are made churchwardens, sidesmen and aleconners, "and even constables." But this class, too, was feeling the prosperity of the times and the growing wealth of the upper classes. As for the artificers, they never had more encouragement and were never better workmen, but they labored under a great fault, that of scamping their work, and "so bungle up and despatch many things, they care not how so they be out of their hands, whereby," adds Harrison, "the buier is often

sore defrauded and findeth to his cost that hast maketh wast according to the proverbe;" where again one might fancy he heard an employer of labor under Victoria complaining that the British workman was going to the dogs, and took no heed of the way in which his work was turned out so that he had got it done. And yet whenever any piece of plate or furniture or needlework of the Elizabethan age turns up in an auction room we rush to pay fool's prices for it, and carry it off declaring that the English handicraftsmen in those days were very different and very much better than those of our own time. But the branch of laborers which most showed the luxury of the times was that of the serving-men, whose numbers were such that Harrison calls them "great swarmes." Of course great swarmes, and especially "idle swarmes," of servants mean rich masters. It is in vain that Harrison quotes the proverb, "Young serving-men old beggars;" "for them as much as now service was no inheritance," or, as he calls it, "none heritage." In vain, too, he points out that such idle fellows "are enemies to their masters, to their friends, and to themselves." To support them their masters are driven to extortion towards their tenants from whom these very serving-men sprang. In this was they injure their friends and waste young gentlemen's estates. As for themselves they take in the end to highway robbery, and so come to the gibbet. England keeps more of them than any other nation, and "the number of such idle vagabonds should be lessened, else it will be worse for the state." Yet in spite of these and other protests the swarms of serving-men went on increasing.

So many degrees of men and such increase of idleness means so many more mouths to be fed; and this, says Harrison, is all the more serious, "because the situation of our region being near unto the north doth cause the heate of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force; therefore our bodies doo crave a little more ample nourishment than the inhabitants of the hotter regions." "It is no marvel, therefore, that our tables have always been more plentifully garnished than those of other nations, and even the Scots," says Harrison, "have of late years given themselves under verie ample and large diet and now exceed us in tabling and belly-cheere." Very different were they from the North Britons of more ancient times who supported themselves for days in their bogs and marshes on a "certain



confection" of the size of "a beane;" or better still on nothing at all, by merely creeping up to their chins in water, and so "qualifying the heat of their stomachs." Either of which practices we recommend for adoption to the Local Government Board as a safe way both of reducing the rates and the population. Not at all after this old Scottish sort was the diet of the Englishman of Harrison's time, though here again the groan against luxury and increased prices is heard. "Here," he says, "it is lawful for every man to feede upon whatsoever he is able to purchase, except it be upon those daies whereon eating of flesh is especially forbidden by the laws of the realme," where he is too good a Protestant to admit that this regulation had anything to do with the old Popish restraints, and tells us "this order is taken onelie to the end that our numbers of cattle may be the better increased, and that abundance of fish which the sea yieldeth more generally received." As to which we only say that we wish an order were now taken which should make butchers' meat cheaper, or which could bring fish at a moderate cost to our doors. Still in spite of this order, and the great increase of prices, Harrison finds that whereas what he calls white meats, that is milk, butter, and cheese, were in old times the main fare of the better classes, they were in his time, "though very deer, onelie eaten by the poor," while all other classes ate flesh, fish, and "wild and tame fowles." As for the nobilitie — whose cooks were for the most part "musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers" — there was no end to their number of dishes and change of meat. "Every day they had beef, mutton, veale, lambe, kid, pork, conie, capon, or pig" — sucking pig we suppose when in season — "together with red or fallow deer, fish and wild fowle," with sundry other delicacies "wherein the sweet hand of the sea-faring Portingale is not wanting; so that for a man to dine with one of them and to taste of everie dish that standeth before him, is rather to yelde to a conspiracy with a great deal of meat for the suppression of natural health, than to satisfie himself with a competent repast." But for all this plenty neither noblemen nor their guests were gluttons; they only maintained such well-garnished boards for the sake of their retainers and for those unexpected calls that might be made upon them, keeping, as it were, open house.

There was one thing, however, that was a great grief to Harrison at these ban-

quets, and that was the use of ~~that~~ new-fangled material glass, and worse still Venetian glass, the product of that horrible Italy. It was not that noblemen had not good store of silver vessels, pots, goblets, jugs, and bowls, but they must have fine Venice glass of all forms as well. And this absurd taste for perishable drinking vessels had spread to the lower classes, who used to drink out of wooden or "treen" bowls — those mazer bowls now so precious to the collector — but now had pots of foreign crockery mounted with silver or pewter. How the nobility with such command of the precious metals should prefer glass is a wonder to Harrison. But it is the fashion, and extends to all classes. As the poorest cannot afford Venetian glass, they use the home-made article made out of "ferne and burnt stone;" but mark the result, says the thrifty Harrison; "in fine all go one waie; that is to shards at last, so that our grand expenses in glasses, beside that they breed much strife towards such as have the charge of them" — where he must have been prophesying as to our modern under-butlers — "are worst of all bestowed, in mine opinion, because their peeces doo turne unto no profit." And here he does not omit to bring in a thing in which he seems to have firmly believed: "If the philosopher's stone were once founde and one part hereof mixed with fortie of molten glasse, it would induce such a mettallical toughness that a fall should nothing hurt it though it myght peradventure bunch or batter it." We have not yet found out the philosopher's stone, but we know how to toughen glass, and we may go to Mr. Mortlock's shop and throw a vessel of glass against the wall and not even so much as "bunch or batter" it. It might have been almost as dangerous in Elizabeth's days to have discovered this secret as it was in Nero's, but in this century at least we make great discoveries with no fear either of being thrown to the fishes or burnt as sorcerers.

It was not only in solid food, but also in sweets and kickshaws, that the English table abounded. Gentlemen and merchants had five or six dishes followed by jellies, marchpaine, tarts, and confections. "Of the potato and such venerous roots as are brought out of Spaine, Portingale, and the Indies to furnish up our bankets" Harrison forbears to speak. Of tea and coffee he is quite silent, though he has something to say of tobacco, the use of which was spreading rapidly, so that a few years later Hentzner, the German



traveller, could say, "The English are constantly smoking tobacco." We have only to reflect what life in England would be without tea, coffee, and potatoes to be convinced how entirely different life in Elizabeth's days was from ours. It is however with something like an inward pang that we record the fact that twenty-five thousand tuns of home-grown wine were made in England in Harrison's time; but we remember the *Grünberger* still made near Berlin, and pass on holding our diaphragms. That the English drank quantities of foreign wines is plain from the fact that thirty kinds of strong, and fifty-six of light wines were to be had in London. The strongest were best liked, and the strongest of all was called, Harrison tells us, *Theologicum*, answering to the "Priest" of Madeira, and the *Pfaffen-wein* of the Germans. The merit of such wine was that it was both strong and genuine, for, as Harrison tells us, "the merchant thought his soule should have gone streightwaie to the divell, if he should have served them — the priests — with other than the best." Where it is to be considered whether a great part of the loss of influence of the English clergy at the present day may not be ascribed to their abandonment of orthodox theological port.

As for the lower classes, they made good cheer wherever they could get it, and though their daily fare was hard, they had frequent opportunities of feasting and carousing at bride-ales and drinkings and other occasions, each guest bringing a dish, and the goodman of the house where the feast was held only finding drink and houseroom. The working-men in the town always ate butchers' meat, and though they were more frugal in the country, they saw fresh meat far more often than the modern laborer. On such festive occasions, though their talk was coarse, they had one merit in which the modern workman as a rule has no share; they were very much ashamed at being overtaken by drink, or "cupshotten," as Harrison calls it. As to bread, the rich ate wheaten bread, and the poor bread made of rye or barley, and in times of scarcity of beans, oats, or even acorns; nay, says Harrison, they ate these even in times of plenty, for though "never has there been so much land eared" — that is, tilled — "never has corn been so dear. So that without a famine the old proverb has been verified that 'Hunger setteth his first foot into the horse-manger.'" "If the world last awhile at this rate, wheat and rye will be no graine for poore men to

feed on, and some catterpillers there are" — that is to say the bodgers, or two-legged catterpillers, the middlemen who bought up corn and regrated bread — "that can saie so much already."

All this food was not digested without drink. We have seen that the rich drank wine, but in Harrison's England the drink of the common man was beer made of barley, water, and hops. Those were not the days of great brewers, nor was there any exciseman to stand in the way of private brewing. English "home-brewed" was then the national beverage, and Harrison not only gives us an excellent receipt for making beer "as yellow as gold," but tells us how his thrifty wife brewed him two hundred gallons of beer for twenty shillings. In our days it would seem strange if a country clergyman on poor preferment not only brewed but consumed two hundred gallons of beer in the year; and this glimpse out of Harrison's daily life is perhaps as good a proof as any to be found in his book of the liberal way in which all classes lived in the days of Elizabeth. But it must be remembered that in that age it was beer for breakfast, when there were any breakfasts, beer for dinner, and beer for supper. The tap of the beer-barrel must have been forever running at a time when there were no water-drinkers and no temperance societies, and when there were no substitutes except milk for malt liquors, such as we possess in tea and coffee, not to mention our aerated waters.

With this profuseness, it was fortunate for our forefathers that they had fewer meals than their own forefathers, or than we in these degenerate times. "Of old," says Harrison, "we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after, dinners, and thereto reare-suppers when it was time to go to rest . . . Now these odd repasts are verie well left, and each one in a manner — except here and there some yoong hungrie stomachs that cannot fast till dinner-time — contenteth himself with dinner and supper onelie," and so cheats the physicians, "who do most abound where sumptuousness of fare in frequent meals, and long sitting at feasts prevail." Indeed, if Harrison could have his way there would be only one meal in the day, and that at night, like the Roman supper; but as it was, Englishmen in his time had two meals, dinner and supper, which were taken at different hours of the day by different classes. "With us," he says, "the nobilitie, gentry, and students do ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven be-

fore noone, and to supper at five or between five and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon and six at night, especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the tearme, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten. As for the poorest sort, they generallie dine and sup when they may, so that to talke of their order of repast it were but a needlesse matter." In all which the modern Englishman will not fail to remember the utter absence in the Elizabethan household of breakfast, to many of us the most cheerful meal of the day. Let him observe, too, the contemptuous way in which Harrison speaks of those "yoong hungrie stomachs" that cannot fast till dinner-time, and reflect what a sinking we should all feel at the pit of that part of our bodies if we had to rise at four or five, like our forefathers in the sixteenth century, and go till ten or even till noon without bite or sup. We could do it, of course, well enough if we had a cup of tea or coffee and a bit of bread and butter; but there were no such things as tea and coffee in England till long after Harrison's time. It is some consolation, however, to our weakness to know that this abstinence from sustenance in the Elizabethan age was too hard for Englishmen in the reigns of her successors. Early in the seventeenth century, men at least supplied the place of our breakfasts by what they called their "morning draught," a custom which appears in full force in "Pepys's Diary." It was taken at various public houses, and was sometimes accompanied by a snack. But to drink beer or wine in large quantities on an empty stomach must have been as profitable to the physicians of Charles II.'s time as gluttony and long-sitting at feasts to those of the Elizabethan age. In these degenerate days we believe that some famous practitioners have set their faces hard against our delightful modern breakfasts. According to their regimen devilled kidneys and orange marmalade are tossed out of the window like Jephson's dressed cucumber; but for all that, we are quite sure that if breakfasts were utterly abolished they would have still more dyspeptic patients to prescribe for than under the present system.

How were Harrison's Englishmen and Englishwomen dressed? That is a question not so easy to answer, for so fantastic were his fellow-countrymen in this respect, that they were satirized in a print which represented a naked man standing in

doubt, with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, with some doggerel verses below, declaring that all new fashions were pleasant to him, so that —

Now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,  
Now I will wear I cannot tell what.

These were the production of Andrew Boorde, a well-known satirical writer of the day; and though Harrison unjustly calls him "a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest," it is quite clear that in this respect he agrees with him, for he declares that now it is "the Spanish guise," now "the French toies," now "the high Almain fashion," now "the Turkish manner," now "Morescoe gowns" and "Barbarian sleeves," so that an Englishman, with all this fickleness and folly, looked more like "a dog in a doublet" than anything else; where, perhaps, we catch the earliest glimpse of "Toby," the time-honored companion of Mister Punch. As for women, they were as bad or worse than the men; and we think Shakespeare must have had a passage of this chapter in his eye when he describes the account of Katharine's interview with her tailor in "The Taming of the Shrew." "How manie times must it (the dress) be sent backe again to him that made it; what chafing, what fretting, what reproachfull language doth the poore workman beare awaie; and manie times when he dooth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home againe it is verie fit and handsome." Men's beards were of all shapes and hues to suit the face and the complexion, but the greatest sinners in the style and color and cut of their garments were still the women of all the upper classes, of whom Harrison speaks in terms quite unmentionable to ears polite; but it is amusing to see, when we remember how completely some of our modern young ladies have succeeded in transforming their attire into that of the lords of the creation, that ladies in London fell into the same fault in Elizabeth's time, for our honest country parson declares that he has met with some of them in London "so disguised that it hath passed my skill to discerne whether they were men or women." Harrison would not be true to his text, as *laudator temporis acti*, did he not improve this occasion by declaring that it was not so in England in old time. Men were lighter-hearted when their clothes were less curious and costly. "Never was it merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth,

and contented himself at home with his fine kersey hosen and a meane slop. His coat, gown, and cloak of brown, blue, or puke (puce), with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad tawnie or black velvet, without such cuts or gawrish colors as are worn in these days, brought us by the French, who think themselves the gaiest men when they have the most diversities of jaggies and change of color about them." The merchants were the only class that kept to the old sad and sober fashions of their forefathers; but as to their young wives, "the fine city madams" of Shakespeare's youth, they were the worst sinners, according to Harrison, of all classes of the sex in England. No wonder then that foreigners, as they beheld the finery and liberty of English wives, called England "the paradise of married women."

One natural consequence of the growing wealth of the community was an increase of a class of men which Harrison seems to have had in especial abhorrence. Where the carcass lies there will the eagles gather; and when wealth accumulates, if any class of men decreases, it is not the lawyers. "The time hath been," says Harrison, "when our lawyers did sit in Poules" — that is, in St. Paul's Cathedral — "upon stooles, against the pillars and walls, to get clients;" but now they are so proud and so rich, "that they will not come into court for less than ten pounds, or twenty nobles at the least." Even when they were got into court by repeated fees and refreshers, "they only said a word or two, and that was all that the poor client got for his money." No wonder then that all the wealth of the land flowed into the pockets of the common lawyers; so that sergeants-of-law made three or four hundred pounds a term and invested their fees at the rate of a thousand a year. Harrison is afraid that all Englishmen are too fond of law, but in this the Welshmen beat us hollow; for, as he says, poor David will beg his way up to London, only that he may carry back with him to Wales six or seven writs in his purse to molest his neighbor, though his greatest quarrel is scarcely worth the fee that he has paid for any one of them." These London counsel were bad enough; but country pettifoggers were worse still. In fact Harrison knew nothing so bad, except Italians, as "attornies" in the country, of whom with a glorious contempt for the laws of libel, he singles out Denis and Mainford, in Essex, as chief offenders; but they were as children when John of

Ludlow, *alias* Mason, came, who in less than four years so ruined a man worth 200*l.* that he died of grief; after which, he so handled his son "that there never was sheepe shorne in Maie so neere clipped of his fleece." But after all, Harrison thinks it just as well that terms are short, the ways foul, and the courts small; for if the law were easier of access he is sure that men would go to law oftener, and so ruin themselves more rapidly by the help of the rascally lawyers than they do already. What he would have thought or said if he had been acquainted with the high court of justice and our modern legal improvements which have brought law to every man's door, and at the same time rendered it far more expensive, we cannot tell. Perhaps, too, he might have been content with the counsel of his own age, who did at least appear for their clients when retained and refreshed; and have seen something to admire in Mason, that sharp attorney, who after all took four years to strip his client of 200*l.*; and even then did it so clumsily that he left the son some property which put him to the trouble of repeating the fleecing process.

When Harrison wrote the famous poor law of the forty-third of Elizabeth was not yet passed, but there were poor enough; fatherless and motherless infants, the infirm, the halt, the lame, and the blind, the casual poor, or the decayed householder, and wounded soldier; and last of all, the thriftless poor rioters, vagabonds, and rogues, the prodigal sons of the community who had no kind fathers to kill the fatted calf for them when they had sown their wild oats. For the true poor of the first class weekly collections were made so that they might abide in their parishes and not roam over the country. But if they chose to roam and became idle and sturdie beggars, like the third sort — then they were whipped and branded, and so "continue till the gallows do eat them up; which is a lamentable case," adds Harrison, and as we think too, especially when he goes on to say, that many were made beggars by being turned out of their holdings that cattle and corn might increase though men decayed. "But if," he says, "it should come to pass that any forren invasion should be made, which the Lord God forbid for his mercies sake" — this was written just before the Spanish Armada — "then should these men find that a wall of men is farre better than stackes of corne and bags of monie and complain of the want when it is

too late to seeke a remedie." Later on, Harrison tells us that Henry VIII. "lamented oft that he was constrained to have forren aid for want of competent soldiers" here at home, "but he saw not the cause of this want of men which arose out of the system of laying house to house, and land to land, and turning men out of their holdings and making them rogues." Perhaps the bluff king when he thus complained did not reflect on the fact; nor does Harrison mention it in this connection, though he states it in a previous chapter, that having made these men rogues and beggars, he, in the course of his reign, "did hang up three score and twelve thousand of them in his time." As "sturdie yeomen" they would have stood him in good stead in the wars, but having turned them into sturdy beggars, they became only fit for the gallows and what Harrison calls a Tyburn tippet. Things were better in Elizabeth's time, when the class called "masterless men," had much diminished; but even she hung up, one year with another, between three and four hundred rogues.

Such an unruly population, with bands of rogues roaming about the country, were not restrained except by severe and cruel laws. Sir Thomas Smith in his "Commonwealth of England," and Harrison in this "Description," declared that "torture," or as they call it "torment," was as unknown to the English law as it was repugnant to the nature of Englishmen, who go cheerfully to their deaths, like a free, stout, and haughty race, prodigal of life and blood," and so not needing to be put to the question like slaves and villains. But this, we are sorry to say, is all an idle boast; for though it was quite true that by an old law of the land jailors were guilty of felony if they tormented any prisoner committed to their custody to force him to confess or reveal his accomplices, it is also matter of fact, that torture and that of the most horrible kind was constantly practised in Tudor and Stuart times under the authority of the lords of the Privy Council and of the Star Chamber; and even Harrison himself, while with one breath he makes this empty boast, in the next admits the practice, even under the common law, when he says, "Such felons as stand mute and speake not at their arraignment are pressed to death by huge weights laid upon a boord that lieth over their brest and a sharpe stone under their backs." But to return for a moment to torture properly so called, in Tudor times in England. We

doubt whether the vaults of any prison of the Inquisition ever possessed such an accomplished torturer as Rich, afterwards Lord Rich and lord chancellor, who in the reign of Henry VIII. assisted Wriothesley, then lord chancellor, to torture Anne Askew in the Tower. "Then they did put me on the rack," she says, "because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Master Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead." Though Henry, we are told, "did not seem very well to like of their so extreme handling of the woman," he sanctioned her execution, and remembered Rich in his will. But Rich, cruel and unprincipled as he was, was as far inferior to Norton as a torturer as Denis and Mainford were to Harrison's enemy Mason as attorneys. Born the son of a London citizen, Thomas Norton, the joint writer with Lord Buckhurst of the tragedy of "Gorboduc," and an eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, soon obscured his literary and Parliamentary reputation by the infamy which clung to him as the discoverer and torturer of seminary priests and Popish recusants under Elizabeth; of whom it is recorded that "the rackmaster," as he was called, tortured and put to death some hundreds. So it was that when he had captured Alexander Briant in 1581 he was ordered by a letter from the Privy Council to examine the prisoner, a seminary priest, and if necessary to put him to the torture. That he was not slow to do this is proved by his boast "that he had pulled the prisoner a foot longer than ever God made him." Finding an agent of such congenial temper, on the 30th of July in the same year the Privy Council ordered him to "rack one Thomas Myagh, an Irishman," on whom the torture, called Skevington's irons, a sort of "boot," had been ineffectually tried. That he was so racked is proved by the rude verses in which the unhappy prisoner alludes to his "torture strange," and which are still to be seen scrawled on the walls of his dungeon in the Tower. While his hand was in, on the same day he with Dr. Hammond, another famous torturer, and Robert Beale, were empowered to put Edmund Campion, the famous Jesuit, to the rack together with other prisoners. All which no doubt was faithfully done and duly acknowledged by the lords of the Privy Council. When these facts are remem-

bered, together with the torture to which Guy Fawkes and his accomplices were put in the next reign, it is but an idle quibble to say that torture was unknown to the law of England, and even forbidden by it; for a law which was overridden on every occasion when it suited them by the Privy Council, was, so far as it could be called a protection to the subject, as good as no law at all.

But besides these extra-judicial punishments, those recognized by the law were various and ferocious. Felons, of which Harrison gives the rare derivation that it was formed out of the Saxon words "fell" and "one," that is to say, "an evil and wicked one" — felons were hanged by the neck till they were dead, and then cut down and buried. Murderers met with a harder fate; they were hanged alive in chains, or else, upon confession taken first, strangled with a rope, and "so continueth till his bones consume to nothing." On which we wonder if any still alive remember the pirates hanging in chains on the river bank; or recollect that for a short time in William IV.'s reign, by a new statute, men were gibbeted in chains as of old, but that the spectacle drew such crowds that the practice was discontinued and the statute repealed. "We have not," says Harrison, "either the wheel or the bar as in other countries;" but as if to show that we do not send malefactors to their account without torture, he adds, "When wilful manslaughter is perpetrated, besides hanging, the offender hath his right hand commonlie stricken off, after which he is led forth to the place of execution." For traitors the severest penalties of the law were reserved, such offenders were dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, hanged till they were half dead, and then taken down and quartered alive, their bowels being cut out and thrown into a fire "within their own sight." These were traitors of the baser sort, for though noblemen were sentenced in like terms, "this manner of their death is converted into the loss of their heads onlie." Women who poisoned their husbands were burnt alive; a man who poisoned another might be boiled to death in water or lead. Perjurers were pilloried and branded with P on their foreheads; seditious talking was punished by cropping off both the ears. Rogues were burnt through the ear for the first offence and hanged for the second. Harlots were carted and ducked and made to do penance in streets, in churches, and market-places; which Harrison thinks very small punishment; "for what great

smart is it to be turned out of a hot sheet into a cold, and after a little washing in the water to be let loose again unto their former trades?" Howbeit some of them are dragged by the knight marshal "over the Thames between Lambeth and Westminster at the tail of a boat," and that "terrifieth them," which is some comfort. Witches and heretics were burnt alive, "and serve them both right," says Harrison; and thieves were hanged; except at Halifax, where, if the theft amounted to thirteen-pence halfpenny, the offender was executed by a sort of guillotine. Combat or battel was not greatly in use as a means to escape death; but thieves were often saved by benefit of clergy, "if they have stolen nothing else but oxen, sheep, money, and such like;" but they are branded on the thumb, and so are sure if apprehended again to have no mercy. Pirates were hanged on the shore at low-water mark, and there left till three tides had "overwashed them." Persons who neglected to repair sea-walls were staked in the breach, "where they remained," as Harrison had heard, "forever as parcel of the new wall that is to be made upon them." With such a list of savage punishments adjudged to all offences, Harrison thinks himself entitled to boast that "horrible, merciless, and wilful murthers" are not often heard of; but robberies were more than ever in his time committed by young gentlemen and serving-men, who turned burglars and highwaymen, and were special stealers of horses. Against these the hue and cry and pursuit from parish to parish was very beneficial; and it would be more so were not some parishes too stingy to provide means for the apprehension of such vagabond rogues.

It is pleasant to turn from this gloomy catalogue of crimes and punishments to the way in which our forefathers in the Elizabethan age were housed. Most of our houses in town and country, says Harrison, are of timber. But while the dwellings in the woodland districts were strong and stout, they were often in the open country little better than what we should now call lathe and plaster. This latter kind of building was what so astonished the Spaniards in Mary's days, when they compared the meanness of these abodes of Englishmen with their profuse diet. "These English," they said, "have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king." Even in London the houses were plain outside, though some of them were grand inside, so as to be able to receive "a duke with

all his train and lodge them at their ease." The inner walls were wainscoted and tapestried, and stoves were beginning to be used. Most of them were glazed with glass from Burgundy, Normandy, Flanders and even England, and stone and brick had latterly been used by noblemen and gentlemen instead of timber, but this like everything else was very costly. The English houses of noblemen and wealthy merchants exceeded in tapestries, furniture, and plate, a cupboard of which would often cost a thousand pounds; in noticing which Harrison cannot refrain from thanking God that in a time of excessive prices Englishmen should be able to afford such luxuries. Old men noted three things in which England within their remembrance was wonderfully altered. First, in the multitude of chimneys, whereas in their young days there were but two or three in a country town, religious houses and manor-houses excepted. In all other dwellings the fire was made against "a reredosse in the hall where the goodman dined and dressed his meat," the smoke escaping out of a louvre in the roof. The second was the great change in beds and bedding; so that a man in old times lay on straw, with a round log for his pillow, till seven years after marriage he got him a mattress and a sack of chaff for a pillow, whereas now he had bedding, sheets, and pillows. The third thing they noted was the exchange of "treen" or wooden platters into pewter, and of wooden spoons into silver or tin. In old times you could not find four pieces of pewter in a farmer's house, and yet they were scarce able to pay their rents, though it were but four pounds a year. But now, though rents had risen ten or twenty fold, farmers not only paid them, but had six or seven years' rent in hand, besides plenty of pewter, three or four feather beds, tapestry, carpets, a silver bowl and saltcellar, and a dozen silver spoons. Besides this, they thought no more of paying a fine for the renewal of their leases than "of the hair of their beards when the barber hath washed and shaved it from their chins." But while these old people noted these changes, which speak, like so much more in Harrison's description, in favor of the general increase of wealth in England, they added three other things which had grown to be very grievous — the enhancing of rents, the daily oppression of copyholders, and usury, "a trade brought in by the Jews, but now perfectly practised almost by every Christian, and so commonly that he is accounted a fool who

doth lend his money for nothing." This usury had increased at such a rate that now a hundred per cent. was asked; and Harrison asks his readers to do their best in a lawful way "to hang up such as take *centum pro cento*" — a pious request which we would be glad to see carried out, of course "in a lawful way," against our modern usurers. To these three grievances of the "old people," Harrison adds a fourth against noblemen and gentlemen who interfere with honest dealers and tradesmen by "turning graziers, butchers, tanners, sheep-masters, woodmen, *et denique quid non*," thereby to enrich themselves and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands. "Live and let live," according to him, was the good old English rule, and it only weakened the land when one class stepped out of its own limits and trode on the heels of the others.

Over this England so strong and so mighty and this race so thriving and fierce, so well housed, furnished, and well fed, ruled the great Elizabeth, of whose court, as he had scarcely "presumed to peep into her gates," Harrison did not dare to make any full description. He liked the fashion of her father's buildings better than hers, which were more like "paperwork" to the eye, while his were so substantial as to be a precedent to those that came after. But there her houses were, in the home counties, St. James's, Oatlands, Ashridge, Hatfield, Havering, Enfield, Eltham, Langley, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Woodstock; not to mention Baynard's Castle, Whitehall, and Durham House, in London. The Tower he would not mention, as being rather an armory and house of munition, and a prison, "than a palace royal for a king or queene to sojourn in." Windsor was supposed to be the chief for strength, on which the queen's predecessors, as well as she herself had spent enormous sums. Then there was Greenwich, a very favorite place of her Majesty, a part of which existed to our days as the Old Crown and Sceptre. These, and many more all over the land, were the queen's houses; but why should Harrison reckon them up when all the land was hers, and every nobleman's house her palace when she chose "in the summer season to recreate herself" by progresses abroad. As for the queen's court itself, Harrison's description of it reminds us of old Mandeville, when he says, "Of paradise I cannot speak, for I was never there, but I have seen the wall thereof." So Harrison could tell of many things of that famous



court which he had heard outside the royal verge. He could tell, if he would, of Elizabeth's maids of honor, of their lovable faces, costly attire, and beautiful virtues. As for the courtiers, learned and skilful as they were, would to God the rest of their lives and conversations were correspondent to those gifts," for "many of them were the worst men when they came abroad that any man could either hear or read of." Still, the horrid vices of foreign courts are driven out of Elizabeth's, the old ladies spin and read the Bible, or make receipts, or cook choice dishes, while the young play music for recreation's sake; Bibles and books were in every room; so that the court looks like an university school rather than a palace; and "it were a good thing," thinks Harrison, "if our nobles would set their houses after her pattern. It was a sight to see the queen's court, with its great troops and trains of serving men all in livery, with various noblemen's cognizances on their sleeves; so that when they were numbered the whole array shone like a peacock's tail, or some meadow garnished with infinite kinds and diversity of pleasant flowers."

But it was not all show and beauty in that royal court. Though England, in Mary's time, had been short of arms and artillery, it was not so under Elizabeth, to the great disgust of the Spaniards. We were not thought so much of, now that we had almost given up our good long-bows, but we had learned instead "to shoot well with the caliver and to handle the pike," as these very Spaniards soon found to their cost in the Low Countries. Our musters showed in 1575 we had more than a million able-bodied men; and what with robinets, falconets, sakers, culverins, and basilisks we had artillery enough to hold our own against all comers. The warlike temper of the time, and, perhaps, still more its insecurity, was shown by the universal practice of carrying arms. "No man," says Harrison, "now travelled by the way without his sword or some such weapon." Even ministers carried a dagger or hanger, while many bore "a case of dags" or pistols "at his saddle bowe;" for the roads were crowded with pikemen, often anything but honest, and ever in league with the tapsters and hostlers of the famous inns with which England abounded, who feeling, when the horseman alighted to take his ease in his inn, how his "capcase or budget" was lined, passed on the word to highwaymen, who stopped and robbed him next morning.

For though it was unheard of that a traveller should be robbed in his inn, he was very often plundered when he had not got very far from it on intelligence furnished by its inmates.

Besides her artillery and soldiers, the Queen's Majesty had a gallant navy, with ships not so big, indeed, as "the Great Harry," but more useful. Harrison gives a list containing those good old navy names the "Dreadnought" and the "Swiftsure," or "Swiftsute," besides the "Bonadventure," the "White Bear," "Bull," "Tiger," "Antelope," "Victory," "Mary Rose," and many more. It will bring tears into Mr. Ward Hunt's eyes to hear that our men-of-war in those days only cost 2,000*l.*, an enormous sum in Harrison's opinion, while many of our merchantmen cost actually a thousand, of which there were one hundred and thirty-five in England exceeding five hundred tons! For then as now, wise politicians thought that the "good keeping of the sea was the safeguard of the land."

Sic fortis Etruria crevit  
Scilicet et facta est rerum pulcherrima Roma.

The year after Harrison wrote this came the magnificent Armada to invade the England of Elizabeth, and was scattered and destroyed by the winds of God aiding the stout ships of Drake and Howard, of Effingham and Clifford.

We have almost done with Harrison and his description of England, but we must add a few words on the London of his time as portrayed in Norden's excellent map, which Mr. Furnivall has had enlarged to illustrate this most interesting volume. There we behold the city which was then reputed the finest in Europe, not yet joined to Westminster, but stretching from Temple Bar on the west to Aldgate on the east. On the north-west the Fleet River runs down from the open fields about Hampstead, Highgate, and Islington. Further east were Moorfields but lately reclaimed and made an open space, and Spitalfields, then open meads, ignorant of weavers. West Smithfield is marked, notorious in those days for its martyrs of all creeds, as it was in these latter days for cattle of all kinds. At the extreme south-east is East Smithfield beyond the Tower, an open space encumbered by some things which have been variously explained as pieces of ordnance or tent-poles. In the west centre of the city was old St. Paul's, and through the whole runs the silent highway of the silver Thames, on which, with its "fat and sweet salmon



daily taken in its stream in such plenty as no river in Europe is able to exceed it," as well as its abundance of other fish, Harrison dwells with special delight. Nor does he fail to note with wonder the infinite number of swans to be seen on the river; nor the two thousand wherries and small boats which plied on it "whereby three thousand poor watermen were maintained." Together with the huge tide-boats, tilt-boats, and barges, which either carried passengers or brought provisions to feed the mighty city from the counties through which it flowed. There, too, we behold Old London Bridge, with its narrow arches and tall houses, spanning the stream and leading the way to Southwark with its "Bankside," "Play House," and "Bear Garden," so dear to Shakespearian students and lovers of theatrical performances. Mr. Furnivall has done well in adding this map to Harrison's description, and so presenting to us a lively image of London in Shakespeare's time. But there is irony in all things, and here, too, it is not lacking. If there was one thing and one body of men that Harrison hated more than all else, it was plays and players. To the motley of players he likened the bright garb of the Popish priests. Players he classes in his tenth chapter among "rogues and idle persons," in the same boat with "couseners, fortune-tellers, jugglers, pedlars, and tinkers." As for plays and play-houses he says with evident approval in his "Chronology" under the year 1572, "Plays are banished for a time out of London lest the resort unto them should engender a plague. . . . Would to God these common plays were exiled for altogether, as seminaries of impiety, and their theatres pulled down. . . . It is an evident token of a wicked time when players wax so rich that they can build such houses. As much I wish also to our common bear-baitings, on the sabbath days." With such sentiments we are afraid it would have gone hard with Shakespeare at Harrison's hands. If he could have had his way, the Globe Theatre would never have existed, and "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet" never appeared on the stage. As for Shakespeare himself, he would probably have classed him with Marlowe and Greene, as a "rakehellly ribbald," and as one to be shunned by all honest men. And yet one of the first works published by the New Shakspearian Society to illustrate the England of their favorite is this description of England under Elizabeth, the work of a pious country clergyman, who looked upon plays

and players with abhorrence. He delighted in sober, serious antiquaries like Leland, Camden, Lambarde, and Stow. We know what he was and what he wished. He could die happy if he could see four things in the land reformed; the want of discipline in the Church, the covetous dealing of merchants, the holding of fairs on Sundays, and the want of timber, so that every man might be made to plant one acre of wood. These were modest wishes, but he adds, if they were fulfilled, he fears he should live so long that he should either be weary of the world or the world of him. But as for Shakespeare or for players, all "the rest is silence."

In justice to this society it must, however, be said that they have published other volumes of sound Shakespearian criticism, and several reprints of the earlier editions of single plays which are of great value and interest. The undertaking deserves encouragement, and our readers cannot do better than make themselves acquainted with these works, by a very modest contribution to the society.

---

PAULINE.

LONDON.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

His voice was soft, his temper mild and sweet,  
His mind was easy, and his person neat.

When no maternal wish her heart beguiled,  
The lady called her son "the darling child;"  
When with some nearer view her speech began,  
She changed her phrase, and said "the good young man;"

And lost, when hinting of some future bride,  
The woman's prudence, in the mother's pride.

CRABBE.

At five years old, Sir Hugh Calverley was a gentle, amiable, and interesting child; at fifteen, he was much the same; and at five-and-twenty he was little more.

Many excellent qualities he was, without doubt, endowed with; but, as years went on, it became apparent that these were rather of the heart than of the head, and although a public school had been gone through with average credit, and his degree duly taken at Oxford afterwards, his friends confessed, aside, that it was more than they had ever expected from him.

His mother, doting on her only son, and divided betwixt her anxiety for his health, which had never been robust, and her ambition for his honor, which she was

fully as desirous of maintaining, scarce knew on which side to base her maternal counsels. Her pride would have urged him to the arduous pursuit of knowledge, had not her secret fears constrained her to forbear.

She dared not run the risk.

At length she was fain to leave the issue to providence, luck, or chance, whichever of the three would undertake the job, and direct her own and her son's fortunes as agreeably as had been done hitherto.

She did not say so, of course; but no less was this the interpretation of her undeveloped thoughts.

She had still her moments of grateful astonishment, when she bethought her of the time — now twenty years gone by — when “poor, dear Sir Edward,” then a hale, handsome young soldier, but eighteen months married, had, after a brief illness, been taken from his wife and infant daughter; thus raising to the headship of the family his youthful nephew — a transition which, until it actually took place, rashness itself would not have presumed to consider as more than within the limits of possibility.

The troop of lusty boys, whom the prophetic vision of his sister-in-law had ever kept in sight, were now scattered to the winds, and the title devolved upon a sickly little fellow, whose infancy had been one prolonged martyrdom, and whom, it was confidently predicted, would never be reared to maturity.

Nevertheless Sir Hugh lived, and even, after a fashion, thrived.

His nurses grew to be indignant if he were looked upon as delicate, and his mother only mentioned his health to assure her friends how stout and strong he had grown.

It would perhaps have been a wiser course to have given such observations the chance of emanating from the lips of others; but the ridicule which Mrs. Calverley might have drawn down upon herself was moderated by the allowances universally made for the mother of an only and feebly-constituted child.

It was a pardonable self-deception, and heads were still shaken on the subject.

Accordingly, when, in the teeth of all presages, and in spite of continual drawbacks, manhood was actually attained, and twenty-one years of the youthful baronet's life were concluded, amidst banqueting, bonfires, and general rejoicing, the sympathy and congratulations bestowed upon the exulting parent were more sincere and

heartfelt than they usually are upon these occasions.

She was not a woman to be popular, but neither was she one to give offence.

So long as her own projects were not interfered with, so long as all went smoothly for her and the single object of her tenderness — we might almost say of her regard — she could be an agreeable neighbor and acquaintance; and, accordingly, passed excellently well in a hasty and superficial world.

We have no time nowadays for definitions of character.

It is enough that such a one has been friendly, good-natured, or amusing, to draw forth a gush of our worthless approbation.

Here and there, indeed, a commentator may just go so far in discretion as to add, “So far as I see,” or “I have not had much opportunity of discerning;” but it would be exacting an unwarrantable degree of sacrifice to suggest that the opportunity is within reach, and that the discernment may be exercised at any time.

So long as Mrs. Calverley annoyed nobody, intruded on nobody, kept her foot from her neighbor's house, and was understood punctually to fulfil the ordinary obligations of life, her trumpet of praise was steadily sounded, and she was scarcely recognized, even by her nearest relations, for the cold-hearted, scheming, selfish woman that she really was.

Her son, of a nature too distinctly different for him not to perceive occasionally more than was permitted to public view, was purblindly alike by affection and by the clever adroitness of a mind superior in ability to his own.

The petty motives which lay beneath the front of plain, straightforward actions, and the furtherance of selfish ends by specious and plausible reasoning, were accordingly only half-suspected by him, and much was passed over entirely that would have been bared beyond concealment to a keener observation.

A passing vexation he experienced, a gentle impatience, and even that was stifled.

He was, as his mother loved to describe him, the “best of sons.”

The public estimation of Mrs. Calverley being thus high, it will not be wondered at if her gentle and charming sister-in-law gave in her adhesion, as in duty bound.

Indeed, so little did she dream of disputing its justice, that she had from time immemorial been in the habit of looking up to “your Aunt Marion” as the embodiment of judgment, discretion, and good

sense; nay, she went so far — although this was accompanied by the faintest touch of misgiving — as to make use occasionally of that lady's conscience instead of her own.

Lady Calverley was not, as we know, a woman of strict penetration. A great deal she took for granted; and what "everybody said," she was too diffident not to believe, in all honesty, was a truer estimate than any which she, single-handed, was likely to form.

Diffidence being the good lady's secret tyrant, she was thereby so held in check as to be little able to withstand, although she did occasionally smart under, the abruptness of Marion's decisions, her authoritative finger, and her unhesitating yea and nay.

When in her daily presence, she would, in spite of herself, at times heave an involuntary sigh for the more chastened rule of Pauline La Sarte, who alone possessed a counter-amount of influence, and who had even on one or two occasions gone so far as to reason away certain arbitrary and distasteful dictates which had been issued from Calverley.

Marion had suspected to whom this interference was due: she had never cared for her niece; and she seized the opportunity, when a home and position were needed for Pauline, to declare against her becoming an inmate of Gourloch.

She did so with admirable moderation and judgment.

"My dear," she said — and the finger which longed to rise and assert its rights was kept down and folded out of sight among the others — "let us talk it over quietly. You wish to do the very best you can for Pauline, and so do I. You *think* the kindest thing is to invite her to live with you, but if you will put aside your writing-desk for a moment" — (she had already begun, "My poor dear, *dearest* Pauline") — "and consider the question," pursued the mentor, "in all its bearings, you will, I am sure, come to see that what you mean to do in simple kindness might prove to both niece and nephew a real injury."

"An injury! My dear Marion!"

"Yes, an injury. You cannot provide for them eventually, — Tom has to be thought of, too, — and you would cut them off from Mrs. Wyndham's good-will, without rendering them any material benefit."

"Mrs. Wyndham? I never thought of her."

"You are so hasty, dear Ella. I thought of her immediately. She arrived in En-

gland from Italy just a week before Hugh and I came up here. We called, and found her an agreeable woman, living in excellent style. She will doubtless adopt both the young La Sartes; she has no one to whom her husband's large fortune could, with greater propriety, be left, and it will be a good arrangement on all sides. Permit Mrs. Wyndham the opportunity: do not be *too* ready with your offer. If hers is not forthcoming, there is time for it yet."

"But Pauline knows nothing of this aunt — has scarcely ever seen her!"

"Exactly. And if you take her away, she is not likely ever to see her. Let her now begin the acquaintance, let her have the chance of making herself agreeable. She is endowed with sense and prudence, I believe, and will understand, no doubt, how much depends upon it."

The sneer was lost, but the wisdom was not.

Even Lady Calverley was struck by it, and forebore to urge anything further in defence of her own suggestion.

Apparently disinterested, and with no reason for being interested, as Mrs. Calverley seemed, she had a stronger motive for the use of her dissuasive powers than is even suspected by the reader. She had, in fact, "no idea of that boy Tom finding his way down to Gourloch as he used to do in past times!"

She had other plans for Elsie.

Her son's admiration for his cousin could not escape the mother's eye; and although, when it first became manifest to her, the revelation was not altogether palatable, she was, upon mature consideration, not only reconciled to, but eager for the match. Elsie, beautiful, blooming, wealthy, well-born, and, above all, her own indubitable subject, was weighted against the solitary drawback of her being Hugh's cousin.

She herself had paid tribute — grudgingly enough, it is true, until the new idea had found it way — to the radiant young creature, who, when she and her mother joined them in their travels, had brought such life and vigor and brightness into their daily routine of dull perfunctory formulas. How could she wonder at her boy?

She had no right to be astonished; she was not unwilling; gradually it crept into her ardent, unflinching, determined desires, and became of these the chief.

On what might be her niece's feelings, she was, with all motherly partiality for Hugh, unable at first to reflect without anxiety; and confessing, in her inmost

heart, that it was not amidst crowded halls and among gayer rivals that he was likely to shine, she blessed anew in her heathenish soul that fresh dispensation of luck which was to throw them for the space of several months to come into close and continual contact.

Thus, during the winter passed by Pauline in B——shire, and by Tom in London, the two Calverley families were abroad in company, meeting each other during the Christmas week at Rome, and afterwards passing on to Florence.

It was at this latter city, during a long illness of the young baronet's, that the happy assurance came to his fond parent of his affection being returned.

Elsie was so assiduous in her ministrations, so content in the necessary abandonment of pleasures, so eager for the invalid's recovery, that only one interpretation could be rendered. He had but to speak to be listened to.

She was, however, willing to delay, since it appeared that all would eventually fall in with her wishes.

Excitement in Hugh's present weak state of health was peremptorily to be avoided; and as it was certain that the marriage could not take place before the autumn, she was in no hurry about the engagement.

Elsie was already looked upon in the light of a daughter; and in being alive only to her virtues as such, Mrs. Calverley went the surest way towards winning some return for herself.

Grave approbation from the severe aunt was flattery too delicate not to please.

Elsie was attentive, docile, and obedient; Hugh more than ever affectionate; Lady Calverley cheefully content.

What could overcast this pleasant picture? Nothing, so far as mortal eye could see; nothing, and the exulting mother was radiant. She had not, you see, taken to heart a certain wholesome little proverb about not counting one's chickens.

She counted hers over constantly, including her niece as one of the brood.

A nicer pair of chicks, she thought she had never seen. When she cried "Cluck, cluck, cluck," they came running; when she waved them away, they tripped merrily forth. Visions of a prolonged reign at Calverley, with these two dear little head subjects always at command, floated before her eyes. They should be so happy, so comfortable together; no business cares should worry her darling son, no domestic troubles oppress her sweet daughter.

Everything tiresome and disagreeable

would of course be referred to *her*; *she* would undertake to smooth the path, ordain the laws, adjust the household.

A town house must be had, certainly.

They must go into society, in whose ways Elsie, fitted to adorn, but not to lead, would infallibly need advice. Her mother, too simple, would have none to give. Both would look to *her*. To leave them, then, in the lurch, would be still more cruel than at Calverley.

She would, in fact, be indispensable wherever they went.

Accordingly no pains were spared to insure this satisfactory result.

She was ready for every proposal, and charmed with all she saw; she lauded the dear niece behind her back, patronized the mamma, fondled her boy, and brought the whole party to London soon after Easter in the best of humors with each other and all the world.

Masters were now engaged for Elsie — the future Lady Calverley must be duly accomplished; and as it would be well to brush off at the same time the rusticity of girlhood, a little decorous going into the world was also entered upon.

The party was divided, to avoid remark, but the hotel where Hugh and his mother were lodged was within a few doors of that in which Lady Calverley had rooms.

Cards were left, and invitations duly appeared.

It cannot be said that they poured in — the London world is too busy and preoccupied to trouble itself much about outsiders of fashion, unless they be very great people indeed; but a note or two came on most days, and there were "afternoons" to be remembered, the park to be driven in, and shopping to be accomplished, — so that Lady Calverley, who had scarcely been anywhere since her early widowhood, felt almost bewildered by the whirl she lived in.

"The days seem so short," she said, "and the distances are so great! Whatever is arranged to be done, we never are able to complete it. It is really more than I *like*; and if it were not for your Aunt Marion — but she thinks we ought, for your sake, Elsie; and I suppose," with a sigh, "she knows best."

Mrs. Calverley pressed it the more, as she witnessed, with secret delight, the indifference of her niece.

A few balls, a dozen receptions, and as many state dinners, constituted the round of Elsie's so-called pleasures. She was guarded to and from these by her watchful chaperons, and Hugh was in close

attendance. The crowds were usually great; Hugh's dancing was indifferent, and on his account they had always to come away early.

It cannot be said she was enamored of gaiety thus taken.

She took to her music and drawing with renewed zest.

With these pursuits her cousin could sympathize, and in them he appeared to advantage.

He drew correctly, and played with taste. They studied art together, and hunted up picture-galleries in every part of London, to which the long-suffering mothers by turn accompanied them.

(Neither matron, after a time, could endure the name of a picture-gallery.)

Sir Hugh Calverley was in his way, however, a person of sufficient importance to receive more attention than fell to the lot of the ladies, whose day was past, and from whom no return could be expected.

He was called upon by several men of note, and invitations from their wives followed.

These, as a rule, he managed to evade, unless it was decided by his mother to be expedient for his dignity that he should be seen at the entertainment. When this was the case, it would, in all probability, be at the house of some leader of the party to which the Calverley family belonged.

Mrs. Calverley would then dictate a solemn acceptance; Hugh would go — and be miserable.

His only consolation was in Elsie's "I wish I had been there!" afterwards.

Once the heedless girl added, "instead of you," and could not understand what ailed her cousin during the rest of the morning.

She *would* have enjoyed that lovely summer *fête*, with its beautiful flowers, gay dresses, lamp-lit trees, and merry music. Why not? Why should she not say so? It must have been delightful!

"And the dancing?" said Hugh. "You are fond of dancing."

"I should not have danced." (His heart leaped.) "On the turf," added the saucy maid; "it is too hard!"

"Hugh is quite a different creature, is he not?" would cry his fond parent; "quite a gay young man, I declare! His invitations — there were two fresh ones this morning — are really becoming so numerous that he will have to set up a book! I, for one, am unwilling that he should go out so much." (he had been four times in a fortnight), "but it is difficult to draw the line, and my son must do as

other young men do. A young man does not like to be dictated to. Hugh will judge for himself; he will not brook any interference in these matters. That reception at the Foreign Office to-night, he talks of giving up. It is really of no consequence, as his name will appear whether he is there or not. I say nothing, I leave it entirely to himself. On points like this, Hugh must always have his own way."

Even Lady Calverley smiled at the palpable attempt to give the poor lad consequence.

"Hugh is unwell to-day, and Marion is afraid for him," she said to herself.

"Why don't you go, you silly Hugh?" inquired his cousin. "Go, and tell us all about it afterwards. Will it be different from other receptions? Will all the very great people be there? I shall want a long, true, and very particular account. Nobody asks me to Foreign Offices!"

Hugh cared not a straw for the very great people; and for him, the evening would certainly be as blank as all other evenings were — when she was not by his side.

"If you were coming," he said, pitiously, "I should go in a moment. It would make all the difference! And I am not to be with you this afternoon, either."

"Can't you go anywhere by yourself?" cried the beauty, with sudden sharpness. "You don't suppose that we want to have you tacked to our apron-strings all day long, sir?"

But after this she had been so penitent, and so careful, and so kind, that the sting was drawn from the wound ere it had had time to fester.

She would not deliberately give Hugh pain — she was only frisky and volatile, like a young kid; and it gave her just a shade of annoyance that he should not be more independent, more manly.

Had she been the man, she laughed to think if she would have been content with the demure round prescribed by her aunt, — the calls, the drives, the tea-parties, and the concerts.

As it was, they wearied her — she panted for a freer air: but for him!

Well, he was a dear, good Hugh.

And had he not been as a young prince among them during those past months?

Had they not praised, and petted, and made much of him, contesting with each other in the extent of their homage — surrounding him, as it were, with a halo that was almost sacred?

He had been their first consideration, his well-being their first thought.

Even here in London he was still *the* one, the person of importance, the man of the party. Everything was arranged with reference to his convenience, and the project that he could not join in was dismissed. In plain terms, he was "cock of the walk" for the time being.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## "DOVER STREET."

Ah, world unknown! How charming is thy view,  
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new:  
Ah, world experienced! What of thee is told?  
How few thy pleasures, and each pleasure old!

CRABBE.

It is rather a curious fact that all these near relations of Tom La Sarte's had been in town for nearly three weeks ere he had received any intimation of their arrival.

They could scarcely, it will be opined, plead the ardent pursuit of pleasure and the multiplicity of their engagements in extenuation of a neglect which, when it is remembered on what terms he had been formerly with at least two of the party, will be seen to have been rather particular.

They were, it is true; carried easily on from one week to another,—each day brought its own occupation; but still, time was indubitably found for the rounds of state calls imposed by Mrs. Calverley; for shopping, driving, and pastimes; for looking up any and every acquaintance who held out the slightest chance of being an acquisition,—and five minutes is not a very large proportion even of a London day to bestow on a nephew!

"Dear Tom,—We are here. When can you come and see us?" would not have taken Lady Calverley above two minutes to indite, and it would have brought him to her feet, rejoicing.

But she was too busy—she could not name an hour—it was so difficult to fix for people beforehand.

He must come on a Saturday,—on a Sunday,—on some day, at least, for which they had nothing else in view; and as that day was long in coming, the contingent was put off, also.

At length the idea became invested with the disagreeableness of a duty neglected.

She protested she knew not what to say, was ashamed to write; Hugh must go down and call upon his cousin.

Hugh stammered an excuse.

He had already proposed this, and—and—his mother did not wish it.

Elsie volunteered her services.

"Mamma, we really must. I will send Tom a note; he can't be angry with me, for he knows I never do remember anything or anybody. What shall I invite him to?"

"*Luncheon!*" cried her aunt Marion, with a happy stroke. "My dear Ella, excuse my answering Elsie's question. We are still so entirely one party, that I really forgot I was not in my own room! You will agree with me, however, I know. Luncheon is such a *nice* time for a young man to drop in! He can *walk*, for one thing—and that, to Tom, must be a consideration; and then he would not, you know, be inclined to hang on afterwards,—you understand what I mean? The carriage will come round as usual, and Tom will take the hint. Poor fellow! This first meeting will be awkward enough for him, under his changed circumstances, and the kindest thing we can do will be to shorten it as much as possible. Shall we say to-morrow, to luncheon, dear?"

Certainly, since the fiat had gone forth; and with Elsie's excellently bald and simple statement that mamma hoped he would come at two o'clock, if he had no better engagement, fault could not be found.

She and Hugh had a German lesson on the next morning, and it was scarcely over before the appointed time.

"Tom cannot intend to come," said Elsie; "he has sent no answer."

"Ah! has he not?" replied Hugh, dreamily. "Look here, Elsie, this word is given with two distinct meanings in one page! That is rather hard upon us, eh? No wonder that we could not make head or tail of Elma's speech; the whole drift of it lies in that word. If you come here for a moment I can show you——"

He was lying on the sofa, and she came behind to look over his shoulder.

"See there," said Hugh, pointing with his pencil-case—"there, it means—it means—let me see—I had it just now. Oho! stop! I believe I have got hold of the wrong word, after all!"

"Don't go on, Hugh. You look tired. I wish mamma would come in, and let us have something to eat."

The wish was to be gratified on the instant: ere her sentence was concluded, the door opened, there was a rustle of silks, a woman's voice thrown backward to some one behind, and in fluttered Lady Calverley, followed by her nephew.

She had picked him up at the door.

Elsie stepped forward, and Hugh rose

from the sofa, whence immediately issued a cascade of books, papers, and pencils. He regarded them wearily, and Elsie stooped to pick them up; stooping was bad for Hugh.

He was not looking his best that morning; his hair was spread unbecomingly, and his necktie was too bright in tint to harmonize with his colorless cheek.

His languid air was in no less curious contrast to Tom's quick movements, than were his soft, white fingers to the brawny hand which closed over them.

"Hugh, I'm awfully glad to see you," cried his cousin; "I"—seizing the books from Elsie, and bestowing them again on the slippery sofa (whence they immediately slid down again)—"I had no idea you were here," he continued, with a hearty ring of welcome. "When did you come? And how is Aunt Marion?"

"Very well, thanks; she is next door."

"She will be with us directly," added Lady Calverley. "She only ran up-stairs to give some directions, and was to follow me in a few minutes. I asked her to meet you, Tom. We do not always lunch together, although we usually dine. It is so convenient being so near."

"Yes, I suppose so. I had no idea *you* had come," continued Tom (still kindly regarding his cousin and thinking in his heart, "Well, I never saw such a poor, abject-looking scarecrow in my life!") "Are you all right again? You had rather a bad time of it this winter, hadn't you?"

"Oh yes, I'm all right again, thanks."

"He had need be 'all right again,' to go through all he does!" interposed his aunt, gaily. "*We* cannot keep pace with him."

"Good gracious!" muttered Tom.

Seeing, however, that his inquiries were not reciprocated with any particular warmth, he turned from Hugh. He did not turn to Elsie. He scarcely appeared to notice her.

"Well, Aunt Ella, so here you are safe home again. When did you come?"

There was no possibility of evading the question further.

A woman of the world would have been ready with her, "My dear boy, how can I say! You don't expect me to remember, when I have been bored, and worried, and pulled to pieces in every direction since I came. The wonder is, that I have survived it all." Then she would have slid off to other topics, and he would have learnt nothing, and might have concluded anything.

But this was high art to our simple country mouse.

She knew exactly to a day how long it was since their arrival; and accordingly, albeit with reluctance, and some feeling that he had no right to have driven her to such straits, she stated the time, "Three weeks."

On that day three weeks they had come.

Tom did not feel the blow as much as might have been expected.

He had been away, as it happened, at that time; he had been away for Easter, and, not calculating closely, imagined that he had stayed longer in the country than he really had.

He had been given three days, and it seemed to him now quite an age.

Still, making all allowances, he felt the slight; and the longer he sat in the room, the more keenly it hurt him.

His aunt was running on about trifles, and when he caught her up was at the point of inquiring as to how he liked their present situation. Was it not convenient, accessible, central?

"Is it?" said Tom, rather bewildered. "I—yes, I suppose it is."

Had he been called upon at the moment to state what street he was in, he would have had to look out of the window! On his way thither he had scarce known where his feet carried him.

"Are you going to be long here, Aunt Ella? I am so glad you are come! I was afraid you had given it up, as Pauline did not tell me anything. What an immense time it is since I have seen you!"

"Yes," replied the lady, relieved by his manner; "it really is. Three years nearly—or quite—which? I must not insult you by saying you are *grown*, Tom, but you certainly are changed. Elsie is altered too," she continued, imprudently. "Don't you think so?"

"No," said Tom.

Yet she could have vowed he had never looked at her. Hugh and Elsie were still engaged in putting away their things, and did not attempt to help in the entertainment of the guest.

"Really not?" replied Elsie's mother. "Well, we have seen and done a great deal since you were with us last. We have scarcely been at Gourloch since then, do you know? It has been under repair all this past year, while Elsie and I have been wandering about. You have been a traveller too. We shall expect some traveller's tales, remember. Ours are all written down; Hugh keeps the journal;



we run to him whenever we have anything to say. Have you kept a journal, Tom?"

"Journal? No," said Tom, staring a little. "You know what a duffer at writing I am, Aunt Ella. I never write a word except to Pauline, and she makes a list of all the bad spelling, and sends it back to me."

"My dear Tom," his aunt laughed, "that is the old joke, is it not? That was in days gone by. I have no doubt you spell as other people do now."

"Perhaps," he allowed, with some grimness. "Other people don't often give me a chance of seeing how they spell."

Then he did turn his head, and look straight into Elsie's face. Her three lines stood out distinctly before them both, and she knew that he was learning now the interpretation thereof.

"Well, we are none of us literary folks," smiled Lady Calverley, wheeling smoothly away from the subject. "We can't throw stones at each other, can we? However, you will like to see our photograph-book, I am sure? We have quite a collection from the different places, exactly in order as we visited them; Hugh has arranged them, and put them in so nicely. Hugh, my dear, where is the book? Tom would like to see it."

The entrance of Tom's other aunt, however, saved him the infliction.

Her reception was more frank, more cordial, than any he had yet met with.

She engrossed him completely, but nevertheless did not set him more at his ease. He did not feel, when luncheon was over, that he had made any way; worse, he was staggering backwards. The precious moments were slipping past, and there was no word of future meetings, no taking him into partnership, no "You must go with us to-day, and then we shall see about our plans for to-morrow."

He did not guess how fully he had expected this, until the prospect had vanished out of sight.

He could not help hoping to the end. He could scarcely believe but that *something* must be said. Gradually he became chilled, stupefied, dumb.

He could not make it out.

At first he had inwardly forged excuses. He had come on an unfortunate day; they were preoccupied with other matters; their heads were slightly turned by the first dizzy draught of London life, so intoxicating to novices. Then it slowly streamed in upon his reluctant perceptions that it was he himself, not the interruption of his presence, that was unwelcome!

He had come trembling with expectancy; he went away trembling with wrath.

Why had he been asked at all? Why did they not leave him alone altogether?

Almost immediately luncheon was over, Mrs. Calverley rose, saying, "What time exactly must I be ready, dear? You gave the order, I think, to-day? Don't let me disturb anybody, don't let me break up this pleasant meeting of cousins — but I really must run, if I am to be ready at half past three. That was the hour, was it not? I will be punctual."

She had made it clear; Tom had another benevolent smile, and pressure of the hand, and she took herself off.

"Do have some strawberries," cried Lady Calverley. "Hugh — Tom — somebody. Tom, you were always the last to leave the strawberry-beds — come!"

She held them up invitingly, but he turned sick at the sight.

He had with difficulty swallowed those on his plate, and the allusion to the strawberry-beds at Gourloch was too much. He thought he could never go near them again.

How hot the room felt! How dully sounded the wheels on the pavement below!

None of them talked much, and yet the minutes flew. Lady Calverley looked at her watch, and Tom understood. He went, and did not soon come back again.

"What is the matter? Are you not ready? Are you not coming with us?"

Elsie was discovered by her mother bonnetless and unprepared when the carriage came round: she did not rouse herself; she answered with perfect readiness, "I don't care to go. I will stay at home to-day and — practise."

"Are you behindhand? That is a pity. I suppose Tom's visit put you out? Well, don't tire yourself, dear child, we shall not be long away."

"Good-bye, mamma," dutifully.

She saw the carriage drive off, then she stamped up and down the room like a little fury!

"What a shame — what a shame it was! To treat him so! Tom, who used to be one of ourselves! He looked so glad to see us, and so nice, and so — and so — and so. — And to put him down in a big chair, and give him his luncheon, and send him away! He might have been a stranger whom none of us had ever seen before. Suppose he had been, Captain Maurice was far more intimate. I might speak to him, ugly wretch! but I could not say one word to Tom, with

mamma and Aunt Marion sitting by. I suppose they had some *stupid* idea — *stupid* —” with a clench of her little fist. “As if *that* was not over long ago; and as if—as if—it mattered a bit whether it were or not! Oh! how ashamed they ought to be! Not a single kind look, and he looking so kindly at us! Mamma might have had *some* feeling, she who used to make so much of Tom. Poor Tom! Hugh is everything now. If Hugh had taken the trouble he might have changed everything to-day, but he was as bad as anybody; he sat without saying a word, and looked such a — goose! I never thought Hugh would have been so cruel to any one, especially to Tom; it seemed as if we were all against him — all.” One by one great angry tears rolled down, like drops in a thunder-storm. “I hate cruelty,” burst forth the girl, “and I hate meanness — and I hate Hugh!”

But the carriage party came home radiant.

They had had a charming drive, and had found everybody out, excepting *the* one whom they desired to find at home! Lady Frederick Whitton had received them, and had done still more, she had lent them her own ticket for the Horticultural Gardens — for the great rhododendron show, which was just being opened. Lady Frederick had found that at the last moment she would be unable to attend, and most fortunately they had been the first people who had made their appearance after her decision had been arrived at.

Charming, was it not? So opportune — the very thing that Elsie had most cared about; and although they had been actually in Queen’s Gate at the time, they had driven back for her as fast as they could.

She must put on her bonnet immediately.

Ere she could say “yes” or “no,” ere she could fully understand what she was about, she was sitting in the carriage on her way to the gardens.

Royal carriages were at the door, and a long line streamed behind.

Elsie was of that sympathetic temperament which loves to go where others go, see what others see, and enjoy what they enjoy; her spirits unconsciously revived, she began to smile, to laugh, to look about her; the scene was gay and beautiful, disagreeable reminiscences were effaced, and Tom was forgotten.

Was it possible that Hugh had divined something amiss? He snatched a moment to whisper, “I am so stupid to-day,

Elsie. My head aches. I’m sure Tom must have thought me sulky, or something — I was quite a bear to him.”

Of course he was pitied and forgiven, and gradually, it may be hoped, the headache gave way.

At any rate he was no longer “stupid,” he was more than ordinarily animated and attentive. He and Elsie flew from flower to flower, vying with each other in the discovery of the finest bloom. They strolled over the grass behind their guardians, they extolled the music and eulogized the company.

They were young, their nerve of admiration had not yet been extracted.

Presently, however, came a breath of discord.

They passed a beauty, an imperial-looking girl, of whom Hugh, simple fellow, cunning fellow — which? — was loud in his praises.

Elsie could “not see it,” walked coldly past.

By-and-by, “There she is again!” cries Hugh.

“Who? What? Oh, *that* girl! Nonsense! There are hundreds here to-day who are far prettier!”

“I don’t think there are.”

“Don’t you?”

She “does not understand what he means.” Wonders what he is “dreaming of.” He is “too absurd.”

In truth, this young woman could never bear to be second. She was a queen by natural intuition, and felt out of place on aught but a throne. She had subjugated Hugh, Tom, and such as those by the score; she had nearly stolen a march upon Ralph Blundell. He had escaped by flight, and she had put out of sight, as speedily as possible, the mortifying recollection.

Wherever she had since been seen, she had slain her thousands — in modern phraseology, she had met with considerable admiration; and possibly some portion of her indifference to London society may have lain in the secret that there she was not — but it is unkind to attribute motives!

Whatever be at the root of it, it is one of the blessings of little Elsie’s life that she has not been drawn into that great whirlpool — that she has not thrown her youth, and her beauty, and her innocence into its devouring jaws. She will grow up into a good, true, loving woman like her mother, and she will not be overburdened with — common sense.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# NELSON IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

BETWEEN seventy and eighty years ago the English had a good deal to do with the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies, from the occupants of the royal palaces to the houseless *lazzaroni*, and they all looked upon us with a respect which, I fear, nobody will pay to us now. They thought us all-powerful, and our protection the best thing in the world. I don't think we ever had a very high opinion of them, but we kept them a place in the map of Europe for all that, and we did so at a time when more warlike people than they were having their nationalities expunged by the French Revolutionists without the slightest compunction or ceremony. The Neapolitans and Sicilians were shaking in their shoes towards the end of last century, calculating, probably, the number of days that might be allowed them ere they would be devoured by the republican armies. From all sides they heard of French successes. Echoes of the universal terror came thick and fast upon their ears. Nation after nation succumbed, and the fiat was thought to have gone forth which was to revolutionize Italy to the sole of its foot, and give its fair fields and its art-treasures as a prey to the spoilers, when suddenly there came news of the battle of the Nile. England had cleared the seas of Frenchmen, delivered a crushing blow against the power and reputation of France, and given a new lease to the kingdoms which had not yet been overrun. Naples got a reprieve; and less than that would suffice to set Naples laughing and dancing. She broke out accordingly, and made an awful splutter, which was not subdued, we may be sure, by the news which soon after arrived that the British fleet that had done such wonders was steering westward, and would probably enter the delightful bay before the autumn was far advanced. She knew how her enemy's fleet had been all taken or destroyed; how "L'Orient" had been blown to splinters; how the English commander had been badly wounded, and how he had been suffering from fever after his victory, and was coming to the realms of ease and pleasure to refresh his body and mind, and to fit himself for further glorious undertakings. The season of the year was about the most delightful of her delightful seasons. The summer had waned. The fierce, almost tropical heat had yielded sufficiently to make daylight pleasures again attractive. The populace had cele-

brated the *festa* of the blessed Virgin — their great autumnal gathering of Madonna di Piedigrotto — and so had, as it were, installed Pomona as tutelar deity for the present. Grapes, melons, and all the fruits of the golden autumn abounded without measure. It was no longer necessary to flee from the gaze of the bright sun, but mankind could meet without doors and give expression to the joy which filled them — the joy which kindly nature had bestowed independently of what are generally called worldly accidents, and the joy which England's great admiral had bestowed in relieving them from the shadow of servitude, and of expulsion, possibly, from their gay country, with which they were so well pleased. They could go abroad and revel in full view of the earth and sky with their manifold colors and their changing beauties, and of their bay, fit to wash the shores of Paradise — its waters just rippled by the softest of breezes, and skimmed by many a sail off which the sunbeams glanced on to the thousand mirrors of the waves. They had not to examine the past or peer into the future, to know why their native land was dear to them. Its charms were there, patent, sensible, to-day. Truly runs their song, —

O dolce Napoli, O suol beato !  
Ove sorridere vuol il creato,  
Tu sei l'impero dell' armonia,  
Santa Lucia ! Santa Lucia !

Towards the end of September 1798, two English ships, detached from Nelson's fleet, entered the bay, bringing intelligence that the victorious admiral was approaching. Thereupon all was excitement and delirium in Naples. The queen was almost frantic with delight and admiration, the king acknowledged Sir Horatio Nelson to be his deliverer and his great defence. From the personages on the throne down to the lowest of the *lazzaroni*, the Neapolitans sang and danced for joy, and lauded the name of the British hero throughout the city, watching eagerly till his white sails should be seen gleaming in the offing. As the "Vanguard," bearing Nelson's flag, began to thread her way among the islands with which the bay is studded, a flotilla of barges, pinnaces, and gay pleasure-boats streamed out to meet her, displaying garlands and banners. Shouts of triumph from the gay voyagers rent the air; bands of music clanged exultation and welcome; not a token of worship and gratitude was wanting which an impressionable people, versed in pageantry,

could devise. In advance of all the others pulled one barge bearing the English envoy. It was speedily alongside of the "Vanguard," and from it there sprang up the ship's side a lady who might have been Helen of Troy, so beautiful was she, and who, as she exclaimed, "My God! is it possible?" flung herself on the breast of the hero of the Nile, who had waited to receive her. After Lady Hamilton came the minister, her husband; and then, after a short interval, the king, queen, and royal family of the Two Sicilies, coming up, boarded the "Vanguard," and with cordial praise and greeting welcomed the glorious sailor to their city of delights. While these august personages poured forth their congratulations on board the flag-ship, the occupants of the thousand gilded boats that floated around were neither silent nor undemonstrative. They hailed their deliverer with incessant shouts, and acted their gratitude in the pantomime which with them is almost a language. Further honors and acclamations were rendered on Nelson's landing. The *lazzaroni* worshipped him, and poked fun at their king for his amusement, and held up cages before him and set birds free therefrom. It was universal holiday till the revellers had exhausted themselves in rejoicing; *fêtes* by day, feasting, dancing, and shows by night, filled up the time of the laughter-loving city. Could the great sea-captain have accepted the Neapolitan rule of life, which was much the same as that of Sardanapalus —

Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip —

here was an opportunity of "living deliciously," such as man has seldom fallen in with. His birthday occurred only a few days after his arrival, and this served to reanimate any spirit that might be at all inclined to faint with excess of enjoyment. The festivities took a new lease on the occasion, and the masquing, revelry, and banqueting burst out again in an aggravated form. I suppose there never was such a festival time, even in Naples; and that, my dear editor, is saying a good deal.

The joy and gratitude which the Neapolitans thus showed after their manner, were felt throughout all those states of Europe which suspected and dreaded the French republic. "The cannon of Nelson," says Alison, "which destroyed the French fleet at Aboukir, re-echoed from one end of Europe to the other, and everywhere revived the spirit of resistance." Well it might do so. Such a crushing

victory had never before been won upon the seas. It was more thorough than Actium or Lepanto; a conquest, as Nelson himself said — not merely a victory. I need not say anything to you about the honors which were immediately transmitted to the conqueror from England; but I think we all want a little rubbing up of our history to realize the fame which he enjoyed with other countries, especially those whose soil is washed by the Mediterranean. The star of Napoleon was as yet not half-way to the zenith; nay, Napoleon himself at that time was shut up in Egypt, where Nelson had not left him or his soldiers a deck to escape upon. Wellington, also, to whom we now render such deserved homage, was then comparatively unknown. Nelson was the idol of all hearts, the cynosure of all eyes, "the foremost man of all this world." He was a paladin. His fame was more like that with which romance has invested Launcelot or Charlemagne, than like that of a modern. His deeds and his character were so heroic that men knew not where to place him in the world of their experience, and they revered him as if he had been a reappearance from a former age. Here, in the south of Europe, it was believed that his power had no limit; his favor was thought to be the life of kings; he was the model on whom every ambitious warrior sought to form himself —

By his light  
Did all the chivalry of *Europe* move.

I noticed above Alison's remark concerning Nelson's cannon. It is worth our while, who live in the days when guns can be cast capable of throwing twelve hundred and fifty pounds in one bolt, to reflect on what this cannon of Nelson was which so agitated the world. The biggest guns in his fleet were twenty-four-pounders, and these pieces were very rare in the naval service. Eighteen-pounders and twelve-pounders were the cannon carried by his ships of the line — mere popguns they seem to us now. A first-class ship carried from one hundred to one hundred and twenty of these guns, a second-class ship ninety or ninety-eight. The wind, we must remember, was their only propelling power; and their sides displayed nothing harder than British oak, which was thought in those days to be a tolerably stiff material when it was the fashion to celebrate our "wooden walls." Now we plate with iron as thick as we can float it, breast both wind and tide by the help of steam; and on the waters of

this very Bay of Naples has been constructed a ship ("Il Duilio") which is to carry guns weighing a hundred tons each. Such are some of the changes in a fleet which seventy-seven years have brought about.

Can we, knowing as we do what Nelson was, wonder that this life at Naples "mid pleasures and palaces" did by no means satisfy him; and that his great soul was vexed within him at the apathy and frivolity of a people over whose heads the sword was even then hanging by a hair, who had only been respited by the great battle of Aboukir, and who fiddled and jested while their supreme energy, promptitude, and thought were required to preserve their existence as a nation?

Five years before this return in triumph, Nelson had visited Naples, he having been sent from Toulon with despatches for Sir William Hamilton. On that occasion the British envoy had formed a very high opinion of Captain Nelson, and had broken through a rule in inviting the latter to his house. Then it was that the acquaintance of Nelson and Lady Hamilton commenced, about the progress and character of which so much has been said and sung, and so much remains, and probably ever will remain, obscure and matter of controversy. Before they met again, some of Nelson's greatest exploits, including the battle of St. Vincent, where his broad pendant as commodore was flying on board the "Captain," and the battle of the Nile, where he commanded, had been achieved; he had lost an eye at Calvi, and an arm at Teneriffe. He was at Naples shortly before the battle of Aboukir; but, as well as I can ascertain, he did not at that time see Lady Hamilton, although he certainly had most important communications with her, the occasion of which was as follows. He had known of the French fleet, with Napoleon on board, having proceeded eastward from Malta, and he had gone to Alexandria in pursuit of them. He did not know that he had outsailed them on his voyage; consequently when he failed to find them in Egypt, he returned westward and came to the Bay of Naples, where he soon got information that, although he had not fallen in with them, the French ships were certainly somewhere in the Levant. Thereupon he resolved to sail eastward again, but it was indispensable that his ships should be refitted and victualled before the voyage. Strange to say, the Sicilian government, to whom his activity or inaction made the difference between life and death,

refused to let him revictual, they having of a sudden become singularly discreet, and cautious of offending the French. The admiral was well-nigh checkmated by their folly; and the battle of the Nile would never have been fought if the address and influence of Lady Hamilton had not been exerted on his behalf. She understood the importance of his going to sea, and she and the queen contrived in some manner to pass by the *fainéant* king and to send secret orders to the commanders at the different ports, in virtue of which the necessary provisions were afforded at Syracuse, and the fleet departed on its glorious voyage. Nelson never forgot the immense service which his lovely friend rendered him on this occasion. He wrote at the time, "Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered; and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress." He wrote before going into action at Trafalgar a codicil to his will setting forth how much this country was indebted to Lady Hamilton for the service now mentioned, and for others equally important, and commending her to the gratitude of England.

I trust that I shall not bore you, my dear friend, by repeating what is already very clear in your mind, if I say a word or two of reminder about the queen and king who were entertaining Nelson, and reigning by virtue of his arm, in 1798.

The queen was a princess of Austria, sister of Marie Antoinette—daughter, therefore, of Maria Theresa—a haughty woman, of much spirit and some capacity, who, as far as her perception went, kept her husband alive to the dangers and probable accidents of those momentous days, and made him act like a man. She was woman enough to forget all her *hauteur*, and to fall into a passion of gratitude and admiration when she heard of the victory of the Nile, and to be vindictive when the chances of war gave her the mastery over those who had rebelled against royal authority. She was a virtuous\* wife and a good mother. The present ex-king of the Two Sicilies is her great-grandson.

Her august spouse, Ferdinand the First, is not so easily sketched. He was something of a king, something of a mountebank, a good deal of a rake and poltroon,

\* I write this on the authority of Count Orloff, notwithstanding the hints to a contrary effect circulated by Dumas and others.

a devoted sportsman, rather a jolly fellow, and a man who, notwithstanding the alarms of the revolutionary period, and the vicissitudes which befell his throne and himself, managed to reign more years than his contemporary, our George III., and so got a good deal of enjoyment out of his long life. Truly says Master Silence, "A merry heart lives long-a." He was illiterate, but had some good instincts, which came out on occasion. In appearance he was a Pulcinello, having a huge nose, from which he derived the *sobriquet* of Nasone; and in many of his acts and habits he was entirely the low comedian, immensely popular with his *lazzaroni*, from whom he accepted the most unrestricted familiarities, and to whose goodwill he certainly in part owed one recovery of his continental dominions. It is reported of him that he would publicly sell the fish which he had caught, chaffing, and being chaffed by, his populace while the sale was in progress. He shirked work whenever he could, and gave himself up to sport. The trouble of signing his name was so great, that he kept a stamp to strike on public documents; but he was a very Nimrod among wild boars and stags. On an occasion where he had to execute a flight in great peril — I shall probably speak of it further on — he made his chamberlain change dresses and places with him, he acting the courtier for the nonce; "for," said he, coolly, "if we are overtaken they will be certain to slay the king." Both got safe away; and he afterwards, instead of evincing any shame at his conduct, used to make a humorous story of it, and laud the chamberlain, to whom, indeed, he always continued kind, showing that, in this matter, he was certainly guiltless of one sin.

The king, whose mind was not easily depressed, acted as if the battle of the Nile had put an end to revolutionary movements for all time, and as if he was at liberty from henceforth to hunt and amuse himself. But the case, as we know, was far otherwise. Perhaps, had he taken the tide on the turn which Nelson's victory gave to it, he might have crushed out the revolutionary spirit in Italy. But he lost precious time, and he did even worse than that. When he found himself obliged at last to show a front to one head of the revolutionary hydra, he put at the head of his troops the Austrian general Mack — the same who afterwards surrendered to Napoleon at Ulm — with the result that the said troops behaved as badly as they possibly could. As Nelson

said, "The Neapolitan officers did not lose much honor, for, God knows, they had not much to lose; but they lost all they had." They ran from inferior numbers, abandoning cannon, stores, baggage, treasure; and the French, at the heels of the fugitives, advanced on Naples. The king, who had accompanied his army to the neighborhood of the Roman frontier, had to flee homewards in haste and terror. It was in this flight that he made his chamberlain change clothes with him and act the king.

Naples, notwithstanding the presence of Nelson's fleet in the bay, did not seem now to his majesty a secure residence for himself or his royal belongings; and he took the magnanimous resolution of not waiting in his continental capital to confront the French, and the Italian republicans who were ready to rise in aid of the French, but of deserting the loyal portion of his Neapolitan subjects, and stealing a march to Palermo. Even his flight he could not have managed unaided; for his *lazzaroni*, who were really attached to him and meant to fight for him, would by no means have allowed him to depart. But Lady Hamilton secretly prepared everything for the escape of the royal family, and explored at much risk to herself a secret passage leading from the palace to the sea, through which were taken off paintings, sculptures, and treasures to the value of two and a half millions. The English ships received all this; and when things were thus ready, Nelson landed and safely embarked the king, queen, and royal family, whom he conveyed to Palermo. When Nasone thus deserted his post and went off "bag and baggage," he took the precaution of appointing a viceroy, whom he valiantly enjoined to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria. But the viceroy, who seems to have formed himself most faithfully after his royal pattern, lost no time, after the king's back was turned, in coming to an understanding with the French, and yielding to them so much of Neapolitan territory as speedily led to loss of the whole. Then Naples became the capital of the Parthenopean republic. The poor devils of *lazzaroni* had showed fight in very good style before things came to this pass; but, being deserted by their leaders, what could they do? They had to submit at last; and there was an end forever, as it seemed, of the continental portion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The monarch of those realms bore this dispensation with a very equal mind. He hunted



in the Sicilian woods instead of in those of Calabria; that was all the difference that it made to him. But there arose at last a person who took accurate note of the chances of the game, and determined to throw a cast for the *ancien régime*. A priest, a Cardinal Ruffo, undertook to go and raise the *lazzaroni* and the peasantry to arms, and to strike a stroke for the monarchy. The king bade him go and prosper, but gave him no assistance whatever. Ruffo, however, knew what he was about, and got together what he was pleased to call his Christian army, which, containing many honest and loyal peasants and other poor people, contained also galley-slaves, the sweepings of the jails, and a large contingent of that ancient Italian institution, the brigands, who then under Nasone, as now under Victor Emmanuel, were a power in the State. Ruffo, like the insurgents in Turkey to-day, knew the influence of the name *Christian*, and asked sympathy on the ground of that name, for a force whose acts would have disgraced any religion. But he made his rascals fight; and so unexpected were their appearance and their resolution, that the French and their sympathizers were much disconcerted. While the counter-revolution was thus making head against the Parthenopean republic, the English ships were not idle, but did all they could in support of the royal authority. Nelson himself was not much in the Bay of Naples during Ruffo's campaign, for the court was in Sicily. Where the court was, the British minister would be; where the minister was, his wife would naturally be; and where his wife was, Nelson would certainly be as much as he could. Trowbridge was the senior officer on the coast of Naples; and he, taking prompt advantage of many mistakes in government made by the new republic, was very soon able to re-establish the king's authority in the islands of the bay. At Procida the reaction was so violent that it was impossible to preserve even a rag of the republican flag to present to the king; the populace rent it into threads. And there was a good deal of method, too, if not much of magnanimity, in the arrangement of the islanders' vengeance. The Neapolitan revolutionists were in their eyes the great offenders; so the fishermen marked out each his own victim for assassination when opportunity should serve. The head of one of these victims was sent off one morning to Trowbridge, with his basket of grapes for breakfast, accompanied by a dedicatory epistle from the mur-

derer, who had, he said, the glory of presenting it in proof of his loyalty. In the islands and in the mountains Nasone was again king; and now a piece of good fortune befell him, which made republicanism droop throughout his dominions. The French government, being hardly pressed elsewhere, was compelled to withdraw from southern Italy the bulk of the French troops, leaving but a handful to sustain the young republic. The consequence was, that Ruffo's "Christian army" very soon got possession of the city of Naples; and the French invaders found themselves shut up in one of the forts, and the Italian republicans in two other forts. As no hope of escape presented itself to any of the beleaguered, and Ruffo had some apprehension of a French fleet coming in to the relief of the forts, it was arranged that the garrisons should surrender on terms. Accordingly, a capitulation was drawn up; and flags of truce were kept flying while the articles were being arranged. Just at this juncture arrived Nelson in the bay, who immediately ordered the flag of truce to be hauled down, and who forbade the fulfilment of the terms of surrender until they should have been approved by the king. That good-fellow of *lazzaroni* and destroyer of wild boars declared, on being appealed to, that Ruffo had exceeded his authority in admitting the rebels to terms at all, and that he, Nasone, would never treat with his revolted subjects. Accordingly, all the Neapolitan republicans who could be arrested were delivered over to be dealt with as traitors, the forts were seized, and all benefits of the capitulation were denied, except to the French. When it is remembered that Ruffo was despatched, or rather allowed to go, on his errand of counter-revolution, without any instructions at all, it may reasonably be contended that he had *carte blanche*. It therefore appears to have been most unjust to disavow the convention which he had thought it advisable to make with the enemies whom he had driven to take shelter behind the walls of the forts. Even if it was not absolutely unjust, it was indiscreet. The king, indeed, was fortunate to recover his dominions on any terms; and, considering the cool manner in which he abandoned his continental subjects only about eight months before, he had better have said little about fidelity, or the relations which ought to bind subjects and kings together.

But there followed now an event which in English minds stirred up more feeling



than the fate of all those who had surrendered in the forts taken together. I mean the execution of Admiral Caracciolo, who did not suffer by a purely Neapolitan course of law, but was brought to trial and had his sentence confirmed by Lord Nelson. Caracciolo had been with his sovereign, during the early part of that sovereign's retreat in Sicily; but had received permission to return to Naples on the plea that he must endeavor to save his property, which the republicans, as it was said, were about to confiscate. On his arrival in the city, such appeared to him the condition of affairs that he judged it prudent to give his adhesion to the republic and to command its marine, which was in effect taking up arms against his lawful king. At the time of Ruffo's victorious advance, he took refuge in one of the forts, but escaped therefrom before the capitulation. Then he made attempts to obtain the intercession of Ruffo and of other influential persons; but this being refused him, he had to go into hiding, and was at last recognized and taken. His captors rendered him on board the English flag-ship, bound like a felon, which, no doubt, was a somewhat better light than that in which he was regarded by the royalists. Captain Hardy immediately ordered him to be unbound, and sent him under arrest and in charge of a British officer on board the "Minerva," the flag-ship of the Sicilian admiral, to await the decision of Lord Nelson on his case. That decision was soon known: Nelson ordered a court-martial, composed entirely of Sicilian officers, to try the traitor admiral on board the English flag-ship. As you know well, they found him guilty and condemned him to death. Nelson, as naval officer in command of the combined fleets, confirmed the sentence, and ordered it to be carried into effect after a few hours of interval. The manner of death was hanging at the yard-arm of the "Minerva." In vain did the wretched convict, who was an elderly man and a noble, petition first that he might have another trial, and secondly that he might be shot to death instead of being hanged. Nelson was deaf to his entreaties; the fair bay which had lately witnessed so many interesting spectacles, now exhibited the sad attraction of the execution, like a common malefactor, of a person high in rank and once high in office, a person familiar for many years to all classes in the country, a man who had played his part in the many events which had lately befallen the kingdom. The fatal hour struck, a gun

was fired on board the "Minerva," and Caracciolo was hoisted to the yard-arm, where he hung for the prescribed period in sight of the bay and city, and of the house where he first drew breath. This house, on the Mergellina, may still be seen. An inscription on its front gives the dates of his birth and execution, showing that he lived to be forty-seven years old.\*

I do not, my dear editor, enter at all upon the vexed question of Lord Nelson's conduct in this matter. There have been strong opinions expressed on both sides by persons entitled to a patient hearing. But I think that, since the publication of the Nelson despatches, no doubt at all can remain as to Nelson's right to act as he did in the matter; and the calumnies which were so profusely heaped on him have been refuted. You have yourself been largely instrumental in putting the case fairly before the public mind,† and I am perfectly satisfied with the decision to which you were led. After we have satisfied ourselves as to strict law and justice, there remains, of course, the question of expediency and wisdom to be resolved, and the voice of mercy to be answered. My opinion is, that it is impossible for us to decide how Nelson might have acted better than he did, because we cannot put ourselves in his position. We cannot realize the terror which French principles were in that day exciting, nor the effect which lenity in this case might have had upon the people of the Two Sicilies, nor the mischief which might have been apprehended from the traitor if he had been suffered to live. It is easy enough, reflecting on the sad story as I now am, in view of the glorious Bay of Naples, or as you probably are, sitting by a blazing fire, in a time of peace, when no reign of terror is exercising men's minds, to feel how we could *wish* that our great sailor had acted. But surely he knew best. He was not a man given to cruelty or even to severity; but he was capable of sacrificing his own feelings, his own fame, and everything else which he held dear, to his sense of duty. If in doing what he judged to be his duty he bruised his own heart, laid himself open to the attacks of the slanderous, and assumed a responsibility and an odium of which he might easily have

\* Mr. Southey says that Caracciolo was nearly seventy years of age. I know not whence he derived his information, but the inscription on the house certainly states that Caracciolo was born in 1752 and was hanged in 1799.

† See *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1860, Art. "Nelson and Caracciolo;" and for April 1860, Art. "Lady Hamilton."

washed his hands, we ought rather to pity the cruel choice which necessity imposed on him, than to condemn him for his part in a tragedy which we cannot wholly understand. Is it more likely that Nelson on this occasion felt bound to deny the promptings of his own tender and considerate heart, or that he became for the moment a monster of cruelty and blood-thirstiness, contradicting all the known tendencies of his nature?

Well, Caracciolo was hanged to death, and his body taken out to sea and sunk in the depths thereof, with two hundred and fifty pounds of shot tied to it, that it might disappear forever —

And woo the slimy bottom of the deep.

Even the hanging of a Neapolitan prince could not in those eventful years be more than a few days' wonder. And now indeed there were other events in plenty. Foremost among these was the return of the king and royal family to Naples after an absence of eight months or thereabouts, during which period the continental Sicily had been lost and recovered. But King Nasone, even in his hour of triumph, with his characteristic caution where his own skin was concerned, thought it more prudent not to trust himself all at once among his beloved people: so he remained afloat in the bay in the secure precincts of Nelson's ship, the union-jack appearing to him to throw a more comfortable shadow than the banner of the Two Sicilies. Like another king of Naples\* long before him, he "received comfort like cold porridge," and did not seem over anxious to resume possession of his palace. While he thus kept his court between decks he was one day startled by an announcement made by one of his Neapolitans that the dead Caracciolo had risen and was pursuing the ship and the king towards Naples. Nasone was not prone to superstitious alarms, although he was, as we have seen, shrewd enough in warding off workaday dangers. He did not, therefore, break out into a cold perspiration on hearing of this resurrection, but went to see for himself what was the matter. His own observation, however, did by no means contradict the alarm given by his attendant. There, distinct above the waves, were the well-known features of Caracciolo. He was following the ship like a fate, and seemed, like a spectre of romance, disposed to accompany the restored monarch to his capital,

to face him in his state and in his feasts, and to dog his footsteps like remorse.

The times have been  
That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more  
strange  
Than such a murder is.

After a time the king was satisfied that this was no phantom, but the very body of his *quondam* admiral, which, without bursting its cerements (for it had none to burst), but simply by the common effect of corruption in the water, had become sufficiently buoyant to raise both itself and the heavy weight attached to it, while the latter served to maintain it in the upright position. The corpse was taken from the sea and sent ashore for burial; and thus, so far as visible intrusions were concerned, the manes of Caracciolo were appeased, and his perturbed spirit found rest.

The king, restored to his throne, proved utterly incompetent to deal with the affairs of his government, so disturbed by the accidents and changes of those times. His family and his ministers could not help him at all as to seeing or doing his duty. "That court," says Southey, "employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood. St. Januarius was solemnly removed from his rank as patron saint of the kingdom, having been convicted of Jacobinism, and St. Antonio as solemnly installed in his place." But there was too much business for Nasone, however bunglingly or negligently it may have been done; and he took an early opportunity of slipping back to Sicily, and of making war upon wild beasts, to deal with which he was far more competent than to deal with men. I should say, however, that the royal incapable was never an ungrateful man, and that at this season of his first restoration he was most emphatic in the acknowledgment of the services which had been rendered to him by the British fleet, and that he showed his gratitude to Nelson like a prince. He made him Duke of Bronte, and gave him a rich domain. These honors Nelson at first resolutely refused; but Lady Hamilton is said to have urged upon her knees the request of the king and queen that he would not refuse a distinction the conferring of which they felt necessary to the preservation of their honor. And the king

\* Alonzo, in "The Tempest."

had the grace to say to him, "Lord Nelson, do you wish that your name alone should pass with honor to posterity, and that I, Ferdinand Bourbon, should appear ungrateful?" It must have cost Nasone something to speak thus like a king, but, at any rate he did it; and Nelson, overcome by so much entreaty, consented to accept the Sicilian honors, which included a diamond-hilted sword, formerly a gift to Nasone from his father, Charles III.

Indeed, gifts and honors poured in upon Nelson. He stood on the very pinnacle of fame. But there is a reverse to every picture—a drop of bitter in every cup. Nelson's greatness was complete, and so would have been his own satisfaction in it, but for one thing—the one thing which rises ever like a foul exhalation to tarnish true desert. Detraction would not suffer it. I speak not of scandal-mongers and gossips; greatness can afford to smile at the slanders of such. But a statesman—a man enjoying very high repute in the nation—was not ashamed, in criticising the king's speech in the year 1800, to throw the most base and injurious aspersions on the officers of the fleet, which had so magnified the name of England from one end of the world to the other. Mr. Fox mentioned no name in his base invective, but he evidently pointed at Nelson; and Nelson, on behalf of the naval service, felt bound to write an indignant denial of the aspersions, and a denunciation of the slanderer.

It is a melancholy reflection that the envy and jealousy of a disappointed politician seem to drive from his mind all sense of propriety, all scruple, so far as his successful rival is concerned. To strike at that rival, he is really to trample under foot all national considerations: he sees but his fortunate antagonist, and no feeling becoming a patriot or a man can stay his rancorous attack. Like a woman in her wrath and her vindictiveness, he will strike blindly through any medium that may offer an occasion for the blow. Mr. Fox, in his anxiety to discredit Mr. Pitt, could not see that in calumniating the navy he was touching the very apple of England's eye. There was not the slightest chance of getting the British public to think evil of their sailors; and a dispassionate person can hardly understand how any English statesman could have wished them to entertain an evil thought of these heroes. Nevertheless, Mr. Fox, if he could have done it, would have sacrificed their fame for the sake of discrediting or embarrassing Mr. Pitt.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 975

I said that a dispassionate person could hardly understand this; but I recall my words. We of this generation can understand it only too well. We have the key to the inconsistencies of those days; we, too, have lately witnessed the lengths to which a baffled politician may be carried when he is mad with spleen, and with desire to damage his successful and more able rival.

It was in the Bay of Naples that Nelson received from Captain Hallowell the extraordinary present of a coffin made from timbers of "L'Orient," which were recovered after the ship blew up. So far was the admiral from thinking this a disagreeable or an ominous gift that he prized it highly, and had it placed upright in his cabin. Such was the temper of his mind that a *memento mori* like this agreed with his humor, and he did not seem quite to comprehend the oblique looks which his officers cast at the gloomy chest. "You may look at it, gentlemen, but you won't have it," was his remark. He did, however, at last consent to put it out of sight, but he himself did never, in the figurative sense, lose sight of it. It was carefully preserved till it was wanted, and he lies in it now in the crypt of St. Paul's.

I had the pleasure in old times of knowing Lieutenant Parsons, R.N., who was certainly in Nelson's fleet, and, if I mistake not, was the officer who had charge of Caracciolo while under arrest. The reason why I hesitate to say positively that he was the man is, that Mr. Southey states that Caracciolo was attended by *Mr. Parkinson*, and I have not at hand means of ascertaining what the officer's name was. Mr. Parsons had anecdotes in plenty to tell of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and, to the best of my recollection, he invariably spoke respectfully of the latter. I observe that in many memoirs which mention this extraordinary woman it is stated that, after she began to move among gentle people, much pains were taken with her education, and she became artificially accomplished in a high degree. This, however, I doubt, because it does not agree with what Lord Nelson himself once said of her. I know that when his lordship was one day extolling her talents to Mr. Hoppner, to whom he was sitting for his portrait, he said parenthetically, "It's all God's doing; she ha'n't been taught."

Let me mention here that Lady Hamilton's picture, which for long, and to his last hour, hung in Nelson's cabin, is now (or very lately was) above the mantelpiece

in the writing-room of the Army and Navy Club in London.

Soon after the events to which I have alluded, Nelson departed from Naples to win fresh laurels in other waters. The city has been the scene of many a change and of frequent excitements since those days, but it has never entertained so great a hero, never since been under such illustrious tutelage. The city, probably, has been a good deal changed from the city which Nelson saw; but the bay, the unrivalled bay, must be much the same as in the time when his keels were riding on its waters. The headlands and rocks are the same as rolled back the salutes and acclamations; the blue depths are there which his cables sounded; the air is as soft and the sun as bright to-day as when he was hailed Baron Nelson of the Nile. Where the still life of the picture remains so much as it was, the imagination more easily repopulates it and calls back the phantom of other days. *There* it was that his admiring Emma flung herself against his heart; *there* the royal fugitives embarked, guarded by the cutlasses of British tars, for their voyage to Palermo; just *there* hung the corpse of Caracciolo at the "Minerva's" yard-arm; and along that distant streak of sunshine did the dead Caracciolo pursue his restored sovereign. As the evening advances and glowing colors from the sunset are reflected from the mist which hangs about the summit of Vesuvius the illusion grows stronger; and as the darkness rather suddenly falls, the reality of the scenes over which I have been thinking seems for a few minutes restored. Then night swallows the vision as once it swallowed those acted dramas, and the dream is over, and no more musing will there be for an hour or two. The street, which has been pretty quiet since sunset, is fast filling again with passengers, groups, and crowds, who laugh and whoop and scream as if their spirits were running riot; and then just round me there is a sudden hush as a vagabond minstrel thrums carelessly a chord of his guitar, and his associate is heard clearing his throat with an emphasis which might excite admiration even in the United States of America. Another second, and a prelude is being executed on the guitar and a fiddle, into which breaks the song of "*Io ti voglio ben assai*," in the inimitable croak and *patois* of a Neapolitan bard. *Soldi* rattle on the pavement from the balconies above. Some find their way into the minstrel's pockets; some also into the pockets of the attendant crowd. A musi-

cian spreads an umbrella, inverts it, and beseeches the spirits that sit up aloft to aim their largesses at that receptacle. Down comes another copper shower, the umbrella closes, the unprofessional crowd is baffled but does not growl or strive; it only laughs gaily. "*Che volete?*" shouts the fiddler, turning up his face to the lighted windows. "*Lu vassillo,*"\* returns a soft voice, not Neapolitan. "*Ecco la luna, signorina,*"† I hear called up again in a stage whisper. This impertinence does not mean that the rascal has misunderstood the fair postulant. It is his way of saying that they are not prepared with "*Lu vassillo*" to-night. The crowd are highly amused; but remembering that the joke is at the expense of an *eccellenza*, there is no boisterous demonstration, only a low cackle expressing more delight than the wildest guffaw. The soft voice is heard no more; but a masculine tongue, evidently ignorant of the language and crammed for the occasion, growls some barbarous accents meant for "*Voca, voca.*"\* The musician, to whom it is most important to make some *amende*, with something approaching to inspiration comprehends the uncouth call. "*Voca, voca, 'cellenza si, subito, subito,*" replies he; and the symphony rolls out, and all is hushed attention again. So have we been going on for the last hour and a half. The minstrels seem to be shutting up. I am inclined to yawn, which I may with propriety do, for we are in Lent, and there is no theatre, no ball, no further entertainment. "Even here," as Selkirk remarked, "is a season of rest."

I advance to close the casement, and meet the full stare of the moon which is hanging above Somma and flooding with her light the plain where I know Pompeii to lie. There is her reflection, the infernal Hecate, in the depths of the bay, as bright as the goddess in the sky. The noise of locomotion has all died away, and now I hear the waters drumming on the shore with a dull sound which makes the stillness even more still, instead of breaking it. Not a leaf is stirring in the villa. A yellow glow among the trees shows where some statue is giving back the

\* "*Lu vassillo*" is Neapolitan for "The Kiss;" it is a sprightly, clever Neapolitan ballad.

† "Look at the moon, miss." This is quite in accord with the sentiment of "*Lu vassillo*," in which the gallant pleads for a *secret* kiss, which passes and leaves no mark to be seen in the light.

\* *Voca, voca* is Neapolitan for *voga, voga*, that is, "pull, pull," or, as we put it, "give way," addressed to rowers. These words are the commencement of a charming ballad.

moonbeams. But *something* stirs. Yes, a *lazzarone* who has made his couch on the grating above the kitchen-window of my hotel is turning himself. Now he is on his left side and snoring luxuriously. There, all is fast now, and I, my dear editor, have only to say good-night to you, fling down my pen, too long employed, and betake myself, amid all this tranquillity, to sleep the sleep of

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

*This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

*In conjunction with an American writer.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### A COMPLETE HISTORY OF CANADA.

THERE were two people standing at a window and looking abroad over the troubled waters of Lake George—or Lake Horicon as they preferred to call it—on this colorless and cheerless morning. The scene was a sad one enough. For far away the hills were pale under the clouded sky, and there were white mists stealing over the sombre forests, and the green islands lay desolate in the midst of the leaden sea that plashed coldly on their stony shores. Were they thinking—these two—as they watched the mournful grays of the morning change and interchange with the coming and going of the rain-clouds, that the great mother Nature was herself weeping for her red children gone away forever from this solitary lake and these silent woods? This was their domain. They had fished in these waters, they had hidden in these dense forests from the glare of the sun, for ages before the ruthless invader had come from over the seas. Or was it of a later race that these two were thinking—of persons and deeds that had first become familiar to them in the pleasant summer-time, as the yacht lay becalmed on the golden afternoons, with the mountains of Skye grown mystical in the perfect stillness? Was it

of Judith Hutter, for example, and Hurry Harry, and the faithful Uncas, who had somehow got themselves so mixed up with that idling voyage that one almost imagined the inhabitants of Tobermory would be found to address one as a pale-face when the vessel drew near the shore? One of the two spoke.

"I think," said she, slowly—but there was a peculiar proud light in her eyes—"I think I might this very minute telegraph to Mr. Balfour to come right over by the next steamer."

The companion of this person was not in the habit of expressing surprise. He had got accustomed to the swift and occult devices of her small and subtle brain. If the member for Englebury had at that moment arrived by coach, and walked up the front steps of the hotel, he would have betrayed no astonishment whatever. So he merely said, "Why?"

"You will see," she continued, "that her first thought about this lake will be its likeness to some other lake that she has known. She is always looking back to England. Last night she spoke quite cheerfully about going home. If Mr. Balfour were suddenly to meet us at Montreal—"

"Have you telegraphed to him?" demands the other, sternly; for he is never sure as to the madness of which this woman is capable.

"No."

"Nor written to him?"

"No."

"Then don't be a fool. Do you mean to say that two people who find their married life so unbearable that they must needs separate, are at once to be reconciled because one of them takes a trip across the Atlantic? Is that your remedy for married misery, your salt-water cure—thirty guineas return, with three pounds a head for the wine-bill?"

"It was only one of them who wished for a separation," says this gentle schemer, with a happy smile, "and already she knows a little of what separation is like. Don't I see it? And the further we go, the more varied things we see, I know that her heart is yearning all the more to go back to its home. She speaks now of New York as if it were continents and continents away. It is not a question of time—and of your thirty guineas; it is a question of long days and nights and solitary thinking, and strange places and strange people, and the thought of the increasing labor at one's going back. And just fancy when we have gone away across

the wide prairies — oh, I know! You will see the change in her face when we turn toward England again!"

Her companion is not at all carried away by this burst of enthusiasm.

"Perhaps," he observes, "you will be good enough to say at what point Mr. Balfour is suddenly to appear, like a fairy in a pantomime, or a circus-rider through a hoop."

"I never said he was to appear anywhere," is the petulant reply.

"No; and therefore he is all the more likely to appear. At Niagara? Are we to increase the current with a flood of tears?"

"I tell you I have neither telegraphed nor written to him," she says. "I don't know where he is, and I don't care."

"Then we are determined to have our cure complete? 'Lady Sylvia Balfour before three months of moral scolding: the same after the three months: the recipe forwarded for eighteenpence in postage-stamps. Apply to Professor Stickleback, on the top of Box Hill, Surrey.' There is one thing quite certain — that if you are the means of reconciling these two, they will both of them most cordially hate you for the rest of their life."

"I can not help that," is the quiet answer. "One must do what good one can. It isn't much at the best."

We were almost the only occupants of the steamer that left the small pier and proceeded to cut its way through the wind-swept waters of the lake. And now, sure enough, these people began to talk about Loch Lomond and Killarney, and Windermere, and all sorts of other places, just as if they wished to pander to this poor creature's nostalgia; it was of no use to remind them that the lake was an American lake, with associations of its own, and these far from uninteresting. Very gloomy, however, was the aspect in which Lake Horicon now presented itself to us; for the clouds seemed to come closer down, and the low and wooded hills became of a heavier purple, and darker still became the water that was dashed in hurrying waves on the sandy and rocky shore. Then we got into the narrows, and were near enough the hills to see where the forest had been on fire, the charred stems of the trees appearing in the distance like so many vine stems washed white. The lake opened out again, and on we steamed, the mountains far ahead of us growing of a still deeper purple, as if a fearful storm were impending over them. Suddenly Lady Sylvia

uttered a light cry. She had by accident turned. And, lo! behind us there was a great blaze of sunlight falling on the hills and the water — the lake a sheet of dazzling silver, the islands of a brilliant and sunny green, one keen flash of blue visible among the floating clouds. And it was then, too, we saw an eagle slowly sailing over the russet woods — the only living thing visible in this wilderness of water and forest. The sunlight spread. There were glimmerings of silver in the heavy clouds lying over the region of the Adirondacks. A pale glow crossed from time to time our drying decks. When we landed to undertake the short railway journey between Lake George and Lake Champlain, we found ourselves in hot sunshine.

Lake Champlain, too, was fair and sunny and green, and the waters that the steamer churned were as clear as those of Schaffhausen, while the windy shreds of cloud that floated by the Adirondacks were of the lightest and fleeci-est. But there were storms brewing somewhere. As the day waned, we had sudden fits of purple darkness, and dashes of rain went sweeping along the lake. In the evening there was a wild smoke of red in the west behind the pallid hills, and this ruddy glare here and there touched the gray-green waters of the lake with a dusky fire, and made the hull of one boat which we could see in the distance gleam like some crimson stone. As we sat there, watching the lurid sunset and the darkening waters, we had dreams of an excursion to be made in the days to come. When Bell's long exile in the West was over, we were to meet somewhere about this point. We were suddenly to disappear from human ken into the wilds of the Adirondacks. We should live on the produce of our own guns and fishing-rods; we should sleep in the log-huts on the cool summer nights; we should become as dextrous as Indians in the use of our canoes. We had heard vague rumors of similar excursions through these virgin wilds: why should not we also plunge into the forest primeval?

Mr. Von Rosen said nothing at all when he heard this proposal; but he laughed, and looked at his wife.

"When I am set free to get back to England," said the ranch-woman, with great gentleness — for she was obviously profiting by her brief companionship with civilized folks — "I don't think — I really do not think — that you will catch me foolin' around here."

In the mean time, however, she was



just as eager to see everything as anybody else. Look, for example, at what happened on the very first morning after our arrival at Montreal. We had, on the previous evening, left Lake Champlain at Plattsburg, and got into the train there. We had made our first acquaintance with the Canadians in the persons of four as promising-looking scoundrels as could be found in any part of the world, who conversed in guttural French in whispers, and kept their unwashed faces and collarless throats so near together as to suggest a conspiracy to murder. We had parted from these gentlemen, as soon as the train had crossed the St. Lawrence bridge and got into Montreal, and we had reached our hotel about midnight. Now what must this German do but insist on every one getting up at a nameless hour in the morning to start away by train and intercept a boat coming down over the Lachine Rapids. His wife assented, of course; and then the other two women were not to be outdone. A solemn tryst was made. Ridicule was unavailing. And so it happened that there was a hushed hurrying to and fro in the early dawn, and two or three wretched people, who ought to have been in bed, went shivering out into the cold air. As for the Lachine Rapids, the present writer has nothing to say about them. They are said to be very fine, and there is a picture of them in every bookseller's shop in Canada. It is also asserted that when the steamer goes whirling down, the passengers have a pleasing sensation of terror. All he knows is that, as he was sitting comfortably at breakfast, four objects made their appearance, and these turned out to be human beings, with blue faces and helpless hands. When they had got thawed somewhat, and able to open their mouths without breaking bones, they said that the descent of the rapids was a very fine thing indeed.

Nor was it possible for one to learn anything of the character of the Canadian nation because of these insatiable sight-seers. The writer of these pages, finding that he would have two whole days to spend in Montreal, had proposed to himself to make an exhaustive study of the political situation in Canada, and to supplement that by a comparison between the manners, customs, costumes, and domestic habits of the Canadians and those of the Americans. It was also his intention to devote a considerable portion of this time to a careful inquiry as to the number of Canadians who would prefer

separation from Great Britain. But these projected studies, which would have been of immense value to the world at large, were rendered impossible by the conduct of this group of frivolous tourists, who were simply bent on profitlessly enjoying themselves. And this they seemed to do with a great good-will, for they were delighted with the cool fresh air and the brilliant atmosphere which gave to this city a singularly bright and gay appearance. They were charmed with the prettily decorated cabs in the street. When they entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, it seemed quite appropriate to find colors and gilding there that in England would have suggested a certain institution in Leicester Square. Then we had to climb to the tower to have a view over the beautiful, bright city, with its red brick houses set amid green trees; its one or two remaining tin domes glinting back the morning sunlight; its bold sweep of the St. Lawrence reflecting the blue sky. What was that, too, about the vague nerve, when the striking of the great bell seemed to fill our chests with a choking sound? Our ranch-woman was not ordinarily scientific in her talk, but she was rather proud of the vague nerve. Indeed, we grew to have a great affection for that useful monitor within, of whose existence we had not heard before; and many a time afterward, when our desire for dinner was becoming peremptory, we only recognized the friendly offices of this hitherto unknown bellman, who was doubtless, in his own quiet way, sounding the tocsin of the soul.

In fact, these trivial-minded people would have nothing to do with a serious study of the Canadian character. They said that they approved of the political institutions of this country because they got French bread at dinner. They were quite sure that the Canadians were most loyal subjects of the crown, and that everything was for the best, simply because some very kind friends called on them with a couple of carriages, and whirled them away up to the summit of Mount Royal Park, and showed them the great plain beneath, and the city, and the broad river. They went mad about that river. You would have fancied that Bell had been born a barge-woman, and had spent her life in shooting rapids. We knew that the old-fashioned song of our youth kept continually coming back to her idle fancy, for we heard faint snatches of it hummed from time to time when the rest of us were engaged in talk.



Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers —  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

And the daylight was indeed past when we left Montreal; for these unconscionable tourists insisted on starting at the unholy hour of ten at night, so that they should accomplish some foolish plan or other. It was an atrocious piece of cruelty. We got into a sleeping-car, and found the brightest and cleanest of bunks awaiting us. We were pretty tired, too, with rushing up and down belfry stairs, and what not. It was no wonder, therefore, that we speedily forgot all about our having to get up in the middle of the night at some wretched place called Prescott.

We were summoned back from the calm of dreamland by a hideous noise. We staggered out of the carriage, and found ourselves in a small and empty railway station at two in the morning. But the more we rubbed our eyes, the more we were bewildered. Everything was wrapped in a cold, thick fog, so that the train was but the phantom of a train, and we seemed to each other as ghosts. The only light was from a solitary lamp that sent its dazzling glare into the fog, and seemed to gather about it a golden smoke. Then these fierce cries in the distance, —

"Dan'l's? Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

The poor shivering wretches stared helplessly at each other, like ghosts waiting for Charon to take them somewhere.

"Dan'l's?" again resounded that unearthly cry, which had a peculiar rising inflection on the second syllable. "Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

Then it crossed the mind of the bewildered travellers that perhaps this Dan'l's was some hostelry in the neighborhood — some haven of refuge from this sea of fog — and so they stumbled along until they made out the glare of another lamp, and here was an omnibus with its door flung wide open.

"Dan'l's?" sung out the plaintive voice again. "Who's for Dan'l's Hotel? All aboard for Dan'l's?"

We clambered into the small vehicle and sat down, bound for the unknown. Then

the voice outside grew sharp. "ALL ABOARD!" it cried. The door was banged to, and away we went through the fog, plunging and reeling, as if we were climbing the bed of a stream.

Then we got into the hostelry, and there was an air of drowsiness about it that was ominous. The lights were low. There was no coffee-room open.

"I think," said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands cheerfully — "I think we could not do better than have some brandy or whiskey and hot water before going to bed."

The clerk, who had just handed him his key, politely intimated that he could have nothing of that sort — nothing of any sort, in fact. The lieutenant turned on him.

"Do you mean to tell me that this is a temperance house?" he said, with a stare.

"No, it ain't," said the clerk. "Not generally. But it is on Sunday; and this is Sunday."

It certainly was three o'clock on Sunday morning.

"Gracious heavens, man!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "is this a civilized country? Don't you know that you will play the very mischief with our vagus nerves?"

The clerk clearly thought he had nothing to do with our vagus nerves, for he simply turned and lowered another lamp. So the lieutenant lit his candle and departed, muttering to himself.

"Dan'l's?" we heard him growl, as he went up the wooden stair. "All aboard for Dan'l's? Confound me if I ever come within a dozen miles of Dan'l's again!"

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### A THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE next day was a Sunday, still, calm, and blue; and we sat or patiently walked along the wooden pier, waiting for the steamer that was to come up the broad waters of the St. Lawrence. The river lay before us like a lake. The sun was warm on the long planks. There was not a flake of cloud in the sky.

Hour after hour passed, and the steamer, that had been detained in the fog of the preceding night, did not appear. We got into a drowsy and dreamy state. We watched the people come and go by the other boats, without interest or curiosity. Who were these, for example, this motley group of Indians, with their pale olive complexion, and their oval eyes like the eyes of the Chinese? They spoke a gut-

tural French, and they were clad in rags and tatters of all colors. Hop-pickers? the squalid descendants of the old Iroquois? And when these had gone, the only man who did remain was a big sailor-looking person, who walked up and down, and eagerly whittled a bit of wood. Him we did regard with some languid interest; for hitherto we had not seen any one engaged in this occupation, and we wished to know the object of it. Surely this was no idle amusement, this fierce and energetic cutting down of the stick? Was he not bent on making a peg? Or in sharpening his knife? Suddenly he threw the bit of wood into the river, and shut up his knife with an air of much satisfaction: the mystery remains a mystery until this day.

Perhaps it is to beguile this tedium of waiting — and be it remembered that the Lake of a Thousand Islands lay right ahead of us, and Niagara too; while at Niagara we expected to get letters from England — that one of us begins to tell a story. It is a pathetic story. It is all about a bank clerk who lived a long time ago in Camden-town, and who used to walk in every day to the city. One day, as he was passing a small shop, he saw in a corner of the window about half-a-dozen water-color drawings in a somewhat dirty and dilapidated state; and it occurred to him that if he could get these cheap, he might have them fresh-mounted and framed, and then they would help to decorate a certain tiny house that he had his eye on for a particular reason. He bought the pictures for a few shillings, and he very proudly carried them forthwith to a carver and gilder, whose shop lay in his line of route to the city. He was to call for them on the following Monday. He called in at the appointed time, and the carver and gilder seemed suddenly to recollect that he had forgotten the drawings; they would be ready on the next Monday. The bank clerk was in no great hurry — for the fact is, he and his sweetheart had quarrelled — and he somewhat listlessly called in on the next Monday. The drawings, however, were not yet ready. And so it came to pass that every Monday evening, as he went home to his lodgings, the bank clerk — with a sad indifference growing more and more apparent in his face — called in for the water-colors, and found that they were not in the frames yet, and promised, without any anger in his voice, to call again. Years passed, and quite mechanically, on each Monday evening, the bank-clerk called in for the pictures, and just as mechanically he walked home without them to his lodgings.

But these years had been dealing hardly with the bank clerk. His sweetheart had proved faithless, and he no longer cared for any thing that happened to him. He grew negligent about his dress; he became prematurely grey; he could not trust his memory in the fulfilment of his duties. And so in time they had to ask him to resign his situation in the bank; and he became a sort of messenger or hall porter somewhere, with his clothes getting dingier and his hair whiter summer by summer and autumn by autumn. And at last he fell sick, and his wages were stopped, and he thought there was nothing for him to do now but to turn his face to the wall and die. But — said the narrator of this true story — would you believe it? one night the pictures came home! There was a noise on the little wooden stair — not the heavy tramp of the undertaker, but the uncertain footsteps of the carver and gilder, who had himself grown a tottering, white-headed old man. And when he came into the room he burst into tears at sight of the poor bank clerk; but all the same he cried out, "Now, see what I have done for you! I have kept your pictures until they have become OLD MASTERS! I have been offered £300 apiece for them; you can have the money to-morrow." And the poor bank clerk wept too; and he got up, and shook his friend by the hand; he could scarcely express his gratitude. But what does he do now? Why, on the strength of the sum of money he got for his pictures he started a Bath-chair; and you may see him any day you like being wheeled along the broad walks in Regent's Park; and whenever he sees a young man with a beard, a velvetreen coat, and unwashed hands, he imagines him to be an artist, and he stops and says to him, "I beg your pardon, sir; but don't be hard on the poor carver and gilder. He is only increasing the value of your pictures. It will all come right in time." This was the story of the poor bank clerk.

The steamer! What business have we to be thinking about Regent's Park, here on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence? We enter the great vessel, and have a passing look at its vast saloons and rows of cabins and rows of life-belts. We start away into the wide stream, and go swiftly cutting through the clear green water; while the wooded and rocky banks and the occasional clusters of white houses glide noiselessly back into the sunny haze of the east. Then the vagus nerve has to be appeased; for it is a long time since

we left the coffee-room at Dan'l's. When we go out on the high deck again, the afternoon is wearing on, and we are nearing the great widening of the river which is known as the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

But surely this is neither a river nor a lake that begins to disclose itself — stretching all across the western horizon, with innumerable islands and gray rocks and dark clusters of firs and bold sweeps of silver where a current passes through the dark green reflections of the trees. It is more like a submerged continent just reappearing above the surface of the sea; for as far as the eye can range there is nothing visible but this glassy plain of water, with islands of every form and magnitude, wooded down to the edge of the current. It is impossible to say which is our channel, and which the shore of the mainland; we are in a wilderness of water and rock and tree, in unceasing combinations, in perpetual, calm, dream-like beauty. And as we open up vista after vista of this strange world — seeing no sign of life from horizon to horizon but a few wild-duck that go whirring by — the rich colors in the west deepen; the sun sinks red behind some flashing clouds of gold; there is a wild glare of rose and yellow that just misses the water, but lights up the islands as if with fire; one belt of pine in the west has become of a deep violet, while all around the eastern sky there is a low-lying flush of pink. And then, after the sun has gone, behold! there is a pale, clear, beautiful green all across the west; and that is barred with russet, purple, and orange; and the shadows along the islands have grown dusky and solemn. It is a magical night. The pale, lambent twilight still fills the world, and is too strong for the stars — unless we are to regard as golden planets the distant lights of the light-houses that steadily burn above the rocks. There is a gray, metallic lustre on the surface of the lake, now ruffled by the cool winds of the night. And still we go gliding by these dark and silent islands, having the sharp yellow ray of a light-house now on this side and now on that; and still there seems to be no end to this world of shadowy foliage and rock and gleaming water. Good-night — good-night — before the darkness comes down! The Lake of a Thousand Islands has burned itself into our memory in flashes of rose-color and gold.

What is this strange thing that awakens us in the early morning — a roaring and rushing noise outside, a swaying of the

cabin that reminds us of "the Rolling Forties" in mid-Atlantic, and sudden dashes of green water across the dripping glass of the port-hole? We stagger up on deck, and lo! there is nothing around us but driving skies and showers and hurrying masses of green water, that seem to have no boundary of mainland or island. We congregate in the forward part of the saloon, and survey this cheerless prospect; our only object of interest being the rapid flight of some wild-fowl that scud by before the wind. Have we drifted away, then, from the big, hot continent they call America, and floundered somehow into the Atlantic or Pacific? We are withdrawn from this outward spectacle by the pathetic complaints of a tall and lank Canadian, who has made friends with everybody, and is loudly discoursing — in a high, shrill, plaintive key — of his troubles, not the least of which is that he declares he will shortly be seasick if this plunging of the steamer continues. It appears that he came on board at some port or other about six in the morning, with his wife, who, an invalid, still remains in her cabin.

"Yes, sir. The landlord shet up at 'leven o'clock, and we didn't know when the boat was comin' 'long; and me and the old woman we had to go bamboozlin' round moren hef the night; and that makes a man kiner clanjammery, you bet!"

He looked through the dripping winds with an uncomfortable air.

"There's a pretty riley bit o' sea on," he remarked.

He became more and more serious, and a little pale.

"If this goes on," said he, suddenly, "by Gosh, I'll heave!"

So we considered it prudent to withdraw from the society of this frank and friendly person; and while the vessel went plunging on through the wild chaos of green and gray mists and vapors, we busied ourselves in purchasing knickknacks manufactured by the Canadian Indians, little dreaming that ere long we should be the guest of the red man in his wigwam in the far West, and be enabled to negotiate for the purchase of articles deposited by the innocent children of the forest at a sort of extemporized pawnshop at the agency. It was then that one of our number — her name shall not be mentioned, even though thousands of pounds be offered — made a joke. It was not an elaborate joke. But when she said something, in a very modest and sly way, about a Pawnee, we forgave her wickedness for the sake of the beauti-

ful color that for a second suffused her blushing face.

Even Lake Ontario, shoreless as it seemed when we went on deck in the morning, must end some time; and so it was that at length we came in sight of its northwestern boundaries, and of Toronto. By this time the weather had cleared up a bit; and we landed with the best disposition in the world toward this great collection of business buildings and private dwellings, all put down at right angles on the sandy plain adjoining the lake.

"Now will you study the history, literature, and political situation of Canada?" asked the only serious member of this party, when we had reached the spacious and comfortable hotel, which was an agreeable relief after being on board that fog-surrounded ship.

"I will not," is the plain answer.

"What did you come to America for?"

If she had been honest, she would have confessed that one of her plans in coming to America was the familiar one of delivering a series of lectures — all at the head of one innocent young wife. But she says, boldly, —

"To amuse myself."

"And you have no care for the ties which bind the mother country to these immense colonies — you have no interest in their demands —"

"Not the slightest."

"You would see them go without concern?"

"Yes. Are we not always giving them a civil hint to that effect?"

"It is nothing to you that the enterprise of your fellow-subjects has built this great town, in a surprisingly short time on this arid plain —"

"It is a great deal to me," she says. "I must buy a dust-coat, if I can get one. And what about the arid plain? I see as many trees here as I have seen in any city on this side of the Atlantic."

And so it was always; the most earnest of students would have broken down in his efforts to impress on this tourist party the necessity of learning anything. If you spoke to them about theatres, or carriages, or dry champagne, perhaps they might condescend to listen; but they treated with absolute indifference the most vital questions regarding the welfare of the nation whose guests they were. The kindly folks who drove them about Toronto, through the busy streets of the commercial district, through the sandy thoroughfares where the smart villas stood amid the gardens, and through that broad and

pleasant public park, tried to awaken their concern about the doings of this person and that person whose name was in all the newspapers; and they paid no more heed than they might have done had the Legislature of Ottawa been composed of the three tailors of Tooley Street. But there was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire, and that was the Norman Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since crossing the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this gray stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after-days when our eyes could find nothing to rest upon but tawdry brick and discolored wood. There is a high tower at this Toronto college, and we thought we might as well go up to the top of it. The lieutenant, who was never at a loss for want of an introduction, speedily procured us a key, and we began to explore many curious and puzzling labyrinths and secret passages. At last we stood on the flat top of the square tower, and all around us lay a fresh and smiling country, with the broad waters of Ontario coming close up to the busy town. We went walking quite carelessly about this small inclosed place; we were chatting with each other, and occasionally leaning on the parapet of gray stone.

Who was it who first called out? Far away over there, in the haze of the sunlight, over the pale ridges of high-lying woods, a faint white column rose into the still sky, and spread itself abroad like a cloud. Motionless, colorless, it hung there in the golden air; and for a time we could not make out what this strange thing might be. And then we bethought ourselves — that spectral column of white smoke, rising into the summer sky, told where Niagara lay hidden in the distant woods.

---

From The Nineteenth Century.  
HARRIET MARTINEAU.\*

THE biography of this remarkable woman has been received by the public with the eagerness and interest which her fame and her works were pretty sure to command, and has been so widely read that all who see this notice may be confidently

\* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, with Memorials.* By Maria Weston Chapman. 3 vols.

assumed to be familiar with the book itself. We can, therefore, dispense with the task of following the narrative step by step, or in any material detail. At the same time the reviews of it which have appeared have, with scarcely an exception, been so discriminating and appreciative, and on the whole so kind and just, that little is left to correct and not a great deal to supply.

But, deeply interesting as the work is, it is impossible to deny that it has given more pain than pleasure to large numbers of those friends who knew her best and valued her most truly. Her own autobiography does her so much less than justice, and the needless, tasteless, and ill-conditioned memorials of the lady to whom she injudiciously entrusted the duties of editor, have managed to convey such an unsound and disfiguring impression of her friend, that the testimony of one who enjoyed her intimacy for many years, and entertained a sincere regard for her throughout, seems wanted to rectify the picture.

It is idle to criticise the egotism of autobiographies, however pervading and intense. Their egotism is their *raison d'être*. It is certain that all persons know much about themselves which no one else can know, look and must look at themselves from a special standpoint, and from one which has, if exceptional dangers, exceptional advantages as well; and the more thoroughly searching and self-observing—that is, the more egotistical—their narrative is, the more valuable is it likely to prove. All that we are entitled to require is that it shall be unflinchingly honest and sincere according to the writer's light. Self-knowledge, humility, just and moderate appreciation of their qualities and achievements, we may desiderate, but we have no right to demand. The very absence of these mental or moral gifts may be among the most salient characteristics which it is the worth of autobiography that it reveals to us. We cannot claim from the painters of their own portraits, or the writers of their own lives, that they shall tell us truly what they were—only that they shall tell us truthfully what they appeared to themselves to be—and this requisite of biography Miss Martineau rigidly fulfils. Writing invariably with the most patent candor and courage, she *tells* the truth wherever and so far as she could see it, and *betrays* it almost as plainly where it was obviously hidden from her eyes.

But not only is the book preponderat-

ingly full of herself, as it was quite right that it should be; not only does it describe everything exclusively and unquestioningly from her own point of view, as was inevitable: it will appear to most readers to paint the world itself as also extravagantly full of her, and to represent herself as occupying a larger space in its horizon, and making a more prominent figure in its drama, than was really the case. She describes herself, from her first sudden plunge into publicity and fame in 1832 (when the extraordinary success of her "Political Economy Tales" took the world by surprise), as run after, fêted, flattered, beset with admirers, haunted and beleaguered by politicians who wanted to use her, publishers who wanted to secure her services, worshippers of celebrity who wanted her presence in their saloons, real adorers of talent and worth, who out of simple kindness and interest wished to know and to befriend a writer of such rare promise; and she narrates all this with a certain natural excitement and vividness of coloring which irresistibly convey the impression of exaggeration. The answer is that all this was true. The London world did run after her in a fashion to which it is often prone. Her advent created a sensation which was extraordinary, which, looking back upon the circumstances, seems now somewhat disproportionate to its cause, and which continued for a longer period than is usual with sudden enthusiasms of that nature. The *digito monstrari et dicier hæc est* haunted her steps for many years and in far-distant scenes. "The United States," says Mrs. Chapman, "seemed for the moment a mere whispering gallery for the transmission of her opinions." Fussy patriots of several lands applied to her to make constitutions for them, and to plead their cause before the world's tribunal. Small blame to her if she took herself at the world's estimation, and believed, what hosts of people assured her, hour by hour—namely, that she was a rising star, a new power come upon the stage, gifted with astonishing capacities and destined to an exceptional career. She was not exactly spoiled by her metropolitan reception, novel and stimulating as it was; but it developed the seeds of already existing faults into a singularly rapid growth. She was suspiciously on her guard against its dangers; she resented the bare notion of being "lionized," and constantly fancied she was being lionized in circles whose tone, if she had understood it, would have secured her from anything of the sort.

She accepted homage readily enough, and enjoyed it thoroughly, though scarcely simply; for she took up the absurd position of refusing to be sought for her eminent talent and success, "would not be visited or invited as a blue-stocking, but as a lady, etc."—forgetting that, as a mere unknown lady and apart from her literary powers, she had no claim to be visited at all; so that no wonder her genial and experienced friend, Mr. Hallam, thought her conceited and presuming. There is scarcely an indication of simple gratification at having obtained entrance and cordial greeting into a class of society incomparably superior, intellectually and politically, to that she had been used to—no trace of a perception that it *was* in any way superior—no attitude of mind towards it except the critical one; and her criticisms were, in the vast majority of instances, depreciating even to unseemliness.

The tone in which she speaks of at least half her London acquaintances, her sketches of friends and foes alike, the sovereign contempt in the one set of portraits, the rancorous animosity in the other, and the utter injustice and almost libellous character of many, are probably the features of her book which will leave the most painful impression. The Whigs, as a body, though the party to whose gallant efforts the wonderful progress of the nation in those days was incontestably due, were, for some reason or other, the objects of her vehement detestation.

"The young Romillys had virtuous projects when they entered political life, and had every hope of achieving service worthy of their father's fame; but their aspirations were speedily tamed down, *as all high aspirations are lowered by Whig influences.*" "The Whig touch perished it [the voice of the people] at once; the poverty and perverseness of their ideas and the insolence of their feelings were precisely what might have been expected from *that remarkably vulgar class of men.*" "There was nothing to be expected from the official Whigs now [1848] that they were spoiled by the possession of place and power. [They had been her earliest admirers and most eager assistants, but they had made the mistake of offering advice.] I had seen that they had learned nothing by their opportunities; that they were hardened in their conceit and prejudices, and as blind as bats to the new lights which time was introducing into society. . . . I have seen a good deal of life, and many varieties of manners; and it now appears to me [1855] that *the broadest vulgarity I have encountered is in the families of official Whigs, who conceive themselves the cream of society, and the lights and rulers of the empire.*"

Her abuse of Brougham we shall not contest, and there may have been excuse enough for her remarks on Lockhart and Croker. But her *de-haut-en-bas* judgment of Macaulay is perhaps widest of the mark. He was all blossom and no fruit; "he wants heart;" his speeches "were fundamentally *weak*;" "he has never [1855] achieved any complete success. As a politician his failure has been signal," etc., etc.

Her sketch of Bishop Stanley is ludicrously astray; he, remarkable for pluck and spirit, and liberal in days when liberality was rare, "had no courage or dignity under the bad manners of his Tory clergy; and he repeatedly talked to me about it in such a style as to compel me to tell him plainly that Dissenters like myself are not only accustomed to ill-usage for difference of opinion, but are brought up to regard that trial as one belonging to all honest avowal of convictions, and to be borne with courage and patience like other trials"!

But "good Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade," an intimate friend of her own, the eminent publicist and statistician, perhaps fares the worst. He was "amiable and friendly, industrious and devoted to his business, but sadly weak and inaccurate, prejudiced and *borné* in ability." "Nothing could be more untrustworthy and delusive than his statistics." His great book, still an authority, on the "Progress of the Nation," is declared to be full of the shallowest and most ludicrous blunders. "Not his innocent vanity, which was far from immoderate, but his deficiency in sense and intellectual range, together with his confidence in himself and his want of confidence in all public men, was an insuperable disqualification for the sound discharge of his functions," etc., etc.

Now it is difficult for those who read this gallery of portraits—shallow, contemptuous, condemnatory, and curiously astray as, in spite of occasional shrewdness, they for the most part are—who remember, too, that they are the judicial sentences delivered posthumously upon a number of eminent contemporaries by a writer whose most marked characteristic it was that she would neither endure nor pardon the faintest censure on herself, nor admit for a moment that any human being had the slightest claim to sit in judgment on her, far less to express an opinion or pronounce a verdict, and who find that these depreciating pictures were painted, laid by in closets, embalmed for the enlightenment of posterity, for twenty years before the painter's death without any



dream of revision — it is difficult for readers not to receive the impression that Miss Martineau was essentially ill-natured and given to bitterness and depreciation. In conveying this impression she does herself grievous injustice. There has seldom been a more kindly-hearted or affectionate person, or even one more given to an over-estimate of her friends, perhaps even more prone to make idols out of not quite the finest clay, more watchfully considerate to all dependent upon her, more steadfastly devoted to those who had once got hold of her imagination or attachment, unless they tried her constancy too hardly by criticism, opposition, or condemnation. All her geese were swans. All her servants and junior relatives were devoted to her, and with good reason, for there was a vast element of geniality about her. In spite of the painful description she gives of her early life (which we believe her connections scarcely recognize as faithful), she was, we should pronounce, from the time she had once found her work and made her mark, a singularly happy person; and continued to grow happier and happier, illness notwithstanding, till near the end. Her unflinching belief in herself, her singular exemption from the sore torment of doubt or hesitation, helped to make her so. Now, happy people, where really good-hearted and sociable, *are* genial; their enjoyment is so simple and genuine, and their confidence in the prompt cordial sympathy of those around them is so undoubting and so provocative of response. The charm of Harriet Martineau's intercourse (passing over the fits of indignation her dogmatic damnation of your bosom friends would often rouse) may be understood by those who read the "Sixth Period" of her autobiography, — especially the description of the joyous epoch when, in the midst of rest, and health, and vigor, she settled among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, built her Windermere home, and reorganized her recovered life for a fresh burst of animation and productiveness.

Her character was easy to read, for in one sense it was consistent enough and presented no mysteries or depths; and her faults, which were neither few nor small, were readily forgiven her, for she loved much and labored hard for the happiness of others. In an unusual degree it was to be said of Harriet Martineau *qu'elle avait les défauts de ses qualités*. It would indeed have been difficult for her to have had the mental and moral gifts which distinguished her so signally with-

out the analogous errors, in the way of deficiency or excess, which impaired their perfection and detracted from their value. "Authors," says Southey, "may be divided into two classes, spiders and silk-worms — those who spin because they are empty, and those who spin because they are full." Miss Martineau was one of the latter. She never, after her very youthful years, wrote either for money or for fame. She wrote because the matter was borne in upon her, because the idea or the subject had taken possession of her, because the thing in her conception "wanted saying," and it was in her to say it, and was not open to her to withhold it. With the promptitude and force of irresistible conviction the work assumed in her mind the position of a duty to be done — almost of an inspired utterance that *must* be given forth. Hence the curious arrogance with which she resented the slightest approaches towards suggestion, remonstrance, or advice, the *noli me tangere* vehemence with which she insisted that no other mind should ever be permitted to interfere with the operations or visions of her own. Hence also the extraordinarily rapid imaginations she poured out, and the unhesitating confidence with which, when once written, she hurried them to the press. She not only would not alter at the suggestion of others; she would rarely if ever revise or correct in consequence of any caution or misgiving of her own. Misgiving seems, indeed, to have been a sensation that was alien to her constitution. Like Balaam, the word that the Lord put into her mouth, that she must speak. Her marvellous productiveness, the unequalled rapidity with which she turned out her admirable stories, might well cultivate her self-confidence to an extravagant degree. No one who worked so quickly or so hard ever worked so well. It seemed almost — quite so to herself — "as if it were given her in that same hour what she should say." There was no long brooding, no meditation, no slow process of hatching inchoate germs, no painful collection of ample and carefully sifted materials; the plan and the table of contents of her books, as it were, flashed upon her like the intuitions of a poet; the executive efficiency of her intelligence was absolutely unrivalled; her style was always, nearly from the outset, clear, lucid, vigorous, and simple, without a trace of effort, and never, as far as we remember, betraying the faintest lapse into those faults of fine or ambitious writing which are the besetting sin of youth.



Considering, then, these extraordinary powers, her consciousness of abounding energy, the suddenness and brilliancy of her success, and the fame and adulation with which she was surrounded at such exciting times and amid such dazzling circles, the self-confidence which promptly grew upon her, however regrettable, was not only natural, but its absence would have been all but miraculous. The truth is that doubt seems to have been a state of mind unknown to her. She never *reconsidered* her opinions, or mused over her judgments. They were instantaneous insights, not deliberate or gradual deductions. It scarcely seemed to occur to her that she *could* be wrong; that thousands of eminent or wise men differed from her never appeared to suggest the probability; we never recollect her views, if once formed, being changed or materially modified during a discussion. And this was the more remarkable because, in the first place, her confidence in her own opinions was not irrational-conceit in her own powers; on the contrary, her estimate of these was not at all inordinate, but, as may be seen especially in her last obituary notice of herself in the *Daily News*, rather below the truth, not to say wide of it. And in the second place, she was by no means an unimpressible person, but the reverse. If you spoke to her of men or things before she had formed any judgment of either, you usually found little difficulty in writing your impressions on her mind; but if you were a day too late, if you missed your innings, it was almost hopeless to effect a change — she was

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

Given, then, a mind of really almost unrivalled innate powers, and, as was inevitable, a strong consciousness of those powers and an irrepressible impulse to use them, a vivid imagination incessantly at work, and — owing partly to her deafness and partly to the early want of exuberant sympathies around her — working usually in solitude; courage, fortitude, and pertinacity of something like the Stoic stamp, a force of conviction akin to that of the fanatic and the martyr, an impatience of temperament amounting to a sort of incapacity for doubt, and rendering suspension of judgment an unnatural frame of mind, — and the fair analyst of character is driven to pronounce that Harriet Martineau could not easily have been less dogmatic, less hasty, or less imperious than she was. One grievous mistake — the parent of countless errors and injus-

tices — she might indeed have escaped, and it is strange that so clear an intelligence as hers should have become so habitually its victim; for the rock was staringly above water. Her deafness absolutely disqualified her either for accurate observation or positive judgments of men — yet she never appears to have dreamed of the disqualification. In society she heard only what was directly intended for her, and moreover only what was specially designed to pass down her trumpet; and comments, sentiments, and statements that must go through this ordeal are inevitably manufactured, or at least modified, for export. A hundred things are *dropped* or whispered which are never shouted, or pronounced *ore rotundo* or oracularly — and these former are precisely the things which betray character and suggest true conclusions. As Sydney Smith remarked in reference to her, “She took *au sérieux* half the sayings I meant as mystifications.” Moreover, not only was she not on her guard against this obviously fertile source of blunders — not only did it inspire no sense of misgiving — but she aggravated its unavoidable mischief by a practice, which grew upon her as life went on, of laying down the trumpet before the sentence or the paragraph of her interlocutor was complete, or sometimes, we must add, when she had decided that it would not be worth listening to, or when it was apparently tending in an unwelcome direction. Thus the information or impression conveyed to her by a conversation was often altogether inaccurate or imperfect, but never on that account for one instant mistrusted. Those who knew her were fully aware of this peculiarity, and those of her readers who remember the times, and scenes, and people of whom she writes can trace innumerable instances of it, and will be on their guard against too absolute a reliance on narratives and statements written down twenty years after date, then printed and laid up in lavender for another twenty years, and now in many cases out of reach of authoritative correction.

In another point Miss Martineau had *les défauts de ses qualités*. She was conscientious, we may say, in the extreme; her conscience was not only commanding — it had something about it excessive, morbid, or awry. She obeyed it like an oracle, but she rarely took the precaution of requesting it to reconsider its decisions. Now, with all reasonable deference to popular axioms of morality, it is not at all impossible for men and women to have

too imperious and impetuous a conscience — in fact, to carry more sail than their ballast will warrant or can bear. Harriet Martineau did this in a signal manner. Having no power of doubt and no sense of fear, she christened all her impulses with the name of duty, and followed them resolutely and in defiance of remonstrance. Like many of us, only more than most, she abounded in "views," which she called "principles," and then anointed and enthroned. Conscience was rather her tyrant than her guide, and was installed before it had been anxiously enlightened.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the autobiography to many will prove to be the narrative of the writer's theological, or, as she names it, anti-theological progress, the gradual movement of a curiously courageous, honest, and inquiring mind — one, too, singularly earnest in tone and religious in temperament — from positive belief to equally "positive philosophy." \*

\* "It was very kind of you to write that last letter to me. I agree in, and like, almost every word of it; but I was especially pleased to see your distinct recognition of the good of the old superstitions in their day. As a necessarian, you are of course bound to recognize this; but the way in which you point it out pleases me, because it is the great idea I have before me in my book. I have found the good of those old superstitions in my day. How it might have been with me (how much better) if I had had parents of your way of thinking, there is no saying. As it was, I was *very* religious (far beyond the knowledge and intentions of my parents) till I was quite grown up. I don't know what I should have done without my faith; for I was an unhealthy and most unhappy child, and had no other resource. Yet it used to strike me often, and most painfully, that whatever relief and comfort my religion gave to my feelings, it did not help me much against my faults. Certainly, my belief in a future life never was either check or stimulus to me in the matter of self-government. Five-and-twenty years ago I became a thoroughly grounded necessarian. I have never wavered for an hour on that point since; and nothing ever gave me so much comfort. Of course this paved the way for the cessation of prayer. I left off praying, however, less from seeing the absurdity (though I did see it) of petitioning about things already ordained, than from a keen sense of the impiety of prayer. First, I could not pray for daily bread, or for any outward good, because I really did not wish to ask for them, not knowing whether they would be good for me or not. So, for some years, I prayed only for good states of mind for myself and others. Of course, the feeling grew on me that true piety required resignation about spiritual matters as much as others. So I left off express prayer, and without remorse. As for Christ's example and need of prayer, I felt that he did not mean what we did by prayer; and I think so still. I think he would condemn our prayers as much as he did those of the Pharisees of his time, and that with him prayer was contemplation and aspiration chiefly. Next, I saw very painfully (I mean with the pain of disgust) how much lower a thing it is to lead even the loftiest life from a regard to the will or mind of any other being, than from a natural working out of our own powers. I felt this first as to resignation under suffering, and soon after as to moral action. Now, I do know something of this matter of resignation. I know it to the very bottom. I have been a very great sufferer — subject to keen miseries almost all my life till quite lately; and never, I am pretty confident, did any one acquiesce in God's will with a more permanent enthusiasm than I did, because this suited the bent of my nature. But I

She began as a Unitarian of the driest and most dogmatic form, and ended life as an enthusiastic Agnostic. She began as a disciple of Belsham, and finished as a disciple of Comte; and of each faith in turn she was, we need scarcely say, an

became ashamed of this — ashamed of that kind of support when I felt I had a much higher ground of patience in myself." . . .

"As to what my present views are, when clearly brought to the point of expression they are just these. I feel a most reverential sense of something wholly beyond our apprehension. Here we are in the universe! this is all we know; and while we feel ourselves in this isolated position, with obscurity before and behind, we must feel that there is something above and beyond us. If that something were God (as people mean by that word), and I am confident it is not, he would consider those of us the noblest who must have evidence in order to belief — who can wait to learn rather than run into supposition. As for the whole series of faiths, my present studies would have been enough, if I had not been prepared before, to convince me that all the forms of the higher religions contain (in their best aspect) the same great and noble ideas, which arise naturally out of our own minds, and grow with the growth of the general mind; but that there really is *no* evidence whatever of any sort of revelation at any point in the history. The idea of a future life, too, I take to be a necessary one (I mean necessary for support) in its proper place, but likely to die out when men better understand their nature and the *summum bonum* which it encloses. At the same time, so ignorant as I am of what is possible in nature, I do not deny the possibility of a life after death; and if I believed the desire for it to be as universal as I once thought it, I should look upon so universal a tendency as some presumption in favor of a continual life. But I doubt the desire and belief being so general as they are said to be; and then the evidence in favor of it is nothing — except some unaccountable mesmeric stories. What a long confession of faith I have written you! Yes, it *is* faith, is it not? and not infidelity, as ninety-nine hundredths of the world would call it. As for the loneliness I spoke of, I don't generally mind it; and there is abundant ground of sympathy between me and my best friends, as long as occasion does not require that I should give names to my opinions. I have not yet had any struggle with my natural openness or indiscretion. I never could conceal any opinion I hold, and I am sure I never would; and I know, therefore, that I am at the mercy (in regard to reputation and some of my friendships) of accident, which may at any hour render an avowal necessary. But I do not fear this. I have run so many inferior risks, and suffered so little in my peace by divers avowals and heresies, that I am not likely to tremble now. What does give me a qualm sometimes is thinking what such friends as — and as — will suffer, whenever they come to know that I think their 'Christian hope' baseless. They are widows, and they live by their expectation of a future life. I seriously believe that — would go mad or die, if this hope were shaken in her; and my opinions are more to her than any others since her husband's death. But I say to myself as you would say, that these matters must take care of themselves. If the truth comes to me, I must believe it. Yes, I should not wonder if there is a prodigious clamor against me some day, as you say — perhaps after this book comes out. But I don't think I should care for that, about a matter of opinion. I should (or might) about a matter of conduct, for I am sadly weak in my love of approbation; but about a matter of opinion I can't and don't believe what I once did; and there's an end. It is a thing which settles itself; for there is no going back to discarded beliefs. It is a great comfort to me to have you to speak to, and to look to for sympathy. It is a delightful indulgence and refreshment; but if you were to die, or to be engrossed by other interests and occupations, so as to diverge from me, I think I could do without sympathy in a matter so certain as my inability to believe as I once did." — *Autobiography*, vol. ii., pp. 288-91.

ardent and undoubting proselyting preacher. Her earliest literary success consisted of three prize essays on the arguments for converting Catholics, Mohammedans, and Jews to Unitarian Christianity. Her last book was the "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," which she undertook in concert with her final "guide, philosopher, and friend," Mr. Atkinson, for the conversion of Judaism, Islamism, Christianity, and Deism from all forms of theological belief alike. Her Unitarianism was early discarded, and discarded with what seems to us, according to her own account, irrational and uncharitable contempt. She was first shaken by the necessarian doctrine, then altogether upset by a strong impression of the deep *selfishness* and almost shocking notions of God which appeared to lie at the root of the whole scheme of damnation and redemption embodied in the popular creed — an impression by no means uncommon with those who either approach Christianity from the outside, or eventually get outside it.

The departure of these and many more kept the subject of death vividly before me, and compelled me to reduce my vague and fanciful speculations on "the divine government" and human destiny to a greater precision and accuracy. The old perplexity about the apparent cruelty and injustice of the scheme of "divine government" began at last to suggest the right issue. I had long perceived the worse than uselessness of enforcing principles of justice and mercy by an appeal to the example of God. I had long seen that the orthodox fruitlessly attempt to get rid of the difficulty by presenting the twofold aspect of God — the Father being the model of justice, and the Son of love and mercy — the inevitable result being that he who is especially called God is regarded as an unmitigated tyrant and spontaneous torturer, while the sweeter and nobler attributes are engrossed by the man Jesus — whose fate only deepens the opprobrium of the divine cruelty: while the heretics whose souls recoil from such a doctrine, and who strive to explain away the recorded dogmas of tyranny and torture, in fact give up the Christian revelation by rejecting its essential postulates. All this I had long seen; and I now began to obtain glimpses of the conclusion which at present seems to me so simple, that it is a marvel why I waited for it so long — that it is possible that we human beings, with our mere human faculty, may not understand the scheme, or nature, or fact of the universe! I began to see that we, with our mere human faculty, are not in the least likely to understand it, any more than the minnow in the creek, as Carlyle has it, can comprehend the perturbations caused in his world of existence by the tides. I saw that no revelation can by possibility set men right on these matters, for

want of faculty in man to understand anything beyond human ken: as all instruction whatever offered to the minnow must fail to make it comprehend the action of the moon on the oceans of the earth, or receive the barest conception of any such action. Thus far I began to see now. It was not for long after that I perceived further that the conception itself of moral government, of moral qualities, of the necessity of a preponderance of happiness over misery, must be essentially false beyond the sphere of human action, because it relates merely to human faculties. But this matter — of a truer standpoint — will be better treated hereafter, in connection with the period in which I perceived it within my horizon. As to death and the question of a future life, I was some time in learning to be faithful to my best light, faint as it yet was. I remember asserting to a friend who was willing to leave that future life a matter of doubt, that we were justified in expecting whatever the human race had agreed in desiring. I had long seen that the "future life" of the New Testament was the millennium looked for by the apostles, according to Christ's bidding — the glorious reign of a thousand years in Judea, when the Messiah should be the Prince, and the apostles his councillors and functionaries, and which was to begin with the then existing generation. I had long given up, in moral disgust, the conception of life after death as a matter of compensation for the ills of humanity, or a police and penal resource of "the divine government." I had perceived that the doctrines of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body were incompatible; and that, while the latter was clearly impossible, we were wholly without evidence of the former. But I still resorted, in indolence and prejudice, to the plea of instinct — the instinctive and universal love of life, and inability to conceive of its extinction. My sick-room book shows that such was my view when I wrote those essays; but I now feel pretty certain that I was not, even then, dealing truly with my own mind — that I was unconsciously trying to gain strength of conviction by vigor of assertion. It seems to me now that I might then have seen how delusive, in regard to fact, are various genuine and universal instincts; and, again, that this direction of the instinct in question is by no means so universal and so uniform as I declared it to be. I might then have seen, if I had been open-minded, that the instinct to fetishism, for instance, is more general, is indeed absolutely universal, while it is false in regard to fact; and that it is, in natural course, overpowered and annihilated by higher instincts, leading to true knowledge.\*

Much that Miss Martineau says about the Atkinson letters seems to us very touching — much curiously blind and almost absurd. Her mind, while march-

\* Vol. ii., pp. 184-7.

ing onward towards unbelief, was very lonely and sometimes sad, and the perhaps scarcely warranted influence obtained over her by Mr. Atkinson was due to the fact that from him she first obtained *full* sympathy in her new and *isolating* views;\* and neither of them probably was quite able or inclined to recognize how shallow and inconclusive many of the arguments, which seemed to them so decisive, really appeared to profounder and better trained intelligences. Certainly neither of them dreamed how arrogant and irritating the whole tone of the work and scores of the dogmatic and contemptuous expressions must have seemed to the majority of readers, whose tenderest convictions were thus roughly handled. Many of the friends whose anger and antagonism she aroused, no doubt took up a temper and a style of rebuke utterly and often ludicrously inadmissible among devotees of truth, who are not entitled to wonder at differences of opinion or to resent them; but it never seems to have crossed her mind that on the whole her own language was often the unseemlier of the two.† On the whole, by

\* "Do you not feel strangely alone in your views of the highest subjects? I do. I really know of no one but you to whom I can speak freely about mine. To a great degree I always did feel this. . . . But I do feel sadly lonely, for this reason—that I could not, if I tried, communicate to any one the *feeling* I have that the theological belief of almost everybody in the civilized world is baseless. The very statement, between you and me, looks startling in its presumption."—Letter to Mr. Atkinson, vol. ii., p. 283.

† The unnecessary volume appended to the autobiography by Mrs. Chapman, full as it is of faults both of taste and discretion, we should not have felt compelled to notice but for one section where her blind devotion to her friend has led her into misrepresentation and injustice. The "Atkinson Letters" drew forth one severely condemnatory review, and this, coming as it did from one to whom Harriet Martineau had from childhood been warmly attached, naturally pained and mortified her much. She herself passes over the criticism with one undeserved sentence of irritation: her editor devotes to it a whole chapter of unseemly and inarticulate comments, heading the section "A Life-Sorrow," forgetting that Miss Martineau repeatedly paints this portion of her career as about the happiest of the whole, and connects this happiness directly with the new convictions which Mr. Atkinson had succeeded in implanting. Neither lady was in any way entitled to speak of the review in the terms they use; for, in the first place, the letters are distinctively treated by the critics as the work of Mr. Atkinson (which Miss Martineau insisted that they were), and he and he only, if any one, might have complained of the severity with which the reviewer felt obliged to handle them—Miss Martineau being, as far as we remember, carefully spared—painful as it must have been to the writer to see such an intellect under the misleading of such a guide. Mrs. Chapman's reckless assertion that the co-editors of the *Prospective Review* were perfectly dismayed at the appearance of the article, being now proved, by the testimony of the survivor, to be not only without foundation, but the very reverse of true. But, unfortunately, as the autobiography shows, the position assumed by Miss Martineau throughout her life was that *she* was to be at liberty to condemn others without reticence, gentleness, or moderation, but that to mete her back the same measure in return was

the publication of that book, though she gave infinite pain, she suffered little if she ventured much; and considering the vastness and deep gravity of the questions at issue, the space devoted in her autobiography to the purely personal and *sensitive* portion of the subject strikes us as rather below the dignity of Miss Martineau, and we pass on to what interests us far more.

Twice in her life she stood for a long period face to face with death, and *studying that position* day by day with all the courage, sincerity, and solemn earnestness of a deep and very honest nature. There was no doubt of the genuineness of the position, even though both she and her medical advisers may have been in error, or at issue, with regard to the imminence of her danger. And she has left us a singularly plainly-drawn portrait of her mental and moral state, analyzed with courage, and as she saw it under the influence of two antagonistic creeds. Perhaps such a contrasting and vivid portrait has never been left on record by any equal intellect. It is well worth dwelling on.

The passage we have already quoted, combined with a reference to the "Sick-room" of which she speaks, will show how she met and regarded her approaching end in the light and under the support of the ordinary views of believers in a future life and a presiding Providence. We will presently quote a passage describing the more genuine confidence and peace with which she prepared to die when convinced that death was the final close of individual or conscious existence, and of the greater comfort as well as *certainly* to her mind of the later faith. For, surprising and startling as it will be to most of her readers, let no man question that these convictions (to most so desolate) were to her positive beliefs and not mere negations, a creed not an atheism, as firmly held as doctrines which take martyrs to the stake, and, moreover, seemingly as joyous as any which ever brightened the last hours of an intelligent and beautiful career. Nothing seems more curiously clear than that her course of thought and sentiment became step by step more enthusiastically cheerful and even glad as, to use her own expression, she exchanged the delusions of theology for the certainties of science, or, as others would describe the same march, as she shook herself gradually free from Christianity, revelation, and dogmatic theism, and took refuge in what some call

to be resented as a positive offence against equity, good manners, and good taste. And her editor has been weak enough to endorse the assumption.

Agnosticism, and others knowledge. These views may not be ours; they may be far, indeed, to us from either giving confidence or inspiring joy, but it is simply idle and foolish to deny that they are compatible, at least, with the truest peace and cheerfulness to hundreds with whose intellects we can claim no equality; no one perhaps has explained what comfort they are capable of yielding with such bold and simple nakedness as Harriet Martineau; and it is to lose one of the richest lessons of her book to disbelieve the truthfulness of these pages of self-development.

I have already told where I was in the pursuit of truth when Mr. Atkinson found me. Learning what I could from him, and meditating for myself, I soon found myself quite outside of my old world of thought and speculation — under a new heaven and a new earth; disembarassed of a load of selfish cares and troubles; with some of my difficulties fairly solved and others chased away like bad dreams, and others again deprived of all power to trouble me, because the line was clearly drawn between the feasible and the unknowable. I had got out of the prison of myself. . . . The hollowness of the popular views of philosophy and science was by this time the clearest thing I ever saw; and the opposite reality, that philosophy founded upon science is the one thing needful . . . had become the crown of my experience, and the joy of my life.\*

Again: —

My comrade and I were both pursuers of truth, and bound to render our homage openly and devoutly. We both care for our kind, and we could not see them suffering as we had suffered, without imparting to them our consolation and our joy. Having found, as my friend said, *a spring in the desert*, should we see the multitude wandering in desolation, and not show them our refreshment? We never had a moment's doubt or misgiving, though I anticipated all manner of consequences which never ensued. . . . In younger days I was more ardent . . . now the forecast and love of ease which belong to age are coming upon me. Then *I believed in a Protector* who ordered me to do the work and would sustain me under it; and *however I may now despise that sort of support*, I had it then, and have none of that sort now.†

When in the evenings of that spring I experienced the new joy of feeling myself to be a portion of the universe, resting on the security of its universal laws, certain that its cause was wholly out of the sphere of human attributes, and that the special destination of my race is infinitely nobler than the highest proposed under a scheme of "divine moral gov-

ernment," how could it matter to me that the adherents of a decaying mythology (the Christian following the heathen as the heathen followed the barbaric fetish) were fiercely clinging to their man-god, their scheme of salvation, their reward and punishment, their arrogance, their selfishness, their essential pay-system, as ordered by their mythology? As the astronomer rejoices in new knowledge which compels him to give up the dignity of our globe as the centre of the universe, so do those who have escaped from the Christian mythology enjoy their release from the superstition which fails to make happy, fails to make good, fails to make wise, and has become as great an obstacle in the way of progress as the prior mythologies which it took the place of nearly two thousand years ago. For three centuries it has been undermined, and its overthrow completely decided, as all true interpreters of the Reformation very well know.\*

Now, whatever estimate we may form as to the distinctness of the ideas here conveyed, the correctness of the predictions, or the taste and judgment of some of the phraseology employed, no one can doubt the sincerity of the relief expressed; nor can any who knew Miss Martineau question for a moment that the last twenty-five years of her life, the unbelieving portion as it would be termed, were incomparably the happiest and most buoyant. Yet the last twenty of these were passed, in her own conviction at least, under sentence of imminent and probably sudden death. And the following is her deliberate account of her feelings and reflections under the solemn prospect: —

I have now had three months' experience of the fact of constant expectation of death; and the result is as much regret as a rational person can admit at the absurd waste of time, thought, and energy that I have been guilty of in the course of my life in dwelling on the subject of death. It is really melancholy that young people (and, for that matter, middle-aged and old people) are exhorted and encouraged as they are to such waste of all manner of power. I romanced internally about early death till it was too late to die early; and even in the midst of work and the busiest engagements of my life, I used always to be thinking about death — partly from taste, and partly as a duty. And now that I am waiting it at any hour, the whole thing seems so easy, simple, and natural, that I cannot but wonder how I could keep my thoughts fixed upon it when it was far off. I cannot do it now. Night after night since I have known that I am mortally ill, I have tried to conceive, with the help of the sensations of my sinking fits, the act of dying, and its attendant feelings; and thus far I have always gone to sleep

\* Vol. ii., p. 335.

† Ibid., p. 345.

\* Ibid., p. 356.

in the middle of it. And this is after really knowing something about it; for I have been frequently in extreme danger of immediate death within the last five months, and have felt as if I were dying and should never draw another breath. Under this close experience, I find death in prospect the simplest thing in the world—a thing not to be feared or regretted, or to get excited about in any way. I attribute this very much, however, to the nature of my views of death. The case must be much otherwise with Christians, even independently of the selfish and perturbing emotions connected with an expectation of rewards and punishments in the next world. They can never be quite secure from the danger that their air-built castle shall dissolve at the last moment, and that they may vividly perceive on what imperfect evidence and delusive grounds their expectation of immortality and resurrection reposes. The mere perception of the incompatibility of immortality and resurrection may be, and often is, deferred till that time; and that is no time for such questions. But, if the intellect be ever so accommodating, there is the heart, steady to its domestic affections. I, for one, should be heavy-hearted if I were now about to go to the antipodes—to leave all whom I love, and who are bound up with my daily life—however certain might be the prospect of meeting them again twenty or thirty years hence; and it is no credit to any Christian to be “joyful,” “triumphant,” and so forth in going to “glory,” while leaving any loved ones behind—whether or not there may be loved ones “gone before.” An unselfish and magnanimous person cannot be solaced, in parting with mortal companions and human sufferers, by personal rewards, bliss, or anything of the sort. I used to think and feel all this before I became emancipated from the superstition; and I could only submit, and suppose it all right because it was ordained. But now the release is an inexpressible comfort; and the simplifying of the whole matter has a most tranquillizing effect. Conscious as I am of what my anxiety would be if I were exiled to the antipodes—or to the garden of Eden if you will—for twenty or thirty years, I feel no sort of solicitude about a parting which will bring no pain. Sympathy with those who will miss me I do feel of course; yet not very painfully, because their sorrow cannot, in the nature of things, long interfere with their daily peace; but to me there is no sacrifice, no sense of loss, nothing to fear, nothing to regret. Under the eternal laws of the universe I came into being, and, under them, I have lived a life so full that its fulness is equivalent to length. The age in which I have lived is an infant one in the history of our globe and of man; and the consequence is a great waste in the years and the powers of the wisest of us; and, in the case of one so limited in powers and so circumscribed by early unfavorable influences as myself, the waste is something deplorable. But we have only to accept the conditions in which we find

ourselves, and to make the best of them; and my last days are cheered by the sense of how much better my later years have been than the earlier, or than in the earlier I ever could have anticipated. Some of the terrible faults of my character which religion failed to ameliorate, and others which superstition bred in me, have given way more or less since I attained a truer point of view; and the relief from all burdens, the uprising of new satisfactions, and the opening of new clearness—the fresh air of nature, in short, after imprisonment in the ghost-peopled cavern of superstition—has been as favorable to my moral nature as to intellectual progress and general enjoyment. Thus, there has been much in life that I am glad to have enjoyed; and much that generates a mood of contentment at the close. Besides that I never dream of wishing that anything were otherwise than as it is, I am frankly satisfied to have done with life. I have had a noble share of it, and I desire no more. I neither wish to live longer here, nor to find life again elsewhere. It seems to me simply absurd to expect it, and a mere act of restricted human imagination and morality to conceive of it. It seems to me that there is not only a total absence of evidence of a renewed life for human beings, but so clear a way of accounting for the conception, in the immaturity of the human mind, that I myself utterly disbelieve in a future life. If I should find myself mistaken, it will certainly not be in discovering any existing faith in that doctrine to be true. If I am mistaken in supposing that I am now vacating my place in the universe, which is to be filled by another—if I find myself conscious after the lapse of life—it will be all right of course; but, as I said, the supposition seems to me absurd. Nor can I understand why anybody should expect me to desire anything else than this yielding up my place. If we may venture to speak, limited as we are, of anything whatever being important, we may say that the important thing is that the universe should be full of life, as we suppose it to be, under the eternal laws of the universe; and, if the universe be full of life, I cannot see how it can signify whether the one human faculty of consciousness of identity be preserved and carried forward, when all the rest of the organization is gone to dust, or so changed as to be in no respect properly the same. In brief, I cannot see how it matters whether my successor be called H. M., or A. B., or Y. Z. I am satisfied that there will always be as much conscious life in the universe as its laws provide for; and that certainty is enough, even for my narrow conception, which, however, can discern that caring about it at all is a mere human view and emotion. The real and justifiable and honorable subject of interest to human beings, living and dying, is the welfare of their fellows surrounding them or surviving them. About this I do care, and supremely: in what way I will tell presently.\*

\* Vol. ii., pp. 435-9.



It is difficult for minds brought up in the conviction of continuous or renewed existence in some altogether different sphere, some world of solved problems and of realized ideas, where every perplexity will be cleared up, every limitation melt away, every corner of space be visited, and every avenue to knowledge opened to our purified vision during eternal years — it is difficult for such minds either to acquiesce in the cessation of conscious being and identity here described, or to thoroughly believe in the cheerfulness of this acquiescence. That so curiously active an intellect should be so content in the prospect of inaction; that one who so thirsted after science should be satisfied, having learned so little, never to learn more; that one so wakeful should thus welcome everlasting sleep; that one who to her last breath felt so intense an interest in the future of the race to which she was to belong no more, should yet be so happy in view of a non-existence in which that future must be absolutely dark, seems all but incredible, would be quite incredible did we not know it to be the case with hundreds who yet calmly submit to the inevitable. But there is something behind yet harder to receive — that those whose blessedness in this world has lain, not in philosophy but in affection, not in the accumulation of knowledge but in the interchange of love, whose joy too has consisted rather in the lastingness than the mere fact of their unitedness, should, out of pure submission not to "God's will" but to the "laws of nature," be able, when the hour comes to die, willingly and even gratefully to utter the *Vale vale, in æternum vale*, to the sharers of their life on earth. This is unquestionably the harder — may it not also be the higher — form of pious resignation? — the last achievement of the ripened mind? The following is Harriet Martineau's "last view of the world:" —

I am confident that a brighter day is coming for future generations. Our race has been as Adam created at nightfall. The solid earth has been but dark, or dimly visible, while the eye was inevitably drawn to the mysterious heavens above. There, the successive mythologies have arisen in the east, each a constellation of truths, each glorious and fervently worshipped in its course; but the last and noblest, the Christian, is now not only sinking to the horizon, but paling in the dawn of a brighter time. The dawn is unmistakable; and the sun will not be long in coming up. The last of the mythologies is about to vanish before the flood of a brighter light.

With the last of the mythologies will pass

away, after some lingering, the immoralities which have attended all mythologies. Now, while the state of our race is such as to need all our mutual devotedness, all our aspiration, all our resources of courage, hope, faith, and good cheer, the disciples of the Christian creed and morality are called upon, day by day, to "work out *their own* salvation with fear and trembling," and so forth. Such exhortations are too low for even the wavering mood and quacked morality of a time of theological suspense and uncertainty. In the extinction of that suspense, and the discrediting of that selfish quackery, I see the prospect, for future generations, of a purer and loftier virtue and a truer and sweeter heroism than divines who preach such self-seeking can conceive of. When our race is trained in the morality which belongs to ascertained truth, all "fear and trembling" will be left to children; and men will have risen to a capacity for higher work than saving themselves — to that of "working out" the welfare of their race, not in "fear and trembling," but with serene hope and joyful assurance.

The world as it is is growing somewhat dim before my eyes; but the world as it is to be looks brighter every day.\*

W. R. GREG.

\* Vol. ii., pp. 460-2.

From The Spectator.

#### NORWAY AND THE MAELSTROM.

THE following notes of one or two days' sight-seeing within the Arctic Circle may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers. What I saw made a strong impression upon me, as of scenery unlike anything which I had seen in the more frequented show-places of Europe.

The yacht "Aphrodite," one of the loveliest things which ever sailed from Cowes, brought us from "off" Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, to Bergen, in three days nineteen hours. Every one knows the strange appearance of the coast of Norway on the map, how it looks like a piece of stuff which has got very much frayed at the edge — how innumerable lochs and fiords pierce it in all directions, as if they made or found great cracks and fissures in its mountain-wall; while all this is again protected from the ocean by a fringe of islands, which leave only a few gaps where you are obliged to cross a space of open sea. This arrangement is delightful for small boats, fishing-craft, and the square-sailed, black-prowed *yachts*, laden to the water's edge, which carry fish and oil from Hammerfest to Bergen and elsewhere; even as in old



time, it was just the thing for the Norse pirates, whom we are proud to count among our ancestors, who fought and murdered each other in these narrow waters, or issued from them to kill or conquer other people; but a delicate, high-mettled yacht like the "Aphrodite," one large enough to breast the North Sea with safety nowadays, would generally find herself obliged to take the outside sea-passage, from sheer want of room to work to windward within the narrow water-lanes within. So, luxury upon luxury, my friend engages a stout steam-tug at Bergen, so that with this useful slave to pull, and a steam-launch on board for short trips, no recess of any fiord that we might wish to see could escape unvisited. After exploring several of them, the Sogne Fiord especially, we found ourselves one June evening passing the Arctic Circle, and approaching Bodö, the southernmost town within that line. We had been sketching at our anchorage of the previous night, right through from one day to another (scene, a few red-timbered fish-containing warehouses, standing in the water almost, some stacks of fish in course of being dried on the sloping rock, which looked like sheaves of corn against the purple and gold of a line of peaks to the north, and behind us a range of snow-streaked mountain, fiercely red in the sunset); but there the sun had touched the sea, — to-night we were to see him move along the crests of the far-off Lofodens, with no lessening of his splendor, and spring upwards without a moment's rest. A rock prevented our seeing this from the harbor of Bodö itself, so a hill was to be ascended which avoided or overlooked all obstacles. A chosen party of the crew went with us. I confess that I felt a twinge of an Englishman's instinctive horror of a show, when I found on landing at eleven o'clock that not only the Union Jack had been brought on shore to be borne aloft before us, but that musical instruments of many kinds had been brought too; that something like a procession was formed, and that no small part of our sailors' enjoyment lay in the notion of "giving a start to the old women of Bodö." We got to the cairn, found the mark which the "Aphrodite's" voyagers had set up on a previous visit, but the great sight of the midnight sun was missed, owing to the cloudy weather. The sailors were my entertainment. They made the dwarf birch-trees of the hillside feed their bonfire by wholesale, loyal and other toasts were drunk and songs sung, of which the

music was pathetic and fairly good; but the words, composed in some cases by one of themselves, did not reward my interest in them; they were too "naturalistic," and I felt that we had not a Burns, or anything like the making of one, amongst our crew. The whole thing made me think a little of that hankering for a return to barbarism which philosophers tell us still lingers in civilized men. I enjoyed it accordingly. The sailors had brought the grotesque masks which played a large part in the fun of the fore-castle on Saturday night, — they danced, leaped, and made themselves into monkeys beautifully. I stole round to the other side of the cairn. What a maze of rocks, peaks, and leaden-grey spaces of water! How I thanked our quiet Norwegian pilot, when I saw the quantities of low, rounded rocks just awash with the tide which he had brought us through! How small the group of houses and masts (the "Aphrodite's" among them) which I recognized as Bodö looked, with the rain fretting its narrow channels or sweeping in cloudy volumes along this or that mysterious line of fiord, blurring the faint pinkish light upon some great field of snow or shapeless mass of island or cape, on which a long ray came streaming from a mist-shrouded midnight sun. Northward, the view was a little bit like what an idealizing landscape-painter of the old school — all honor be to them! — might have made out of Gerwentwater, with its islands as seen from above Lodore, by sharpening and steepening Skiddaw a good deal, putting a sharp-peaked rock-island in place of Catbells or Grisedale Pike, and "happing up," as they say in the north, all the rest in grey mist. By this time the sailors had finished their games, their songs ("God save the Queen" to end with, of course), and their transplantation of a small tree to adorn the "Aphrodite" cairn. Their doings had been ordinary enough, but somehow I always liked everything they did. If only we could get such servants for our houses at home! My most esteemed friend and amiable host, sometime M.P. for my own county, had a dark streak of anti-Russian feeling in him; politeness required, in these wild times, that I should keep my reflections to myself about the wickedness of using the splendid strength, activity, quickness, readiness to obey, and unfailing courage of our sailors in careless or selfish alliance with a defence of wrong. The little street of Bodö did not, I dare say, suffer much from the noise we made in our return. Englishmen are popular in

Norway, and whoever did get up to look at our madness did not, we may be sure, anathematize us much. We went to bed at once on getting to the yacht, for we were to see the Lofodens to-morrow, and to start in the "Activ" at eight.

The next morning accordingly saw us steaming across the Vestfjord, as the space of sea is called which lies between the mainland and the long, many-linked chain of the Lofoden Islands. The distance is about forty miles, but this width decreases towards the north, where the last of the chain lies close to the mainland. We steamed straight across to the southernmost but two of these islands, between which and its southern neighbors lies the whirlpool of the Maelström. We had read or heard of Edgar Poe's fantasy on the subject, we had also heard of a Norwegian captain who said he knew of no such whirlpool,—had never heard of it, in fact, except from English tourists! There was room for much imaginative interest between these two extremes, and some risk was really worth running to enable us to judge for ourselves. We had our pilot, who had brought us from Bergen, we had the master and owner of the "Activ," who had a wife and six children and the uninsured "Activ" besides; but to make assurance trebly sure, we allowed the pilot to stop at the village nearest to the dreaded thing, and take on board a fisherman able to tell us exactly what we might or might not do with it. The scenery of this village, Skoorvag, was wild in the extreme, all rock and ravine, with sharp teeth of serrated crags, which reminded me of the Coolin Hills in Skye. Our fisherman-guide came on board as we were finishing luncheon. He liked the job immensely; "the tide was just right," but whether for our safety or for the display of the Maelström's character I could not make out, but hoped that something between the two was meant. A very few minutes' steaming round the point of Mosknæs put this question and the powers of the "Activ" to the test. The roughness, only a gentle slide over a rather big wave at first, almost immediately increased to a violent pitching, a tar-barrel broke loose, spare coals tumbled about the deck, everything went astray which could not hold or be held tight, and the captain and proprietor of the "Activ" looked as if he would not let his boat meddle with the Maelström again, if he could help it. It was like the race of Portland or of Alderney in a stiff breeze, the sailors said. I thought of the strength of our engine—

thirty horse-power, I believed—and hoped that the Maelström was not going to be worse, and that the getting the vessel round for our return would be managed nicely. However, we ran right through, and looked at the receding precipices of the Lofodens, from the seaward side, then took a wide sweep, and ran through the race again, which was a trifle quieter when we had the tide with us. The wildest forms of rock and mountain would add nothing to the terrors of such a scene as this strait between Mosknæs and Væro would present in wild weather. We, however, could afford to marvel at the height and steepness of the Lofoden wall, two thousand feet clear on the one side, and the pitiless, sharp-toothed rocks of Moskna, on the other, with their base lost in the bright mist of raging waves,—a misty light which shone far away in the western sun, over a dark wavy line of rushing waters. There certainly was a Maelström, the ebb and flow of so large a body of water as the Vestfjord, through so small a strait, and the sudden and enormous increase in the depth of the sea between the two islands, forming a mighty Niagara, in fact, below the surface, being sufficient cause. Fortunately, as in the case of many another of nature's terrible things, it does not interfere much with man and his work. Fishermen, though their business lies perilously near, know its humors well, and when and how to avoid them. By the way, the quantity of fish caught in these waters is something startling, the take of one season being reckoned by millions. We made a purchase of three or four hundred fish (good eatable ones, we found afterwards), at the village where we landed our fisherman pilot, for the value of an English half-crown. This village was the centre of a fine picture. For once I thought nature had contented herself with a noble arrangement of black and white alone, with her purple-black rocks set in almost columnar masses, and sword-like streams of dazzling snow in every fissure. It was only man who had thrown in some strong bits of Indian red in the painted timber of the houses, and perhaps I am unfair to nature in forgetting some small patches of vivid emerald green. We regained the luxury of the "Aphrodite," in the harbor of Bodø, at 11.30.

So much for a grey picture. The next day brought me one with more color in it. We had started for the south, the morning was dull, and I had thought that it was a day for writing letters below; but com-

ing on deck in the afternoon, I found that all had changed. I must say beforehand that passing this part of the coast on our way northward, I thought I had never seen such dreariness, such ranges of huge, formless rocks, and such gloom in cloud and sky. I could not enjoy, could hardly endure its inky gloom. Now the last fragments of mist were vanishing from each mountain mass, which rose in Egyptian squareness of light and shade immediately from the calm water in which it was reflected,—snow-fields, warm in the afternoon sunshine, showed themselves through every deep gap or trench between them. Sometimes one of these blocks of mountain formed an island of itself, and we glided between it and the mainland, and one after another of these islands, together with the mainland, formed a setting for a long vista of rose-hued peak and precipice and snow-field, which kept their place for hours, only with more and more sunlighted atmosphere between us and them. I could not help noting how seldom nature, even in Norway, indulges in the vagary of perfectly perpendicular precipices; how she keeps to a fair admixture of slope and *débris*-slide, with intervals only of sheer descent; but here in the mountains which we were passing about ten o'clock P.M., the greatest lover of idealized steepness could not but be content with reality. They were obelisks and monoliths rather than mountains, with deep desolate hollows of valley or sea-gulf resting in purple shadow at their feet, and the flowing curves and radiant light of one of the largest glacier-bearing fjelds in Norway encompassing them above. There were no peaks in that snowy background, only lines of rock, which seemed to support its curves, and clasp them here and there with gorgeous jewels. You could hardly imagine any passes to tempt you to invade that silence, but rested content in the impression of sublimity conveyed by the delicate fitting of the snow-line with the olive-green of the clear sky. But if there was something almost lunar-looking in the vividness of the light, the abruptness of the chasms, and the depth of the shadows flung across them, the link with life and our own dearly-beloved humanity was supplied by the tall, square sail, overtaken now and then, of some deep-laden *yægt* threading her way slowly through the labyrinth of rocks; by the eider-ducks, which clustered upon their shelves and amongst the rich brown seaweed, and hardly stirred as we passed them by; or by the glow of the sun re-

flected from a window under the projecting roof of some fisherman's house, solitary, but for one or two vessels anchored close by for the night. By this time it was after eleven o'clock,—we had not actually seen the sun above the horizon at midnight the night before, if we could only remain where we were for another half-hour, the rocks on the seaward side were sufficiently low and scattered to allow us so to see him, and his splendor was strange and wonderful now. The tawny, dusky, but dazzling and clear gold of the light, the purple which was all but black of the sea, the dusk-red and bronze of the rocks, the scarlet of the yacht's mast and ropes and of our own figures, were certainly not such as I had ever seen before. We slacken the speed of our steamer, so as only just to keep the hawser from fouling the screw. Now a sphinx-like rock comes between us and the sun. Shall we get rid of that before twelve, or will the sun rise again before that other rock comes in the way? Is our time wrong, and is that shadow upon the snow really lessening with the sun's ascent? The sailors run up to the masthead, one of our party follows, and gets his feet chalked at about the twentieth ratline for venturing upon those sacred ropes. Now it is undoubtedly twelve, and there is the sun burning as at noonday, now clearly speeding upward, with no rose of dawn, but with the same dusky glow and fierce lustre as had attended his descent. It is too late to talk of Hestmando, the wonderful mountain with its wild legend, which we are passing now. The yacht speeds on, and I am richer by the memory of such a midnight as can only be seen within the Arctic circle.

A. W. HUNT.

---

From The Saturday Review.

#### GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE words and phrases which become prominent through their frequent repetition at different times throw light on the passing customs of these periods. By going carefully through a file of newspapers for the last twenty or thirty years, and selecting the particular terms which have successively come into frequent use, we might learn not a little respecting the changes of social habits and modes of thought which have marked this interval. Among the phrases which happen just now to be prominent elements of our current talk, "general impression" seems to

occupy a place. When we ask our chance companion at a dinner-party for his or her opinion respecting some new book, the common answer is, "I have a favorable impression of it on the whole." A person appears to be able to make out his claim to knowledge respecting a work of science or of art, a country or a public character, by showing that he has a general impression of the object. More than this, if you press a person touching the details of the object or class of objects of which he professes to be generally cognizant, you will probably be regarded as rudely and disagreeably inquisitive. There seems to be a tacit understanding abroad in polite society that the amount of knowledge which can be counted on as a common possession, and as a basis for interesting conversation, is limited to general impressions. If we turn to the lighter literature of the day which specially aims at instructing society, we find an apparent recognition of the supreme value of general impressions. The newspaper correspondent hurries over the details of the scene or event he is describing in order to define the general impression it has left on his mind. The art-critic, again, aims not so much at giving a distinct and complete idea of the several parts and relations of the work he is judging as at characterizing one or two of its predominant qualities. So, too, the reviewer of a scientific book is apt to care but little about conveying an adequate conception of the several lines of argument of which it consists, and to concentrate his energies on the task of picking out and defining its general tendencies. In this way supply appears to adjust itself to demand; the need of a number of general impressions in the minds which are to be instructed calls forth a corresponding direction of effort on the part of the instructors.

If we carefully inquire into the worth of these general impressions as elements of knowledge, we are not likely to arrive at a very favorable judgment. It is evident on the slightest reflection that they are in their nature incomplete and fragmentary. Suppose the thing to be known is some scientific doctrine—for example, Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. This idea is a complex one, involving distinct principles. Further, it reposes on a certain basis of fact and observation. No clear idea of the theory is possible unless the several principles are distinguished, and the appropriate facts to some extent apprehended. Yet most persons' general impression of the theory consists in a

vague idea of some one aspect of it, as the struggle for existence, or man's alleged genealogical relation to certain apes. It is much the same in the case of a work of art. What constitutes the distinguishing style of a painter is something which enters as a fine pervading spirit into all details of his work, and which cannot be seized and appreciated apart from these details. The inartistic mind picks up the phrases which express the general or dominant character of the painter, glibly talk about his subtle feeling for color, his force in dramatic representation, and so on, and thinks he has an adequate conception of the particular artist's style. We do not need to appeal to the teachings of a particular philosophical school in order to show that all such general impressions are essentially vague and fragmentary. Whether or not, as the nominalist teaches, general ideas only exist so far as they include particulars, all thinkers practically admit that the former can only be rendered distinct and definite by constant reference to the latter. Thus, to understand distinctly what is meant by a painter's mode of harmonizing colors, it is necessary to keep in mind some concrete examples of his manner of combination. One may easily verify these observations by talking with persons about the scenery of a country which they have just visited. They describe it in general terms as gloomy, monotonous, or quiet and picturesque; but when pressed to say wherein these qualities consist, they fail to satisfy us, and show conclusively that the terms they have employed answer to no definite ideas in their minds.

Not only are such general impressions, when disembodied from the concrete details which constitute their supporting organism, essentially unsubstantial and shadowy, but they are also liable to be erroneous. This arises from the circumstance that such resulting opinions are in many cases reached by an elementary process of inference. It is quite easy, for example, to misinterpret the general drift of a scientific book; and, if none of the facts on which the argument is based are retained, such a misapprehension leads to a permanent and not easily corrigible error. Even when there is no misconception in the first instance, a general impression, unless fixed and rooted in a mass of distinctly apprehended particulars, is apt to become erroneous through the very failures of memory and the transforming influence of the imagination. We find, for example, that our abiding conception

of some book read a long time ago has grown, not only faint, but, so far as it is definite at all, illusory. More particularly those impressions which rest on some emotional effect are liable to become greatly transformed from their original shape. For example, we may have lived awhile abroad with some foreign people. When we returned to England we brought back a fairly definite idea of their leading qualities, and were conscious of cherishing a reasonable sentiment towards them. But when we inspect our present recollection we find it hopelessly confused. All that we are conscious of, perhaps, is a lingering admiration of certain undefinable excellences. The meaning of this is that some part of the impression originally made has by reason of its interesting or emotional character, outlived the rest. This part, however, has not remained unaltered; the feeling has become detached from the definite ideas which at first justified it, and in consequence has been transformed or idealized into something quite incommensurate in degree with the original. Of this we could at once convince ourselves by revisiting the country and approximately renewing the whole impression originally made. Owing to such processes of decay and transformation among our ideas, our general impressions are liable to swerve very widely from the path of accurate judgment. When we reflect how much of our general impressions is made up of likings and dislikings, and how easy it is for these emotions to live on in the absence of the ideas on which they properly depend, we see how great may be the error and injustice into which such general impressions are likely to lead us.

It seems to follow, then, that a man's knowledge when made up of such general impressions is not in a very satisfactory condition. That they should pass for sound information only shows how few care for this acquisition compared with the number of those who desire only its appearance. The excessive estimate of the value of such vague elements of knowledge may be due in part to the false supposition that the general, even when separated from its basis of fact, is worth more than the particular. This undue and sentimental exaltation of the general to the neglect of the concrete and particular has been a fruitful source of illusion in philosophy, and may not improbably have contributed to the popularity of general impressions. Its main source, however, is probably the habit of looking at infor-

mation simply as a social qualification. A certain appearance of general intelligence is at present required in polite society, and the least troublesome way of satisfying this requirement is by accumulating a number of such general impressions.

We by no means wish to say that these vague general impressions are an unmixed evil, which it is desirable to get rid of altogether. It must be apparent, for one thing, that this is not within our power. Except in a few cases where there is an extraordinary memory for details, the natural and inevitable order of things brings about this indefiniteness of conception. We may have studied a subject with the utmost care, yet after a few months we find that all we retain is a vague recollection of its dominant features. Moreover, it is evident that, with the rapid expansion of all kinds of knowledge which characterizes our time, we must either be content with general impressions respecting most subjects, or remain absolutely ignorant of them. And there is no question that the former alternative is to be preferred. Although essentially vague, and liable to be erroneous, these impressions, so far as correct, constitute a modicum of knowledge. A non-musical man, for example, may have a very hazy idea respecting Wagner's theory of opera; yet the knowledge that there is a question for discussion here is not without its value. The chief value of such undefined knowledge is that it enables a man to keep in view the whole field of study. It puts him in a position to understand the extent and variety of the subjects which engage human activity and thought, and a perception of this large object may be expected to exert an elevating moral as well as purely intellectual influence. It is to be remarked, further, that a limited general acquaintance with a subject is useful as a possible starting-point for more intimate study. With mental growth the centre of our intellectual interests is apt to shift to new quarters, and a very slight and inadequate notion of the nature and bearings of a particular department of science may suffice to draw our minds some day in this direction.

How then, it may be asked, should the wise man deal with these general impressions as elements of knowledge? It seems to us that he will accept them as a meagre substitute for full and definite ideas where these are beyond his reach. He certainly will not be content to have no intellectual furniture except general

impressions. He will make sure of a certain region of accurate observation and study, and will endeavor to give to this region the greatest possible area. In this way he will secure a firm footing of fact, from which he will descry more distinctly even the objects which lie remote from his particular standpoint. And, if he can succeed in enlarging his field of special study, so as to make it representative of the principal branches of intellectual activity, he will always have a definite advantage in judging subjects about which he can only acquire a general impression. More than this, such a limited direction of thought in minute and careful study will generate the habit of referring ideas to facts, and will prevent the mistaking of general impressions for adequate information. A mind thus carefully trained in certain directions may derive a considerable advantage from the possession of such a large field of indistinct vision, and by habits of reflection may, for the most part, escape those liabilities to error which, as we have seen, attend the process of forming general impressions. It would thus seem that general impressions bear a certain resemblance to words, in so far as they are "wise men's counters," but "the money of fools." Thoughtful minds will value them not so much for what they are in themselves as for what they represent. It may be said indeed that the main part of the value of a general impression resides in its possibilities, in the detailed and definite knowledge for which it is the temporary substitute. The fools, however, do not recognize this, but fondly imagine that their confused mass of general impressions, which rests on no sure foundation of immediate observation, and which may be said to float loosely in the air, amounts to real cognition. And even many who are not fools, and who are capable of perceiving the difference between these cloudy notions and definite conceptions, seem to choose the former where the latter are possible through the inertia of an indolent temperament impatient of continuous effort. It is to be expected that, so long as men love ease rather than activity, and are able to pass off the counterfeit of knowledge for its reality, the number of those who are contented with the minimum of knowledge implied in general impressions will remain a large one.

---

From The Spectator.

MR. PONGO.

IT is a speciality of places of public entertainment in England, that the approaches to them shall be made as deterrent as possible; that the persons whose duty it is to admit the public shall wear an aspect of gloom and grudge, as of men who know how mistaken one is in supposing one is going to see anything for the shilling entrance-fee, and would prefer to warn the public off the premises, but, such an act of charity being forbidden, would at least suggest by their grumpy carelessness the vanity of human expectations with regard to the particular entertainment beyond their respective doors or turn-tables. Who has not noted the surprise, the discomfort, the sudden falling of the spirits of foreign visitors, when they face for the first time the bare-boarded backwoods'-hut-like approaches to the temples of art, science, and bric-à-brac at South Kensington, the insecure, slanting passages, like nothing but the improvised covered way to Mr. Myers's circus-stable, which lead to the jocosely-styled Horticultural Gardens flower-shows, and the squalid disorder of the Low-Level entrance to the Crystal Palace, which combines a rickety and dangerous staircase from the outside with some dirty pens inside, through which the aspirant to the delights of the palace hurries, over loose, filthy, unevenly-laid boards, but in which he is confined on his way back to the train, under conditions similar to those of a "lock-up," where the tenants are habitually disorderly. We have always put up with things of this kind — was not there a perceptible undercurrent of misgiving when decent entrances to certain theatres were "introduced" by managers whose minds had been influenced by foreign customs in this respect? — and we probably always shall put up with them, but still we must air our grievances concerning the entrances to the Aquarium at Westminster, the dreariest place by daylight — that is, unless our experience was exceptional — within our knowledge. Not the gentle melancholy of which Dickens writes as mostly characteristic of places where one is encouraged by advertisement to expect "a happy day," but a stronger feeling, akin to dismay, takes possession of the visitor who has passed through the creaking turn-table and the doors, with the rough handles which he is to "push" or "pull," according to circumstances, and finds himself in the dingy vastness of the Aquarium, where the



tanks are thinly occupied by a few common specimens of fish, often not of the kinds indicated on the cards supposed to guide the visitor to their contents, and where the smaller cases, containing the tortoises, water-serpents, and baby alligators are exceedingly foul-smelling. Dust and dreariness — both of which, of course, may be accidental — are the pervading elements of the "entertainment," as of so many others; the floor when we visited it was as dusty as that of any metropolitan station, the walls and pillars are disfigured with advertisements, the flowers and shrubs are of the commonest kinds; the galleries are narrow walks between dust-laden rails and tables, covered with ghastly models of fish, and specimens of the blighted hopes of the Zoological Gardens. A plaster cast of an infant hippopotamus, with one leg broken off short, and a "preparation" of monkey, are among the cheering objects which one encounters on one's dusty way to the inconvenient corner at which one finds the narrow door through which one passes to an audience of the distinguished gorilla, Mr. Pongo. At a dirty table stands a boy, who distributes dirty cards of admission to a space in a gallery formed by a rough enclosure of boards, leaving a narrow passage, — exactly like the prisoners' way in a police-court, with the coarsely-papered wall of the gallery on one side, — which is fitted on three sides with rows of chairs, the two-shilling seats being in front, and offering no advantage whatever over the one-shilling seats, except to persons of lively imagination, who discern some in the red rope at their back. A space, with a raised floor, enclosed within wirework, and furnished with a couple of chairs, a horsewhip, a ladder, and a brown blanket, forms the scene of the exhibition of Mr. Pongo, and his friends, — August, the chimpanzee, and the dog Flok. As the audience collect, the depression of disillusion is to be read in their faces. What was the necessity for stowing away the object of so much reasonably expected attraction in a dirty corner, and surrounding him with deterrent accessories? The outer edge of the gallery is shut up with a suffocating curtain, lest a glimpse of the bewildering delights below should be caught by the dismal assemblage who wait for the appearance of Pongo, and a boy, shrill and irrepressible as Dr. Ginery Dunkle (of Troy) himself, screams incessant admonitions about the taking of tickets, even while Mr. Pongo's German attendant is laboriously enunciating the few sentences

in English in which he relates the history and describes the habits of his interesting charge.

Mr. Pongo is a very nice beast, but he is not so clever as August, nor so sympathetic as Flok, and one feels about him after a little while as one feels about the heavy child in a nursery, — that he is good and safe, but hardly amusing. There is something disconcerting about him, too, though it is in one's own mind, not in him; it is the inclination to treat him rather as a human being of the unintelligent, than as an animal of the exceptionally intelligent kind. One speaks to him with marked distinctness and emphasis, and pets him, not with the flippant smartness one would bestow upon "nature's Pulchinello," his companion, but gravely, and with an effort to make him understand, as one might pet one of the harmless "cases" at the Earlswood Asylum. In the quiet heaviness of his manner there is something that makes one feel patient and pains-taking, as with a creature of slow brain and perception; and when he claps his dreadfully human hands, with the black skin in wrinkles on them like ill-fitting gloves, and pounds them on the floor, demanding notice and applauding himself, one claps and nods at him just as one would at a deficient child. He is singularly dumb, too, rarely uttering any sound at all, while one of his friends chatters freely, and the other barks in all the exuberant delight of games of play, of which Mr. Pongo is for the most part only a spectator, decidedly at a disadvantage where general liveliness is in question. When seated on the ground, with his grey back, his round, neatly-formed head, with comparatively small and close-sitting ears, turned towards one, his long arms folded, his spare, small legs, so disproportionate in size to his powerful arms, hidden, his lean thighs tucked close to his thick, bulging, ridgy sides, he is wonderfully like a very strongly-built child to whom "rickets" has come unaccountably, and in contradiction of his apparent constitution. Mr. Pongo's face is amiable, and his attendant declares him to be "very good-natured;" the eyes are serious and quiet, by no means so melancholy as the eyes of most monkeys with whom we have previously been acquainted; and when he hitches himself against the wires of his cage, his legs extended, one arm lying negligently across his lap, and the other indolently raised while he lazily scratches his head, he reminds one of Punch's pictures of an Irish Fenian, without the ferocity, the tattered



tail-coat, and the brimless hat. He is not four years old, but he looks fifty, and there is not the contradiction between his face and his manners which exists in the case of most monkeys, for his demeanor is likewise middle-aged. Not, perhaps, that he remembers the Gaboon, his captivity, and his slaughtered relatives, but that he thinks solemn spectators who don't talk to him a bore, and the corner of the Aquarium gallery dull. He is said to be fond of children, and he certainly brightened up when some came in, but they were shy of him, and did not respond to his hint that a little applause would be agreeable. He gravely climbs the ladder up which August skips with derisive ease, and tests the strength of the wire-work screen of his cage with nice attention; but he seemingly makes up his mind each time that it will not "bear," and relinquishes the attempt to follow the dauntless chimpanzee, who rushes about overhead doing daring trapeze feats, dangling himself by the ropes, just out of reach of the barking and jumping dog, and mocking the much superior strength of Mr. Pongo by his far greater agility. Sometimes he has a friendly rough and tumble with Flok, or gives August an admonitory cuff and rollover; but for the most part he sits on the floor, watching their play, or arranging his blanket, in which he packs his feet up exactly as we have seen children pack their feet up in their blankets on winter nights, and he uses his hands in these operations in a thoroughly human way. Very like a man and a brother is he also when he drinks out of a bottle, grasping it in both hands, putting his head well back, and emptying the last drop down his throat. It is quite a pleasant diversion from the close resemblance, when, his attention being attracted to another chance of securing the much-disputed blanket, he transfers the bottle to his foot, holding it firmly with the toes. His slight, flat, small-heeled feet are more like those of a man than the feet of any other monkey, we are told, but the likeness ceases with the toes; these are fingers, and have all the movements of fingers; nor is the face human below the brow and eyes. The absence of a nasal promontory, the wide, sunk black nostrils, like those of a hippopotamus on a very small scale, the semicircular sweep of the mouth; the thick, calf-like tongue, and something in the action of the jaw and throat when the animal lifts up his head and one sees him from the side which also reminds one of a calf, form an unlikeness to the human race

as forcible as the resemblance in other respects is striking.

Mr. Pongo is in excellent health now, but has had two illnesses since he was sold to Dr. Falkenstein, of the Prussian Natural History Expedition, for two gallons of rum, and exchanged his chain in an African village for the more tolerable conditions of his European career. Perhaps he was too young when the hunters took him to have any dreams now of the deep, cool, dark forest, the great luscious fruits, the glorious climbs, and bounds, and fights, the long migrating journeys of the grey-coated community, the booming, inarticulate speech which was the language of his tribe; and it may be that he is happy enough in his artificial life. It includes all the necessities and many of the luxuries of civilization. He goes to bed at eight every evening, "in a very comfortable bed, and sleeps till eight in the morning," his attendant told us, "always lying on his side, with his hand under his cheek on the pillow, like a man," and he eats numerous meals with unfailing appetite. Once a day he has an ample repast of roast meat and potatoes; and his breakfast, luncheon, and supper consist of milk, wine-and-water, bread, rice, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. He is on the best of terms with his attendant, and it was very funny to see him lying negligently on his back in a slanting-upwards position on the ladder, his eyes turned up to the ceiling, one hand dangling downwards, and the other thrown round the neck of his friend, as the latter repeated his brief formula to a freshly-arrived batch of spectators. Mr. Pongo had quite an irresistible air of enjoying the proceeding; he rolled his tongue about, and when the sentence, "His present value is five thousand pounds!" was spoken, he withdrew his arm, gave the speaker a friendly cuff, as who should say, "What! you're at it again, are you? Fetch 'em with figures, my boy!" and dived rapidly over and under the rung of the ladder, looking at the audience upside down from between his own legs with a composed gravity infinitely comical. He never attempts to stand upright; he is too heavy, his attendant explained, and his legs are not yet strong enough to support his weight. But it is expected that he will grow to a height of six feet, and then stand upright, as the full-grown gorilla has been seen by travellers to do. At present his mode of progression is like that of a tumbler who is about to be picked up suddenly by a pinch behind from the clown in the ring. He

walks on his feet and his hands — the latter turned in, fist-shape, and looking like small club-feet — and his back slopes gently down from his broad shoulders to his thin, misshapen flanks. Mr. Pongo is an interesting, if not precisely a fascinating animal, and the strongest proof of his quaint suggestion of kinship with his visitors is that one is never free from a queer sense of bad manners in asking questions about him before his grave, black face; and that one leaves him with a wish that he might have something to do, or at least something to read.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE MONGOOSE.

WE sometime ago published an account of that deadly snake the cobra, from the pen of a now well-known writer on Indian sports. In that paper it was given as the opinion of Dr. Fayrer, author of a splendid work on Indian poisonous serpents, that a human being if bitten by a cobra in full vigor, was entirely beyond the reach of any known antidote; death was certain. In the following paper, which is from the pen of the author of the article above mentioned, some curious facts are adduced relative to the mongoose or ichneumon, an animal which is credited in many parts of India with being proof against snake-bite! With these few words of introduction, we leave our sporting friend to describe the little creature.

In countries where snakes and other noxious reptiles abound, nature, as a means of checking the excessive increase of such plagues, has provided certain animals, both biped and quadruped, which, by continually preying upon and destroying snakes of all kinds, both large and small, fulfil a most useful office, and confer an inestimable benefit on man. The peccary of South America, a small but fearless species of the hog tribe, will not flinch from an encounter with such a terrible foe as the deadly rattlesnake; but, encased in a hide of extreme toughness, quickly despatches and devours his scaly antagonist. The secretary-bird of southern Africa, belonging to the falcon tribe, habitually subsists on reptiles of all kinds. In Europe the stork acts a similar part; and many other useful birds and beasts, performing the same good work, might be mentioned.

In India, where serpents are specially common and destructive to human life, we

have various kinds of snake-devourers, such as storks and cranes and the well-known adjutant. Peafowl are especially active in destroying small descriptions of snakes; and others of the feathered race assist in the work. But in general, animals of all kinds have a natural dread, and carefully avoid permitting themselves to come in contact with, or even close proximity to a member of the snake tribe, instinctively aware of the danger of meddling with such creatures.

The little ichneumon (a Greek word signifying a follower of the tracks or footsteps) or mongoose of India, is, however, a bright exception to this rule, for not only will he, when so disposed, without fear of consequences readily enter into mortal combat with the most venomous descriptions of snakes, but will even seek them out, attack, slay, and devour them, their young, or eggs, in their various strongholds and hiding-places.

The common gray mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), called by the natives of Northern India *néweldá*, is exceedingly abundant everywhere. In general shape and contour, though not in color, it is much like a ferret, and in many other ways resembles one of the weasel tribe. In size it is considerably larger than a ferret; and the hair which covers the body, instead of lying smooth and feeling soft to the touch, as that of the ferret, is coarse and bristly. The color, which varies much in different parts of the country and according to the season of the year, is generally of a reddish brown, speckled over with gray. Its length from tip of nose to tip of tail is about two feet. The snout is sharply pointed, ears short and round, eyes small and piercing; the jaws are armed with a formidable set of teeth, the canines being especially sharp and long.

The mongoose frequents gardens, thick hedgerows, and scrub jungle; and if left unmolested, and not hunted by dogs, will often take up its abode in some burrow or hole in a bank in close proximity to inhabited buildings. Though in general nocturnal in habits, yet it may often be seen crossing a road or footpath during the day, usually pausing a moment to look around and make sure that the coast is clear of dogs and such-like enemies before venturing to cross open ground. It possesses in common with the weasel tribe the habit of constantly sitting up on its hind legs to listen or obtain a better view around. I never, however, have observed it *feeding* in this position, like a squirrel, as has been stated to be the case. The mongoose has

not the wandering propensities of the weasel tribe, one day here, the next miles away, but takes up its residence and remains in one particular spot, to which it returns, after roaming through the country around in search of food. A single animal, sometimes a pair, is usually seen at a time, seldom more; and I have never myself beheld, or heard of, large numbers travelling together, as we know stoats and weasels not unfrequently do. Though seldom if ever known to ascend trees, even when pursued by an enemy, the little creature may frequently be seen hunting about on the roofs of outhouses or deserted buildings of no great height, to which it has ascended probably by means of holes in the walls; but strictly speaking, the mongoose is not a climber, like the squirrel and marten.

Our little friend has been described as an excellent swimmer; but I imagine that it does not readily take to water, for I have never seen it swimming across streams or pools, though the banks of rivers, especially when honeycombed with rat-holes, and affording cover to the animal's usual prey, are much frequented by it. It is an exceedingly courageous creature, and capable of inflicting severe punishment on animals far larger than itself, with its formidable teeth. A full-grown and powerful tomcat belonging to my regiment, the terror of all the squirrels in the neighborhood, was worsted and most severely mauled in an encounter of his own seeking with a harmless mongoose. The latter, surprised in the first instance and hard pressed by his opponent, turned on his assailant, and bit him through the face, inflicting so severe a wound, extending as it did from the corner of the eye to the mouth, that the aggressor was compelled to beat a retreat, having caught a regular Tartar. For many weeks we all thought that the sight of the injured optic was destroyed, though eventually the contrary proved to be the case; but puss forever after carefully avoided seeking a quarrel with such an undaunted little champion.

The mongoose at times is mischievous; and not unfrequently during the night invades the poultry-yard; and when intent on making an entrance into a hen-roost, is a difficult thief to keep out, for the creature manages to creep through very small openings and crevices. Having once succeeded in forcing its way in, the mongoose, like many others of its tribe, not content with obtaining a single fowl sufficient to furnish a hearty meal, is given to the bad habit of slaying half a dozen or more un-

fortunates, which it never attempts to carry off, but leaves scattered about the floor.

In spite, however, of such small "pecadillos" and insignificant petty thefts, which I believe are the sum-total of crimes which can be with justice laid to the charge of the little animal, the mongoose, on account of its many admirable qualities and the exceedingly useful office it fulfils, should ever be encouraged and protected by man. Not only does it continually hunt for and prey upon reptiles of various kinds, devouring their young and eggs alike, but cobras and other venomous snakes, on becoming aware of such an active and dreaded little adversary being in their midst, speedily leave such a neighborhood, and betake themselves to other and safer quarters; and as we know that the smell of a cat suffices to keep away rats and mice from our dwellings, so in like manner will a mongoose, by continually prowling about a house, in a great measure free the premises from snakes, rats, mice, and such vermin.

The mongoose in its wild state, if kindly treated, fed with milk, and made a welcome visitant, speedily loses its natural fear of human beings, and not only will pass along the veranda of a house, but if unmolested, soon learns to cross from one room to another by an open door or window. When captured young, it is very easily reared and domesticated, and soon becomes familiarized with the loss of liberty. It is cleanly in its habits, and has no offensive odor pertaining to it, like many of its tribe. It will trot about after its owner like a dog or cat, and even permit children to handle or play with it, without attempting to bite or scratch them. I have seen one curled up asleep in a lady's lap. They are special favorites of the British soldiers in the barracks, and dozens of such pets may be seen in a single building.

Being, as I have already stated, a deadly foe to the cobra, battles between that formidable reptile and the mongoose are of constant occurrence; but I never have had the good fortune to witness a combat between the two animals in *their wild state*, though I have several times seen large and formidable snakes despatched within a few minutes of the commencement of the fight, by tame ichneumons; and I imagine that the tactics employed on both sides are much the same whether the champions have casually met in the jungle, or the duel has been arranged for them by human beings.

In the various encounters which I have

personally witnessed between mongoose and cobra, the former invariably came off the victor, and that without apparently receiving a wound. The little animal always adopted the same tactics, vigorously attacking the snake by circling round it and springing at its throat or head, but at the same time with wonderful skill and quickness avoiding the counter-strokes of its dangerous enemy; till at length waiting for a favorable opportunity—when the snake had become to a certain extent exhausted by its exertions—the nimble little quadruped would suddenly dart forward, and, so to speak, getting under its opponent's guard, end the fight by delivering a crunching bite through the cobra's skull.

In none of the half-dozen battles which I have witnessed has there been an attempt on the part of the mongoose to "extract the serpent's fangs," (as some recent writers have described); though more than once, after gaining the victory, the animal has commenced to ravenously devour its late opponent. Possibly these poor creatures, that showed so inordinate a desire for food, had been intentionally starved for the occasion by their owners, to make them the more eager to engage and overcome the cobra so soon as let loose, and thus without fail or delay to insure a pitched battle for the benefit of the spectators.

As the reader is probably aware, these combats between mongoose and cobra have given rise to many differences of opinion and disputes among naturalists; though I think that the careful inquiries and numberless experiments made by scientific men in late years have done much to clear up these old points of contention, and at the same time have put to flight many delusions no longer tenable. For instance, a common belief formerly prevailed "that a mongoose, when bitten in an engagement with a cobra or other venomous snake, was in the habit of eating some kind of plant or root, which altogether nullified the effects of the poison." This extraordinary idea yet prevails in some parts of India among certain classes of natives, who to this day maintain that the mongoose, by means of some such specific as I have mentioned, works a self-cure when bitten by a venomous reptile. But it is a well-known fact that many tribes and castes are exceedingly superstitious and obstinate, pertinaciously clinging to the convictions, maxims, and customs handed down to them by their forefathers; and with such people it is,

generally speaking, useless to enter into an argument.

We shall now proceed to consider a second and far more difficult point to determine, and which, I think, yet remains a vexed question, requiring further investigation. I refer to the supposition, which many maintain, "that the poison from the fangs of venomous snakes, though so fatal in its results with most living creatures, is *innocuous to the genus to which the mongoose belongs*, and that one of these animals, beyond suffering pain from the bite of a cobra, sustains no further harm or inconvenience."

Many strong and weighty arguments have been urged in support of this theory; and perhaps the most remarkable that has ever been brought before the public appeared many years ago in an article published in the *Churchman's Magazine* entitled "A Question in Natural History Settled at Last." The writer, after ably sustaining his view of the question, concludes by publishing at length a most interesting communication from India, giving a detailed account of a prolonged and bloody engagement between mongoose and cobra. This letter was signed by three officers of the Indian army, witnesses of the combat, and who vouched for the strict accuracy of the report. The particulars of this desperate duel, which actually lasted three quarters of an hour, with the various changes and incidents as the combat proceeded, are minutely described; but after a gallantly contested battle, the mongoose proved the victor, and the cobra was overcome and slain. The former, however, did not come off scathless, but, on the contrary, received several wounds, including one of great severity.

When the encounter was over, the witnesses proceeded to carefully examine, with a magnifying glass, the wounds which the mongoose had received, in order to ascertain and satisfy themselves of their extent and nature; and mark the important discovery brought to light by aid of the lens. I will quote the concluding words of the narrative: "On washing away the blood from one of these places the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever."

It cannot be denied that such clear and trustworthy evidence as this carries considerable weight with it, and tends to bear out the writer's view of the question. On

the other hand, to deal impartially, it is right to point out one or two weak points in carrying out this otherwise well-conducted experiment, and which somewhat detract from the results and consequent opinions arrived at.

In the first place, we are told that the cobra was only three feet long, undoubtedly a very small one; and further, that previous to engaging the mongoose, to make sure that the reptile was in full possession of its fatal powers, it was made to bite a fowl, which died soon after. This certainly clearly proved that the snake's deadly machinery was in full working order. But the experimentalists appear to have forgotten that by this very act they were in a measure disarming the cobra, for it is a well-known fact that the *first* bite of a venomous snake is most to be feared; and that a second bite by the same reptile, if delivered shortly after the first, owing to the poison having been partially exhausted by the first effort, is less deadly in its effects.

So that, all things considered, and fully allowing that this account strengthens the assertion that the mongoose is really proof against the effects of snake-poison, I am yet of opinion that the question is not finally and conclusively settled, more especially as later experiments, quite as fairly and carefully carried out, have terminated differently, and resulted in the death of the plucky little fellow.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

#### MUSHROOM CULTIVATION IN JAPAN.

IN pursuance of a plan commenced a short time back of furnishing information respecting the staple products of Japan, their culture or preparation, her Majesty's consul at Yokohama, in his published report to the Foreign Office, deals, among other matters, with the cultivation, etc., of mushrooms; and as that subject is a novel one in this country, some brief account of the process may not be unacceptable to our readers. The best of the edible species of mushrooms are known to the Japanese as *matsu-také* and *shü-také*. The difficulties experienced in preserving the former kind prevent their being available for export, added to which, even when successfully dried, they are nearly tasteless; the *shü-také*, on the other hand, have this peculiar excellence, that though they are all but tasteless in their raw state, they have an extremely fine flavor when they

are dried. The quantity that grows naturally on the decayed roots or cut stumps of the *shü*-tree is not sufficient to meet the demand, and consequently much skill has been brought to bear on their cultivation, notably by cutting off the trunks of the *shü* and other trees, and forcing the growth of the mushrooms on them. Different varieties of oak are most in favor with the Japanese for the cultivation of mushrooms, the one just mentioned being considered to give the best results. The tree grows abundantly in warm places with a southeasterly aspect, and attains a height of about eighteen or nineteen feet. It is an evergreen, bearing small acorns, which are steamed and eaten; the wood is used for making boats' oars, charcoal, etc. Another oak, the *kashiwa*, from which mushrooms are obtained, is also plentiful in warm localities, and grows to a height of thirty or forty feet; its leaves are used in cookery, and the wood is in great demand for divining-sticks. A third description of oak, the *donguri*, is found all over the country; and its acorns, after being pounded and steeped in water, are made into dumplings.

Mushrooms, we are told, are obtained from any of the above-mentioned trees in the following manner: about the beginning of autumn a trunk five or six inches in diameter is selected and cut up into lengths of four or five feet; each log is then split into four pieces; and on the outer bark slight incisions are made at once with a hatchet, or else the logs are left till the following spring, when deep cuts are made in them. Assuming the former course to have been pursued, the logs, after having received several slight incisions, are placed in a wood where they can get the full benefit of the air and heat; and in about three years they will have become tolerably rotten in parts. After the more rotten parts have been removed, they are placed in a slanting position; and about the middle of the ensuing spring the mushrooms will come forth in abundance. After these have been gathered, the logs are still kept, and submitted to the following process. Every morning they are steeped in water, and in the afternoon they are taken out and beaten with a mallet; they are then ranged on end in the same slanting position as before; and in two or three days' time mushrooms will again make their appearance. In some places it is the custom to beat the logs so heavily that the wood swells, and this seems to induce the growth of mushrooms of more than ordinarily large size. If, however, the logs are

beaten gently, a great number of small mushrooms grow up in succession. Another mode of forcing the growth of mushrooms is to bury the cut logs at once in the earth, and after the lapse of a year, to take them out and treat them in the manner just described.

The mushrooms thus grown are stored in a barn on shelves ranged along three sides, with braziers lighted underneath. Afterwards they are put into small boxes, the bottoms of which are lined with either straw or bamboo mats; these are placed on the shelves, and gradually dried with great care. Another mode of drying mushrooms is to string them on thin slips of bamboo, which are piled together near the brazier, the heat being kept in by inverting a closely woven basket over them.

Of other edible mushrooms in Japan besides the *shii-také*, Mr. Robertson particularizes the following: the *kikurage*, which grows in spring, summer, and autumn, on the mulberry, the willow, and other trees; it is a small, thin, and soft mushroom, very much marked at the edge, and of a brownish tinge; the *iwa-také*, which grows on rocks in thick masses; the *so-také*, a very delicately flavored mushroom, which is found on precipitous crags, and is consequently scarce, owing to the difficulties attendant upon its collection; the *kawa-také*, a funnel-shaped mushroom with a long hollow stalk, which is found in shady spots on moorland.

---

From The Popular Science Review.

#### THE PROTECTION OF IRON AGAINST RUST.

A MOST important method has been devised by Professor Barff for preserving iron from rust. As far as we are able to judge from the results of the experiments which have thus far been made, the process is one of manifold application, and bids fair to prove of the greatest service in many branches of industry. Professor Barff has discovered a means of rendering all kinds of ironwork, however much exposed to the weather or to corrosive vapors and liquids, practically indestructible and permanent. Iron when exposed to the action of water or moist air begins to rust, a film of ferrous oxide being in the first instance formed upon its surface; this rapidly takes up more oxygen from

the air, and a higher oxide, the sesquioxide, is formed; the latter compound gives up some of the oxygen to the unchanged metal beneath it, and the fresh ferrous oxide thus produced slowly unites with more oxygen, which traverses the porous layer of sesquioxide overlying it; in this manner the change is propagated to greater and greater depths, until in process of time the whole of the metal may be converted into rust. Various methods are employed to check this oxidation; paints and varnishes are used with, however, only partial success, from the fact that the adhesion of those materials to the metallic surface is imperfect, and they are liable to scale off and disintegrate with changes of temperature. Professor Barff proposes as a remedy the covering of the face of the metal with a layer of the oxide of iron, intermediate in composition between the two compounds we have above alluded to, the ferroso-ferric or magnetic oxide; and this he accomplishes by exposing the metal to the action of superheated steam at a high temperature. Iron treated in this manner for from six to seven hours at 1200° F. becomes covered with a black film of magnetic oxide, which adheres to it even more firmly than the metallic particles adhere to each other, and is sufficiently hard to resist the action of a file. At his lecture delivered before the Society of Arts, and subsequently at a *soirée* held in the Royal Society's rooms, Professor Barff showed specimens, treated by his method, which had passed unscathed through a six weeks' exposure to bad weather on a lawn in Bayswater, as well as others which had been lying in contact with corrosive liquids of every kind in the sink of a laboratory. It is easy to conceive of applications being made of Professor Barff's method which may prove of the greatest value and importance. Among many which have been suggested are the protection of the plates of steam-boilers and of iron ships, the use of iron saucepans in place of tinned vessels, iron for many domestic purposes replacing the more costly copper; and we may, moreover, look forward to the time when leaden pipes for the conveyance of water will be entirely superseded. Again, there is every reason to suppose that this new process possesses many advantages over "galvanizing" applied to materials made of iron.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1735. — September 15, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXXIV. }

## CONTENTS.

I. A CHAPTER ON THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	643
II. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part XII., . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . .	652
III. MURAT AS KING OF NAPLES, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	659
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXVIII., . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar</i> , . . .	672
V. JOHN AND SARAH KEMBLE, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	675
VI. CONCERNING THE LONGEST DAY, . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	684
VII. PICTURES IN HOLLAND, ON AND OFF CANVAS, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	689
VIII. ELECTRICITY IN WAR, . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . .	700
IX. A LONELY BIT OF ENGLAND, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . .	703

## POETRY.

TO THE BLUE GENTIAN ON A HIGH ALP, . . .	642	SUNSHINE, . . .	642
PATIENCE, . . .	642	NEAR SHORE, . . .	642

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.



## TO THE BLUE GENTIAN ON A HIGH ALP.

BY RICHARD GLOVER, M.A.

## I.

SWEET eye, so blue,  
 So soft, so true !  
 Thou lookest at me lovingly,  
 As if to say  
 This toilsome day,  
 "Cheer up, O traveller, on thy way !"

## II.

Blue eye, so clear,  
 Methinks thy tear  
 Wells up towards me tenderly  
 As down I bend ;  
 And straight doth send  
 Message — "E'en here thou hast a friend !"

## III.

Blue eye, so bright,  
 With heaven's own light  
 Mellowed, but beaming cheerily,  
 Evangelist !  
 Thou say'st, I wist,  
 "He cares who made : put trust in Christ !"

## IV.

Blue eye, so warm  
 Midst cold and storm,  
 I hear thy silent homily —  
 "Adversity  
 May compass thee ;  
 His love is constant who loves me !"

## V.

Sweet mountain flower,  
 In trouble's hour,  
 When I perhaps may wearily  
 Lie lone and drear  
 And needing cheer,  
 I'll think of all thou hast said here.

Sunday Magazine.

## PATIENCE.

WERE there no night we could not read the  
 stars,  
 The heavens would turn into a blinding  
 glare ;  
 Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,  
 And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss ;  
 When blessings fade away, we see them then ;  
 Our richest clusters grow around the cross,  
 And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,  
 Before the lily opens to the sky ;  
 So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth  
 In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

"Life out of death" is heaven's unwritten law ;  
 Nay, it is written in a myriad forms ;  
 The victor's palm grows on the fields of war,  
 And strength and beauty are the fruit of  
 storms.

Come then, my soul, be brave to do and bear ;  
 Thy life is bruised that it may be more  
 sweet ;

The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll  
 wear —

Nay, we will cast it at our Saviour's feet.

And up among the glories never told,  
 Sweeter than music of the marriage bell,  
 Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold  
 To the glad song, "He doeth all things  
 well."

Sunday Magazine.

HENRY BURTON.

## SUNSHINE.

ARISE and shine ! The gold light  
 Fair morning makes for thee —  
 A tender and untold light,  
 Like music on the sea.  
 Light and music shining  
 In melodious glory,  
 A rare and radiant shining  
 On thy changing story.

To-day the golden sunlight  
 Is full and broad and strong.  
 The glory of the One Light  
 Must overflow in song —  
 Song that floweth ever,  
 Sweeter every day ;  
 Song whose echoes never,  
 Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer  
 That is so bright to-day ?  
 How shall the hope be dearer  
 That pours such joyous ray ?  
 We are only waiting  
 For the answer golden ;  
 What faith is antedating  
 Shall not be withholden.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Sunday Magazine.

## NEAR SHORE.

EARTH is our little island home,  
 And Heaven the neighboring continent,  
 Whence winds to every inlet come,  
 With balmiest scent.

And tenderest whispers thence we hear  
 From those who lately sailed across ;  
 They love us still ; since Heaven is near,  
 Death is not loss.

From mountain slopes of breeze and balm,  
 What melodies arrest the oar ;  
 What memories ripple through the calm !  
 We'll keep near shore.

Transcript.

From The Contemporary Review.

## A CHAPTER ON THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

THE art of the French Renaissance depends for its charm on the nature of the purely personal motive by which it is animated. It is in a most special way the expression of the desires not of a nation but of a class, the result of individual needs, individual taste, individual caprice, at a period when the life of the few had become exceedingly rich and complex. It cannot therefore appeal to a wide public, and requires, perhaps more than the art of any other time, a knowledge of the conditions under which it was produced, in order to arrive at an appreciation of its excellence.

Art is the speech of the people only in its most abstract forms. When it presents, for example, a type of physical beauty unaffected by any moral agent, as in the Antinous; or when it renders a physical ideal in which is embodied a conception of moral beauty, as in the Niobe or the Sistine Madonna—the grief of the mother bereaved, or the sacred joy of maternity—art is universally intelligible. It is a tongue which knows no accent. In the purity of these simple reductions local coloring is lost, as many tints become fused into one glory beneath the noonday sun. The work of the French Renaissance scarcely, however, affords any instance of this sublimation of the aspirations, hopes, and fears of the human spirit, but it is on the other hand rich in local color, and contains in its strongly-marked character an abundant source of interest for those who read in it the signs of the time at which it was produced.

When the imprisoned instincts of fifteen centuries burst their bonds, the moment of revolt left its traces everywhere in art and literature as in life; and the necessary transition from old forms to new, which gradually took place in Italy, was in France peculiarly sudden and complete. The life of the nation had long languished under an enforced repression specially foreign to the French temperament, and a rule long fallen into disrepute was shaken to the foundations on coming into contact with hostile traditions embodied in forms apt

to the national sympathies and instincts. The warriors of France came back from Italy, with the wonders of the south on their lips and her treasures in their hands. They brought with them books and paintings, they brought with them armour inlaid with gold and silver, tapestries enriched with precious metals, embroidered clothing, and even household furniture. Distributed by many hands in many different places, each precious thing became a separate centre of initiative power. The châteaux of the country nobles boasted the treasures which had fallen to the share of their lords at Genoa or at Naples; and the great women of the court were eager to divide the spoil. The contagion spread rapidly. Even in the most fantastic moment of Gothic inspiration the French artist gave evidence that his right hand obeyed a national instinct for order, for balance, for completeness, and that his eye preferred, in obedience to a national predilection, the most refined harmonies of color. Step by step he had been feeling his way; now the broken link of tradition was again made fast, the workmen of Paris and the workmen of Athens joined hands, united by the genius of Italy.

It must not, however, be supposed that no intercourse had previously existed between France and Italy. The roads by Narbonne and Lyons were worn by many feet. The artists of Tours and Poitiers, the artists of Paris and Dijon, were alike familiar with the path to Rome. But an intercourse, hitherto restricted, was rendered by the wars of Charles VIII. all but universal. The brief campaign, 1494, in which the king commanded in person, had left his followers dazzled, bewildered, eager to return to the fertile life of the land which had aroused their desires. Something also of a chivalrous passion prompted them to urge their leader to take up again his abandoned enterprise. Preparations were made, and Charles was induced to set forth as far as Lyons. In answer to the protestations of those about him, in fulfilment of the pledges given to those who awaited his help, six ships were despatched to Gaeta bearing men and provisions, but bearing also the news

that Charles had deserted his own standards for the arms of one of his wife's maids. Two years later he died, with the curse of Savonarola on his head, and France could no longer be restrained.

A year had hardly passed before the French troops crossed the Alps, and now it was no longer possible to imagine that the expedition meant a mere triumphal tour through Italy in order to take possession of Naples. The experiences of the campaign of 1494 had made clear the situation. If Italy were again to be sacrificed and betrayed, it would be done by men sinning in full knowledge. Charles and his companions had been taken by surprise. When they entered Italy, mind and imagination were alike led captive by the magic attractions of the land and people. The Italians, on the other hand, felt, and exaggerated in feeling, the poetic side of the relations which they had brought themselves to believe in as existing between their nation and the French. Italy was the Holy Land of Europe, lying bound and awaiting its deliverance at French hands. But the instinct which had carried the French so far, could not furnish a trustworthy guide in dealing with the conflicting interests and complicated intrigues of Italian politics. As soon as Charles and his followers were called upon to take decisive action, it became evident that they were so fettered by sentimental relations, and personal pledges given on all sides, that a statesmanlike view of the position and statesmanlike action were impossible. The campaign of 1494 resulted in a confused series of more or less fatal blunders. The interests of the people they had come to succor were forgotten, whilst the sympathies of the king and his nobles were absorbed by tales of personal wrongs, or well-devised advocacy of hereditary rights. The crusade which had been undertaken in the name of a nation was degraded to the miserable championship of the quarrels of this or that petty prince. Finally, the French army recrossed the Alps, after having as its most signal exploit all but destroyed, at Milan, the most brilliant and lettered court of the day.

This was done in good faith. It re-

mained for Louis XII. and his advisers to plan deliberate treachery. Cruelly as the Italians had suffered at the hands of Charles VIII., they still looked to France for help; they knew that though they had been injured, they had not been betrayed. But the weak and generous impulses of Charles VIII. found no place in the councils of his successors. The rulers of France were three,—Louis, Anne of Brittany, and Georges d'Amboise, Archbishop of Rouen: Louis, a poor political contriver, with a royal preference for royal alliances; Amboise, a scheming churchman, to whom a free city or a free state was necessarily odious; Anne, a woman whose masculine understanding had a feminine warp, and served her only to prosecute the aggrandizement of her family, and to keep her well with her priest. This triumvirate held the destinies of France, and sealed the fate of Italy.

An ominous visitor arrived at the French court. Cæsar Borgia came, bearing the papal bull which the king required to establish his marriage. The Archbishop of Rouen at once began to spin the thread of an intrigue which should obtain for him a cardinal's hat. To the king, the woman, and the priest, the friendship of the pope was so indispensable, that they, with one accord, gave the right hand of fellowship to his son, whose filthy reputation heralded him to the highest honors that France could bestow. The bastard Borgia, with a French princess to wife, became Cæsar de France. The doom of Italy was pronounced. Substantially, the compact was this. Aided by Borgia, the French were to destroy the free cities of the north, and in return France was to aid Borgia in breaking the power of the independent nobles who yet resisted papal aggression in the south.

In July, 1499, the work began. At first the Italians failed to realize what had taken place. When the French army entered the Milanese territory the inhabitants fraternized with the troops; Milan, Genoa, Pavia, opened their gates with joy. But in a few months the course of events in the south aroused a dread anxiety. There Borgia, under the protection of the French king, and with the assistance of the French

aims, was triumphantly glutting his brutal rage and lust, whilst Frenchmen were forced to look on helpless and indignant. Milan, justly terrified, made an attempt to throw herself on the mercy of her old ruler. To no purpose. Louis went back over the Alps, but leaving a strong hand and a strong garrison in Milan, and dragging with him the unfortunate Louis Sforza, — a miserable proof of the final destruction of the most brilliant court of upper Italy. Leonardo da Vinci had to look on the destruction of his model for the statue of Francisco Sforza, of his paintings in the palace of the Duke Louis, of his constructions for the palace of Galeazzo San Severino. "The duke," he writes, "has lost his State, his fortune, and his liberty, and has finished nothing which he has begun." Leonardo returned to Florence, his patron died of insult, cold, damp, and privation, after ten years of prison and exile in the Castle of Loches.

By the campaign of 1507 the work thus begun was consummated. The ancient spirit of independence still lingered in Genoa, and Venice was not yet crushed. There were still fresh laurels to be won. In this holy war the pope and the emperor willingly joined forces with France. Assured of the countenance of Austria and Rome, Louis started at the head of his troops, carrying with him the court poet, Jean Marot, to chronicle the exploits of the "*Voyage de Gènes*." The death-blow was first given to Genoa. She was forced, Marot tells us, "*la corde au cou, la glaive sous la gorge, implorer la clémence de ce prince*." Venice was next traitorously surprised and irreparably injured. Having thus brilliantly achieved the task of first destroying the lettered courts, and next the free cities of Italy, Louis died, bequeathing to Francis I. the shame of fighting out a hopeless struggle for supremacy against allies who, no longer needing help, had combined to drive the French from the field.

There was, indeed, one other duty to be performed. The shattered remains of Italian civilization might be collected, and Paris might receive the men whom Italy could no longer employ. The French returned to France empty of honor, gorged

with plunder, satiated with rape and rapine, boasting of cities sacked and garrisons put to the sword. They had sucked the lifeblood of Italy, and her death brought new life to France.

The impetus thus acquired by art and letters coincided with a change in political and social constitutions. The gradual process of centralization which had begun with Louis XI. transformed the life of the whole nation. The teaching of the Middle Ages, both religious and civil, had inured the masses to passive obedience. To men writhing beneath the exactions of local tyranny, the formidable development of the monarchical power brought a sense of relief, it brought the conception of the king as of one to whom all should be answerable. The same system which was to end by becoming an unendurable burden, appeared at first as a means of escape from the cruelty of more immediate oppression. The ultimate seat of power being removed so much further off, the field of individual action and effort became at first so much the wider. The very possibility of appeal was a source of new energy and confidence.

This political change, the shaping of the monarchy, and the centralization of power, gave considerable impulse to the movement of the Renaissance in the province of art. The royal court began to take proportions hitherto unknown. It gradually became a centre which gathered together the rich, the learned, and the skilled. Artists, who had previously been limited in training, isolated in life, and narrowed in activity by the rigid conservative action of the great guilds and corporations, were thus brought into immediate contact with the best culture of their day. The humanists did not form a class apart, and their example incited those with whom they lived to effort after attainments as varied as their own, whilst the court made a rallying point for all, which gave a sense of countenance and protection even to those who might never hope to enter it.

Italian artists seem never to have been so completely at the mercy of the artisan element as their brethren of the north. Late into the twelfth century a sense of

connection with classic tradition had lingered, but towards its close the guilds and corporations began to attain formidable power. In the north their action was to a great extent in harmony with the popular instincts. The craftsman triumphed over the artist. Each man found his place definitely allotted to him in an inexorable order of things, rebellion against which meant ruin. A great Gothic cathedral oppresses the mind as heavily as the Pyramids with the sense of the subjection of the individual. It tells of the never-to-be-ended labor of centuries. The Pyramids bear enduring witness to the complete thought which ordained their birth, to the eternal life of will, but the crumbling masses of the Middle Ages testify to the finite power of human endeavor, to the limitation of energy, to the triumph of time. When the sound of the chisel dies away in the echoing aisles, the work of decay has begun. Ever building, and ever to be built anew, the lives which have passed into them leave traces but as of letters on the sand, effaced again and again by the wave of each succeeding generation.

It has been said by those to whom the great northern school of architecture gives complete satisfaction, that the workman finds within its rules alone a career of independent creative energy. Classic work and the Renaissance are supposed to have made of him a slave and a machine. But the more we study Greek work the more profoundly deepens the conviction that not even the most subordinate parts could have been produced by mere machines. The beauty of quite simple and apparently monotonous passages of ornament depends on variations of line and curve so subtly determined in relation to their position that they could only be apprehended and expressed by an actively interested mind. The simplest border pattern on a vase requires, for its successful laying on the convex surface, the most exquisite delicacy of calculation and practice, in which the secret activity of the intelligence finds its outward expression. Delightful labor went to the raising of the Parthenon, as to the building of the Cathedral of Bourges, but its organization in the one case impeded the perfection of individual development, and in the other required it. The necessary condition of success was that those who planned should resume in their own persons all the knowledge of those whose labor they directed; the ultimate goal of effort was thus placed farther off, but those who had the power

were no longer debarred from reaching it. Emancipation of the individual is the watchword of the sixteenth century; to the artist it brought relief from the trammels of a caste thralldom, and the ceaseless efforts of the humanists find an answer even in the new forms seen slowly breaking through the sheath of Gothic art.

The passion which the French displayed in the first moments of admiration for the classic ornaments, the grotesques, the arabesques unearthed in Italy has often been remarked. They seem, says M. Michelet, to take an infantile pleasure in loading their ancient architecture with these capricious flowers. At Gaillon these foreign accessories are transferred to outlines which have in no degree been modified to receive them. It is thus that all great changes of style are inaugurated. The ornaments, the small details, the fittings of the interior, first submit themselves to the new force which, gradually breaking way, extends its dominion to the more highly organized provinces of art. Such great changes are always necessitated by some previous change in the conditions of human life. Changes in these conditions necessarily affect, first, those objects which are not only rendered by their size most readily amenable to treatment, but form most intimately a part of our daily life. The style of each great school is but the expressive garment which clothes underlying form; change in the form necessitates change in the garment. Change in habits of life means change in structural forms; change in structural forms means change of style. By slow degrees the varied possibilities latent in new conditions are aroused, worked out, and exhausted. At the close of the fifteenth century the possibility of fresh development in Gothic seemed at an end. The next step was no matter of choice.

A social revolution, a change in habits of life, set in at the same time in violent reaction. For fifteen hundred years the senses and their appetites had been debased and degraded in the estimation of men. They had become as vile as they had been accounted. Utter foulness of manners and habits of indiscriminate excess were not the result of the Renaissance, but the outcome of the Middle Ages. The revolt against the repressive rule which had been gathering strength for fifteen centuries preceded the humanistic movement. The effect of the humanistic movement was to bridle the excesses of the reaction. The outburst of life came first, the attempt to maintain an æsthetic

direction of life followed. The Renaissance, in proclaiming honor to every manifestation of human energy, gave each a claim to be considered worthy of culture. Even the senses should be served like princes; and all pleasure brought within the domain of art. The Middle-Age theory of life has been touched by Heine: "*Fünfzehn hundert jähr'ge Busse, und die ärmste stirbt beinah Psyche fastet, und kasteit sich Weil sie Amor nackend sah.*" The reaction followed, but it was swiftly overtaken. Compare Villon with Ronsard. There seems to be a century between them. Villon is a voice of the reaction. The cry which he utters is simply "Let us live!" Live, "*pour gaudir et faire grant chère.*" Steal, if you cannot otherwise come by the means of enjoyment, only by no means die without having tasted the pleasures of life. So he chronicles his meals and his loves, by turns sinking into mere dull obscenity, or exulting in evanescent fits of drunken gaiety. For Villon passion lives only in its purely physical form; with Ronsard it is always veiled by the grace of exquisite refinement, and even presents itself also under its moral aspect. For the Renaissance, in this respect as in all else, conceived an exalted ideal. Love, in its rarest perfection, combining the utmost sensitiveness to physical beauty with that moral passion which makes all sacrifice a sacred privilege, and gives a common stimulus to all noble living, is a conception not unknown to Renaissance literature, and which gives a distinctive charm to certain stories by the queen of Navarre.

The æsthetic direction of the movement rested in the hands of the nobles, aided by artists and men of letters. The bourgeois class as a body remained indifferent to the ideal held up by the humanists. Rich men, men of leisure and cultivation, could alone be expected to feel the charm of an ideal, the realization of which demanded the harmonious perfection, in every human being, of every human faculty, an ideal which offered to the world once more the conception of the beautiful mind in the no less beautiful body. In the twenty-third chapter of "*Gargantua*" Rabelais describes "*Comment Gargantua fut institué par Ponocrates en telle discipline, qu'il ne perdoit heure du jour.*" It is a fantastic picture of that complete life which the humanists exhausted themselves in the effort to achieve. They strained the limit of human energy. Their keen perception of the value of life brought along with it the terror of death, and this

terror goaded them into frantic struggles to get the utmost of that present over which was cast already the shadow of the inevitable end. The men of the fifteenth century said, "Our existence is not life, let us break our bonds and live;" the Renaissance came and said, "Your life is that of beasts, not men. Do not rest until you have shaped every manifestation of human energy into its most perfect form. Not until you have done this, and in your own person combined all, can you say you have tasted perfect life." Not a moment should be lost. "*Le jour, tant soit-il court, vaut mieux que la nuitée.*" The sculptor stood already chiselling the terrible skeleton which should surmount the cold silence of the grave. The day is all we have, they said, "*après la mort on ne voit rien qui plaise;*" and the passionate effort to get everything into this short day, to taste all pleasure, to know all knowledge, to see all beauty, defeated itself.

The studies of Gargantua embrace, in one day, classic literature and language, mathematics, botany, and astronomy; he also practices wrestling, swimming, riding, and all manly exercises which give strength as well as those which give grace to the body; thought is taken for the pleasures of the table, and he also enjoys the company and converse of learned and travelled men; music is not forgotten, and time is found for elaborate dress, finished even to perfume. We laugh at the superhuman achievements of Rabelais' giant, but a large measure of sober earnest lurks beneath the extravagant fiction. It is but the difference between attempt and achievement. The day of Gargantua represents the intention which animated the men of the Renaissance. Leo Battista Alberti is described as philosopher, scholar, poet, musician, architect, painter, sculptor, mathematician, and jurist. The name of Leonardo da Vinci brings to mind equally well-attested and varied acquirements. But France can show numerous and remarkable illustrations. Etienne Jodelle, the author of "*Le Rencontre*," the earliest French example of modern light comedy, was not only a poet and a man of pleasure, he is a scholar, an orator, a skilful fencer, and accomplished in the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture. Jacques Grevin was a celebrated physician, a statesman, a poet; his classical attainments were considerable, and he distinguished himself by translations both from Greek and Latin. The acquirements of Jean Cousin are in every way remarkable: had he not

achieved practical success in every branch of art, his written works on perspective, and on the measurements of the human body, would alone have rescued his name from oblivion.

Cousin lived to a good old age, so did Alberti, so did Leonardo, but they are exceptions to the rule. For the most part the life of these men is but a sudden spark as swiftly extinguished. Pico de Mirandola died at thirty-one; Joachim du Bellai, whose Latin verse is French poetry, died at thirty-five; Jodelle at forty, Grevin at thirty. Urged by consuming passion, both in work and pleasure, each had hastened through a brilliant but brief existence; and this intense concentration of vital effort, which we see mirrored in individual lives, distinguishes the entire epoch. The most vigorous and highly endowed of human creatures are rarely equal to the sustained direction and control of their own energies. Though their energies may, in the main, acquire a tendency to run in the course in which they are usually directed, their overflow at times is carried off in other than the accustomed channels. Through the new issue they will pass with the same force which characterized them in other action. Full-est energy means fullest possibilities of pleasure. The better animal has the keener senses, and acquires the greater impetus in every mode of life. Those who can put most passion into their work can, if they turn that way, put most passion into their pleasure. The men of the Renaissance wooed the secrets of the past, or hissed out their lives on the lips of their earthly loves with the same burning zeal. "*Heureux,*" cries Ronsard, "*sera le jour que je mourray d'amour.*"

One of the most significant signs of the time was the delight in the nude, which instantly manifested itself. The eye no longer dwelt with morbid satisfaction on the shrouded and emaciated shapes which haunted the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, or yielded to the unwholesome fascinations of the monstrous devils who, peering from capital or cornice, enhanced with their terror the denunciations of the priest. Men turned from the saintly virgins whose meagre forms had been blanched and attenuated by the shade of cloistered discipline, to watch Diana and her nymphs with limbs moulded by action, and finished by the free air. Whenever the senses quicken, and the instinct for the beautiful is awake, then this passion for the nude shows itself. It is a passion which has, like all others, its coarser side, and some-

times deserts the ideal mistress to burn on other altars an impurer flame. In the memoirs of the times we often come on traces of work of this sort done merely to serve the end of some scandalous whim. The author of "*La Légende du Cardinal de Guise*" recounts how the cardinal contrived to have smuggled into his chamber, as a Madonna, a painting of this class, in which he himself figured together with his niece, Mary Queen of Scots, and two other women of his house. "*La Légende,*" it is true, was an anonymous attack on the Guises, written by a Huguenot, and fanatics are not usually scrupulous as to the weapons they employ. But other instances of a similar nature abound. One noble boasts the possession of an "*Aretin en figures*;" another gives his mistress a volume of paintings in which the loves and persons of the great ladies of the court are shamefully exposed. A third gives a banquet to a mixed company of guests, and passes round a "*couppe d'argent doré gravé au burin avec plusieurs figures de l'Aretin de l'homme et de la femme.*" The celebrated book lost by Charles VIII. at Fornova, and which contained portraits of the most beautiful women of Italy, seems to have been one of a large class of like work, to which also would seem to have belonged the mysterious "*ouvrages et pourtraictures*" commissioned by Francis I. of François Clouet immediately after his return from Madrid, — "*ouvrages et pourtraictures*" for which Clouet was to be well paid, but which "*le dict seigneur ne veult estre aultrement déclarées.*"

These works, however, even if we had them, would furnish no fair test of French art of the day. Perfect beauty, like perfect love, involves the presence of the moral ideal; if we wish to realize the true quality of the best work of the time, we must turn to that which was done to set before all men in the eye of the sun, to the daylight directness and simplicity of Goujon's nymphs, to the frank *naïveté* of Palissy's "*Femme Couchée*," to the dignity and indifference of the women of Cousin. In Cousin's "*Eva prima Pandora*," we find that the French artists of the Renaissance stand the severest test to which the artists of any epoch can be put. They are capable of seeking beauty for her own sake, and so seeking found her.

The poets also contain manifold illustrations of the same passion. Ronsard constantly dwells on the subtle lines and delicate charm of finished womanly beauty. "*Belle gorge d'albatre, et vous,*



*chaste poitrine*," he begins, and passes on to accentuate with sedulous care every lovely trait, whilst through each line is heard the sound of warning: —

Pour qui gardes-tu tes yeux,  
Et ton sein délicieux,  
Ta joue et ta bouche belle?  
En veux-tu baiser Pluton,  
Là bas après que Charon,  
T'aura mise en sa nacelle?

Then just as the sculptor of this epoch placed on the mausoleum of a princess, side by side with the woman in her magnificence, "it" the worn-out body of the death-bed, so Ronsard goes on to draw the companion picture: —

Après ton dernier trespas  
Gresle tu n'auras là bas,  
Qu'une bouchette blémie,  
Et quand mort je te verrois,  
Aux ombres je n'avou'rois  
Que jadis tu fus m'amie;  
Ton test n'aura plus de peau,  
Ny ton visaige tant beau  
N'aura veines ny artères,  
Tu n'auras plus que des dents  
Telles qu'on les voit dedans  
Les testes des cimenteres.

"*Les testes des cimenteres*." Not a Medusa head turning to stone the mortal who dared the walls of Dis. The snakes of the Gorgon petrified, but the snakes of the sepulchre were as a scourge of the Furies driving men before them as though possessed.

What is to be done, must be done quickly. There must be no halting, no tarrying. The rapidity attained in achievement should be the wonder of an after age. "The Escorial!" says Brantôme, "what of that? See how long it was of building! Good workmen like to be quick finished. With our king it was otherwise. Take Fontainebleau and Chambord. When they were once projected, when once the plumb-line, and the compass, and the square, and the hammer were on the spot, then in a few years after we saw the court in residence there." On all sides palaces and gardens sprung up, the workmen being urged by vigilant supervision to instant haste. After Pavia, when the struggle across the Alps sank into hopeless convulsions, the French with Francis at their head set themselves all the more vigorously to the task. Whilst Rosso was painting the galleries of Fontainebleau, and Pierre le Nepveu was calling Chambord into being, Margaret of Navarre writes to her brother from Blois, "Knowing your will is soon to see your

project complete, I have no other gratification than to visit the spots which it pleased you to show me in order to entreat the workmen *to hasten* what you have ordered. . . . I do not cease to go twice a day through all your building and gardens." The gardens were indeed one of the most marking features of the sixteenth-century domestic architecture. Palissy calls attention to them: "*N'as tu pas considéré tant de beaux jardins?*" and he schemes others. Du Cerceau lays them down in his plans with minute elaboration. Their addition greatly enhanced the *house* air which now crept over the fortified château. Strongholds made way for *lieux de plaisance*. When Francis came back from Spain one of his first acts was the destruction of the great tower of the Louvre, "*et fist ce faire le Roy pour appliquer le chasteau du Louvre, logis de plaisance*." The great tower was a place of strength suitable for the safe keeping of prisoners of State; perhaps it reminded the king of his own recent captivity, but in demolishing it he was only assisting in a work which was going on everywhere around him. The Renaissance had emancipated man, the habitation of man was the first pre-occupation of Renaissance art. The *lieu de plaisance*, the *maison*, was the type which the architect of the sixteenth century sought to perfect. The château of Madrid which was rising in the Bois de Boulogne during the very year in which the great tower of the Louvre was pulled down (1527) was destined like the Louvre to be a *logis de plaisance*. The nobles all vied with each other in the erection of costly houses. Lautrec, doomed to die in Italy, left his magnificent *Maison de Coutras* to be finished by the Bishop of Tarbes: Cardinal Sanguin was building Meudon; the Constable de Montmorency rivalled the royal palaces with the princely splendor of Ecouen. Even private persons began, if not to vie with the nobles, at least to build houses of considerable pretensions. The house of Fernel, physician to Henri II., was long esteemed the great ornament of the Rue de la Harpe, in which it stood, and Germain Brice even in the eighteenth century calls attention to the sculptures with which it was decorated, "*autrefois estimées des plus belles*." Du Cerceau's two volumes, "*Les plus excellens Bastiments de la France*," give a marvellous picture of the architectural activity of this epoch, and his pages plainly show the nature of the transition which was taking place. Amboise stands

in startling contrast to the grim reserve of Vincennes, a fortress prison; Gaillon, it is true, still defies attack, but already the outside gallery creeping round the court foreshadows the treatment which obtains its most conspicuous development at St. Mor lez Fosse, and which is plainly marked at Madrid. At Madrid every story had its pleasant covered gallery running outside, the air of defence had entirely vanished, and the air of state had not yet invaded the pleasant ease and luxury which pervaded every line. Men and women, princes, prelates, nobles, all were building, fashioning anew their habitations, fitting them for every purpose of manifold life. Out of doors the damask roses and violets of the poets blossomed beneath trellis-work of ivy, and clustered at the feet of marble statues; shady recesses stored the waters of refreshing fountains, and within was every precious decoration which could charm the eye. Of Meudon, Corrozet tells us, "it was a house furnished forth with columns, with busts, with paintings, with grotesques, with compartments and devices of gold, of blue, of more colors than it is possible to mention." Every art which could minister to house luxury was suddenly stimulated. Tapestry, for instance, does not appear anywhere in France as a branch of local industry until the middle of the sixteenth century, and then at Tours, as M. Grandmaison has remarked, its manufacture suddenly took such an impetus that it seemed as if it were going to replace the art of painting, whose most illustrious representatives had followed the court to Paris. The works of the four Duval, extant at the close of the last century, but which have now disappeared, belonged to this school, which flourished by the side of another and important manufactory, started at Fontainebleau, in 1535. The goldsmiths of Paris eagerly emulated the chased and inlaid work of Milan. The demand for books, for prints, for casts, became more and more general, so that painters and designers began to inveigh bitterly against the proportions which the popularizing arts of *imprimerie* and *moulerie* were assuming. Palissy, who had himself begun life as a glass-painter, indignantly complains that "*les verres sont mécanisez en telle sorte qu'ils sont vendus, et criés par les villages par ceux même qui crient les vieux drapeaux et la vieille ferraille.*"

Nor were the pleasures of the table forgotten. The refinement displayed at the banquets of Francis I. became a point of

comparison for the ill-kept tables of his grandsons. "The great expenses of Lucullus have been talked about," says Brantome, "but Lucullus, in anything of that sort, never came near our king. In a village, in a forest, one was as well served as if one had been in Paris." The refinements wrought into these pleasures, as well as into every other art of life, were enhanced by the presence of women at the court. Those who looked on the whole movement with disfavor sometimes made this innovation a subject of reproach against Francis I., who had inaugurated it. It is true that, by so doing, he opened the door to the priests who followed in their train. "*Dames et cardinaux,*" Ronsard grumbles, "*menent trop de baggages.*" But, perhaps, as an old courtier drily remarked, it was better they should be at court instead of preaching up "rows in the provinces." They offered certainly no check to the spread of a passion for luxury and pleasure. The princes of the Church were as ready as the princes of the State to further the new movement. Nor was it evident, at first, that it invoked anything like a general moral awakening. It was not suspected that the people would be reached by it, that they would find their way to the only portion in which the poor and miserable could claim a part. It was not foreseen that the activity of the press would not stop at the issue of erotic poems, and *éditions de luxe* of classic authors, but that it would become a formidable power in the hands of men "*inflammati d'un pericoloso desiderio di dir il vero.*" Prelates long accustomed to see the minor clergy openly mocked and scorned, accustomed to see even grosser scandals than the celebrated *liaison* of the Abbess and Bishop of Xaintes borne in sullen patience, could not suspect that a storm would arise which should shake both princely and priestly orders, and that if the ark of the Church were permitted to reach safe harbor, it would be but by riding over a sea of blood.

The activity of the press in issuing translations of the classics was incessant. The "*Roman de la Rose*," which in the days of its highest fashion had to be twisted into a spiritual allegory, just as Vergil was made to announce the coming of Christ, ceased to be the indispensable training for a man of letters. For Jean Marot, the poet of Louis XII., Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung were the supreme model of style; but the boast of his son Clement was, that he could *translate* "*les volumes jadis escripts par les*

*divines plumes, de vieulz Latins dont tant est mention.*" The work of translation which began as early as the close of the fifteenth century, assumed gigantic proportions as soon as the relations with Italy became more frequent. Homer, Vergil, Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, Persius, Terence, Seneca, Cato, follow each other in quick succession, nor did the labor of original production languish. The names of Clement Marot, Scaliger, Ramus, Du Bois, Rabelais, Des Periers, Margaret of Navarre, are sufficient to show how varied and vigorous it was. And these names are only those which seem to come first to the surface; beneath them rank a host no less active, if less conspicuous, whose activity supported and urged forward that of their leaders. Learning, poetry, science, satire, speculation, the altar of all knowledge, like that of all pleasure, was thronged with worshippers. The mere fever of acquisition and possession was in itself pleasure. To the question, "*Quid tibi literæ, quid historiæ, cognitioque rerum quid poëtarum evolutio, quid tanta tot versuum memoria voluptatis affert?*" they would have replied, even as Torquatus desired to reply, "*Hæc enim ipsa mihi sunt voluptati.*"

What was the cause which brought about the abortion of the whole movement? It collapsed, and sank inane and lifeless long before the century had run out. The obvious answer is, that the wars of religion destroyed in France that security and leisure necessary to its perfect development, and in the chronic disturbance of the bitter struggle between Catholic and Huguenot the best energies of the nation were diverted and absorbed. But when we find that the most distinguished men in France, even in the world of arts and letters, stood not in the ranks of the cause which triumphed, but on the side of that which fell, the obvious answer is insufficient. It seems more likely that the collapse of the Renaissance, and the victorious wars of the Catholic party, sprang from some common cause.

When Schelling was asked, "What makes an ethnos?" he answered, "Language, religion." All fertile movements destined widely to affect the destinies of the race, movements which bring new life to other forms of human energy, bear in

their breasts the seed of renewed ethical impulse. The Renaissance is no exception; it had not only its artists, its men of science, its men of letters; it showed, like all great movements, the signs of spiritual life. The rush of renewed energy did not leave unsought even the dark places of thought; it entered even the clouds of ghostly mystery. "*Le Mirrouer de l'Ame pécheresse*" of the queen of Navarre has, like her pathetic poem on the death of her brother, the true accent of spiritual passion. But the queen of Navarre was an exception to the class of which she was a member. The temper of the court and of those from whom the court derived its support, was characterized by a supreme moral indifferentism, which rendered it impossible that they should either give an initiative, or take a share in this part of the Renaissance movement. Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., writes in her journal: "*L'an 1519, le 5 Juillet. — Frère François de Paule des frères mendiants evangelistes fut par moi canonicisé, à tout le moins j'en ai payé la taxe.*" The flippant accent of this entry reflects the prevailing tone of mind, a tone which rendered the rejection of the element of renewed moral impulse thus shaping itself amongst the Huguenots an inevitable consequence.

A state of moral indifference, whether in an individual or a nation, cannot be fruitful of noble life. It is compatible with startling surprises of momentary enthusiasm, with great emotional facility, which is an affair of temperament rather than of moral conviction, and which can never give the stamina necessary to sequence of action sustained at a high level. It is true that each so-called reform destroys as well as replaces, and the fanaticism necessary to such action is indeed foreign to that high philosophical standpoint to attain which a man must become a law unto himself, by bringing his life into harmonious fulfilment of the most perfect uses of being. But fanaticism, such as was embodied in the Huguenot creed, when embraced by a full national life, has before it the possibility of final development into such an attitude, whilst moral indifferentism deprives the finest powers of the very principle of growth.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

PAULINE.

LONDON.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"LET US, IF YOU PLEASE, HAVE A  
CHANGE OF SUBJECT."

"What though you have beauty,  
Must you therefore be proud and pitiless?"  
"As You Like It."

A FEW days after this our little tyrant boldly suggested to her slave that he should take some steps towards undoing the past, for which he expressed contrition.

"Why don't you ask Tom to walk with you," said she, "instead of Captain Maurice? You don't care for Captain Maurice, and as walking is good for you, you must have some one."

"Tom has no time," said he.

"Have you asked him?"

"No."

Tom, however, could not be altogether ignored; and little satisfaction as was to be obtained out of the brief and hasty visits which were all that were permitted him, he could not bring himself to decline them.

He longed to do so; he hated himself for accepting. Pride dictated the coldest and shortest of refusals, the plea of pre-engagements, absence, inability to leave his work, anything. That he did not, upon the slightest of foundations, fabricate one or other of these excuses, was in itself a token for good.

He actually hesitated on the score of truth; as he *could* go, he would.

Once he found Elsie alone in the room. They did not make much of the opportunity, supposing it to have been one. They confronted each other with lowering brows, and spoke in cautious and guarded phrases.

He hoped she was enjoying her season? Was she out every night? He had seen her name down at the drawing-room.

She thanked him, and she was enjoying herself, immensely. Mamma had taken her to the drawing-room, and Hugh had gone with them. Hugh looked *so* well in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform. Mamma had been in lavender, and she herself in white. Aunt Marion had not gone. She supposed Tom did not care for such dissipation.

Tom stood still and looked at her.

Then the others came in, Hugh with a bouquet for his cousin; and the two young men did not regard each other with the pleasure such near relations are supposed to feel when they meet.

Elsie tossed her head, and turned her shoulder on them both.

"You hardly thanked poor Hugh at all for his pretty offering," remonstrated her mother afterwards. "You are getting spoilt, child; every attention seems your right, and to be accepted without the slightest gratitude. That is not pretty behavior, Elsie. Was it because Tom was there? Why should Tom mind? Tom has not money to throw away on costly flowers; and surely he would not be so ungenerous as to feel vexed because another has. Every one is not born to the same lot in life," observed Lady Calverley, profoundly.

"Indeed, no —"

"And you need not have made a fuss about them; a few kind acknowledgments were all that was required. Dear, thoughtful fellow! He is always trying to please some one or other — always. Yet you turned from him with such a cold look! I don't suppose you have the least idea of the pains he took —"

"Let him give them to you, if he likes. I don't want his flowers!" cried the ingrate. "What have I to do with Hugh, and what does it matter to him if I do look cold? It is no business of his how I look. Mamma, you and Aunt Marion think of no one, and talk of no one, but Hugh from morning till night. I am tired of Hugh. Let us, if you please, have a change of subject."

When Elsie talked like this, her mother forebore reply. She would not vex the girl, and she made allowances for her; more, she was fain to attribute temper such as this to every cause but the right one.

Her daughter was unwell, was overdone, was unused to the rush and tumult of London life.

Fondly she would lay her hand on the pretty head, and ask if it ached? No, it didn't ache. (It only twitched under the caress.) Was she tired? Would she lie down on the little sofa? go to her room and take a rest? have some eau-de-Cologne?

The child almost stamped.

What did mamma mean? What should she rest for? Why should she lie down? What *should* she do with eau-de-Cologne? Nothing annoyed her more than these *petits soins*: she wished mamma would not begin with them; they were not like her; she — she — she had learnt them from Hugh!

And if she had, cried the poor lady, roused to her defence, what then? She had learnt many things from Hugh. Pa-

tience, for example, and that not before it was needed!

Then she tried another position.

She spoke in grave maternal tones: she called herself "Elsie's mother;" in that capacity it was her bounden duty to take the rebellious daughter to task. She was growing every day more unreasonable and contradictory, unlike what she had ever been, and still less like what those who loved her would wish her to be. She was so unwilling to be pleased, to join in any little scheme. What was the meaning of it all?

As soon as the last words had passed her lips, Lady Calverley would have recalled them if she could.

She desired nothing less than to know the meaning. She shrank, of all things, from probing the depth of that troubled surface, being solicitous only to smooth it down by persuasion, or to lay it flat by authority.

But the question was beyond recall.

Elsie jumped up, bristling in battle array. The meaning of it? The meaning of what? Of her not going to the cricket-match? Was that the "little scheme" she had not joined in? She hated cricket. Why should she go to what she hated?

To sit on a bench for four or five hours under a burning sun, seeing a few men run about and pick up balls, and hearing now and then a great clapping of hands, without in the least knowing what it was for, was a very poor entertainment, she thought. She could not imagine how it could be her duty to attend it.

"It might be your duty to think of others more than of yourself," replied the mother severely. "To try to please some, who only try too much to please you."

"Hugh—Hugh—Hugh, I suppose! He is the 'some' who only tries too much to please me. And so he does, a vast deal too much. I wish he would let me alone. And to reward him, I am to sit and frizzle a whole afternoon, seeing what I don't care for, and hearing what I don't understand, besides having to smile, and say, whenever I am asked, 'It is delightful!' Surely, mamma, you and Aunt Marion can go and pretend to enjoy yourselves, for Hugh's sake, without my being dragged along behind his chariot wheels too."

Lady Calverley thought of the picture-galleries, and how often she had been dragged, half-fainting with fatigue, round and round them, bound to those very wheels, whilst Elsie sat in the chariot.

She sighed, and that sigh brought the child to her arms.

"The best, the kindest mamma in all the world!" she sobbed. "Oh, don't you be angry with me, don't you be against me! I don't mind Aunt Marion, or—any of them, if you will be on my side!"

But when pressed more closely, she had nothing to say; and the astonished mother let the moment pass, neither understanding nor improving it.

She said not a word to Marion; she only felt more and more tremulous as to what future lay before them all.

Mrs. Calverley, however, was still complacent and serene. She was only a little more eager than she had been to bring matters to a close, now that Hugh's health was re-established, and that Elsie's music-lessons were near their completion.

One day she threw out a feeler. Tom had been there, had stayed his wonted half-hour, and, as no one pressed his remaining, had taken his departure. Mrs. Calverley turned to her sister-in-law as the door closed, Elsie alone being in the room with them—

"How odd it seems, dear," cried she, "to think what a complete difference it makes in the relationship whether it is on the father's or on the mother's side! That young man, when he talks of his aunt, Mrs. Wyndham, seems quite to belong to her—to be, in fact, more like her son than her nephew. His father's sister is infinitely more to him than his mother's brother—than my poor dear husband and Sir Edward ever were."

The statement might have been true of her husband; it had not been so of Sir Edward, to whom the orphan children had been much attached.

With a clear recollection of this, Lady Calverley, being unable to acquiesce, was wisely silent, and the judicious speaker pursued her advantage.

"Cousins," she said, addressing Elsie, "are never considered equally near when they are related through the maternal branch. Tom does not seem by any means so fully your cousin as Hugh—does he, my dear?"

"Oh dear, no!"

Her aunt smiled.

"Hugh," continued the elf, "seems so much more like a *brother*, you know."

It will seem that Elsie was very naughty. She liked these little encounters. She enjoyed the discomfiture of her elders. They revenged the injuries of some one absent, and were a salve to her own uneasy mood.

Hugh's unvarying gentleness afforded no outlet to her distempered spirits; and to do her justice, with him she restrained, as far as she was able, all expression of them. She was not, he fancied, exactly what she had been, but he had no idea of what she could be behind his back. He never beheld her in her worst plights — never knew how petulant, how scornful, and how difficult to manage this beautiful young creature had become. Nothing pleased her, everything seemed to chafe her. She would sit for hours without employment, then pettishly declare she had no time to waste. She would gibe at the very follies which had enchanted her a while ago.

Poor Hugh was often at his wits' end, and even his mother grew puzzled and suspicious.

A solemn council was held by the two parents, resulting in a change of plans.

They would not wait until Gourloch was ready — they would not remain in town — they would go to Calverley.

The timid proposition emanated from the lips of Lady Calverley: it had occurred to her that if once away in some quiet place, freed from intrusion, and out of reach of all disturbing influences, the old Florence days might be revived.

Where could this better be accomplished than at the old ancestral home, of which poor Hugh, whom Elsie had lately taken to hold in such slight estimation, was master and lord? There she would behold him reinstated in his rightful position, there she would understand and learn to value the true worth of his fine — yes, certainly fine character.

She did not say, even to herself, "There he will be without rivals;" or, "There she will see to what a lot he can raise her."

I suppose, guileless as this good creature was, such shafts of Apollyon did lurk somewhere down in the hidden cells of her heart, but she knew not they were there.

"Hugh," she reflected, "is so good, so conscientious a youth. It is difficult to meet with high principles in these days" (perhaps it always has been, but Lady Calverley was in the habit of ascribing misdemeanors to "these days"), "and although Hugh is not perhaps exactly the sort of person I should have imagined beforehand she would take to, still, as she evidently *has*" — she paused — "as she evidently *did* at one time — and we have no right to suppose there is a change — it would be a sad pity that any uncom-

fortable obstacles should stand in the way. She is admirably fitted for the position, country life suits her taste, and she is not moving one way or other out of the sphere in which she was born, which I consider is the happiest lot that can fall to any girl."

The idea, thus matured, was submitted to the master mind; and, for a wonder, Marion was not only acquiescent, but grateful. To approve any project that had not originated with herself was a new thing with Mrs. Calverley, but even at the first unfolding she did not frown or demur. She confined herself to simple astonishment that she should have overlooked — have left (inference) to a poor creature like Ella — so obviously excellent a scheme.

At a glance she took in the whole bearings of the case, and pronounced her autocratic decision.

In a week? Yes. She sat down then and there, and wrote off directions to her housekeeper, butler, and coachman, pressed dear Ella's hand in token of a fresh understanding, and announced the resolution to the young ones with an air of confidence in their approval.

She and Hugh would leave that day week, the aunt and cousin would follow before another week was over.

Hugh received the tidings with equanimity; Elsie likewise — unless the heightened color in her cheek meant anything.

She did not make a remark aloud, but inwardly she exclaimed, "That is because Pauline is coming." And herein, we have occasion to observe, she was mistaken.

Pauline's letter, which Lady Calverley had received that morning, had not, it is true, done anything to shake the resolution which had been formed ere its perusal, but that was all.

The letter had cost the young traveller some trouble. She had known it must be written, and had resolutely set herself down to the task; but it was hard work this forcing of her pen to dwell on what would probably be expected — on descriptions of mountain scenery, ruins, rivers, effects of sky and sun — when all her thoughts were centred in one leafy vale, and on one evening scene, of which no mention must ever cross her lips!

She, however, did her best, little imagining how entirely the effort might have been spared. The closely-written sheet, which was to indicate the disengaged and observing mind, was, we may safely aver, never thoroughly gone through. It

found the reader as preoccupied as it left the writer.

How often is it thus! How strangely different is the scene into which the letter drops from that pictured by the reader!

We have been staying with friends; and after our departure, the broken threads are gathered up for us, — accounts are given of pleasures whereto we also had been bidden, and which we had been compelled to forego; odd bits of gossip about the people we had met are copiously related, in the delusive faith of an eager perusal; and already our thoughts are far away, other interests have pushed these into the background, the detail — ashamed as we may be to own it — is wearisome.

Or, comes the intelligence of a great event — a marriage — a triumph, everything promising and everybody perfect. We are to be amazed, charmed, jealous to distraction. And behold! our own love is so deep and hopeless, and our own secret is so madly absorbing, that the pæan falls on our ears as the beating of a hollow drum — we gather no meaning in the sound, we only sigh for it to cease and trouble us not more!

Or, we have notice of an undreamed-of return from foreign climes. We are to be taken at unawares, we are to have the joyful shock of an overwhelming surprise. The letter has been delayed, comes late, it has scarcely been delivered ere the visitor is at the door. Ah! the door is shut, the blinds are drawn, and we sit within the darkened rooms weeping for our loss!

Lady Calverley knit her brows over her niece's intimation of their approach, — the only portion of the epistle which really awakened notice; but even that did not discompose her materially. It was unfortunate, it was extremely provoking, that she could not, because of the brother's misdemeanors, greet the sister with that warmth which her arrival would, at any other time, have inspired.

If Tom — silly fellow — would but see the folly of continuing to attach himself when there was no hope of a return; if he would only have sufficient generosity to withdraw from the field, and not annoy, when that was all he could do, — how joyfully would she have embraced Pauline!

Nay, she would have resumed that kiss on his own cheek, which had of late been somewhat intermittent, and had, indeed, threatened to fall into disuse altogether. Tom was, in fact, too much of a favorite with this aunt for her to be content with anything short of extremes in her manner towards him. She was unable to recede

gracefully into the new position which she desired to take up; she must needs spring at it, and all at once — as if afraid of resolution failing — mark the "So far shalt thou come and no farther," which was henceforth to be his boundary-line.

Had she cared for him less, she could have drawn it with a more delicate touch.

She could not, indeed, dissemble; had never learned, would never learn, to do so.

But she might, under careful tuition, have practised in the gradation scale.

She might have been delighted to see him one day, — and have forgotten he had been asked, the next. She might have discussed his future visit, — and fixed its exact duration. She might have rejoiced to see the cousins chatting over old times, — and presided over the conversation.

In short, she might have precluded the wolf from advancing one step into the fold without his being aware of the barrier placed in his way.

But none of this velvet-pawed management was possible to Lady Calverley. When she was annoyed, she showed it; when she was not taken agreeably by surprise, she did not pretend to be so.

It was not even, as we have seen, to her own experience that the profoundly sensible suggestion was due which made luncheon the supposed acme of our poor outcast's aspirations.

She took the hint, however; he was never bidden to anything but that cold-blooded meal. Dinners at an hotel were "so uncomfortable," and they were "so often out," that it was "of no use asking him."

Even that starveling of an apology emanated from Mrs. Calverley. Her sister-in-law merely smiled, looked nervous, and scarcely concealed her impatience for his exit.

She overdid her part altogether. But for a timely reminder now and then, and but for one other cause — which we are about to name — she might have stumbled into the very explanation she most wished to avoid.

That cause lay in the slender thread of hope, to which poor Tom — with all his faults, faithful to his early and only love — still clung.

It might have been the very presumption of ignorance; but it is so, that, desperate and trembling, he still refused to believe in the certainty of Elsie's indifference. He could not feel, with her mother, that his power was only to annoy. Every word, every action, was weighed by him in after-communings with himself. Bitter



hours, but salutary. He grew into manhood during those dreary summer days; and with manhood came the dawns of self-command, calmness, truth. It was not Elsie alone who whispered to herself, "How Tom is changed! How he is improved!" It was the observation of all who had known him in days of yore.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## "I ONLY COME IN FOR HER FROWNS."

Adversity is like the period of the former and of the latter rains, — cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from thence come the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate. — "The Talisman."

MRS. WYNDHAM invited her nephew to be her guest during the whole of her stay in town.

She was too truly polite and kind-hearted a woman not to insist that the advantages of such an arrangement were entirely on her side. She would have a host to sit at the foot of her table, an escort to call her carriage when she went out, and a cheerful companion for home evenings.

It was so good of dear Tom to give them his company! He should breakfast whenever he liked — she would not promise to be down, but whatever was necessary to his convenience should be strictly attended to. They must not expect him to be punctual to meals — busy men were often detained; but they would do their best to make him comfortable.

Mr. Wyndham having been a City man at the time of her marriage, she was quite *au fait* regarding many things that were problems to Pauline.

"He will not be with us in the daytime, my love," she said. "That, we cannot expect. He will return about six, — a very good time; we can occasionally pick him up, and drive him home through the Park. He will have his Saturday afternoons; we must always make them pleasant. If there is a 'mail-day' in his house, he will be kept till late. My dear Joseph was always late on the 'mail-day.' It was inconvenient, sometimes. I had to calculate, you know, when arranging our engagements. People dine later now. We will consult Tom when the invitations come; he will be a help and comfort to us in every way."

Pauline's kiss of gratitude brought the tears to the good lady's eyes.

Tom was waiting on the platform as the train drew up, and ere it stopped his hand was on their carriage window.

His anticipations were not damped this time; his aunt was delighted with the

attention, — which she had repeatedly warned Pauline not to expect, busy men being especially tied down at that hour, she believed, — and Pauline herself was only too ready to reciprocate his affectionate embrace. He had never kissed her in a railway station before; now, it seemed, he had forgotten everything but the pleasure of meeting; and she was charmed that he should so forget.

Her bag was taken from her hand, and he followed her to her room as soon as the bustle of arrival had subsided.

"You look washed out, Polly; what have you been about? Is she not good to you? How do you get on? I thought you had been having rather a high time of it lately; I would have given anything to have been with you. It's — it's rather slow here."

She wished indeed that he had been with them, it had been so pleasant; the scenery was really beautiful, and her aunt had been all that was kind.

Nevertheless there did not appear to be much more to be said about it.

Had he got her letter? She was afraid it was a stupid one, but he deserved that; what had he to say for himself? He had never written a line! She did not think she had had one word for three weeks! What had he been doing? Whom had he been seeing?

Nobody. At least Elsie and his aunt were in town; he had been seeing them — a little.

Not very much. They were going out a good deal, he thought. *He* hardly went anywhere. He knew very few people. He was awfully glad she had come.

Pauline began to comprehend. She would not put the questions she most longed to ask, confident that he would soon unconsciously answer them. Not yet, though.

"And I am to be with you the whole time?" by-and-by began he, more cheerfully. "That's jolly! It really is awfully good of Aunt Camilla; I'll be as nice to her as possible. You don't know what it is to be all alone in a place, without a soul who knows anything about you — nobody caring a hang where you go or what you do —" He broke off suddenly.

"Is there *nobody*?" said his sister, struck by his tone. "I thought you spoke of some Mr. Chadleigh; was not that his name? Don't you care for him?"

"Oh, well enough. We go about together, and all that. But he has got lots of other friends, and of course he goes off with them; and I have nobody. They

are such a set in our house! Worse than in any of the others, I think. They talk about the 'West End,' and the 'swells of the West End,' as if," said Tom, with a sort of vexed laugh, "there were any other place! You know what I mean. We never used to think about *them* at all; it was like another world that we could not get at if we tried. But *they* are always on the look-out to bring in anything they can about the places here. And they go and hire horses — such brutes! — and ride in the Park on Saturdays. And they talk to me about my 'grand relations,' and that sort of thing! I know," said poor Tom, with a bitter face, "I am a fool to care; but I can't help it. One of them said to me to-day, 'You will hardly speak to us when you come down in the mornings now, you will be such a fine gentleman!'"

"Poor Tom! But you are going abroad soon. You will be happier then."

"Uncle Julius says I can't go for two years," said he, examining with curious eye some ornaments on the mantelpiece. She thought his hand went up to his face as he spoke.

("Two years! How will he bear it?") Pauline sighed sorrowfully.

"I say," continued Tom, "don't say anything to Uncle Julius, mind. He has done all he can for me. And of course I must do as other fellows do. He asked me how I managed on my allowance last time I saw him, and I said, 'All right;' but it hardly keeps me in luncheons, and we have nothing but tea when we get home! That does not matter so much, for they never cook decently in lodgings. The worst of it is, that I generally run short a week before the quarter is out."

"And what do you do?" inquired his sister, anxiously.

"Oh, they give me luncheon at the place. They know I'll pay when it comes in. They are awfully nice people, and they know me quite well now. They always let me have anything I want, but of course I have to look out not to let it run up too much."

"Tom, why did you not tell me?"

"Oh, what is the use? You have enough to do to take care of yourself. I can get along well enough."

"I have not much money," said Pauline. "But I have had no need as yet to spend *any*. And Aunt Camilla told me to-day that she meant to make me a much larger allowance for dress. I knew how vexed she would be if I went about with her in London looking shabby, and it does take a great deal to be really well dressed,

so I thought I had better accept it. Here, dear; I have really needed no winter clothes, and you must never run short again. Promise that you won't."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Tom. "I'm not going to take your money, so you need not think it. It's humbug your not needing clothes. You must do as other people do, and if you try anything else it will be my duty to prevent it!"

He was more like himself — like the old, jocular, merry-hearted Tom; but a better nature had been called forth, and was now being shown.

"You *must* take it," said Pauline. "I am to get all my new things to-morrow, and Aunt Camilla will insist upon the bills going in to her. I am not even to see them. Could I wear them, knowing that you — here, take it!"

"There is such a lot," said Tom, looking into the purse. "The half of that will pay my landlady. Poor soul! She is not a bad sort. But she does *dun* so."

"You really owe it, then?"

"Well, yes. But you see, coming to live here, I knew I could save enough; because Uncle Julius said he wouldn't stop the supplies, and that it would set me up a little, when — when I go back again. So I took the money that I had, for the luucheon people, and told Miss Perrot I would send hers. She was quite satisfied."

"I say," continued Tom, after a pause, "you needn't say anything to the Calverleys about me. There is no need for them to know the sort of thing it is. They think I'm as jolly as possible."

"Do they never ask you?"

"Oh yes, sometimes. But Aunt Ella is not bright, you know. Elsie doesn't say much."

"And what is Elsie about? Very gay?"

"Oh, of course. I don't know that they are, though. Only they always seem to be going off somewhere just when I come. Look here," eagerly, "don't say a word to any one, but I believe they are trying to make up a match between Elsie and Hugh! I am sure that is what they are after; Aunt Ella and Aunt Marion between them. They each think it would do; Aunt Marion would like to get the Gourloch estates back again, and Aunt Ella would like Elsie to be another Lady Calverley. *That's* why, whenever I go, they are always going out! I don't believe in it, you know! It is generally to concerts, or things of that sort, where they could ask me to go with them if they

liked; but they don't, and I never offer. It is just done to get rid of me! So, now, I have almost left off going."

"And does Elsie want to get rid of you too?"

"I thought she didn't, once or twice. She told me one day that it was a pity I never had a moment to stay when I came. Of course I hadn't, when they were going out. I had asked for an hour or two off, on purpose to be free for the rest of the day, and could have stayed the whole afternoon and evening, for that matter; but when Aunt Ella said they should be late, and the carriage was at the door, was I likely to stay? They took me as far as the Marble Arch, and put me down there, and I had nothing on earth to do but go and walk in the Park! Aunt Ella did not seem to like me even to speak to Elsie."

"Aunt Ella shall answer to me for this," said Pauline, cheerfully. "But, Tom, don't be too much cast down. These precautions are so many danger-signals. Don't you see, you stupid Tom, that a double watch is set over a fortress when there is a traitor within? Be patient a little longer, dear. I know that you are brave."

"Do you think," said Tom, slowly, "that there is any hope?"

"I think there is some *fear*," replied his sister; "great fear on the part of the two mothers. What has Hugh to say to the arrangement?"

"Oh, he is mad after her! He is awfully delicate, you know, and almost everything knocks him up. But he is always driving about with them; and if there is anything the least out of the way proposed, Aunt Ella is sure to say, 'It would be too much for Hugh.' Just as if he was one of themselves!"

"And how does Elsie treat him?"

"She is as good to him as she can be. They are reading German together, translating some fool of a book. She writes at it, for dear life, whenever I am there. She hardly gives me a look. There was only one day ——" said he, hesitating.

"Well?" said Pauline. "Well?"

"She came outside the door — I had left my gloves, or something, and she came out with them. She looked in a perfect rage! Before I could say a word, she broke out that she wished I would leave off coming at all, for it was always the same thing over again. That nobody wished me to come if I didn't like it. They were quite happy without me. For her part, she would not care if she never saw my face again! Sounds encouraging, doesn't it? But, you

see, I couldn't help thinking that she *did* care. What was it all about, unless she did? I think she was almost crying! If I had only had another minute I should have found out everything, but at first I could not say a word. I only stared at her. Then the door opened, and she rushed away. Next time I saw her, she would hardly look at me."

"We can go there to-morrow, Tom."

"I thought you would, but I can't get away till six. What time does Aunt Camilla dine? Eight? That's jolly. That will give me plenty of time, always. But I think I had better not go with you to-morrow, I don't want to force myself upon them, and I know the old ones hate my coming. It used to be all so different; I expected that when they came, it was to be just like old times. I had been thinking about it ——" his lip trembled.

"You are getting dangerous now, don't you see?" said Pauline, pleasantly. "When Tom was only a boy, and Elsie laughed at him, Tom might do anything he chose; but now Tom is a man, and Elsie perhaps does not laugh at him — don't you see?"

How firmly wise and shrewd could the sister be, when she spoke for another! What comfort there was in her simple word and smile!

"She does not *laugh* at him, certainly," said Tom, with a sigh, but a sensation of relief, "she keeps her laughter for other people; I only come in for her frowns."

"Now, Tom, take my advice. You know that it is generally good, is it not?"

"I suppose so," said Tom.

"Will you take it?"

"I'll take it."

Pauline put on a serious face, and raised her finger. "Make Elsie tell you what she meant that day. Say to her how disappointed you have been, and how you have felt all this. And show her that it was not *you*, but *they* who cut your visits short, and ——"

"And when am I to say all this? I am never given a chance."

"Listen. You shall have your chance, poor boy; I will give you your chance! Aunt Ella shall go off with me — you will see that I can manage that — and then you must speak for yourself. And, Tom, I think I should tell her about Hugh, too."

"Should you? But what am I to say?"

"Say — say — say that you are jealous! Say anything you please; his name will be enough, I imagine. Show her that you see plainly what he wants, and find out if

he is to have it? Of course — stop — I don't know whether that would be strictly fair; you must think over that part for yourself, Tom."

"But have I a right to say all this?" said Tom, faltering. "It's easy to talk. You know what *I* want, and I haven't a penny."

"I think you have a right," rejoined his sister, firmly. "You have cared for her ever since you were a mere boy, and you had plenty then. At present, it is true, you have nothing of your own, but you have very good prospects. Uncle Julius told me so; he said you had an excellent opening, if you would only persevere and not be discouraged by trifles. If Elsie cares for you, Tom, you are doing her a wrong in holding back. She has enough for both — at present. And if we are mistaken, — at least, in speaking out, you do *her* no harm."

"You know how I have cared for her," said Tom.

"Yes, Tom. Dear Tom, dear boy, I do know! And I hope — oh, I do hope! — that you are going to be happy at last. I believe it too."

"And what about yourself, Pauline," turning round upon her with a smile. "I had forgotten all that, I declare! I thought, by this time, I should have been introduced to a Mr. Pauline!"

"I!" She started, with something like a cry — "*I*, Tom!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### MURAT AS KING OF NAPLES.

I TRUST I may not weary you if I say something in continuation of the subject of my last letter.\* *I* found, after I had been investigating the fortunes of old Ferdinand Nasone's kingdom in Nelson's days, that I could by no means withdraw my attention just at the point where Nelson disappeared from Naples. The history of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies continued to be like a romance for many years after Cardinal Ruffo and Nelson's fleet succeeded in bringing back the royal family to its continental capital; and I was, I assure you, very glad to refresh my memory, and to inform myself concerning it. For a quarter of a century or so after this first restoration, although the vicissitudes of the kingdom were many and most remarkable, they have not had — at least

the details of them have not had — such a share of the world's attention as they appear to merit: first, because other events no less striking, but of immensely greater magnitude, were occurring contemporaneously with them in Europe; and secondly (a consequence, probably, of the other reason), because few historians of repute and credit have recorded them. Nasone had, or rather his crown of Naples had, as many lives as a cat. If he had been an active, ambitious sovereign, it would be easily understood how, in ever-changing times, he might see many ups and downs; but, as his chief study seems to have been to avoid business and amuse himself, it is the more remarkable that when crowns were being stamped under foot, or jerked aloft like shuttlecocks, to light where accident might direct them, or where clever heads could dexterously catch them, his should have in the main continued faithful to his numskull, and that he should have died at an advanced age king of all the realms to which he had originally succeeded. When he did rouse himself to an effort, as in his march to the Roman frontier with Mack for his general, he generally came to grief; but fortune took care of him when he was hunting cheerily along, and leaving affairs of state to take their course. After Nelson left him, he seems to have resumed his old habits; and, his dominions being at a considerable distance from those parts of Europe in which France was at that time so kindly interesting herself, he was but little molested. Of course, the Parthenopean republic had vanished into the same limbo as the French and other republics; empire was the fashion of the day — and while the more northern portion of the French empire was being constructed, King Nasone was allowed to hunt in peace. He was, it is true, an object of suspicion to the French government, who kept watch over his court, and, indeed, had troops quartered in his territory. But outwardly, he was on the best of terms with that government, peace having been made between them after Ruffo's war. At length, in 1805, his Majesty venturing to act for himself, instead of trusting to the blind-fold goddess his protectress, made, as usual, a blunder, and smarted for it. He imagined that the coalition, which in that memorable year was in arms against France, would certainly prevail even over the genius of Napoleon. Accordingly, he put his army on a war footing, gave unmistakable indications of the tendency of his measures, and finally opened his ports

\* Nelson in the Bay of Naples.

to the allied forces, who landed, and met an enthusiastic reception. But alas! instead of the coalition triumphing as the king expected, this turned out to be the year of Napoleon's most brilliant victories. Mack — Nasone's as well as Austria's evil genius — surrendered at Ulm; and later on, Austerlitz set the Continental enemies of Napoleon trembling, slew Mr. Pitt, and changed the face of Europe. Among its many results was a decree of the victor that the dynasty of Naples had ceased to reign. Such an act carries one back in thought to the days of the Cæsars or of the caliphs. Nasone's troops had not even crossed swords with the troops of Napoleon; he had been a little loose about an observance of his agreement of neutrality, and he had given plain indications of what he meant to do if the campaign of Austerlitz had ended as he expected. The old Nimrod was not blameless; but he had done only what Napoleon himself was in the habit of doing, and what many another sovereign did in those troublous times. However, it seems that the imperial long-suffering was worn out, and it was necessary to punish severely a faithless king, who had already (so Napoleon said) been repeatedly forgiven: the meaning of all which was, I presume, that the emperor thought it a good opportunity of helping himself to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The threat was by no means an empty one. Immediately after it was uttered — that is to say, at the end of 1805 — a French army began to move into southern Italy; and in February 1806 Joseph Buonaparte made his entry into Naples as king, and lieutenant of his brother.

Meanwhile King Nasone, with his queen and royal family, had once more retreated to Palermo, where, luckily for him, it suited the policy of Great Britain to protect him until the downfall of the Buonapartes. A small British army, and as many British ships as could be spared, took care that the excellent potentate should hunt in peace; while Europe generally was being torn by such wars as it had never known. From Jena till a month before Waterloo, there lay Nasone snug and jolly, while a more tremendous Titan than he who lies under Etna —

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;

Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones —

was convulsing Europe from Cadiz to Moscow, from Reggio to Hamburg.

The reign of Joseph Buonaparte in Naples, which lasted till July 1808, does not appear to have been eventful. The heir of the crown of the Two Sicilies turned out at the head of some sort of Neapolitan army in Calabria, and kept up a resistance against the French, which was finally put down. An English force captured the island of Capri, in view of Joseph's palace; and but for the forbearance of Sir Sidney Smith, who threw the troops ashore, and assisted at the capture, the beautiful city, his capital, might have been bombarded and burnt. Ere long Sir John Stuart landed in Calabria, at the head of some five thousand English, but without cavalry. The French general Regnier, who had been roughly handled by the English in Egypt, was in the neighborhood, and flattered himself that he would now get his revenge. Having been reinforced so as to be a little stronger than Stuart, he somewhat suddenly attacked the latter on the plain of Maida, but did by no means succeed in winning honor at our expense. He was repulsed with fearful slaughter, and had reason to bless his stars that Stuart was destitute of horse. This small action, in which British troops were opposed to Napoleon's veterans, convinced England that her soldiers could hold their own against Frenchmen on other soils besides that of Egypt. It was remarkable specially for two things: the French charged the English with the bayonet; and our troops, on foot, successfully resisted an attack of French cavalry. It is supposed that Regnier expected to make easy prey of his adversary; and he was so eager to astonish the islanders, that, after having pressed forward his men through a galling fire of our skirmishers, he could not wait to try the effect of musketry, but rushed on with the steel, so as to make a speedy end of the business. This was, as far as I can learn, the first and last occasion on which bayonets were actually crossed between French and English. Our fellows *gave* the charge often enough; but in this exceptional case they received it, and in gallant style too. They also showed their steel, met the assailant half-way, and gave him back his thrusts with interest. The *mêlée* lasted but for a minute. Too late the French found out that they had mistaken their man. They, the aggressors, appalled by the reception which they found, quailed, turned, and fled, the English following, and stabbing them with tremendous slaughter. Regnier, seeing this unhappy result of his impetuous onset, tried to re-

trieve the day with his cavalry, who were beautifully kept at distance by the fire of our musketry; until at last the 28th Regiment (which had just landed), coming up fresh to Stuart's support, poured such a fire into the flank of the horsemen as made them speedily retreat in confusion. The victory was complete. But it was on a small scale, and except for its moral effect, did not much alter the course of things. The fortress of Gaëta, which had been for some time besieged by Massena, soon after surrendered, and set free a large army and an able general, who ere long stopped resistance to Napoleon's power in the Italian peninsula.

Joseph passed his short reign chiefly in attempts to improve the laws of Naples, the administration of justice, and the finances. He effected something in this line; but one easily perceives that to put things in order after such a ruler as Nasone, was a task in which much progress could not be made in two years.

When, in 1808, it pleased Napoleon to promote his brother Joseph to the throne of Spain, he appointed his brother-in-law Murat, prince of Berg, to be king of Naples and Sicily; and, in September 1808, Murat entered his capital, and took possession of his kingdom—at least, of the continental part of it. The following letter, in which he accepts Napoleon's gift of a crown, shows that at the time he was highly satisfied and grateful:—

SIRE,—I receive your Majesty's letter of 2d April, and torrents of tears run from my eyes in replying to it. You have well judged my heart when your Majesty has believed that I would have asked to remain near you. Yes, that I ask—yes, that I implore, as the greatest favor that I ever received from you. Accustomed to your bounty, desirous of seeing you every day, of admiring, of adoring you, of receiving everything from you, how can I ever, left to myself alone, fulfil duties so extended, so sacred? I believe myself incapable of it. In mercy, let me be near you.

Power is not always happiness. Happiness is only found in affection. I found it near your Majesty. Sire, having expressed my sorrow and my wishes to your Majesty, I must resign myself, and place myself at your orders. Nevertheless, availing myself of the permission that you give me to choose between Portugal and Naples, I cannot hesitate; I give the preference to the country where I have already commanded, where I could serve your Majesty more usefully. I prefer Naples; and I must inform your Majesty, that on no account would I accept the crown of Portugal.

If I am permitted to form still another desire, it is to remain as long as possible near your Majesty.—I am, sire, your Majesty's

most humble servant, and affectionate brother,  
JOACHIM.

This epistle was dated 5th May 1808, from Madrid, where Murat had been employed in getting the throne of Spain clear for a nominee of Napoleon. If the French republic had produced any of that rugged, manly independence of which republics are apt to boast as their peculiar possession, the feeling had vanished at the first glimpse of the empire. Nothing addressed to Louis XIV., no petition to the "Commander of the True Believers," could well be more artificial, cringing, and adulatory than Murat's letter. And he who offered, and he who received, this fulsome incense, had lately risen from the humbler orders of the people! Well, putting aside the style, we may at any rate say that the letter breathes gratitude and devotion. It may do so; but, as I write on, you will see how much Joachim Murat had of one or other.

Soon after this reply reached the imperial hand, was issued Murat's commission, as king by the grace of Napoleon. The same document pompously declared the emperor's will regarding the succession to the crown of the Two Sicilies in all possible contingencies—vanity of vanities! The future, however, did not at that time trouble the imperial and royal brothers-in-law, and Murat entered his capital with immense pomp, exhibiting his graceful figure on horseback, bowing, smiling, in the best possible humor, and anxious that everybody should be as well pleased with his new dignity as he was. For the present the people were inclined to think they might have had a worse ruler allotted to them. This king had, at any rate, a most brilliant military reputation, which dazzled them, and made them less exacting as to other kingly qualities. Indeed, glory and success sway us all too much, my dear friend; even to this day we judge Murat too exclusively by his valor, call him unfortunate, and pass over his shortcomings. If the truth must be spoken concerning him, I think we may readily find three animals, by comparison with which we express his character. He was as brave as a lion, as vain as a peacock, and as dull as an ass. He makes one often think of the Ajax or Lepidus of Shakespeare; but neither of those characters fits him exactly, because of his intense love of admiration and display, which gave him animation. His fortunes after he became a king would have tried, and possibly been too much for, the subtlest of brains; but if he had only had sense

enough to decline royalty on the terms offered —

Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name.

Well, he hadn't the sense.

Murat had got his gay capital, which no doubt delighted him much; but he had not in reality got much more. Calabria and the Abruzzi did not at all fancy French rule. They swarmed with conspirators and brigands who were sure to give him trouble whenever his attention should be engaged elsewhere. Sicily, as I have said, was wholly in the enemy's hands. Even the islands in the Bay of Naples repudiated his sway.

Thus his realms, for the most part, remained for him to conquer; and the task which he found to have been set for him must have greatly dashed his gratification before he had been many days on his throne. Joseph Buonaparte had done a good deal towards establishing a framework of government; but there remained an immense task to be accomplished before a machine in working order could be produced. Above all things, a national army was necessary. It was true that as long as the French ægis could be held over the kingdom, it would be sure of defence; but Murat seems to have known enough of Napoleon not to wish to rely wholly on him,—and he knew enough of the chances of war to be aware that even the French empire might experience a great and sudden reverse.

But before I say anything of what Murat did as a king, a very brief sketch of the career which took him to the throne may be acceptable. The son of an inn-keeper, and born in 1767, he was destined by his father for the Church, and educated accordingly. In 1787 he was an *abbé* at Toulouse. But a love affair which he had there led to a duel. The *abbé* absconded, and enlisted in the twelfth regiment of chasseurs. Here he got some promotion, and seemed to be in the way of doing well, when he was unfortunate enough to be implicated in some insubordination, punished with reduction of rank, and obliged to leave his corps. It does not appear that he was required to continue his service in another regiment; for he abandoned, for that occasion, the military life, went home, and took to the stables, being first his father's ostler, and then a groom or horse-keeper on his own account. But by-and-by, having made a

friend who had some influence, his thoughts turned again to the profession of arms, in which he was destined to be so distinguished; and after a little time he was enrolled in the king's constitutional guard. He left his home, and went to Paris to join his new corps in company with Bessières. Here he distinguished himself principally by fighting duels. He is known to have been out six times. As revolutionary principles made head, he (the future king and nominee of an emperor) adopted them to their fullest extent. Indeed, so advanced were his ideas, that he was obliged to leave his regiment; and he now exchanged to the thirteenth chasseurs, which he entered as sous-lieutenant. Then he was a violent Jacobin—how violent may be judged of by the fact that he wanted to change a letter of his name, and to become *Marat*, after Charlotte Corday rid the world of that monster. Before the end of the Reign of Terror, he was a captain. On the memorable 13th Vendémiaire, when Napoleon put an end to anarchy, and conquered the sections of Paris, Murat gave most effectual assistance, carrying out the duty allotted to him with the utmost determination. Napoleon marked him at once, promoted him shortly after, and took him to Italy as one of his staff. The Italian campaign brought Murat fresh honor. He was sent home to Paris with despatches and trophies. Returning to the army, he was present at Arcola and Rivoli, the siege of Mantua, and nearly all of the celebrated battles won there by Buonaparte. In the campaigns of Egypt and Syria he had his full share, and won fresh laurels, coming back a general of division. He was governor of Paris at the time when the Duc d'Enghien was murdered; and when the empire was proclaimed he was one of the favored twelve who were made field-m Marshals. To recount the places where, up to his advancement to royalty, he served with glory, would be to give a list of Napoleon's great battles. In 1806 he was made Grand Duke of Berg and of Cleves. Then he was governor of Madrid, which appointment he relinquished on being made a king.

After the peace of Luneville, Murat and Bessières went home to see their friends, both of them general officers. It is recorded of Murat that, during this visit, he gave an entertainment to all his relations, from which he did not exclude any person, however humble or poor, that could claim a connection, even the most distant, with him. He noted the names



of all the guests that were present on this occasion, and there was not one on the list who did not afterwards in some way benefit by his bounty.

He had married with great pomp in 1800 Caroline Buonaparte, the sister of Napoleon. She arrived shortly after him in Naples, as did also their two sons. There was a renewal of feasts and galas to welcome the queen; and while these were yet in progress, Murat, humiliated every time he looked across the bay by the thought that the islands were garrisoned by an enemy, was moved to make an effort for establishing his own authority there. Capri, held by an English force, was more than once attempted by the Neapolitans in King Joseph's time, but without effect. Murat, however, knew more of such attacks than Joseph, or than any one else in his dominions. He determined to try his fortune in the adventure, and he achieved the recapture with the brilliant success which had hitherto attended all his military essays. Capri is by nature strong for defence. One portion of it, known as Anacapri, is very high and difficult of access—the other part is less steep and rugged; but the whole had been made by art a fortress so secure, that it was wont to be called a little Gibraltar. The commandant, at the time of Murat's attack, was Colonel Lowe, an officer widely known in after years as Sir Hudson Lowe. Murat embarked his troops in separate flotillas, and attacked three points of the island at once, designing that one only of the three attacks should be seriously persisted in. This real attack was on Anacapri, and it was managed so well, that the assaulting force were landed, and scrambled up to a position where for long they lay concealed, and whence, when discovered, they were able to gall the defenders severely. At night they carried by assault the higher position, which seems to have made but a feeble resistance, and not to have been succored from the lower position. The next day, measures having been taken as if to lay siege to this lower position, Colonel Lowe, after a short resistance, gave up the place, and yielded himself and his forces prisoners of war.\*

\* As I have not by me a detailed English account of this affair—indeed, English historians seem to think it scarce worth notice among the great events of those days—I do not like to pass any comment on the character of the defence. The Italian historian Colletta, who was an actor in the business—indeed, was Murat's chief engineer—describes the conduct of the garrison as scandalous. By his showing, the troops of Murat ought never to have been permitted to set foot on the

This achievement, well conceived and well executed, much encouraged the Neapolitan army, and advertised the people that they had now got a monarch who knew how to take care of their interests. But the active work which they expected did not at that time occur. Murat found occupation in ordering the internal affairs of his kingdom, and so remained comparatively at peace while great events were taking place in other parts of Europe. He was troubled at times by English cruisers, and at one time a formidable force under Sir John Stuart made a descent on the coast of Calabria, and caused much alarm. But it did not result in any important change, and, up to the autumn of 1809, Murat held his ground pretty quietly, and did what he could to strengthen himself in his kingdom. In October of that year however, he and his queen went to Paris to congratulate Napoleon on his wonderful successes against the Austrians, and to take part in a family council which deliberated on the momentous question of the putting away of the empress Josephine. Murat was the only member of this council who dared to take the side of honor and justice, and to speak for the unfortunate wife. But if he was moved to do so from a love of justice, I am afraid that he had other motives personal to himself, which, though very natural, cannot be said to do him honor. It must have occurred to many a reflecting mind that, the great constructor and ruler of the now gigantic French empire being constantly on the field of battle, as well as being subject to the ordinary accidents of humanity, it was an anxious question what might become of the said gigantic empire, in case it should be suddenly deprived of its head. It was felt that the successor of Napoleon must be an able soldier, and that consideration seemed to exclude the brothers of the emperor, and to point very plainly to the splendid soldier, Murat, who had had endless opportunities of displaying his brilliant qualities, but whose defects were but little known. Talleyrand and Fouché are said to have made themselves busy about this succession, and to have corresponded with Murat in reference thereto.

island, far less to hold their ground there and ascend to the attack of Anacapri. The demonstration against the forts on the lower level, in consequence of which Colonel Lowe thought himself justified in surrendering, was, as Colletta describes it, simply a farce. What they ostentatiously constructed as breaching batteries were three hundred metres distant from the walls, and could not possibly have breached them. As Colonel Lowe retained his commission, and attained to the rank of general and to considerable notoriety, there surely *must* be another side to the story.

Murat denied this, but the denial did not alter things much. If they had not communicated with him, they had with his wife; and, without the suggestion of the wily ministers, Murat's own ambition must have prompted him to think of the succession. It was therefore clearly his interest to oppose the project of sacrificing poor Josephine in order that Napoleon might have a natural heir. It does not appear that he incurred the emperor's displeasure for his plain speaking on this occasion; nevertheless, this divorce transaction, the bearings of which were as plain to Napoleon as to any one concerned, was the beginning of trouble between him and the king of Naples, as it was the beginning of the downward course of the French empire and the French emperor.

It is worthy of remark, that in this same year (1809) which saw Josephine's fate determined, the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, king of the French, made earnest and repeated efforts to take service in the Anglo-Sicilian army, commanded by Sir John Stuart, and to fight against the French army. Stuart objected to have him, and his offers came to nothing; but he made another offer, which found more favor—he proposed for King Nasone's grand-daughter, Maria Amalia, and married her. This princess was sister of Christina of Spain, and half-sister of the Duchess de Berri.

As you well know, Napoleon was in a tremendous hurry to find his second wife, and afterwards to marry her. His choosing an Austrian princess made the marriage doubly bitter to Murat. Maria Luisa was the niece of Caroline of Bourbon, Nasone's queen; and Murat's instinct told him that henceforth there would be no heart in any endeavor which Napoleon might make to drive the Bourbons out of Sicily. The emperor repaid this suspicion by inwardly accusing Murat of aiming at the imperial crown. Already were sown the seeds of a mutual distrust, which subsequent events unhappily fostered. Napoleon wished the king of Naples to be surrounded by Frenchmen; but the latter now began to look upon these as spies on his conduct (as perhaps some of them were); and they were exceedingly distasteful to the Neapolitans, who naturally wished themselves to fill the principal offices under government. Matters were looking very unpleasant.

In 1810, which was the year of the imperial marriage, Murat appears to have thought that if he was ever to have sway in the island of Sicily, he must establish him-

self there before Austrian influence had time to operate. He accordingly assembled a force with which he threatened to cross the Straits of Messina, in spite of the English and Sicilians combined. He exercised his troops in embarking and disembarking, as Napoleon had done when he meditated the invasion of England, and he probably would have attempted the expedition, had not General Grenier, who commanded the French auxiliary force, and who had done his utmost to discourage the action by argument, at last produced an order from Napoleon positively forbidding the conquest of the island. The king submitted with the best grace he could command; issued an order explaining that he was now satisfied of the ability of his troops to win Sicily whenever they might be required to do so, but the time was not yet ripe; and then withdrew. Foiled in this design, he went back again to his project of strengthening himself in his kingdom; he looked a good deal to the remodelling of ancient institutions, tried to arrange his finances satisfactorily, and made war upon the Carbonari and the brigands.

In 1811, when he heard of the birth of the king of Rome, he set off to Paris to offer his congratulations; but his reception there was so cold that he returned in haste to Naples without waiting for the baptism. It may have been choler at the emperor's behavior which moved him, after his return home, to declare that no Frenchman should in future hold office in his kingdom except he first naturalized himself as a Neapolitan. The edict caused consternation, and was replied to by Napoleon, who said he could not see why the compatriots of Murat, and the followers of his fortune—he being a Frenchman, and owing his elevation to French achievements—should be compelled to become Neapolitans; indeed he issued a decree contradicting that of Murat, who raged more than ever thereat. His council were divided about the matter; the very Neapolitans thought he had been too violent and rash; and even his queen quarrelled with him, refusing to be a Neapolitan or to let her sons become so, and maintaining that her brother had been most improperly used by her husband. There is no knowing to what pass things might have come but for a great event which now agitated Europe, and threw Sicilian politics into the shade. Napoleon set out on his unlucky expedition to Russia. While the emperor and king sate, each in his cabinet, wrangling over politics, it was easy enough for Mu-

rat to sulk and nurse his wrath; but when Napoleon and his host were in the field again, "all furnished, all in arms," the warrior heart of the king of Naples bounded within him as he smelled the battle afar off, and thought of "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." Once more he saw in his renowned brother-in-law only the invincible chief who was to carry his eagles to fresh fields. He cast aside his troubles of state, and looking only to the glorious destiny which seemed to await the French army, yearned to take his part in the victories which were to astonish the north-east of Europe. He wrote a humble letter to Napoleon, entreating permission to accompany him on his expedition.\* This was accorded. Murat made his queen regent in Naples, and set off and joined Napoleon before the invasion of Russia commenced.

Before he left his kingdom Murat had discovered a plot to assassinate him, and had pardoned the conspirators.

While he is absent on this memorable campaign it seems a fitting time to remark that Murat had greatly embellished Naples, and added to its resources. He had built an astronomical observatory, had founded colleges and schools, had made the road to Posilipo, built a new lunatic asylum at Aversa, and formed the Campo di Marte.†

I do not propose, my dear friend, to say anything here of the unfortunate expedition to Moscow. That story has been stamped on the memories of us all; and as for the deeds, the fortitude, the intrepidity of Murat and other gallant leaders, are they not written in chronicles which will last as long as there shall be eyes to read them? Pass we to the time when the frozen remnant of that brilliant host, which had marched eastward in the full confidence of success, dragged themselves back to Wilna. There Napoleon, being about to rush back to Paris as fast as horses could draw him, in order that he might himself tell the story of his discomfiture, thought fit to select the king of Naples, from among all his marshals, to take the command of the retreating force. As was usual with him, he thought out everything that was likely to happen, and left Murat instructions accordingly. No man, perhaps, ever more patiently pro-

vided for the prosecution of a design, or took more careful account of the probable accidents which might supervene; but when he had once taken this trouble, he expected not only that his officers would minutely conform to directions, but also that nature, accident, every circumstance, should keep strictly within the range of his provision; and he was fearfully angry if things took an unexpected turn, and he invariably vented his wrath on some officer, although it may have been the elements or the outfall of events that disappointed him. It was Murat's supreme ill-fortune that immediately after the emperor's departure (5th December) the thermometer descended to a point unprecedented at that season, and rendered the execution of his orders impossible. There were twenty-seven degrees (I presume of the Centigrade thermometer) of frost. So far were the wretched forces from having at length surmounted the extreme horrors of the retreat, that at Wilna all the horrors recommenced in an aggravated degree. A division of ten thousand men was in eight days reduced to three thousand, without having seen an enemy or received a stroke save from the elements. In one night all the artillery horses were frozen to death, as they stood, with their harness on, and just as they had stood in life. Half the drivers died of cold the same night; the other half came to put their horses in motion, could not stir them, and at last found they were all dead. Before the retreat could be continued, the Russian cannon was heard in the rear. Murat himself seemed to care as little for cold as for cannon-shot. He turned out at the first hint of danger from the enemy, and he would have led on in the same gallant style as ever; but nine-tenths of his miserable force were paralyzed by the cold. Their arms literally dropped from their hands. The few exceptionally hardy men who could still move fled as they best could, leaving their comrades to the mercy of the winter and the enemy. These frost-bitten wretches were stripped and in various ways afflicted by Cossacks and others. The enemy was never twelve hours' march behind the rear-guard (Ney), and there was neither rest nor refreshment for days. Artillery, baggage, and the imperial treasure were abandoned. Except that they still took with them a few horses, nothing remained to the survivors but the tatters and arms which they carried. The line of the flight was covered with corpses, and with cold-stricken beings who had lain down never to rise again. These

\* I say this on the authority of Dumas, who gives Murat's letter in full. It was believed by many that Napoleon ordered Murat to accompany him to Russia.

† On this fine exercising-ground Agesilao Milano attempted to kill Ferdinand II. with his bayonet, during a review in 1856.

details are in the highest degree horrible, and it is a pain to dwell upon them; but it is right that we should sometimes meditate on scenes like these, and not exclusively on the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

By the time Murat reached Posen — that is, towards the end of December — things began to be not quite so bad. But the fearful mischief was already done; there was very little left to save. Ney had passed the Niemen in the summer, with his face to the east, at the head of forty thousand of the finest soldiers in the world. He repassed it, followed by not more than five hundred. Altogether, there remained not more than forty thousand men of four hundred and sixty thousand who had invaded Russia in June. One would think this was trouble enough for a leader; but Murat had his private griefs as well. He was met at Posen by a bearer of despatches from Italy, which exhorted him to look to his throne, for there was a design on foot to depose him and to establish a regency, with the queen at its head. There seems to have been very little, if any, truth in these news; but they disturbed the king of Naples far more than his military difficulties. He was consumed with desire to rush home and acquaint himself with the state of things. His impatience increased. He mentioned the wish which filled his mind; the generals all remonstrated with him against the idea of deserting the army; but his anxiety had arrived at that pass when no consideration could restrain him. He handed over the command-in-chief to Beauharnais, and set off on the 16th January 1813.

As soon as Napoleon learned what had happened with the army after his departure, he emptied the vials of his wrath upon Murat. He put a notice in the *Moniteur*, setting forth how scandalously the king of Italy had behaved — how he had deserted the army. On the other hand, he expressed his strong approbation of Eugene Beauharnais, whom he represented as a devoted son and a superior man (superior by comparison with Murat, I imagine). Besides this, he wrote to his sister Caroline, telling her that her husband, though undoubtedly a brave soldier, had no more brains than a woman, and was weaker than a monk — that he was destitute of moral courage. Finally, he wrote to Murat himself in these terms: —

I say nothing to you of my dissatisfaction at your conduct since my departure from the army. That conduct has its origin in the infirmity of your character. You are a good

soldier on the field of battle, but, beyond that, you have neither energy nor decision. I fear that you are one of those who think that the lion is dead; if ever you formed such an idea, be assured that it is a false one.

Joachim, cut to his very soul by these reproaches, "spoke up" in reply, and gave the great emperor "a bit of his mind." It must be allowed that the style of what follows is more worthy of a man, and less after the manner of a flunkey, than that which I quoted a few pages back: —

You have given a blow to my honor, which has inflicted on it a cruel wound, and, though your Majesty might wish it, it is not in your power to heal the injury which you have done me. You have outraged an old companion in arms who has ever been faithful to you in your dangers; who has in no small degree contributed to your victories; who has been one of the props of your power; and who once restored your courage, which was drooping, on the 18th Brumaire.

When one has the honor, you say, to be allied with your illustrious family, one ought to do nothing to compromise its interests or to obscure its splendor. And I will say to you, sire, that your illustrious family has received from me as much honor as you have done me by my marriage with your sister.

Although a king, I lament a thousand times those happy days in which, a simple officer, I had no master. Arrived at a throne, but in this exalted position tyrannized over by your Majesty, overruled in my home, I have longed more than ever for independence and liberty. Thus you afflict, you sacrifice to your meanest suspicions, those who have been the most faithful to you, and who have served you best in your brilliant career. You have sacrificed Fouché to Savary, Talleyrand to Champagny, Champagny to Bassano, and Murat to Beauharnais — Beauharnais, who has in your eyes the great merit of passive obedience, and that, greater still, because more servile, of having quietly announced to the Senate the repudiation of his mother.

As for me, I cannot do less than give some relief to my people as regards commerce, and I must repair the injury done them by the maritime war.

From all that I have said relative to your Majesty and to myself, it results that the old confidence between us is altered. You will do what you think right, sire. Whatever may be your justice, I am still your faithful brother-in-law,

JOACHIM.

Although, as Napoleon said, the lion was not dead, everybody knew that the lion had received a blow which made him reel; and it must have been plain, even to a mean capacity, that unless the lion should take heed to his ways, he might ere long be a dead, or, what was worse, a caged lion. Murat, seeing this, giving way to his

wounded feelings, laboring to gratify his own selfish ambition, led on by specious counsellors, conceived a design of carving out a fortunate destiny for himself, and fancied that he might wield a stable sceptre when the crash should come in Europe. He brooded over this in secret, admitting to his confidence only a chosen few: he heard that Napoleon, at the head of a new army, was advancing to the Elbe; and he thought the time had come when he might put his not very creditable plan into execution. He employed an Englishman to make a proposal to Lord William Bentinck, who by that time (1813) had succeeded to the command of the Anglo-Sicilian forces, and who was, moreover, the British minister in Sicily. The proposal was that Murat would join his forces to those of the allies, and fight against those of the French emperor, if he could be made king of all Italy, and recognized by the allies as such. Bentinck, whatever he may have thought of Murat's behavior, saw the immense advantage which might accrue to the allies if Italy could be detached from the French empire, and Italy's forces, under an able soldier, be made available on the side of the allies. He did not, however, fall into the design with the fondness which had impelled Murat, but took a statesman's view of the situation, and, after looking at the scheme on all sides, replied that he would place the proposal before the English government, advising, at the same time, that an English force of twenty-five thousand men should be sent to Murat's aid, if Murat would consent to except the island of Sicily from his kingdom, and if he would place the fortress of Gaëta in our hands as a pledge of his good faith — the last a very necessary stipulation, one sees.

Here I cannot refrain from turning aside for a moment to call your attention, my dear editor, to the extreme solicitude evinced by all hands concerning the independence and the unimpeded hunting of King Nasone. Napoleon would not himself overturn that easy-going monarch, neither would he allow Murat to attack him. Now the English (as they were bound by treaty to do), in seeking the advantage of the allies in general, especially insisted that Nasone and his island should be respected. If the priests ever suggested (as they probably did) to this interesting monarch that he was the peculiar favorite of heaven (!), he had some reason for believing them.

To return to Murat. He tried hard to make Bentinck withdraw his stipulations

concerning Sicily and Gaëta, but failing in these attempts, at last assented to the bargain as amended by our envoy. A fast-sailing vessel was sent to England to ask the sanction of the government to a treaty based on these terms, and both sides awaited the answer,—Bentinck in perfect confidence that the sanction would be given, Murat, with some anxiety on account of the situation in which he had placed himself; and while things were in this state, there came tidings calculated to still further distract his mind. The emperor, once more in the field, was every day impressed by the blank in his force caused by the absence of Murat. When things went at all ill, he said, "Ah! if I had only had Murat here with his cavalry, the thing would have ended differently." When he had won a victory, he said, "What we wanted was Murat and his cavalry to charge through them at the last, and make our success complete." Murat's value came out clearer and clearer with every action. At last Napoleon determined to write to his sister Caroline; and did so, telling her of his successes. He added a kind message to her husband, thus making an opening for reconciliation. About the same time wrote Ney to Murat, pitying him for not being a partaker of their victories, saying that the army was sick for him, that the cavalry were openly demanding to know why he was not at their head, and that the weal of France was to a great extent in his hands. Fouché also wrote to him, pointing out that a congress might probably assemble soon to rearrange the map of Europe, and that the king of Naples, if absent from the field, might find himself altogether overlooked. Honor, self-interest, duty, his own desires, called him to arms; but he had committed himself to this engagement with the British envoy, and what could he do? His was not a mind to select and adhere to a straightforward course in such a perplexing state of things. He vacillated, fretted, lost his head altogether, but he still kept his treachery a secret. His queen and some of his courtiers, regarding only the changed countenance of Napoleon and the wishes of the army, urged him to join the eagles, and by their importunities drove him wild, oppressed as he was by conscious disloyalty. Unable to shape a course for himself, he at length made to Caroline a full confession of what he had been about, and asked her advice. She had sufficient control of herself not to manifest great surprise at his revelations, and to pretend to ap-

prove in some degree of the steps he had taken. She smoothed the way for his departure by assuring him that she would herself see to the arrangement with Bentinck; and then reminded him that the very best cloak for his treachery would be for him to show himself with the standards, and that, once he was winning honor as of old, the world would cease to suspect him. Her arguments decided him. He ceased to dream of Italian unity for the present, and was off, as fast as he could travel, for Saxony. Once more in what one may call his native element, the theatre of war, he threw himself, with all the ardor of his character, into the battles of that ill-omened campaign, taking his share in the dreadful days of Leipzig. When, in 1813, all was again lost as it had been in 1812, Murat accompanied Napoleon's retreat as far as Erfurth; but on arrival there he sought permission to return to his kingdom, being anxious about its affairs. Napoleon, though suspecting him, gave the required permission, and the brothers-in-law parted, never, as it proved, to meet again. Each felt in his heart that this might be a final parting, and that beyond it lay a dark future. It was impossible that, at such a moment, and with such feelings possessing them, two men like these could part ceremoniously or restrainedly. The most able general and administrator, the most brilliant cavalry leader, perhaps the most dashing soldier, in the whole world, these two who had been brothers in arms since they emerged from the masses of the people, who had done deeds than which the annals of war contain nothing more glorious, and to which they scarcely furnish parallels,—these two, I say, could not look on each other for the last time without a rush of unspeakable memories, without the most profound emotion. It was no longer the emperor and king, it was no longer rival politicians that acted their part. When the time of separation arrived, Napoleon and Joachim rushed into each other's arms; again and again they embraced. At length Joachim turned and strode away. No sooner did he feel himself alone than he turned again, hurried back, his countenance bathed in tears, and threw himself yet once more upon Napoleon's breast. Then they went their several ways to spend what little of life was left them "in shallows and in miseries," and to stumble forward, the one to captivity, the other to a traitor's death!

"A pair of precious robbers!" some may say. Yes; but *what* a pair of robbers, my dear editor! No common raid-

ers these. The one worthy to be the third with Alexander and Julius; the other finding his equal only in the pages of romance where gods have acted, and godlike men have a hundred times defied death and the foe, and a hundred times returned victorious and renowned!

Murat returned to Naples with all speed. One regrets to think that he was hardly in his capital once more before he commenced a series of intrigues which not only ended in his ruin, but fixed an ineradicable stain upon his name. He tried to induce Beauharnais, who was viceroy of northern Italy, to join him in turning upon Napoleon, and in dividing the Italian continent between them. But, finding no encouragement from Eugene in this design, he listened to overtures from Austria—indeed, signed a treaty, offensive and defensive, with her in 1814. He unfortunately thought himself second to only Napoleon in the arts of diplomacy, while the truth was that he penetrated the mind of no one, and was himself seen through by the dullest observer.

Just about the time of concluding the treaty with Austria, he received a visit from Fouché, Duke of Otranto. The latter, without doubt, was sent by Napoleon to observe how Murat was conducting himself. Fouché himself was in that part of the world because Napoleon, mistrusting him, had sent him out of France into honorable banishment as governor of Illyria. It was suspected at the time that Murat's defection, which soon after came to light, was suggested to him by the Duke of Otranto; but in fact the latter came to observe him, not to guide him. After Fouché's departure, Murat made an agreement with Great Britain, and so removed her from the list of his enemies. When these treaties came to be known, he protested to the French generals in the north of Italy that they were mere matters of policy, that he was still French at heart, and that they would find he would make all his acts square with that principal fact. They did not believe him. In a short while there was open war, carried on with varied success, between the allies and the French, Murat endeavoring to keep his troops in the background, so that he might appear to the French to be only nominally their enemy. He is accused of, at this time, lying, intriguing, and in various ways disgracing himself. This war, and this behavior of his, were proceeding when one day he received news of the taking of Paris and of the abdication of Napoleon. Thereupon, as it is said, instead of con-



gratulating himself that he had made an alliance with the winning side, and that his tortuous policy might succeed in securing him a kingdom, he fell into great grief for Napoleon, whom he now regarded only as his benefactor and relation. The war of course ended; and he made a compact with Beauharnais for the cessation of hostilities in Italy.

In the general break-up caused by the fall of the empire, the pope, who had been detained a prisoner at Fontainebleau, finding his prison-doors open, walked forth, and straightway set off for Italy. Although he may have taken his keys with him to France, that had not prevented the heathen from coming into his inheritance. Indeed, they had, to use a vulgar saying, rather "made ducks and drakes" of the patrimony of St. Peter. I am concerned at present with only one liberty which had been taken with it—that is, that a good slice had been, with the consent of Austria, appropriated by Joachim Murat, as an equivalent for leaving King Ferdinand Nasone unmolested in Sicily. (Excellent old man! it was now Austria's turn to nurse him a little.) Murat was at Bologna when he heard a rumor (he had no official notification of it) that the pope was at hand and making straight for Rome. Now this did not suit his Majesty at all. The pope had repudiated all abdications, resignations, and concessions which had been extorted from him; and he was scarcely going to allow this last disposition of his realms, which was indeed a secret bargain between Austria and Naples, to stand good. As his Holiness should proceed southward he would be sure to discover that he had been shorn of his dominions, and, being now made strong by the reaction, would immediately annul the bargain. But what was to be done? Murat's first thought was to forcibly arrest the pope's progress—a Napoleonic idea, but not very applicable at this juncture. His Holiness was making quite a triumphal return, escorted by a calvacade of young nobles and an immense populace, which increased like a rolling snowball. Murat was soon dissuaded from this folly, and then he sent one of his generals to see what could be done by diplomacy, of which he thought himself such a master. The pope was informed that his Majesty of Naples had not expected him—had been taken, in fact, quite by surprise—and requested that his Holiness would halt a few days in order that due honor might be done him. But no; his Holiness cared nothing about his reception, but cared very much about

pressing forward, and meant to go. Very good; but did his Holiness know that all the posts had been exhausted by the active services of recent months? it would be impossible at once even to send him forward becomingly. Well, that information did not distress his Holiness a bit; he was surrounded by good Christians, who would from their private resources furnish him with the means of travelling. Assuredly, it was replied on the part of Murat, they would if they could, but unfortunately private horses and carriages had been impressed for the public service. No matter; his Holiness would proceed on foot, and God would give him strength to make the journey. The pope was too cunning for the great diplomatist. Murat then came to Reggio where the pope was: they exchanged visits and had long consultations; but his Holiness was not to be coaxed into giving up anything, and the king was completely baffled. Neither was it likely that Austria could longer stand by the bargain, as all the powers which had struck down Napoleon would now have a voice in the reconstruction of the map of Europe. Religion was once more in fashion, and it was highly probable that some of them would signalize their piety by standing up for the rights of the Holy Father. Independently of this, Austria understood the double game that Murat had been playing, and probably did not care to help him in any way. As soon as the pope got home he refused to recognize Murat at all—treated him, in fact, as a usurper. But, for half a year or thereabout, he remained undisturbed, simply because the powers of Europe were so much occupied with affairs which they considered more important, that they had not time to attend to him. However, the Congress of Vienna came, and, by-and-by, Murat's kingdom occupied their attention. It was of course the *rôle* of those who wished to make themselves agreeable to the restored king of France, to express horror at the treatment which another Bourbon (Nasone) had received, and the most bitter hostility against the wicked man who had usurped his throne. Accordingly, the tender conscience of Prince Talleyrand was greatly exercised by this injustice, and he did his utmost in the congress to get it rectified. He was said to have taken a heavy bribe from King Nasone for assuming his new "convictions"—which rumor may not have been true, but at any rate it does not damage the reputation of either Talleyrand or the king of the Two Sicilies. Murat, who



had an agent at Vienna, found out what was going on, and sent to demand from the congress that they would let him know whether he was to consider himself at peace or war. The answer came from Austria, and showed him plainly that it would be war if he attempted to retain his kingdom. Before this time, he had become aware that Napoleon meditated an escape from Elba. Pauline, his sister-in-law, came from Elba to pay him a visit, told him what was in contemplation, and received his assurances of good-will and aid, which she took back to the ex-emperor. Just after Murat had sent his note to the congress, the world was astonished by hearing of Napoleon's disembarkation in France. Thereupon Murat despatched couriers to Vienna and London with assurances that he meant to keep faithful to his treaties, although he confessed that he had not been very scrupulous before about observing them. Shortly after, he declared war against Austria, believing that Napoleon would now recover his empire, and re-establish him in Italy. He attacked the Austrians in Italy, and was driving them before him when he heard news which showed him that he had been precipitate. He found that England, on hearing that Napoleon was once more in France at the head of an army, would have been content to leave him (Murat) in peace at Naples, notwithstanding what had passed at the Congress of Vienna, had it not been for his breaking faith with the allies — she would even have given him some additional territory; but, seeing how he had behaved, she put an end to her agreement with him, and signified that she would join Austria against him with all her strength by sea and land. Austria, at the same time, made an effort to win over the Neapolitan generals; but they, with one consent, refused to be guilty of this treachery, and informed Murat that they were ready to shed their last blood for him. They all fought well, but their valor did not avail. A Bourbon force was on foot in Calabria, and Ferdinand was preparing to return to Naples. The Austrians, beaten at first, persevered and finally prevailed. Murat was in a great strait. He held a council at Caserta, in which it was determined to open negotiation with the Austrians; but he soon learned that he and his family were to be sent to Vienna, where the allied powers would decide on his fate. After this, peace was made between Austria and the Neapolitans. Queen Caroline and her children were offered a passage in Austrian vessels, to go whither they might

choose; but of Murat himself not a word was said.

After waiting a short time he made his escape from Naples in disguise, taking with him a little money and a few jewels sewed in his dress. Finding it more difficult than he expected to get away, he lay hid for a time in Ischia, but finally made his way to France, and reached Cannes.

Meanwhile, the queen had gone on board an English vessel; but as the wind was foul and she could not sail, she was passed in the bay by the ship which bore back King Ferdinand, and she heard the salutes and rejoicings with which the old man was received, and could see the illuminations made in honor of him. After this, she for some reason left the English ship for an Austrian man-of-war.

I have now reached the end of the reign of Murat in Naples. What remains to be said of him concerns a fugitive, not a king.

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue!

He wrote to Fouché, and the latter replied that if he would go to Lyons and wait, he might probably go afterwards to Paris and be well received, as Napoleon's anger was dying away. But the answer bore the ominous date *18th June*, and Murat did not receive it until the 21st of that month. Upon hearing of Waterloo he fled to Corsica, where the honorable reception they gave him raised the idea that he might yet recover his kingdom. Building upon this miserable foundation, uninstructed by Waterloo or by his own previous miscarriages, he conceived a plan, which was very much a copy of Napoleon's landing from Elba. He got together two hundred and fifty Corsicans and secured six vessels. With these he would disembark at Salerno, throw himself upon the army, which would not hesitate a moment between him and the wretched Bourbons, astonish the country by his successes, scare once more old Ferdinand from his throne, and then — but it needs not to finish the picture. While this mad project was filling his mind, one more chance was afforded him of safety for the present, and possibility of an honorable career in the future. The emperor of Austria, with whom Caroline Murat had already taken shelter, offered an asylum to Murat also, on condition of his taking a private name, of his residing in one of certain parts named of the Austrian empire, and of his pledging himself not to leave the emperor's dominions with-

out his consent. Considering that Murat was at this time an outcast without country or friend, and with an exceedingly bad reputation, these were quite as handsome terms as he could expect, and the offer of them was, I think, honorable to the emperor. The senseless Murat was, however, now quite elated with thoughts of the impression which he would make in Naples: he rejected the emperor's offer with disdain, and set sail with his followers and his little flotilla. This last imprudence wore out the patience of the gods. He never reached Salerno; he encountered a tempest (it was in September); his flotilla was scattered. After ten days his own bark ran into Pizzo, a small fortress near the Gulf of Gioja, and not far north of the Straits of Messina. Here he made his ridiculous attempt, was received with indifference, and made a prisoner. It does not, however, seem that he was recognized, although in the attempt to excite the troops and populace his name had been freely used. The general of the district, soon informed that there had been an attempt to raise insurrection, sent instantly a reinforcement of troops, and an officer who had orders to examine the prisoners and report. This officer paraded the culprits, and began by asking and recording their names and the accounts they had to give of themselves. The third person interrogated answered, "Joachim Murat, king of Naples," and a recognition of his person was soon made. The general hastened to Pizzo. The court was informed of the capture, and old Nasone and his council sent orders to try Murat by court-martial. The unhappy prisoner did not at all realize the danger of his situation, but went to sleep in the assurance that he would have no difficulty in arranging with the Bourbon king to partition the dominion. He slept long; his keeper had not the heart to awaken him and tell the decision of the government. At length he rose and received the intelligence of his approaching trial, which, he immediately and calmly said, was the news of his approaching death. He then, brave as ever, wrote collectedly and affectionately to his wife and children, speaking of his own career in terms which, I am afraid, nobody else will use in reference to it, and exhorting his sons to live worthily after his example. He put some of his hair into the packet, sealed it, handed it to the general for delivery, and said he was ready for what was going to happen.

An advocate had been sent to defend him, but he declined the services of this

officer, saying that the trial was a farce, and it did not become his dignity to do aught but suffer with fortitude. On being arraigned, he took the high ground of saying to the court that he was their king; that they had no power to try him. Considering how he came by his kingship, how he used it, and that there had always been a hereditary king, who had never for a moment relinquished his right to the throne, we must think this very high-flown and rather irrational language. To use it was, in fact, to play into the hands of those who wished his death, and to silence any friend who might still desire to show him mercy. There being no defence, and the prisoner, even before the court, persisting in what had now become treason, there was hardly any result to be looked for but condemnation to death. The sentence *was* death, and the execution was immediate.

Being led into a small court of the castle of Pizzo, the doomed man found a party of soldiers drawn up in two ranks. These were his executioners. He took his stand as boldly as ever he had done in the day of battle. He refused to have his eyes bandaged; he looked straight at the muzzles of the pieces. "Spare my face; aim straight at the heart," he cried to the soldiers; and as the words were uttered he fell dead, torn by the bullets, but holding still in his hand the miniatures of his wife and children.\*

The bluest blood in Europe never coursed through a braver heart than that which lay there stilled forever. If courage alone could make nobility, here was stretched the nonpareil of the noble. From first to last his daring never failed —

While the broken line, enlarging,  
Fell, or fled along the plain,  
There be sure was Murat charging!  
There he ne'er shall charge again!

But when we look beyond his deeds of arms, and his contempt of danger, we find, with regret, that the nobility was not in him to which so courageous a heart would have well corresponded. Disloyalty and perfidy were undoubtedly in his character; weakness and folly pervaded his conduct. He was such a man as revolutions and tumults only too frequently raise to eminence; conspicuous for one excellent quality, but without other qualities to keep the balance of his mind. In calmer days, he, under the cold shade of

\* Colletta, from whom I take this, says emphatically this is the true account of the tragedy of Pizzo. All manner of false stories were told concerning it.

a settled order, might have been known by a fame such as that of Shaw the life-guardsmen—he might have cloven a cuirassier to the saddle,—having been a good-natured, pleasant enough fellow in a barrack-room or a bivouac among those who do not pretend to knightly qualities. And can we say that it was a gain to Murat, or to the world, that he was allowed to rise so high? The chances which made him a king brought out also his notable defects—allowed us to know him only too well. His memory cannot be wholly respected. He has left a name which, though it has electrified the world, yet serves to illustrate the universality of a proverb—

Napoleon set on horseback a beggar who rode to the devil!

I find now, my dear editor, that I have only unwound one thread of a complicated romance. Murat's story is really mixed up with the fortunes of the Bourbons in Sicily, and the curious legends of the Carbonari and the brigands. These other histories I hope some day to tell you. Meanwhile, I trust that of Murat will not be without its interest. It has filled so much paper, that I will not add a word of comment, nor any other word, except to say that I am, as ever, yours most truly,  
A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

---

*This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

*In conjunction with an American writer.*

---

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A GLANCE BACK.

MEANWHILE, what of the widower whom we had left in England? It was fairly to be expected that Balfour, once he had seen his wife handed over to that wise and tender counsellor who was to cure her of all her sentimental sufferings, would go straightway back to England and rejoice in the new freedom that allowed him to give up the whole of his time and atten-

tion to public affairs. At all events that was what Lady Sylvia expected. Now he would have no domestic cares to trouble him. As far as his exertions were necessary to the safety of the State, England was secure. For Lady Sylvia always spoke of her husband as having far more serious duties to perform than any home secretary or lord chancellor of them all.

Balfour, having taken a last look—from the deck of his friend's yacht—at the great dark ship going out into the western horizon, got back to Queenstown again, and to London. No doubt he was free enough; and there was plenty at this time to engage the attention of members of Parliament. But he did not at all seem to rejoice in his freedom; and Englebury had about as little reason as Ballinascreen to applaud the zeal of its representative. He went down to the House, it is true, and he generally dined there; but his chief cronies discovered in him an absolute listlessness whenever, in the intervals between their small jokes, they mentioned some bill or other; while, on the other hand, he was greatly interested in finding out which of these gentlemen had made long sea-voyages, and was as anxious to get information about steamers, storms, fogs, and the American climate as if he were about to arrange for the transference of the whole population of England to the plains of Colorado. The topics of the hour seemed to have no concern whatever for this silent and brooding man, who refused all invitations, and dined either at the House or by himself at a small table at the Reform. The Public Worship Regulation Bill awoke in him neither enthusiasm nor aversion. The duty on third-class passengers?—they might have made it a guinea a head if they liked. In other days he had been an eager demonstrator of the necessity of our having a public prosecutor; now he had scarcely a word to say. There were only two subjects in which at this moment he seemed keenly interested—the one was the report which Mr. Plimsoll's commission had just published, and the other was, singularly enough, the act just passed in America about the paper currency. What earthly reason could he have for bothering about the financial arrangements of America? He did not own a red cent of the American debt.

One forenoon he was walking through St. James's Park when he was overtaken by a certain noble lord—an ingenuous youth whom he had known at Oxford.

"Balfour," said this young man, walking on with him, "you are a Scotchman—you

can tell me what I have to expect. Fact is, I have done rather a bold thing — I have taken a shooting of thirteen thousand acres, for this autumn only, in the island of Mull; and I have never been there. But I sent my own man up, and he believes the reports they gave were all right."

"What you are to expect?" said Balfour, good-humoredly. "Plenty of shooting, probably; and plenty of rain, certainly."

"So they say," continued the young man. "And my *avant-courier* says there may be some difficulty about provisions. He hints something about hiring a small steam-yacht that we might send across to Oban at a pinch —"

"Yes, that would be advisable, if you are not near Tobermory."

"Eighteen miles off."

Then the young man was fired with a sudden generosity.

"Your wife has gone to America, hasn't she?"

"Yes," was the simple answer.

"Are you booked for the 12th?"

"No."

"Come down with me. I sha'n't leave till the 10th, if that will suit you. The House is sure to be up — in fact, you fellows have nothing to do — you are only gammoning your constituencies."

"It's lucky for some people that they can sit in Parliament without having any constituency to gammon," said Balfour.

"You mean we mightn't find it quite so easy to get in," said the young man, with a modest laugh; for indeed his service in Parliament was of the slightest sort — was limited, in fact, to procuring admission for one or two lady friends on the night of a great debate. "But what do you say to Mull? If we don't get much of a dinner, we are to have a piper to play to us while we eat. And of course there will be good whiskey. What do you say?"

"I say that it is very good of you, and I should like it extremely; but I think I shall stay in town this autumn."

"In town!"

"Yes."

"All the autumn?" exclaimed the young man, with an air as though he half expected this maniac to turn and bite him on the arm.

"Yes," said Balfour; and then he stammered a sort of apology. "The fact is that a married man feels himself taken at an unfair advantage if he goes anywhere without his wife. I hate nothing so much as dining as a single man, with a lot of

married people. They pity you and they patronize you —"

"But, my dear fellow, there won't be any married people up at this place — I can't pronounce the name. There will be only two men besides ourselves — a regular bachelor party. You surely can't mean to stop in town the whole of the autumn, and be chased about your club by the cleaning people. You will cut your throat before the end of August."

"And what then? The newspapers are hard pushed at that time. If I committed suicide in the hall of the Reform Club, I should deserve the gratitude of the whole country. But, seriously, I am sorry I can't go down with you to Scotland. Much obliged all the same."

"When does Lady Sylvia return?" asked his companion, carelessly.

"About the end of October, I should think," Balfour said; and then he added, "Very likely we shall go to Italy for the winter."

He spoke quite calmly. He seemed to take it as a mere matter of ordinary arrangement that Lady Sylvia and himself should decide where they should spend the winter. For of course this ingenuous youth walking with him was not to know that Lady Sylvia had separated herself from her husband of her own free will and choice.

"Good-by, Balfour," said the young Lord L —, as he turned off and went down toward Queen Anne's Gate. "I would have sent you some game if Lady Sylvia had been at home: it would be no use to a club man."

Balfour walked on, and in a second or two found himself before the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, rising in all its gilded pride into the blue summer sky. Once upon a time — and that not so long ago — all the interests of his life were centred in the great building beneath that tower. When he first entered it — even in the humble capacity of member for Ballinascreen — a new world of activity and ambition seemed opening up before him. But at this very moment, strangely enough, the mere sight of the Houses of Parliament appeared to awaken in him a curious sort of aversion. He had been going down to a morning sitting, rather because he had nothing else to do than that he was interested in the business going forward. But this first glimpse of the Parliament buildings caused him suddenly to change his mind; he turned off into Parliament Street, and called in at the offices of Mr. Billy Bolitho.

Mr. Bolitho was as cheerful and bland as usual. Moreover, he regarded this young man with sympathy, for he noticed his reserved and almost troubled air, and he at once divined the cause. Did not everybody know that some of these large firms were being hardly hit just then? The fine old trade in Manchester goods had broken down before markets glutted with grey shirtings and jeans. The homeward consignments of teas and silks were no longer eagerly competed for by the brokers. The speculations in cotton to which some of the larger houses had resorted were wilder than the wildest gambling on the Stock Exchange. It was a great thing, Mr. Bolitho knew, to have belonged to such a firm as Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co. in the palmy days of commerce, but these fine times could not last forever.

"Come, Balfour," said Mr. Bolitho, brightly, "have a glass of sherry and a cigar. You don't look quite up to the mark this morning."

"Thank you, I will. I believe idleness is ruining my health and spirits — there is nothing doing at the House."

"Why don't you start a coach, and spend your forenoons that way?" said Bolitho, gayly.

"I'll tell you what I will do with you, if you like," said Balfour, "I will drive you down to the Lilacs. Come. It is a fine day, and they will give you some sort of dinner in the evening. You can be here by ten to-morrow morning."

Mr. Bolitho was seated on a table, his legs dangling in the air, and he was carefully cutting the end off a cigar.

"Done with you," said he, getting on his feet again, "if you first lunch with me at the Devonshire."

This, too, was agreed upon, and Balfour, as the two walked up to St. James's Street, did his very best to entertain this kind friend who had taken compassion on his loneliness. And as they set out in the shining afternoon to drive away down into the quiet of Surrey, Balfour strove to let his companion know that he was greatly obliged to him, and talked far more than was his wont, although his talk was mostly about such roads as Lady Sylvia knew, and about such houses as Lady Sylvia had admired.

"Have you heard the last about Englebury?" he asked.

"No."

"Old Chorley has been struck with remorse of conscience, and has handed

over that piece of filched common to the town, to make a public green."

"That public green was nearly keeping you out of this Parliament," observed Mr. Bolitho, with a demure smile.

"And there is to be a public gynosium put up on the ground, and I have promised to go down and throw the thing open. What do you say, Bolitho; will you take a run down there, and drink a glass of wine with old Chorley, and show the boys how to twist round a trapèze?"

"I am very glad you have made friends with Chorley," said Mr. Bolitho. "He might have done you a deal of mischief. But I do think you are becoming a little more prudent; no doubt you have found that all constituencies are not Ballinascroons."

"I may have become more prudent," said Balfour, with the indifference of a man who is mentally sick and out of sorts, "but it is not from any desire to remain in Parliament. I am tired of it — I am disgusted with it — I should like to quit it altogether."

Bolitho was not surprised. He had known a good many of these spoiled children of fortune. And he knew that, when by chance they were robbed of some of their golden toys — say that an income of £30,000 a year was suddenly cut down to £5,000 — they became impatient and vexed, and spoke as if life were no longer worth having.

"Try being out of Parliament for a year or two, and see if you don't change your mind," said Mr. Bolitho, shrewdly. "There is something in the old proverb that says you never know the value of anything until you have lost it."

"That is true enough," said Balfour, with decision; but he was not thinking of Ballinascroon, nor yet of Englebury, nor of any seat in any Parliament.

It was the cool of the evening when they got down to the Lilacs, and very quiet and still and beautiful looked the cottage amidst its rose-bushes and honeysuckle. No doubt there was a deserted air about the rooms; the furniture was corered with chintz; everything that could be locked and shut up was locked and shut up. But all the same Mr. Bolitho was glad to be taken round the place, and to be told how Lady Sylvia had done this and had done that, and how that the whole designing and decoration of the place was her own. Mr. Bolitho did not quite enter into this worship at the shrine of a departed saint, because he knew very well

that if Lady Sylvia had been at the Lilacs that evening he would not have been there; but of course he professed a profound admiration for the manner in which the limited space had been made the most of, and declared that for his part, he never went into the country and saw the delights of a country house without wishing that Providence had seen fit to make him a farmer or squire.

And Mr. Bolitho got a fairly good dinner, too, considering that there were in the place only the housekeeper and a single servant, besides the gardener. They would not remain in-doors after dinner on such a beautiful evening. They went out to smoke a cigar in the garden, and the skies were clear over them, and the cool winds of the night were sweetened with the scent of flowers.

"They have no such refreshing coolness as this after the hot days in America," said Balfour; "at least so they tell me. It must be a dreadful business, after the glare of the day, to find no relief — to find the night as hot as the day. But I suppose they have got over the hottest of the weather there."

"Where is Lady Sylvia now?" asked Mr. Bolitho, seeing that the thoughts of the young man — troubled as they must be by these commercial cares — were nevertheless often turned to the distant lands in which his wife was wandering.

"Up toward Canada, I should think," he said. "Soon she will be out in the West — and there it is cool even in the heat of summer."

"I don't wonder you remained in England," said Mr. Bolitho, frankly.

"Why?" said Balfour, who could not understand Mr. Bolitho's having an opinion about the matter in any direction.

"Things have not been going well in the City," said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously.

"I suppose not," said Balfour, carelessly. "But that does not concern me much. I never interfere in the business arrangements of our firm; the men whom my father trusted I can afford to trust. But I suppose you are right. There has been over-speculation. Fortunately, my partners are sufficiently cautious men; they have already made money; they don't need to gamble."

Bolitho was troubled in his mind. Was the young man acting a part, or was he really ignorant of the rumor that his partners, finding the profits on their business gradually diminishing, and having sustained severe losses in one or two direc-

their capital into one or two investments which were at that very time being proved to be gigantic frauds? After all, Bolitho was a generously disposed man.

"Balfour," said he, "you won't mind my speaking frankly to you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I don't know how far you examine into the details of the business transactions of your firm, but, you know, commercial things have been in a bad way of late, and you ought — I mean any man situated as you are — ought to be a little particular."

"Oh, I am quite satisfied," Balfour said. "I don't know much about business; but I can understand the profit and loss and capital accounts in the ledger, and these I periodically examine. Why, the firm gave £1,000 to the last Mansion House Fund!"

Bolitho had heard before of firms hopelessly bankrupt making such dramatic displays of wealth in order to stave off the evil day; but of course he did not mention such a thing in connection with such a house as Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co. He only said that he was glad to find that Balfour did examine the books.

From Temple Bar.

JOHN AND SARAH KEMBLE.

FROM Ward, who was Roger Kemble's father-in-law, and an actor under Betterton, to Mrs. Scott Siddons, who still graces the stage, we have five successive generations of a family some member of which has been attached to the theatrical profession. This is an astonishing sequence, embracing as it does a period of quite two hundred years, and has probably no parallel.

Ward was a strolling manager when Roger Kemble, who united hair-dressing with acting, eloped with his daughter. The young couple started in management upon their own account and strolled from town to town and village to village after the manner and under the difficulties and disadvantages of the time; at some places received with gracious favor, at others treated like lepers and threatened with the stocks and whipping at the cart's tail, according as the great people were liberal-minded or Puritanical. Their first child, born June 13th, 1755, at Brecon, was christened Sarah; their second, a boy, christened John Philip, was born at Prescott in Lancashire in 1757. The old farmhouse in which the latter event took place

is, it is said, still standing. There came a Stephen in the following year, and other sons and daughters with whom we have nothing to do followed in due succession. All these were put upon the stage as soon as they were old enough to speak a few lines, and as the years advanced Mr. Roger Kemble's company, like that of Mr. Vincent Crummies, was almost entirely included under one patronymic. At thirteen we find Sarah playing Ariel in the great room of the King's Head at Worcester, which boasted no other theatre, and four years later sustaining all the principal parts at Wolverhampton. She had now grown to be a very beautiful girl, and made great havoc among the hearts of susceptible squires, and even included an earl among the list of her adorers. But in her father's company there was a handsome young fellow from Birmingham named Henry Siddons, whom she preferred to all her rich admirers. As Mr. and Mrs. Kemble had married against parental consent it followed as a matter of course that they would not allow their daughter to choose for herself; besides, they had their pride and their ambition, and strongly objected to an alliance with a poor player. So Henry Siddons was told the manager's daughter was not for him. But on his benefit night he revenged himself by reciting a poem of his own composition, in which he detailed to the audience the story of his hapless love, and thereby greatly won their sympathies and a box on the ear from his innamorata's mother, who was listening at the side-scene in a very great passion.

This brought about a disturbance. Siddons left the company, and Sarah went away in a huff, and hired herself as lady's maid to Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire. There she did not remain long, for Roger and his wife, finding her determined, and probably moved by the solicitations of their patrons, gave a reluctant consent to the marriage, and on the 6th of November, 1773, Sarah Kemble became Mrs. Siddons, and from that time so appeared in the playbills. Soon afterwards she and her husband joined the company of Crump and Chamberlain, well-known strolling managers in their day, at Cheltenham; and there for the first time we hear of her being accredited with superior powers as an actress. As Belvidera, in Otway's "Venice Preserved," she achieved a great success, and became a *protégée* of all the fashionable play-goers, especially of the Honorable Miss Boyle, who assisted her scanty wardrobe by the

loan of dresses, and helped her with her own hands to make new ones. Her fame reached London, and Garrick sent his stage-manager, King, down to the Gloucestershire watering-place to take stock of her abilities. He reported very favorably, and soon afterwards Parson Bates of the *Morning Post*, pugilist, duellist, and critic, a well-known man of the day, took the same journey for a similar purpose, and brought back a warm eulogy upon her acting as Rosalind. Thereupon Roscius engaged her for Drury Lane at £5 a week. Her first appearance was on the 29th of December 1775, and here is a copy of a portion of the play-bill for that evening:—

### Drury Lane.

(Not acted these two years.)

By His Majesty's Company, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane, this day will be performed,

#### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

<i>Shylock</i> . . . .	MR. KING.
<i>Gratiano</i> . . . .	MR. DODD.
<i>Duke</i> . . . .	MR. BRAMBEY.
<i>Gobbo</i> . . . .	MR. WALDRON.
<i>Salarino</i> . . . .	MR. FARREN.
<i>Antonio</i> . . . .	MR. REDDISH.
<i>Lorenzo</i> (with songs) . . . .	MR. VERNON.
<i>Launcelot</i> (first time) . . . .	MR. PARSONS.
<i>Salanio</i> . . . .	MR. FAWCETT.
<i>Tubal</i> . . . .	MR. MESSINK.
<i>Bassanio</i> . . . .	MR. BENSLEY.
<i>Jessica</i> (with a song) . . . .	MISS JARRATT.
<i>Nerissa</i> . . . .	MRS. DAVIS.

*Portia* (BY A YOUNG LADY), being her first appearance.

The *début* was a failure. The part was not suited to her, and she was so overpowered by nervousness that a naturally weak voice sank almost to a whisper; her movements were awkward, her dress old, faded—and in bad taste, as it always was even in her great days; there was nothing but her delicate, fragile figure and beautiful face to recommend her. After this she appeared as Venus in the Shakespeare Jubilee, as Mrs. Strickland in "The Suspicious Husband," and in several other pieces,—in all she was coldly received both by the press and public. Finally she appeared as Lady Anne to Garrick's Richard; here, again, nervousness paralyzed all her powers, she forgot certain stage directions he had given at rehearsal, and was reproved for her forgetfulness by a glance from those terrible eyes that nearly made her faint with terror. One of the newspapers the next morning pro-



nounced the performance "lamentable." Five nights afterwards Garrick took leave of the stage, and the season closed. He promised to recommend her to Sheridan for the next. Sheridan used afterwards to declare that he took an opposite course, and depreciated her, but the great manager's word was not always to be relied upon. Mrs. Siddons ever after nursed a grudge against Garrick; he had used her as a cat's paw against the overweening arrogance of Mesdames Abington, Crawford, and Young; he was jealous of her, she said. There may have been some truth in the first part of the accusation, but the second was ridiculous: it is probable that he really believed her talents to be only mediocre, and in this he was joined by all his company, except Mrs. Abington, who called them all "fools" in their judgment.

"It was a stunning and cruel blow," she says, "overwhelming all my ambitions, and involving peril even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, produced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline." Her next engagement was at Manchester, and thence she went to York to Tate Wilkinson. There "all lifted up their eyes in astonishment that such a voice and such a judgment should have been neglected by a London audience." In 1778 John Palmer, on the recommendation of Henderson, engaged her for Bath, then the first English theatre out of London, at £3 a week. In her first parts, Lady Townley and Mrs. Candour—the latter appears a strange character for a young lady—she was only coldly received, and seemed to be on the threshold of new disappointments and mortifications.

But I must now go back to detail the fortunes of another member of the Kemble family. John Philip acted as a child like all the rest of his brothers and sisters, but by-and-by his father resolved to make a priest of him. Roger was a Catholic and brought up the boys to that faith, the girls following the Protestant religion of their mother. So at ten years old the boy was sent away to Sedgely Park College, Wolverhampton. There he remained four years, and in 1771 proceeded to Douai, where he was famous as a declaimer and for a prodigious memory. He once undertook to get two books of Homer by heart, and actually repeated fifteen hundred lines. But the theatrical blood within him rebelled against the cassock

and burned for the sock and the buskin. So he left the college in 1775, landed at Bristol, and proceeded to Brecknock, where his parents were then performing. Bitterly disappointed in his ambition, Roger refused to receive his disobedient son; a subscription of a few shillings was raised among the company, to which the irate father was with difficulty induced to add a guinea, and with this pittance John Philip had the world before him. He started on foot for Wolverhampton, where his sister's late managers, Crump and Chamberlain, had opened the theatre. On the road he fell in with another wandering disciple of Thespis wending his way to the same town. On Christmas-day they found themselves at an inn without a penny in their pockets. They composed two letters, one in Latin to a parson, the other in English to a lawyer—charitable persons, we may presume, and known as such—in which they stated their destitute circumstances and solicited assistance. The appeal was responded to, and with the funds thus obtained the journey was completed. But upon their arrival at Wolverhampton one was received, the other rejected, and the rejected one, alas, was John Philip. After a few days, however, the theatrical potentates were induced to reconsider their determination, and on the 8th of January, 1776, Kemble appeared as Theodosius.

He did not make a favorable impression, and was evidently what, in expressive stage parlance, is called "a stick." But he was studious and painstaking, and made a progress in his art which, if not rapid, was sure. Lewis, the comedian, used to afterwards relate that while "starring" some little time after this in a country town, he was greatly struck by a young man who was playing Lovewell in "The Clandestine Marriage," who, although attired in a very ridiculous dress, was so correct and gentlemanly in his acting and bearing, that such shortcomings were lost sight of. He found him to be a Mr. John Kemble, and that he was associated with a person who exhibited tricks of legerdemain. In 1778 his sister procured him an engagement at Liverpool; thence, in the same year, probably by the same recommendation, he joined Tate Wilkinson at York. There all the great leading parts were in possession of a veteran actor named Cummings, who played the gay Charles Surface at sixty. The audience pronounced Kemble "very good in his way, but nothing to Coomins;" and the press advised him, if he desired to attain

eminence in his profession, to study that gentleman's style. It would have been considered a sacrilege for any other actor to have played the parts in which the favorite was identified. Once upon a bespeak night a servant of the patron's refused to go to the theatre because "that Kemble was playing one of Mr. Coomins' parts." An actor had much to endure from the ignorance and insolence of the audience in those days. There was a certain influential "lady" at York who took a delight in insulting the actors upon the stage. One night, when Kemble was performing some tragic part, she disconcerted him so much by loud laughter and ridicule, that he was compelled to address her and say he could not go on until she desisted. Some officers who were in the box with her cried out she had been insulted, and demanded an apology. Kemble refused to make any. There was a great uproar, but the tragedian remained firm. The next day these gentlemen called upon the manager, and informed him that, unless the actor was dismissed, they and their friends would withdraw their patronage, and compel their tradesmen to do likewise. The manager replied spiritedly that he had always found Mr. Kemble a gentleman, that he considered he was in the right, and should not think of discharging him. Such a determination produced great excitement and astonishment in the city, but after a time the audience came over to the side of the actor, and the storm blew over. This same female insulted Michael Kelly, the singer, in a similar manner, "Lawks, see, the fellow's actually got a watch!" she cried with a laugh, and loud enough to be heard by the whole house. "Yes, madam," replied Kelly, holding it up to her box, "and as good a one, I flatter myself, as any in England."

From York John Philip proceeded to Dublin. Here, again, he appears to have made little impression, for the audience still remembered Barry, and were loath to accept any one in his place. He worked indefatigably, played a round of some thirty-eight characters belonging to every range of the drama, and, although never esteemed in comedy parts, gradually won his way as a tragedian, until his performance as the Count, in Jephson's "Count of Narbonne," raised him to be an established favorite in the Irish capital.

Let us now return to his sister, whom we left at Bath struggling against her inability to play comedy. Upon her appearance in the sympathetic parts of tragedy her success was at once assured. Four

years did she remain in the western city, and during that time made many friends in the best society. Henderson acted with her, and recommended her to Sheridan in the most enthusiastic terms, and the Duchess of Devonshire spread the fame of her talents everywhere she went. By-and-by there came an offer for one more trial at Drury Lane. But her former failure had left upon her mind so gloomy and bitter an impression that she had constantly declared she should never desire to act again in London. Telling Palmer, the manager, of her offer, she expressed her readiness to decline it, and remain with him if he would give her some little advance upon her small salary of 3*l.* a week. Strange to say, although she was so immense a favorite, he declined to do so. This refusal probably arose from personal feeling; Sarah Siddons was never liked behind the scenes; she was cold, exacting, and disagreeable. Her farewell benefit took place on May 12th, 1782. All the pit was laid out in stalls, and a few front rows of the gallery were reserved for the frequenters of that part of the house, and for which inconvenience she entreated their indulgence with many humble apologies. The performance consisted of "The Distressed Mother," (Racine's "*Andromaque*"), a poetical address, and "The Devil to Pay," in which she played Nell. The theatre was crammed, the receipts were 146*l.*, and the excitement was tremendous.

Even now Sheridan was only lukewarm over the engagement, and her *début* was put off until the 10th of October. She was in town a fortnight beforehand preparing and rehearsing in a torture of apprehension, for a second failure would have meant an eternal one, and probably the diminution of her provincial position. The play selected was Southerne's tragedy, "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage." At the rehearsals the old nervousness again deprived her of voice, until excitement and encouragement gave her strength. Two days before the dreaded night she was seized with hoarseness which filled her with terror, but happily it passed away by the next morning.

On the eventful day [she writes] my father arrived to comfort me and be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me, and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

Her husband had not the courage to enter the theatre, but wandered about the street or hovered about the playhouse in an agony of suspense. The house was crammed, and she was received with a hearty round of applause.

The awful consciousness [she says] that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom and all around, may be imagined but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

All doubts, however, were soon at rest. Her beautiful face and form, the exquisite tones of her voice, her deep tenderness, seized upon every heart, and as the tragic story advanced, her overwhelming agony thrilled every soul as it had never been thrilled before. Men wept, women fell into hysterics, transports of applause shook the house, the excitement, the enthusiasm was almost terrible in its intensity, and the curtain fell amidst such acclamations as perhaps not even Garrick had ever roused. In striking contrast to this tumultuous triumph is the home picture that follows:—

I reached my own quiet fireside on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead, and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal meat supper in a silence, uninterrupted except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night, and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection [who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?], fell into a sweet and profound sleep which lasted to the middle of the next day.

As may be supposed, the old queens of tragedy did not submit to dethronement without a struggle. Mrs. Crawford, the haughtiest and most indignant of all, entered the lists against her young rival at Covent Garden, and numbers of old playgoers flocked thither to renew old impressions and confirm doubtful judgments. But it was soon discovered that each represented a different school of acting; by Mrs. Crawford the level portions of the part were hurried over or given in neutral tones, and she reserved herself for sudden bursts of energy, whereas Mrs. Siddons elaborated the utmost effect, whether of elocution or feeling, out of

every line. For her benefit, the elder actress announced her rival's greatest part, "Isabella," but the boxes were not taken, and she fell ill with mortification. The press, too, became hostile to the *débutante*, jealous of her too great success. But nothing could shake it, or damp the public ardor. The very lobbies were crammed with people of the first fashion. Seats in the boxes were not to be had, and ladies hazarded their lives by struggling to gain admittance to the pit. The street in which she lodged was daily crowded with the carriages of the aristocracy; the parties to which she was invited were packed to suffocation, and people stood on the chairs and even on the tables to catch a glimpse of her. Her salary was to be 5*l.* a week, but before the end of the season it was raised to 20*l.*, and her first benefit realized 800*l.*

It was Mrs. Siddons who first commenced that pernicious star system, which has done as much as anything to sap the very foundations of the theatrical profession, and as soon as the London season was over she scoured the provinces for fame—and money. At Dublin she was again opposed by Mrs. Crawford, who, as the wife of the supreme favorite Barry, had been enormously popular; and the Dublinites rallied around their old love, preferring her to the younger actress. Mrs. Siddons' engagement was not a success, she hated the place and the people, and her opinions oozing out were quite sufficient to render her unpopular. The press wrote her down, and ridiculed the emotion her performances excited. One of these skits is worth transcribing.

On Saturday Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamant, soft, and comely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight . . . She was nature itself—she was the most exquisite work of art . . . Several fainted, even before the curtain drew up. . . . The fiddlers in the orchestra blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon-player's eyes in such showers that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such a torrent upon the first fiddler's book that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played it in two flats; but the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake being discov-

ered. . . . The briny pond in the pit was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were in that position up to their ankles in tears. An act of Parliament to prevent her playing will certainly pass, for she has infected the volunteers, and they sit reading "The Fatal Marriage," crying and roaring all the time. May the curses of an insulted nation pursue the gentlemen of the college, the gentlemen of the bar, and the peers and peeresses that hissed her on the second night. True it is that Mr. Garrick never could make anything of her, and pronounced her below mediocrity; true it is the London audience did not like her. But what of that?

The Scotch capital more than recompensed her for the slights of the Irish. Yet on her first night in Edinburgh, the house, although crammed, was freezing; scene after scene the audience sat like mutes, and after one of her greatest efforts, a single voice exclaimed from the pit in a tone of judicial calmness, "That's nae sae bad!" But on her second visit the Scotch went as mad as the Londoners. In one day twenty-five hundred and fifty-seven people applied for the six hundred and fifty seats at the disposal of the management; the doors were besieged at noon, and footmen took their stand at the box entrance as soon as the play was over, to secure their masters' places for the following night. Even the Church synod arranged its meetings according to her performances.

In 1783 she brought her brother John to London, where he appeared on the 12th of September as Hamlet. His reception in no degree approached that of his sister, and it brought forth much conflicting criticism. His new readings, which were many and strange, excited much comment. The performance was eminently graceful, calm, deeply studied—during his life he wrote out the entire part forty times!—but cold and unsympathetic. Nevertheless, it was felt that a fine artist had appeared, and with the exception of Henderson he had at the time no rival in the highest walk of tragedy.

Old playgoers [says Dr. Doran] have told me of a grand delivery of the soliloquies of Hamlet, and mingled romance and philosophy in the whole character; an eloquent by-play, a sweet reverence for his father, a remembrance of the *Prince* with whatever companion he might be for the moment; of a beautiful filial affection for his mother, and of one more tender, which he could *not* conceal, for Ophelia.

Unlike his sister, who never exceeded the greatness of her first performances and degenerated in her later years, Kemble

was a progressive actor, improving yearly until the very last. But the old theatrical law of precedence which had hampered him with "Coomins" at York again kept him back at Drury Lane, where the principal tragic parts were in possession of "gentleman Smith," the original Charles Surface, who, although an excellent light comedian, was certainly very unfit for tragedy. Nevertheless, he played Macbeth to Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth on her first appearance in that character, February the 2nd, 1784. Let us go back to the time when, little more than a girl, she first studied the part, and listen to her own account of it:—

It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head, for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I never can forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapt my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task, but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life.

Although her performance of the part in London was an undoubted triumph, memories of Mrs. Pritchard in the same character were too fresh in the minds of old playgoers for her conception to go unchallenged. Many considered her inferior to her great predecessor. Mason, the poet, was so prejudiced that he could not endure to hear the name of Siddons mentioned in his presence. Lord Harcourt said she wanted the dignity, the compass, and the melody of Mrs. Pritchard. Then

he proceeds to contrast the different points made by the two : —

Her countenance [he says] aided by a studious and judicious choice of head-dress, was a true picture of a mind diseased in the sleeping scene, and made one shudder; and the effect, as a picture, was better than it had ever been with the taper, because it allows of variety in the actress washing her hands; but the sigh was not so horrid, nor the voice so sleepy, nor yet quite so articulate, as Pritchard's.

Apropos of the taper there is a story that well depicts the theatrical feeling of the time. Mrs. Pritchard had held it in her hand throughout the scene, Mrs. Siddons determined to place it on a table as soon as she entered, that she might go through the pantomime of washing her hands, a piece of business that had never then been done. Sheridan strongly opposed the idea; it would never do, he said; the audience would not stand such an innovation; it would damn the whole performance. But she would not give in. Even at the last moment, when she was dressing for the part, and had given orders that no one was to approach her room, he insisted upon seeing her, and again expostulated upon the danger of the proposed change. When the lamp was laid down, a sensation went through the house, but the audience, spellbound by the wonderful acting, did not heed the innovation. Such conservatism will seem ridiculous to the indifferentism of the present day, yet it indicates an artistic feeling, a jealous respect for art-tradition to which we can now lay no claim.

But with the glory of these triumphs, there mingled at times those bitter humiliations which in some form chequer all Reports were spread abroad of her avarice artistic life, even the most successful. and uncharitableness; from Ireland there came stories of her refusal to play for the benefits of old and disabled actors, and her greed for money was well known. The consequence of all this was the organization of a clique against her, and upon her reappearance after a provincial tour in Mrs. Beverley, she was received with groans and hisses. She fainted in her brother's arms, and was borne off the stage; the riot continued, and it was only by means of a cleverly-worded defence that she succeeded in continuing the performance; after which there was much defending and proving; the persons to whom she was accused of behaving ill were brought forward to contradict the rumors, and after a time the storm blew over. Revenge for her dislike of them had

no doubt induced the Dublinites to greatly exaggerate and misrepresent stories which may be regarded as not altogether destitute of truth. It is a well-authenticated fact, that after her retirement she refused to act for her own son, Henry, then manager of the Edinburgh theatre, and in great difficulties, for a less consideration than half the receipts and a free benefit. There was nothing amiable or lovable in the character of the great actress, and such was the impression she seemed to make upon nearly all who came in contact with her. Under date 1787, Fanny Burney describes in her diary her first introduction, at a party, to Mrs. Siddons in private life : —

I found her [she says] the heroine of a tragedy — sublime, elevated, and solemn; in face and person truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same. Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed.

In this year, 1787, John Philip married Priscilla Brereton, a young widow, *née* Hopkins, who survived him many years, dying at ninety, in 1845, and could then boast herself as having been a member of Garrick's company. The courtship was very brief and very unromantic. He had always evinced a partiality for the young lady, even before her marriage; but one night as he was coming off the stage, meeting her in the wing, he chuckled her under the chin, and with a pleasant smile said, "Pop, you may shortly learn something to your advantage." "Pop," the familiar name by which Mrs. Brereton was known among her friends, ran to her mother, who was also an actress in the same theatre, told her what had happened, with "I wonder what he meant?" "Why he means to make you an offer of marriage, to be sure," replied the old lady, "and you'll of course accept it." Mrs.

Hopkins was right, the offer was made, accepted, the wedding quietly celebrated, and the bride and bridegroom went through their professional duties the same night as if nothing had happened.

It was in 1778 that Kemble succeeded King as stage-manager of Drury Lane, and at once began a very considerable reform in the dressing and casting of pieces. Sheridan's chronic impecuniosity had reduced the stage accessories to a condition which nowadays would scarcely be tolerated in a booth at a fair, and Kemble set to work not only to renovate them, but to introduce an appropriateness to period and locality never before attempted. Yet the first time he played Othello in London it was in the full uniform of a British general; and he continued to appear in Macbeth with a hearse-like plume in his bonnet until Walter Scott plucked it out and substituted a single eagle's feather. His new position was a bed of thorns; tradespeople refused to credit unless he himself became answerable, and sometimes Sheridan neglected to honor the debt, and once Kemble was arrested; the actors were unpaid and rebellious, and frequently refused to go on the stage until they received their night's salary; more than once even Kemble and his sister were driven to such degrading means to obtain money. One night, patience and temper now utterly exhausted, at a supper at Mrs. Crouch's, the great singer's, John Philip gave in his resignation; the words in which it was couched are highly characteristic. After much preliminary growling he burst forth: "I am an eagle, whose wings have been bound down by frosts and snows; but now I shake my pinions and cleave into the genial air unto which I am born!" But Sheridan, whose power over men was something marvellous, succeeded in again cajoling him. Not until 1802 did he finally sever his connection with Drury Lane, then recently rebuilt. In that year he bought Lewis's share in Covent Garden for £23,000, borrowing half the sum on interest.

Ere he appeared there he paid a visit to Paris. He was now in the very zenith of his fame; from the time he had assumed the direction of Drury Lane he took the position of principal actor, and performed one after another that series of parts with which his name became identified,—Macbeth, King John, Wolsey, the Stranger, Rolla, Brutus, Cato, and, greatest of all, Coriolanus. He had mounted Garrick's throne, and there was none to dispute the sceptre with him. During his absence

his wife was the guest of the Marquis of Abercorn. In Paris he was received in the best society, dined daily with Lords Holland and Egremont, and received the homage of the great Talma.

Within six years after his becoming part manager of Covent Garden, the theatre was burned to the ground. Kemble lost all; but generous friends came to his assistance. The Duke of Northumberland pressed upon him a loan of £10,000, and, on the day the foundation-stone of the new house was laid, destroyed the bond. In eight months the building was completed. But new troubles now beset him. I have no space to give any account of the "O. P." (Old Prices) riots which arose upon his raising the prices of admission to the pit and boxes, and making the addition of a tier of private boxes, till then unknown. After bravely resisting the unparalleled tumult for a week, he was compelled to give way to popular clamor.

The Kemble management certainly did not tend to the elevation of the stage; the vast size of the new theatres, so different to the old, which were quite small, induced him to create that spectacular drama which has since swollen to such enormous dimensions. Splendid processions, real water, real horses, elephants, dogs, too frequently possessed the stage, to the exclusion of artistic talent. Even in these degenerate days we would not tolerate much that drew eager crowds to the patent houses, where the Kembles and a host of talent beside graced the boards. The importance given to the quadruped actors was particularly degrading, and was severely commented on by the press. Upon the revival of the famous old spectacle, "Blue Beard," in 1811, the following burlesque copy of theatrical rules was published: "Every mare or horse who refuses a part shall forfeit one peck of oats. Should any mare, horse, or gelding come to rehearsal in dirty shoes, or lie down in the green room, or snort during rehearsal, the forfeiture shall be one peck of oats."

During these years I have been compelled to so rapidly skim over, Mrs. Siddons was still advancing in fame and fortune. She had commenced at £5 a week, by 1804 she had advanced to £20 a night, and in 1811 to fifty guineas. She had purchased a house in Gower Street, the back of which she describes as being "most effectually in the country and most delightfully pleasant." What a change in that neighborhood since those days! The limit of her ambition had once been £10,000; she had long since realized that



sum more than twice over, but doubtless she would have still gone on accumulating more, had there not come warnings that her days of greatness were waning. She had grown very stout and unwieldy, and although her age did not warrant it, so infirm, that after kneeling in a part she had to be assisted to rise. Her acting was becoming heavy, monotonous, and stagey; the tenderness, the passion of her younger days had passed away with her youth and beauty, and the *Isabella* and *Belvidera* that once wrung every heart, over which Hazlitt confesses he had wept outright during a whole performance, had no affinity with that fat, sombre woman, of whose awful demeanor, even in private life, so many stories have been told.

Another luminary, young, beautiful, and sympathetic, Miss O'Neill, was rising to thrust her from her throne as she had thrust others. And so it became necessary to abdicate and lay down the laurel crown she had worn so long, ere it was rudely plucked from her head. "I feel as if I were mounting the first step of a ladder conducting me to the other world," she said sadly. Her farewell benefit took place on the 29th of June 1812. Lady Macbeth was fitly chosen for her exit, and at the end of the sleep-walking scene, a nobly artistic audience insisted that the curtain should there fall, so that the last grand impression should not be disturbed. Yet her retirement did not make the sensation that might have been expected. As it has been before said, her powers were failing, and, privately, the public disliked her. A volume might be filled with enthusiastic descriptions of her acting by contemporary writers. None were more warm than that fine critic, Hazlitt, who wrote so much upon this favorite subject:—

The homage she has received is greater than that which is paid to queens [he said, at her farewell]. The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it; she was regarded less with admiration than with wonder, as if a being of a superior order had dropped from another sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. She raised tragedy to the skies, or brought it down from thence. It was something above nature. We can conceive of nothing grander. She embodied to our imagination the fables of mythology, of the heroic and deified mortals of elder time. She was not less than a goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow; passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. She was tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind. She was

not only the idol of the people, she not only hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation, and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears, but to the retired and lonely student, through long years of solitude, her face has shone as if an angel had appeared from heaven; her name has been as if a voice had opened the chambers of the human heart, or as if a trumpet had awakened the sleeping and the dead. To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in every one's life; and does she think we have forgot her?

To see the bewildered melancholy of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep [writes Leigh Hunt] or the widow's mute stare of perfected misery by the corpse of the gamester Beverley, two of the sublimest pieces of acting on the English stage, would argue this point (the greatness of her powers) better than a thousand critics. Mrs. Siddons has the air of never being an actress; she seems unconscious that there is a motley crowd called the pit waiting to applaud her, or that a dozen fiddlers are waiting for her exit.

It must have been a terrible renunciation to have retired from those dazzling triumphs into the monotony of private life. As she sat at home in the long evenings, she would say, "Now I used to be going to dress—now the curtain is about to rise." Her body was there, but her soul was still before the footlights. She played several times after her formal retirement for her brother Charles's benefit, and gave some performances at Edinburgh for her son's children. Her last appearance was in 1819, as Lady Randolph to Macready's *Glenalvon*. "It was not a performance," he writes in his diary, "but a mere repetition of the poet's text—no flash, no sign, of her pristine all-subduing genius." She received the homage of the great to the last, and when she lodged in town, files of carriages were nearly all day drawn up before the door of her lodgings. She survived until the year 1831, still continuing to delight select circles, even royal ones, with her fine private readings from Shakespeare and Milton.

In 1817, warned by increasing infirmities, Kemble gave a round of his great parts—in which he continually drew £600 houses—and made his last appearance on June 23rd of that year. To again quote Hazlitt:—

Mr. Kemble took his leave of the stage on Monday night in the character of *Coriolanus*. On his first coming forward to pronounce his farewell address, he was received with a shout like thunder; on his retiring after it the applause was long before it subsided entirely away. There is something in these partings with old public favorites exceedingly affecting.



They teach us the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures. Our associations of admiration and delight with theatrical performers are among our earliest recollections, among our last regrets. They are links that connect the beginning and the end of life together; *their* bright and giddy career of popularity measures the arch that spans our brief existence. . . . He played the part as well as he ever did—with as much freshness and vigor. There was no abatement of spirit and energy—none of grace and dignity; his look, his action, his expression of the character, were the same as they ever were, they could not be finer.

I continue the description of the scene from Mr. Fitzgerald's biography of "The Kembles :"—

Kemble seemed to put his whole soul into the part, and, it was noticed, seemed to cast away all unfavorable checks and reserves, as though there was no further need for husbanding his strength. As he approached the last act a gloom seemed to settle down on the audience; and when at the end he came forward slowly to make his address, he was greeted with a shout like thunder of "No farewell!" it was long before he could obtain silence, or could control his feelings sufficiently to speak. At last he faltered out, "I have now appeared before you for the last time: this night closes my professional life." At this a tremendous tumult broke out, with cries of "No, no!" and after an interval he went on with the remainder of his speech. . . . At the end he seemed to hurry over what he had to say, to be eager to finish, and withdrew with a long and lingering gaze, just as Garrick had done. Some one handed a wreath of laurel to Talma, to which was attached an inscription, bearing a request that Mr. Kemble would not retire, but would act at least a few times in the year, so long as his strength would allow him. Kemble, however, had withdrawn, but the manager (Fawcett) coming out, assured them that it should be his pride to present it to Mr. Kemble. But in the green room he received an unexpected shape of homage, for all his brother artists begged from him the various articles of his theatrical dress as memorials. Matthews obtained his sandals, Miss Bristow his pocket-handkerchief, and when he at last withdrew from the theatre, he found the entrances lined with all the assistants and supernumeraries, waiting to give him a last greeting.

After this a grand dinner was given in his honor at the Freemason's Tavern, Lord Holland in the chair; the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Bedford, and others of the highest nobility, together with the most eminent men in literature and art were present. Not even Garrick had been so greatly honored. His savings had been but moderate, and soon afterwards he went abroad, first to Toulouse,

then to Lausanne, where he died in 1823.

Once he returned to London for a short time, and from Hazlitt we obtain a last glimpse of the great actor in his decay.

His face was as fine and as noble as ever, but he sat in a large armchair, bent down, dispirited, and lethargic. He spoke no word, but he sighed heavily, and after drowsing thus for a time went away.

It is doubtful whether, could John Kemble be revived and brought back to the stage, he would be successful in the present day. We have not yet arrived at the end of the extraordinary revolution Kean's impulsive style of acting created in the dramatic art. It swept away at one blow the studied and artificial school of the Kembles, and brought us back to a more natural and impassioned style; which, however, in this eighth decade of the nineteenth century has degenerated into a bald realism, wholly devoid of poetry, passion, and artistic grace.

---

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### CONCERNING THE LONGEST DAY.

IT is grievous, that this beautiful season in which it is luxury (and a cheap luxury) to look at green grass and innumerable daisies, at green trees and blossoming hawthorn and yellow broom, passes so fast away. It is vain to wish that things in general would stand still, because they will not. If the writer could carry out his views (having found a four-leaved shamrock) then nobody would ever grow older; nobody would ever die. The little children, especially, should abide always such. But if time will not stop, at least the pleasantest seasons which make it need not go by us so awfully fast. You may read in the Second Book of Chronicles of an unbeloved Jewish monarch who "departed not desired:" and though the story is not quite an uncommon one, it is surely a very sad one. But the like can never be said of the golden summer: never of the leafy June. Neither need they leave us so fast, for that they are needed elsewhere: for leaving us, they go nowhere, unless into the wealthy but unsubstantial tract of the long-ago. And that (as Coleridge used to say of things that did not matter much) is *neither here nor there*. We speed through summer at inexpressible velocity: and we find ourselves again slowing in the dismal winter, which in these parts has of late years occupied full seven months out of

the year. For a considerable part of these horrible months, there are eighteen hours of darkness in the twenty-four, and six hours of light (if indeed light be the proper word). Three quarters of our life is passed in a world that is dark. All one can do through that dismal continuance of cold, of tempest and rain and gloom, is to keep the spark of life in any way burning amid the hostile surroundings: and existence is endurance. Here is June once more: it has barely come, and it is almost gone. We must think of it, dwell upon it, make very much of it, this month much desired: it must not go without a good deal being said of it, nor without some unmelodious tears. The way to feel the presence of any fact more deeply, is to frequently say to yourself, and to any one you can get to listen to you, how deeply you are feeling it. The way to enjoy a crisp September morning is to remark to every one you meet how enjoyable it is. The way to make as much as may be of the green summer, and specially of the leafy June, is to say as often as people will stand it how beautiful they are, and how much you are enjoying them.

The glory of summer is here again, having delayed too long. Suddenly the bleak, austere world grows luxuriant. Once more you may look at a beech hedge, which is but a common object and cheap; and wonder with great amazement at the smooth, soft, glossy, marvellous leaves. The apple blossoms have passed over, having remained far too short a time. Welcome, O blossoming hawthorn, fairest of creatures! Welcome, O remaining after-glow, flushed sky in the north, showing where the sun is making back to where he is to rise again, bright at midnight so that one can easily read any decently printed page, casting a gleam on that great mirror of the smooth summer sea! And the sombre green of this wide expanse of grass, springy underfoot with the roots of centuries, turf that has been turf for ages, lovingly tended, and to be turf forever more. Surgy ocean, murmur on those broad sands, with that sound seldom listened to, but always there. Let nature speak to us, kindly and wistful and unsuspecting nature: and let men shut up; specially the kind of men whose hateful gabble, instinct with inexpressible meanness and malignity, pervades what is called the *religious world*. Cursed be controversy: likewise controversial newspapers and periodicals; developing all the devil in us poor men. "I go into the presbytery," said a famous preacher, "a humble Chris-

tian man: I came out of it an incarnate devil!" Everything bad in that fiery nature stimulated by that awful moral atmosphere: though in fact at its very worst, that nature could never be very bad after all. Let us forget these provocative things. Lead us not into temptation: let us rest here under this great hawthorn-tree, fragrant beyond words, a huge soft cloud of snowy bloom. Here would the writer abide; hence he would never of his own will depart. Even railway embankments in these days blaze, in this part of the earth, with huge white daisies; and railway cuttings are golden with the broom: a little since I saw such, for hundreds of yards together, lovely with primroses close as they could grow. It is cheering, that in this world where evil in many ways is given the advantage of good, where there are a hundred mean McTattles for one noble Arthur Helps, where fields never run untended to wheat, and boys do not become scholars but by hard work, there is one flower, sweet and charming as any, that lives and grows and multiplies as profusely as though it were a worthless reed.

On the twenty-first day of June, the writer welcomes with effusion the longest day. Then he reads Wordsworth's pleasant though sad poem that bears its name. Then on the twenty-second of June, with characteristic inconsistency he resiles (beautiful word) from his position, and holds that to be the longest day. That day being unhappily gone he turns up the almanac, and assures himself that all the days of June, from the sixth to the thirtieth, are substantially of the same length: there is not the difference of two minutes in the time the sun is above the horizon, which in these regions is more than eighteen hours. But the long sunset of the north prolongs the day: and it is daylight till twelve, and daylight again by one in the morning. A friend told the writer that last summer being in Shetland he was busy writing till two in the morning; by daylight all the time: only when it grew near midnight he had to move his table to the window that he might write with ease. Southern England is beautiful; beautiful at this season beyond words: but it lacks the long twilights of Scotland, which at midsummer give you no real night at all.

But the longest day, no more than anything else in this world, will be always the ideal thing it ought to be. Wordsworth's poem, as all the English-reading portion of the race knows, contemplates a day of glow-

ing heat, that heat seldom occurring in this tract of the earth nowadays, which used to be called oppressive. On Wordsworth's day, such human beings as have the disposal of their own time are regarded as passing the hours in leafy shade, and coming forth from that only when the coolness of the grateful evening makes all breathing creatures thankful. The writer cannot distinctly recall, of late years, any such day. Once, indeed, standing on the bridge which spans the Teith at Callander in Perthshire, a stranger, apparently from America, volunteered the statement that it was "some hot:" but that was nearly four years ago, and the day closed in a fearful thunderstorm. This year the day was cool enough, doubtless. The morning was gloomy. All the day the wind blew resolutely and bitterly from the east, and here the lovable Kingsley would have had it fresh from the German foam. The light went early, fading out of the sky which was gray all round, and which had shown no visible sunset. It was a disappointment: as a rainy, muddy Christmas is a disappointment: and two of each three of all the Christmases that have been, have been green. When you are young, and vaguely believe that you will never be old, you think on a dark longest day that you are sure to see innumerable bright ones. So opulent are you in coming time that you can throw present hours away as Baron Rothschild probably chucks about sovereigns when he is walking in absent mood. His valet is understood each morning to fill all his pockets from a large sack kept in his dressing-room for that purpose. But, as years go on, the gloomy day is a distinct loss; and is felt as such by one who begins to remember that he may not see many more.

It is not in the least degree inconsistent with what has just been said, when I add that in the case of people in middle life tending to be old, but still retaining vigor of body and mind and equal to all work as ever they were, the prospect is not really shorter now than it was twenty years ago. You know, of course, that it is impossible you can now see so many longest days as it was once possible you might see. You have used up so much of the given allotment of life. But then there was always, from day to day, the utter uncertainty how long your future was to be. Though your way had been short, you might be very near the end of it. You had no assurance: and there are minds which feel this even to a morbid degree.

You never could count certainly on a week: and, after all these years, you are in no worse condition now. You do not look at the green turf with more of the intruding yet not wholly unwelcome sense that you are drawing nearer to the last resting-place which (let us hope) none of us will miss under it, being delivered equally from the deep and from Westminster Abbey: nor do you feel the daisies growing over you a bit more. No doubt, there may be some verdant place, not unkindly, to which you pay an occasional visit: and there, thinking of certain who have preceded you, say, Not yet, not yet, but in a little while. But then, it was always so: though unknown, the place has been waiting for you, ever since you came here at all. The practical result of these twenty years you have seen is, that you have got so much more, and made sure of it, while it does not follow that there is less to come than you could count on when you wrote a paper for *Fraser* just this time twenty years. All the life we get is so much saved out of the fire: so much made sure of out of utter uncertainty. VIXI: there is no doubt of that. As for the future, it is just what it always was: wholly in other hands, and no promise made about it.

Let it be said here that I think it is not nearly so great a trial to feel one's self getting on through the pilgrimage, as it used to be to see one's father and mother doing so. It is admitted that Jonas Chuzzlewit, and the like, have thought their fathers lived too long. And having no acquaintance with princes, and extremely little with dukes, I do not at all know with what emotion these mortals regard the coming of the grave event which will make them and has made them much bigger. I can answer, with full confidence, for decent, commonplace folk. It was a terrible thing to unwillingly see the advance of time: the enfeebled faculties, the encroaching frailty: the shadow of parting. Have you not known what it was to grudge each day? My friend Smith tells me that as a lad, he had, as other lads have had, his great manuscript volume, in which he copied out the verses which most attracted him: I have beheld the volume with a smile and a sigh. Therein Smith copied the well-known lines of William Oldys on a "Fly Drinking out of his Cup of Ale." They end, as everybody knows, with a kindly comparison between the fly's little life and the author's longer one:—

Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
Though repeated to threescore ;  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.

Poor Smith told me the lines were rather a stab to him. They would not do. For his father was fifty-eight : and accordingly, copying the little poem (of which Robert Burns was fond) he changed the *threescore* to *fourscore* : as though the latter were the normal length of life. And he told me how, on one longest day, coming back after a week's absence from home, he felt thankful and elate to see his mother looking so well and so young. Yet the time came. It has come to most of us, and we had to bear it somehow. That is, in fact, we did not bear it. But as we are living yet, we must have got through it somehow. Most of our hardest work, most of our sorest trials, we only got through somehow. Lamely enough : or as we said at school of a half-prepared lesson, *in a kind of way*.

One thing seems certain, in this season of the longest days : for as this is the second of July, the writer has resolved to recognize at least thirty such in each summer. It is this : the enjoyment of natural beauty is not at all diminishing, though other sensibilities are growing blunter. I am not sure if any of these really are being dulled. We fancy that we once felt more keenly : but probably it is no more than a fancy. For, if you have preserved a record of those departed days, you will find on looking back to it that when you were about twenty you had begun to think that you were disillusioned, and that the glory had gone from this life. "Poor little Brown" (his years were sixteen), a cynical young woman once said to the writer, "is he still weary of his life?" Brown fancied he had found a sympathetic soul ; and being deeply read in "Childe Harold," he had poured out his heart to the wrong person. Troubles increase, as we grow older : but then we can bear them better. We can be tolerably cheerful and hopeful, and find enjoyment in little and simple things, under the pressure of burdens which if we had foreseen long ago, we should have given up and lain down and died, not having the heart for them. Year by year, month by month, sometimes day by day, we are always coming down a little : starting afresh on a humbler level ; and gradually persuading ourselves that our level is just as high as ever. And it is as high as ever, if we feel it so. To return : far from valuing the simplest beauties of nature less, it seems to me that

we are always valuing them more. And we make much of little things, and we get a great deal of unexciting enjoyment out of them. I am far from maintaining that boiled lobsters lying on a fishmonger's table are among the beauties of nature : for it is manifest that art has to a great extent conduced to their attractions. But he who can find real enjoyment in their contemplation is a happy man, and is surrounded by a store of things which can yield him enjoyment. You remember how Lord Melbourne, after he had ceased to be prime minister, was quite happy in driving through a poor part of London to a minor theatre, to gaze upon "the fishmongers' shops, and the gaslights flashing from the lobsters' backs : *that* was happiness enough for him." I quote the words, recorded by one who heard them. Now, patient nature has her manifold things to show us, which are better than lobsters' backs, how red soever, and shone upon by whatsoever flare of London gas. And we come to make much of these. Living in a featureless country, as it is appointed to many to do, we come to be thankful at last for a little thing. A green hill seen from your window as you look up, a treeless hill with only the verdure of the growing corn, — how beautiful it looked just this day : how it broke in upon a somewhat desponding mood, and spoke kindly to one ! A long level stretch of green strath, only common trees and hedges : look long at it, and earnestly, thinking of something else ; and you will see in it what many people do not see. A ragged bit of hawthorn, not blossoming as it might blossom did the salt tide not pass within touch of it, coming through that old gray bridge of many arches : just you stand and look at it, and divers painful reflections will be soothed away. You will forget the devil, the beast, the Pan-Presbyterian Synod, and all their doings. Never mind though people smile at your simple likings and pleasures. You remember what Goldsmith wrote about "spontaneous joys ;" and what happiness the retired emperor Diocletian found in the cultivation of a modest cabbage garden. Good folk may smile, bless them. Malignant folk may grin : *Anathema sint !*

There is a simple pleasure which will grow rather than lessen : your pleasure in doing your work, so you do it to your best ability. You will not shrink from beginning your task, as you used to do. Smith, already named, told me that when a young lad set in charge of a large parish, though always rejoicing to conduct divine service,

he found the visitation of sick and poor a great trial: not for the fatigue of it, but through a shyness not to be cast off. Specially, the yearly task of the house-to-house visitation of the parish, though regularly gone through, was a very trying duty; would not have been done, unless under the prickings of conscience. But he went on year after year, never doing it *in a kind of way*, but thoroughly; and the work gradually grew a great delight. You may say it is an acquired taste, to enjoy going from door to door, out of one poor house into another; and sitting down by the little fire, and listening to the simple bodies' long stories about their children and themselves. It is an acquired taste; but if it be your duty to do all that, be thankful that you have acquired it. Possibly Smith's brain is softening; but he says he seldom listens to what is told him in any humble dwelling without a tear. The animal or living creature, called a *pauper*, is (strange to say) a human being; and in nineteen respects of twenty is exactly like yourself. And a person or individual, all whose worldly goods would not fetch thirty shillings, will often make remarks very interesting and profitable to hear. Where deception is impossible, too, it will not be attempted.

Does the work of writing grow easier, or not? Mr. Forster pointed out in his "Life of Dickens" how wrung out the last pages of the great man's manuscript appeared, when set beside the easy flow of his first. And the manufacture may be carried on when there is no grist to grind any longer. You may somehow weave the daily yard, after the quality of the yarn has sadly deteriorated; it may almost be said, when there is no yarn at all, but a wretched shoddy, got by working up old material which was good once upon a time. And the saddest of all bad material is that which was good in its day. But while anything remains to be said, surely it grows easier to write it down. It is still an effort to begin, but not so great an effort as it used to be. It was a terrible pull in the old time, to come in on a beautiful summer morning from the inexpressible brightness and greenness out of doors, and take up the pen and put one's mind (such as it was) on the stretch, and screw out. Sometimes too, nothing would be screwed out. I know an extremely popular and prolific writer, who is wholly ignorant of what is meant by writing with an effort. Let the page be spread out, let the pen be taken up, and faster than the mechanical work can

be done, the stream of interesting and charming thought and language flows. But surely the experience is exceptional: possibly unparalleled. It is not good, either, to write too much or too regularly. Thinking of the amount produced by Southey, or by Lord Lytton, or even by Mr. Anthony Trollope, one has the uncomfortable sense of physical manufacture. The thing is as a loom, turning off so many yards daily. And whenever an author's readers come to have that feeling, an undefinable weariness and dissatisfaction arise. The author must either cease for a while to write, or write under another name. The dog's day is over for the time.

A little way back, the present writer endeavored to signify that he could not suffer himself to be worried by certain unsympathetic souls, by the use of a phrase very familiar to the students of mediæval theology. Let it be suggested, that the well-known phrase is commonly misinterpreted and mistranslated. Its meaning is not nearly so bad as it looks. Ask an ordinary mortal what is meant by *Anathema sit*; and the answer will probably be *Let him be accursed*. It is not so. The proper translation cannot be given in classical English; we must condescend to a vernacular vulgarism to precisely catch it. *Anathema sit* means — *He be blowed*. It may also be rendered — *Let him go to Jericho*. No ill-feeling is expressed; still less is any painful doom invoked. The idea is, we cannot be bothered with him: we have done with him. He is an obstructive ass, a cantankerous fool, who *will* think differently from other people. We don't mind at all what he thinks or says. Mr. Dickens would have conveyed the precise shade of thought, by words that came readily from his pen: *Drat him*. That is all. And it does not come to much. The Council of Trent, cursing all who differed from it, simply used conventional language conveying precisely the same idea that is conveyed when you tell a litigant who would fain appeal from the House of Peers, that no further appeal is possible. Right or wrong, the judgment pronounced is final. The matter is settled; and we decline to discuss it any farther. We say to the litigant, who is probably a Scotchman, If you insist on proceeding farther than this place to which you have come, the only possible place is that typically expressed by the unsatisfactory name of Jericho.

Thinking of the whole question of cursing, one is naturally led to the consider-

ation of orthodoxy in doctrine; and thence to the consideration of the doctrine of the Ideal National Church. Upon that large question, it appears to the present writer that he has much to say: and that his message, if people would listen to it, might serve as an *Eirenicon*. It shall be conveyed more gravely, as befits the subject, on another day. Meanwhile, let there be silence. It is the fit thing, surely, when one has just come in at 11.30 P.M. by lingering daylight yet available to read by, from the margin of the wide sea.

A. K. H. B.

---

From The Contemporary Review.

PICTURES IN HOLLAND, ON AND OFF CANVAS.

THERE is a curious difference between the two parts of the "Low Countries" — the "nether lands" formed of the ooze and mud deposited by the three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, before entering the North Sea, and defended by a fringe of sandbanks and "dunes," thrown up by the winds and the waves. Belgium is simply a flat, ugly, prosperous-looking, uninteresting country, not unlike the more commonplace parts of England; but the flatness of Holland has infinitely more character in it, so that after passing the wide and turbid Scheldt, with its forests of shipping, one feels as if in a new land. It is the difference between a merely plain person and an ugly face full of character.

We left Antwerp on a grey day, with occasional gleams of light, the spire of the cathedral seeming for a time to grow taller and taller, as the perspective of distance showed more clearly the true relation of its height to the churches and houses, the masts and chimneys, grouped round its central point — the delicate tracery of its lofty pinnacles, rising four hundred feet above the little men who yet had ventured to build up that daring flight of masonry heavenward.

The dead flats, with trees and distant houses, and shifting islands of light on the bright green meadows, passed quickly by, — living illustrations of the Dutch pictures with which we all are familiar; the exquisite truth of which to nature strikes one at every turn, the land part of the scene forming a mere line in the whole subject, the sky and clouds, as at sea, monopolizing three-fourths of the composition, and requiring therefore infinitely

more care and thought in their arrangement than with other landscapes.

Presently came a series of small pine woods, cut for fuel and the service of the rail before they could reach the age of any beauty; with wide tracts of sandy, heathery common, and sour, boggy bits, where turf was being taken out, and waste corners where more scrubby trees were attempting to grow. Few cottages, no *châteaux*, hardly any inhabitants, were to be seen; it seemed as if we were reaching the very end of the world. Then came the marshy flats, always at the mercy of a few inches' rise in the tidal rivers, and the intricate series of islands, which alter as the muddy channels of the three great rivers divide and change, the rushing waters eating away the low-lying lands they have themselves formed, and carrying them bodily into the sea, against whose inroads the very existence of Holland is a continual struggle of life and death.

Here, in this apparently remote corner of the earth, name after name was shouted, as the nations succeeded each other at short intervals, recalling some of the most stirring scenes that the world has ever known, and reminding one how in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this was the place where many of the greatest deeds in European history were enacted, and the most important negotiations were conducted.

Here was the centre of the great struggle for freedom, both religious and political, won hardly for Europe at the cost of such horrible sufferings to the inhabitants of these industrious, well-doing cities, — ingrained traders if ever any existed, — who yet gave up the prosperity so dear to them for the sake of what to some seem only mere abstract questions; where women and children helped in fighting the good fight, both actively and passively, not only enduring to the end the dreadful privations of the sieges, and exhorting their mankind not to yield, but even themselves fighting on the ramparts. Here such heads of the people as William the Silent, Barneveldt, De Witt, Prince Maurice, and William III. revolved their great schemes of European policy, and moved the strings that moved the world.

After such a past, it seems strange how the current of political power has now, as it were, stranded Holland on her own mud-banks, and left her to her prosperous trade, the commercial activity which fills the ports of Rotterdam, Dort, and Amsterdam with shipping and goods, the interior development of her agriculture over miles



of flat green pastures, rich and fertile, tenanted with herds of fat cattle, and the furnishing of butter and cheese, salt herrings and other fish, to the nations — a useful, but not so heroic a vocation as of old.

This is not the age of small states; war has been revolutionized to the exclusive profit of great populations and areas. The gigantic power of such armaments as Napoleon was the first to bring into fashion would now crush small centres of light such as the Greek and Italian republics, and the seventeen United Provinces, before they would have time to collect men and money enough to resist. Whether this advance of brute force can be called civilization may be a question. "God" certainly seems now to be "*du côté des gros bataillons*" in Napoleon's sense, but a better mode of adjusting our differences must surely some time be found than for one nation to hammer another into subjection at the greatest possible cost to itself of blood and treasure, as in the Franco-German war. The horror expressed at the Bulgarian atrocities (both real and feigned) shows an advance in public opinion. Every important place in the Low Countries suffered as great horrors again and again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while Europe looked calmly on. Let any one read again the sieges of Antwerp, Haarlem, and Leyden, and say whether even the fiendish cruelties exercised on the poor Bulgarian peasants were worse than the wholesale barbarities inflicted on the unoffending inhabitants of great civilized cities, and continued for years by Christian soldiers, led by "officers and gentlemen," representatives of the "Most Catholic King," and belonging to a State such as Spain then was, standing at the head of the European nations of the period. It proves at least that the ideal of what may be permitted, even in war, has greatly changed for the better.

It is sometimes said that individual influence is at an end in the world, that we now work only by committees, parliaments, associations, and unions — vestries, in short, big and little. In the days when Bismarck and Moltke are still alive, and Cavour for good, and "Napoleon the Little" for evil, are scarcely cold in their graves, this can only be considered partially true. Yet standing among the trees of the *Plein* (Place) at the Hague, and looking at the statue of "the Taciturn" (as he is often written and spoken of "for shortness" in a sort of affectionate fa-

miliarity) as he stands bare-headed, in his long robe, trunk hose, and great ruff — sagacious, long-suffering, wary, *indomptable*, one cannot but feel that the whole of Holland might now slip into the sea with less effect upon the fate of Europe than had the death of that one great man under the hands of an obscure assassin. The whole country seems full of him — with his memory are connected all the most stirring incidents in that most stirring epoch of her history; he is the incarnation of the best spirit of Holland in her best days.

The period of development, the flowering times in art and literature of a nation, are even curiously incalculable. The most unheroic age of Louis Quatorze brought out the full bloom of the talent of France. Here, amid war, misery, famine, bloodshed, and torture, grew up the great days of Holland, producing these unlikely results. Among these sleepy canals, brooded over by the heavy still damp of the encroaching sea, the black, stagnant waters, the raw greens of the grass and trees, arose the brilliant Dutch and Flemish art, one of the only two schools of color that have ever existed in the world, as far as we know it, Greek pictures having utterly perished.

The gorgeous acres of canvas covered by Rubens, the magnificent Rembrandts, the little jewels of color by Terburg, Wouvermans, Gerard Dow, Ostade, Mieris, and Both; the wondrous portraits where Van der Helst, Frank Hals, Mireveldt, and Vandyke represented their men and women, the landscapes at which Ruysdael and Hobbima, Cuyp, P. Potter, Berghem, labored so industriously (though with such apparently unpicturesque surroundings as straight canals, stiff trees, and square fields), all fill one with wonder at the quantity, as well as the quality, of their beautiful work. There is not a gallery in Europe, public or private, of any renown, which does not contain many specimens of each good Dutch master. England is peculiarly rich in such treasures, and here many of the best pictures of the school out of Holland are to be found. We may claim the merit, at least, of having discovered their value at a time when it was lowest among their own countrymen, and perfect gems of art were bought for mere trifles, which would now be recovered, if possible, at almost any price. The city of Antwerp has just given £4,000 for a picture by Hobbima, not two feet square. Why has all this power passed away? why cannot the city



cause a new picture to be painted equal to the old?

In literature they stood nearly as high. Erasmus was certainly the leading philosophical thinker of the Reformation. Grotius, the "miracle of Holland," the "rising light of the world," as he was termed; Descartes, though not born among them, yet who certainly must be ranked among their great men; Spinoza, "great among the greatest as a thinker," the "God-intoxicated man," as he was called by the Catholic Novalis, — who was anathematized by orthodox Jew and Christian alike, but whose reputation has survived the reprobation; and Boerhaave, "the physician of Europe," were a few typical names among them; while printing, whose delicate clearness and beauty has never been excelled, amounting indeed to an art, was carried on by the family of the Elzevirs, at Leyden and elsewhere. In etching, Rembrandt himself has no rival, in power and delicacy alike, and in the effects of color produced, though in mere black and white, by the magic of his light and shade. The etchings, however, which bear his signature are of very various merit, and the backgrounds, foregrounds, and draperies are now believed to have been often worked in by his many pupils. Ferdinand Bol, himself an excellent painter, is also supposed to have filled in sketches made by Rembrandt himself. As far as mere mechanical power goes, Hollar's touch seems to be hardly inferior to that of the great master; but the genius of invention behind it is lacking in his case, and the satins and furs, the ruffs and lace, so marvellously rendered, continue mere "furniture," without the wondrous application by which Rembrandt imparts to them such surpassing interest.

Presently we passed the low earthworks of Breda, which look so weak and insignificant that they would seem impossible to defend; but their "surrender" was deemed such an important triumph that it was immortalized by Velasquez, in the great picture of the Madrid Gallery, so bristling with uplifted lances that it is technically called "Las Lanzas." To us a far more interesting incident is the surprise of the town in 1590, while in the possession of the Spaniards, by a devoted band of soldiers, headed by a captain of Prince Maurice's army. Seventy men hid themselves in the hold of a barge, under a load of turf, which was going into the town for the supply of the troops. The voyage was only of a few leagues, but the

winter wind blew a gale down the river, bringing with it huge blocks of ice, and scooping the water out of the dangerous shallows, so that the vessel could not get on. From Monday till Saturday these brave men lay packed like herrings in their little vessel, suffering from hunger, thirst, and deadly cold. Only once did they venture on shore to refresh themselves. At length, on Saturday evening, they reached Breda, the last sluice was passed, the last boom shut behind them.

An officer of the guard came on board, talked to the two boatmen, and lounged into the little cabin, where he was only separated by a sliding door from the men; a single cough or sneeze would have betrayed them, when every one of these obscure heroes would have been butchered immediately. As they went up the canal the boat struck on some hidden obstacle and sprung a leak; they were soon sitting up to their knees in water, while pumping hardly kept the barge afloat. A party of Italian soldiers came to their help, and dragged the vessel close up to the guard-house of the castle. The winter had been long and cold, and there was a great dearth of fuel. An eager crowd came on board, and began carrying off the cargo much faster than was safe for the hidden men. The hardships they had endured and the thorough wetting had set the whole party coughing and sneezing; in particular the lieutenant, Held, unable to control his cough, drew his dagger, and implored his neighbor to stab him to the heart, lest the noise should betray them. The skipper and his brother, however, went on working the pumps with as much clatter as possible, shouting directions to each other so as to cover the sounds within. At last, declaring that it was now dark, they with difficulty got rid of the customers. The servant of the captain of the guard lingered still, complaining of the turf, and saying his master would never be satisfied with it. "Oh," said the cool skipper, "the best part of the cargo is underneath, kept expressly for the captain; he will be sure to get enough of it to-morrow."

The governor, deceived by false rumors, had suddenly gone to Gertruydenberg, leaving his nephew in charge — a raw, incompetent lad. Just before midnight the men stole out; one half marched to the arsenal, the other to the guard-house. The captain of the watch sprang out, and was struck dead at one blow, while the guard were shot through the doors and windows. The other band were equally

successful; the young governor made a rally, but was driven back into a corner of the castle, while the rest of the garrison, belonging to Spinola's famous Sicilian legion, fled helter-skelter into the town, not even destroying the bridge behind them. A body of picked troops and Maurice himself soon arrived, the palisade was beaten down, and they entered by the same way as the fatal turf-boat. Before sunrise the city and the fort had surrendered "to the States-General and his Excellency." The capture was not only important in itself, but was the beginning of a series of Dutch victories, the turn in the tide after the Spanish triumphs of previous years.

Next came Dort, with its bright little gardens, houses, churches, ships, canals, windmills, and river,—all seeming inextricably mixed,—and a savor of the Synod collected here to settle the Calvinistic, Lutheran, and Arminian disputes of Protestant countries, not very satisfactory in its results, as it settled nothing. The place was a favorite subject with Cuyp, and the numerous "views," two of which were to be seen in the last Loan Collection, the "Landing of Prince Maurice at Dort," in the Bridgewater Gallery, with Mr. Holford's "View of Dort," are at least a much more beautiful consequence due to the existence of the town.

There is a curious romance about this picture; it was very long and narrow, and was cut in two by an unscrupulous dealer, thus utterly ruining the composition and balance of color, particularly in the sky. The two halves remained apart for years and were called "Morning" and "Evening," in the strange ignorance of both buyers and sellers of what constituted early light. At length the true relation of the parts was discovered, they have been once again married, and shine in the full glow of their warm beauty on Mr. Holford's walls: one can hardly help feeling that they rejoice in their reunion. The luminous effect of the evening light on sky and river, hot and still, with the town and its windmills, and the summer morning effect of the "Landing," are equally admirable. The atmospheric effects in Holland are certainly very peculiar. When the landscape is not blotted out by the mists, the fog, and the rain, its extreme flatness (as at sea) allows long perspectives of light to be seen under the clouds down to the very low level of the horizon. This often produces wonderful beauty of light and shade, when the sun is shining on any point in the great sweeps of coun-

try generally there in sight. The chances of variety are also much greater with such an immense arch of sky, than when the lower circle is cut off all round by trees and undulations, more or less high, as is usually the case elsewhere. There is also a singular clearness in the air over great expanses of water or watery land, and of vivid color when the cloud-screens lift, which is infinitely attractive; while the reflected light from the plains of bright water gives a remarkable luminousness—which has certainly passed on to the canvas of the Dutch artists.

Further down the Maas comes Rotterdam, which is now the entrepôt for the trade between Java and Germany. It looks busy and full of life, with its forests of masts on the broad, muddy, rapid river, washing away a bit of land on one side, piling it up further on, on the ever-changing morasses formed where the Maas reaches the sea. Here first one sees that strange combination of dark red brick houses, trees, and canals, most picturesque, and strikingly unlike anything else in the world. Even Venice, to which it is so often compared, resembles it in the words of a description far more than in reality. The Dutch towns, with their deep sombre tones of color, do not in the least remind one of their brilliant Italian cousin.

The Hague is certainly the pleasantest and most peaceful-looking capital existing—"umbrageous" is the only word expressive of it, such is the amount of trees in every direction. "Trim retired leisure" is the general impression of the place, where women have time to squirt water at the fronts of their houses, and where the railway station is so clean that one might almost eat off the bricks. Still there is a busier and dirtier side to the town, connected with the trade to the sea. We looked down canal after canal, with long perspectives of bridges, men punting heavy barges with long poles thrust into the muddy black water or against the brick sides, leaning over so far that, at sharp turnings of the canals, it seemed as if they must overtopple themselves and fall. The boats were full of green cabbages and yellow carrots, baskets, mats hung up in rows, peat in neat little square cakes, the best from Gueldreland. In many of them women and children were living in the small cabins, half under and half upon the deck, and were sitting about in picturesque heaps. Some of the canals are now filled up and turned into streets, but the waterways, with bright lights and

chequered shadows from the avenues of trees thrown on the brick houses and the black-green water, are far more pleasant to look at. The stirring of the boats prevents the stagnant look which in out-of-the-way, little-used corners, appears in a coating of green slime, and seems as if it ought to bring fever, but does not. Here is a very Dutch picture: two women harnessed to a boat by a long rope, pushing against the collar like beasts of burden; a bit of red color on a wherry under the distant bridge; then a green hull and a mass of black barge, and the blue of the men's shirts, punting among the trees with their long poles, carrying the color from a bright sky. Nature gets the blue required for her gamut often from above, and the reflections of the trunks and houses in the water, wherever it was still, doubled and inverted the lines with admirable effect.

Next a more open view out of our windows, where the canal (always a necessary foreground here) is backed by the park. The trees, particularly the oaks, grow very straight, showing that there is no stony, gravelly obstacle to their tap roots in the easy soil; peat (of an inferior quality) is reached wherever a foundation is dug or a garden cultivated, even in the best quarters of the town. Endless barrows, with all sorts of produce, are passing by, — grapes, blue, green, and orange *faience*, a red box with "*Koffee, Thee*," on it — the last as national a beverage here as in England; a boy in a blouse and *sabots*, with two great baskets slung to a yoke, and an enormous cauliflower in each; some women marketing, with queer skull-caps of very thin beaten gold, hiding the hair completely, a costume from Zeeland; others with lace lappets, and small curly gold horns projecting four or five inches on the side of the head, heirlooms in a north-Holland family, a white jacket, pink apron, and *sabots*, cold coloring; the peasants looking substantial in every sense; odd, old-fashioned country carts, with a curious horn jutting out in front; two wicked little boys, certainly not twelve years old, smoking; several more in wooden shoes and red stockings, flinging stones to bring down the horse-chestnuts, with an amount of diligence, patience, and skill, which would make them model boys if they do those lessons as earnestly for which they will certainly be too late this morning. No "guardians of order" interfering; apparently order takes care of itself in this well-conducted population. The schools are said to be remarkably good and well attended; the religious education is

kept separate from the secular, the hot Protestant and Catholic feuds making any other arrangement impossible, if the children are to be taught together; and there seems to be no difficulty there at least in carrying out the details.

We drove to the "*Maison du Bois*," through a thick grove of tall trees, remnants of the ancient forest which once girt the whole territory of the Netherlands, another portion of which is still to be found near Haarlem, and which long enabled the savage inhabitants of the quicksands and thickets of Batavia to withstand even the Romans; while the tangled bushes into which the sand was blown on the shore of the North Sea are believed to be the origin of the dunes. The trees grow so close as to spoil each other sadly, but if once the sharp sea winds are admitted the destruction is great. Tall beech trunks, here and there, thrust their heads high into the air, pine and elm, hornbeams and horse-chestnuts, crossed and mingled their branches, with a great variety of foliage. In the midst of the wood we came upon a dark-green, clear pool, looking very weird and strange, and one sees where Ruysdael got the black greens, the sombre, sunless shadows, of his pictures. The deep seclusion of the place is very striking,\* though within a mile or two of the town; the road wound and twisted through the thick forest, closing in on every side and over our heads, when, without any preparation, we came suddenly on the old red brick palace with a high *perron* and steps in front, literally planted in the very heart of the mystery. Certainly this is the very place where the *belle au bois dormante* must have lived, and probably these are the princes her descendants, only the queen, one of the cleverest women in Europe, does not look as if much of the sleep had come down upon her. The house is a show-place, full of Javanese and Japanese curiosities, and Mr. Motley's portrait figures there, hanging in a room full of the most precious of the monsters. He has certainly merited the rarest place in the kingdom, for his canonization of its heroes and his vivid pictures of the great struggles of its people.

A poetic little garden behind, full of roses, was framed with wreaths of wisteria as we looked out of a central hall, the cupola and walls of which are painted by scholars of Rubens in memory of the great deeds of some Prince of Orange, by order

\* There is a short prosaic way to the straight bare high road on the other side the palace, but this may be quite ignored.

of his wife, who sits at the top and admires her own work in her husband's honor.

The gallery at the Hague is very small, but full of pictures of great interest: not by any means, however, those which are most talked about. The big bull is a disappointment; we have been satiated with beast-painting, and the hairs of his head and the droppings from his nose, wonderful as they are, are too realistic and prosaic to excite any great warmth of enthusiasm. The sleepy sheep, too, are so poorly painted that they seem as if not by Paul Potter's own hand. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is a far higher kind of art.

Here, too, is a fine portrait of Prince Maurice, by Mireveldt, in armor, with a high narrow forehead and peaked beard. There is more even than his father's statesmanlike power in the face, but far less of the benignity. The features of the family of the Nassaus are well worth study. William the Silent and his three brothers had already laid down their lives for the sake of their country, and his son and nine more of the race were devoting their blood, their property, and every energy and talent they possessed to the service of the cause at the time this picture was painted. Few lands, indeed, owe more to one great family than Holland to the race of William.

The bevy of doctors surrounding a subject about to be dissected, foreshortened in a marvellous manner, is not so unpleasant as it sounds, and is a splendid effort of portrait-grouping, natural and lifelike, and of light and shade, but it is not a picture on which one can like to dwell. The portraits of Rubens' first and second wives are full of color, life, and brilliant light; "But I don't know which I should like least for my own wife of those two coquetish ladies," said our companion. There is no good picture of William the Silent; probably he was far too busy with greater interests to remember to be painted; but though the omission seems to be in character with the man, it is not the less to be regretted. The statue on the Plein is not bad, but it is only a late production; by his side the little dog is immortalized which saved his life, when lying asleep in his tent, by barking so violently that it awakened the prince, on one of the many occasions when his assassination was attempted by order of Philip II.

Two or three lovely little landscapes, full of air and sunshine and distance, with much sky, make one feel as if a hole in the wall were opened admitting the real view. One of these gives that mixture of

ships and trees common in Holland, and another the distant sight of a town amidst formal trees and wide meadows, whose realization we soon came upon in Leyden itself, near a small branch of the Rhine, where a great church rising among the trees and red houses has a sort of simulated look of the hull of a ship reversed, very characteristic of its position.

Leyden is now the quietest and most stagnant of learned universities, but with a story to it of the siege by the Spaniards in 1573, than which nothing more moving has happened in the story of our race. The heroic manner in which the inhabitants held out long after any wholesome provisions had been consumed, how they ate horses and dogs, and cats and rats were luxuries; how they dug up the very weeds in the market-place; and even when pestilence broke out from the privations endured by the inhabitants, and carried off thousands of them, still the remainder held out,—is not this written in Mr. Motley's great chronicle of their race?

At length, as the last chance of relieving the city, William the Silent resolved upon opening the great dykes to the sea, and flooding the country so as to drown out the Spaniards and send food to the besieged. The damage to the fields, standing crops, and villages, in July was enormous; it was a measure only to be taken as a last resort, but the danger was imminent, and if Leyden fell the rest of the country must follow. The Estates consented to the risk: "Better a drowned land than a lost land," cried the patriots, and a large capital was subscribed to carry out the work of destruction, as if it had been a commercial enterprise, while the ladies gave their plate and jewellery towards it. The besieged had written to the prince that everything was gone but the malt-cake, and that after four more days nothing but starvation would be left to them. William was lying at Rotterdam so ill with a violent fever, brought on by fatigue and anxiety, that his life was despaired of, but he caused letters to be sent off, which, without mentioning his illness, told them that the dykes were already pierced and that the water was beginning to rise. Great rejoicings took place within the wretched town, cannon were fired, and the Spaniards were surprised at the sounds of music; but Leyden was fifteen miles from the sea dyke, and the flotilla of two hundred vessels, with guns and two thousand five hundred veterans on board, was only able to get as far as a second dyke, still five miles from Leyden. Within

this lay a chain of sixty-two forts, occupying the land held by the Spaniards, who were four times the number of those coming to the rescue; a sanguinary and desperate action took place, but after breaking through these obstacles a third dyke still kept out the water. At length after a series of violent "amphibious skirmishes" this defence was carried and the dyke broken down; but again they were doomed to disappointment, the wind was east, and the water spreading over so large a surface was reduced to a mere film of nine inches, too shallow for the ships — which required from eighteen to twenty — to sail over, and the fleet remained motionless.

William had by this time somewhat recovered, and as soon as he was able to stand he came on board, when the mere sight of him revived the spirits of the forces. The besieged were now at their last gasp; they knew that the fleet had sailed, and guessed at its progress by the burning villages, but they knew also that the wind was contrary and that it could not advance to their help. Bread, malt-cake, and horse-flesh had disappeared, even the leaves were stripped from the trees and eaten; mothers dropped down dead with dead children in their arms; a dreadful disorder like the plague carried off from six thousand to eight thousand persons; yet still the people resolutely held out. At last a party of the most fainthearted surrounded the burgomaster, Adrian van der Wirt, and demanded a surrender. "My life is at your disposal," said the heroic chief; "I can die but once, but I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city. It is a fate more horrible than famine to fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Take my body if it can be of any use to you, but expect no surrender while I am alive." The discontent was stayed, but still there seemed no hope of relief. "It were as easy to pluck the stars out of heaven as Leyden out of our hands," cried the Spaniards, jubilantly.

But the Lord sent a great wind, and it blew the waves furiously on the shore and across the ruined dykes, and the floods rose on the panic-stricken Spaniards, a thousand of whom were drowned, and the flotilla of barges sailed in at midnight over the waves amidst the storm and darkness. A fierce naval battle was fought amongst the branches of the great orchards and the chimney-stacks of half submerged farmhouses; the enemy's vessels were soon sunk, and on swept the fleet; and when they approached some shallows,

the Zeelanders dashed into the sea and by sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Before they could reach the town, however, there still remained the great fortress of Lammen, swarming with soldiers and bristling with artillery, which could not be left behind, while the town might still be starved before it could be reduced. At dead of night, however, the panic-stricken Spaniards fled, and to the surprise of the patriots, in the morning all were gone; and the fleet rowed in through the canals, the quays lined with the famishing people to whom bread was thrown as they passed along amidst the tears of the population. As soon as the brave admiral Borson stepped on shore, a solemn procession repaired to the great church, nearly every living soul within the walls joining, where after a prayer had been offered up the whole vast multitude joined in a great thanksgiving hymn. But the emotion was too deep; they soon broke down, and the multitude wept like children. And on the day following the relief, when the north-west wind had done its work, behold, it shifted suddenly to the east, and again a tempest arose and blew back the waves whence they came, so that the land had rest, and the people were able once more to rebuild their dykes and restore the drowned fields. The whole story reads like a chapter in the history of the "chosen people."

The prince, though still scarcely convalescent, appeared in the town next day; and as one proof of the gratitude of Holland for the heroism of its people, the University was then founded at Leyden.

We had passed the spire of an insignificant village on the right — "Ryswyk, where the Treaty was signed between the Empire, England, France, Holland, and Spain in 1697," said the guide-book oracularly. What was the treaty about? I know that we knew once, but this does not much mend the matter. I feel as if I were being examined in Russell's "Modern Europe" and my information found very shaky. "What was the treaty to settle?" I appeal to the "intelligent man," of whom one is perennially in search in any new place, but here even he is at fault. "*Madame, je ne puis vous en rien dire, je n'ai pas été à Ryswyk.*" What a comfort it would be if the not having been at a place would honorably clear one at an examination! "What are the dates of the two sieges of Vienna?" "Sir, I cannot say; I have never been at Vienna." "What were the bases of the treaty of Utrecht?" "Mr. Professor, how should

I know? I have never visited Utrecht." And with a vague notion that it was "something wherein William III. figured" we swept on.

As Haarlem came in sight we passed over the fields wherein hyacinths, tulips, etc., blue, pink, yellow, and rainbow-colored, are grown by the million, and make the country look like a garden parterre in spring. The alluvial soil when the peat is peeled off is found particularly productive for "roots."

"Are there any manufactures at Haarlem?" we ask of our last edition of the "intelligent man" on our road to the great organ. "Yes, madame," replied he, "the manufacture of onions" (bulbs).

The siege of this town preceded that of Leyden by a few months, and quite equalled it in heroism, but the end was far more painful. Indeed, the courage of Leyden must be estimated by the fact that she knew of the dreadful fate of her sister city and yet was not afraid.

The position of the town was a most important one, on a narrow neck of land between the Zuyder Zee and the ocean, scarcely five miles across; with its fall the province would have been cut in two, and the difficulty of resistance greatly increased. On the other side lay the Haarlem Lake, covering seventy square miles of surface, very shallow but liable to great storms. The city was one of the largest and most beautiful in the Netherlands, but also one of the weakest; the walls were low, in bad order, and required a large garrison, instead of which they could only muster three thousand men, while thirty thousand Spaniards were encamped around it. It was winter, which at first gave the Hollanders some advantage, by enabling them to fight on their native ice, but after the first "rapid, brilliant, and slippery skirmishes," when, Alva's troops being worsted, he declared that "such a thing was never heard of till to-day," he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, on which his soldiers were immediately made to practise their evolutions, and the balance was restored against the Netherlands.

Again and again the indefatigable Orange sent in men, provisions, and ammunition, across the ice of the Haarlem Lake on sledges, often impelled by women and even children; every citizen became a soldier, and even the women took arms; and a corps of fighting women, all of respectable character, armed with swords, daggers, and muskets, did very efficient service in many fiercely-contested actions, within and without the walls.

The women in Holland have borne a distinguished part in the history of the country ever since the time when "the Gaul was assisted in a struggle by his blue-eyed wife, gnashing her teeth and brandishing her vast and snowy arms," as a soldier who fought under the emperor Julian describes. But in spite of the desperate resistance of the burghers, "who fought as well as the best soldiers in the world could do," wrote Alva, the iron circle gradually closed in on the devoted city. They repelled three fierce assaults, defeating the enemy with great loss; they sallied forth with brilliant success, bringing in provisions and cannon, and killing almost a man apiece of the Spaniards; they built up the walls again as fast as the cannonade destroyed them, or when they were blown up by mines. Horrible barbarities were committed by the Spaniards on the few prisoners taken, but at length Alva introduced a fleet of war-boats on the lake, and all the provisions in the town having been exhausted, the townfolk could do no more. As they could get no quarter they determined on cutting their way through the camp, with the women and children in the midst of a square. "It was a war such as had never been seen or heard of in any land on earth," wrote Alva to Philip II. The general, Don Frederic Alva, would willingly have abandoned the siege, but his father threatened to renounce him if he did so. At last, fearing that the desperate citizens would set fire to the town, he offered ample forgiveness to the place, having all the time in his pocket a letter from Alva ordering him "not to let a soldier remain alive," and to execute a large number of the citizens. Haarlem yielded, and the people laid down their arms. As soon as they were no longer to be feared, the massacre began, and for many days five executioners and their attendants were kept at work till they were exhausted, when the remaining prisoners were tied back to back, two and two, and drowned in the lake. Two thousand three hundred persons were thus murdered in cold blood, including the Calvinist ministers and most of the principal inhabitants of the place. But the heroic resistance had not been in vain; it exhausted the strength of the besieging army to such a degree that "it was clear the Spanish empire could not sustain many such victories." Twelve thousand men had perished of their choicest troops, and the expenditure of treasure had been enormous, while in four years' time the city was once again lost to the Nether



landers, whose constancy nothing could subdue.

What then was the lake of Haarlem is now green with fields and young trees, and spotted with new red farmhouses, lying twelve feet below the level of the surrounding low country. Another large space is being reclaimed, laid bare by the line of the new great ship-canal from Amsterdam to the sea, on the other side of the railroad.

The struggle between man and water in this marvellous country, only protected from being swallowed up in the high tides of every autumn by the line of low dunes and the artificial dykes, which are little more than wattles and sand bound together by the roots of the grass, almost haunts one. It is as if the voice of the sea was ever sounding in their ears, "Watch, work, strengthen your dykes, or you will all be drowned!" The details of the draining of the Haarlem Lake are extremely curious; a circular canal was first made round the district to be operated on, built up like the *levées* of the Po. Into this the water was (and is) pumped by four great steam-engines; it thence flows into a wider straight canal, ending with great sluices on the sea. These at low tide are opened, and the water runs away; but if the wind be strong on shore, and the tide high, whole days may elapse before the gates can be opened, and the water must wait with what patience it may, while the overgorged canals become full almost to overflowing.

Whole regiments of windmills are continually at work, keeping the balance, even between the inland and outward waters, pumping up that of the low levels sufficiently high to enable it to find an exit into the sea. Beside this, they saw wood, grind flour, crush linseed, etc., etc., so that it is no wonder that they hold so honorable a place in Dutch art. It is found that they only raise the water profitably to a height of three or four feet, so that when ten or twelve feet have to be accomplished, three mills, in steps one above another, are employed, each to do its own share of the work. There are said to be nine thousand of these industrious slaves in Holland. And Amsterdam would seem to be the very centre of the battalion. There is one in each angle of the now useless fortifications, and they are sprinkled up and down all along the outer canal. The town is the crown of wonder of engineering skill, patient labor, and untiring struggles with water, weather, and wind, for the whole place is below the level of

the sea. It has struck its roots deep below, like a great, patient oak, and there is almost as much material sunk beneath the feet as is to be seen above the heads of the inhabitants. The ugly palace alone is built upon more than seventy thousand piles.

H—— went to look at the building of an ordinary house in an ordinary street; he found that they came to water, or rather mud, as soon as they began to dig; in a space about thirty feet by twenty-five feet, eighteen piles, six inches square and thirty or forty feet long, were being driven by steam-hammers, about two to the yard. Over the crossing beams and the flooring, Portland cement is generally laid, and the houses do not appear to be damp. But in the smaller streets, where the water is stirred by the long poles used to punt the barges, or by dredging, the smell was frightful, as there can be no outfall, and the drainage must all be laboriously pumped up out of the canals before it can run into the sea. Yet there is little fever; perhaps the liberal allowance of clean rain, perpetually pouring down from heaven, keeps them going. Still it was highly immoral thus to sin against every law of hygiene and not to suffer, and H—— held his nose in virtuous indignation as he passed along.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the infinite variety of queer gables and pediments, the ogees, scrolls, and dormer windows of the houses in the canal streets, each with a projection to which a crane can be attached, jutting out from the top-most twist of the mouldings, like a unicorn's horn out of his forehead. The lines of the windows, varying in each house from those of its neighbor, give them the charm of individuality, even in a street, which we so sorely miss in London. There is a *trottoir* and generally a row of trees by each canal, which introduces another element unlike Venice.

We could see from our windows the large ships that enter through a drawbridge into the wider canals, with strange quaint varieties of stem and stern, the rigging and sails of different cuts and colors, many of their masts being unshipped to pass under the low side bridges. Here is a mass of hay, as large as a house, floating past on an almost invisible flat boat, and projecting far on each side of it; there comes an immense vegetable cargo; barrels of herrings, coals, cheese, butter, every kind of produce, were passing up and down, and a vast flotilla of wood, many hundred feet in length, which had come



down the Rhine from the Black Forest or the Jura, with a little hut at each end, and piloted by a couple of families, who must have been months on their slow way. The opening of the great canal to the North Sea, which saves the long and dangerous passage round by the sandbanks of the Zuyder Zee, has greatly increased the commerce of the town, and it is said now to be rivalling or even cutting out that of Rotterdam. The harbor at the end of the canal just completed by English engineers, at the opening to the stormy ocean, is well worth studying. It cost millions of money, and both canal, sluices, and harbor are miracles of skill.

There was much talk of the scheme for drying up part of the Zuyder Zee; a dyke twenty-five miles long is to be thrown across its narrowest part, when a county about the size of Surrey would be added to the kingdom. The preparations for this embankment under water are such as would only be dreamt of in Holland. A raft of brushwood is made, on which, as no natural stone is to be had, square masses made of sand and shingle, bound together by cement, are piled. These are towed out to their proper situation, when they are sunk, and another layer then brought and laid on the top of the first, the workmen in a diving-bell directing the operations.

A statue of Rembrandt adorns one of the numerous "places," but of Spinoza, as is not perhaps unnatural, no notice was taken in his native country till this year, when, two hundred years after his death, a statue of him was raised at the Hague. The account of an excommunication by the synagogue, when he left the communion, is so singular that it may well be given as a "picture" of the Jews of Amsterdam about 1656. A large and agitated congregation collected when it was known that the heretic refused to return into the fold, black wax candles were lighted, while the chanter chanted the dreadful words of the interdict. He was declared "accursed by the same curse wherewith Elisha cursed those wanton and insolent children," etc., etc., "by all the curses, anathemas, interdictions, and excommunications fulminated from the time of Moses, our master, to the present day." "In the name of the Lord of Hosts, Jah, and in the name of the globes, wheels, mysterious beasts," etc., "let him be cursed in heaven and earth, by the very mouth of the Almighty God," "by the mouth of the Seraphim and Opanim, and ministering angels," etc. He was cursed "by the seven angels who preside over the seven days of

the week, and by the mouth of the seven principalities." "If he was born in March, the direction of which is assigned to Uriel, let him be cursed by the mouth of Uriel," and so on through all the months. "Let him be cursed wherever he turn; . . . may he perish by a burning fever, by a consumption and leprosy; may oppression and anguish seize him; . . . may he drink the cup of indignation, and curses cover him as with a garment; . . . let his sins never be forgiven and let God blot him from under the heavens;" thus it runs on through four octavo pages of fierce and passionate denunciation, which do not, however, appear to have all been used on this occasion.

These terrific oburgations were accompanied from time to time by the thrilling sounds of a trumpet; at length the black candles were melted drop by drop into a huge tub of blood, and as the lights were suddenly extinguished, the shuddering spectators, with a cry of execration, shouted "Amen." The end of the candles in the blood is also said to have been omitted in Spinoza's case.

The pleasures of persecution must indeed be great, when it is remembered how many of the Jews present had themselves sought refuge from the terrors of the Inquisition in free Holland, or were descended from those who had escaped from Spain, Portugal, and other Catholic countries, and who used the liberty they had thus gained to denounce their brethren.

The Jews of Amsterdam are now a large and important body, with much of the trade of the town in their hands; particularly the special one of the cutting of diamonds, which is chiefly confined to this place.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," one cannot help saying like the Ancient Mariner. There is great difficulty in getting any good enough for the purpose, and strangers are warned against the ordinary supply as against poison; but some has been found of late, purified by the natural filter of the sands of the dunes. To a Dutchman it would seem impossible to have enough of it about his house, whether in town or country. With a canal in front and another on each side, he will add an artificial pond in his small garden, as a finish quite necessary for his comfort and pleasure; and the smoking-houses and gazebos hang by preference over a canal.

The pictures are everywhere a continual feast, especially the portraits, which adorn the walls of buildings in what

would be only second-rate country towns in another land. Such great masters as Van der Helst and Frank Hals are not sufficiently known and appreciated in England. There was a wonderful picture of a lady in a ruff by Hals in the Loan Collection this year, and an Admiral Van Tromp in the Spencer gallery, still at South Kensington, which are perfectly marvellous in their vivid life; his later pictures are very inferior, however, and degenerate into coarseness. It is singular that no specimens of the works of so important an early painter as Antonio Moro are to be found in his own country; they must be sought for in England and Spain, where he chiefly worked. There is a Queen Mary among Lady Ashburton's pictures, sent by the queen herself to Philip II. before her marriage, and a portrait of a lady in the National Gallery, about 1585, very remarkable in themselves, and for the history of the art in the Low Countries.

When portraits are by a master-hand there can be no class of painting more truly interesting. The real presentment of a great man by a great artist will be allowed by every one to be unsurpassable in value, as a combination of history, study of character, psychological and phrenological, as far as the form of the skull, well worth study. But even more than this, the likenesses of perfectly unknown and even commonplace men and women, immortalized by such men as Rembrandt, Van der Helst, Rubens, in the north, and Morone, Giorgione, and Titian in the south, are themselves of the deepest interest.

To see before you a real human being, whose "mind can be read behind his face," as Tennyson puts it, bearing the traces of the joys and sorrows, the feelings and sympathies, common to all our race, must always have a charm which no pictures of gods and goddesses however good, not even "ideal" apostles and martyrs, can ever possess. Of course there are exceptions to this, but only in the very highest class of imaginative works, such, for instance, as the great "Descent from the Cross" by Rubens at Antwerp.

It must always be an event in any one's life first to make acquaintance with that mighty picture, for, though the lines of the composition may be known by heart from prints and photographs, every person must then feel that he first obtains any real idea of the work. Indeed the light and shade of prints and photographs is often so utterly unlike that of the originals, that they are confusing more than

helping, in their very meagre and inaccurate translation of a master. Color too here takes a new value, even with those who have loved it best, in looking at this its perhaps greatest achievement. It is not merely that the extreme glow and richness enhance infinitely the wonderful breadth of light and shade, and glorious harmony of lines, but here its element seems required to tell the story completely. It is itself a factor, necessary to the expression of the scene, not a mere enhancement of the rest — not only pleasure to the eye, but is felt to be part of the explanation of the meaning of the whole.

Where every quality is thus complete, there is a feeling of utter satisfaction in sitting opposite the picture, which is indescribable in its repose.

Once only in his life did Rubens reach that supreme height. The other pictures of his at Antwerp, which one is called on to admire, are miracles of facile skill in adventurous drawing, like the "Elevation of the Cross" in the opposite transept of the cathedral — triumphs of sleight of hand in the art of hues; but here only has he attained to the passion of inspiration in religious thought and feeling. It is like a great oratorio by Handel; the youngest and most ignorant can understand enough to enjoy, the most learned and experienced are lost in wonder and admiration at the treasures of his genius. It seems strange that he never should have attained to anything approaching the sublimity of this work. The gallery at Antwerp is full of pictures of his, enormous in size, and considered "very fine," — that "rollicking" piece of color, "*La Vierge au Perroquet*," among others, — but one can hardly believe them to be by the same head and heart as the one great piece framed in its appropriate setting of the grand cathedral. There is an immense charm in the contrast of the two sides of the Predella with the centre: the almost pastoral "sweetness and light" of the young peasant mother, in her great shading Flemish hat, mounting the rude steps to greet Elizabeth, on one side, with a deep blue landscape seen below the arch; on the other side she is stretching out her arms a little anxiously for the babe who is held up in Simeon's hands. "A sword shall pierce thine own side," he may be saying — a first tender note of sorrow, a hint of the coming woe.

The feeling of "contrary motion" (as it would be called in music), the contrast of these two with the sombre magnificence of the deep tragedy of the great central

picture must be seen to be understood at its full value, and for this engravings are scarcely any help. All the pictures are plays upon the word "Cristofero," who was the patron saint of the guild of arquebusiers, from whom Rubens bought a piece of land for a house. They stipulated for a picture of St. Christopher in payment, and in his princely magnificence he presented them with five altogether, for the backs of the two flaps are painted also.

Color as a means of expression takes new character in the Netherlands; it is like a new language, or rather like a new mode of expression, by symphonies of harmonious hues.

In Rembrandt this is arrived at by contrast, almost by negations, and a brilliant piece of harmony is produced almost without positive hues at all—the warm glow of a deep, dark background makes a blue or green appear so by juxtaposition; a dull red tells like a jewel on a neutral tint, or the flesh-tints, those most indescribable of hues, become living, in the great *chefs d'œuvre* of portrait-painting, the "Five Syndics," or the "Burgomaster Six" and his wife.

Color, however, seems to be an instinct more than a science; a half-naked Hindoo squatting among his piles of wool, dyeing them with herbs chosen by himself, and not knowing any reason why, will compose a marvel of harmony which all the kingdoms of Europe, with all their art-schools combined, cannot approach. Here and there a single painter arises, in an isolated place, some Sir Joshua, with his almost magic loveliness of delicate harmonies, some Gainsborough, old Crome, or Turner, but it is not carried on. In France the specimens are quite as rare. Meissonier is too artificial. E. Frere is very tender and charming, though a little dim in his key of hues. Color, however, is now as dead in the Low Countries as in the wretched daubs of modern Italy, and the painful cold greys of the German modern school. The secret, the knack, the feeling, has died out with them of the old time, as may be seen almost more distinctly in the painted glass, the magnificent *walls* of color, as they may almost be called, thirty and forty feet high, which adorn quite insignificant churches in both Belgium and Holland. Comparing them with the much-cried-up Munich windows at Cologne, or the horrors perpetrated at Westminster Abbey and some other of our cathedrals, it seems almost inexplicable how, with the old models before the eyes of those who seek, the poverty, the

rawness which sets one's teeth on edge in most modern glass could have been perpetrated.

At Gouda, a few miles from the Hague, are some gorgeous specimens equal to those given by Charles V. and his sisters to St. Gudule at Brussels, splendid in design as in richness of dark hues. All these form pictures in stained glass, which theoretically hardly appears to be its legitimate province of work, intended as it is to be seen against the light and therefore semi-transparent, but the effect is too grand to think of anything but such a result.

When we steamed away from Amsterdam the flat world was blotted out by rain and mist—nothing was to be seen but perspectives of straight lines of earth, trees, and water, each cut short by fog. Every field was not only like a sponge full of water, but looked so rotten with ooze that it seemed as if the cows must sink down through the bogs towards the centre of the earth. They were on the point of being taken under shelter for the winter, as it would be impossible for cattle to live in the open in such a climate; yet they thrive and give ample produce. Both men and beasts, indeed, look healthy and well-doing all over a country which feels like a raft, floating only just so as to keep its head above that water which it requires the almost superhuman efforts of its inhabitants to resist and make use of.

It is a grand thing to see the theatre where such great deeds, both moral and material, have been performed by man, but it must require the constitution of a Dutchman to be able to live there in bad weather.

F. P. VERNEY.

From Nature.

#### ELECTRICITY IN WAR.

THE important rôle played by electricity in modern warfare affords an excellent example of the influence which science has of late exerted in naval and military affairs. It is no isolated example of scientific warfare that we have here to deal with, for the electric fluid has in a great measure changed our whole practice of war, and bids fair to revolutionize it still more in the future. Every soldier or sailor, if he desires to make his mark, must be something of an electrician, for there seems to be no limit to the useful applications of the galvanic spark in battle. Broadly, we may divide these applications

under three heads; namely, the employment of electricity for signalling, for the explosion of charges, and lastly, for illumination, both for the purposes of attack or defence, it being a difficult matter to decide in which connection the electric spark fulfils the most important duty.

To begin with the telegraph. All will agree that it is well-nigh impossible to overrate the advantages which this rapid means of communication gives to the general, in these days, when the line of battle sometimes extends for a dozen miles. Let the commander occupy the most central position, a long time must elapse before his aides-de-camp can communicate with one wing or the other. Assisted by the electric telegraph, however, the general is as close to his subordinates as if he were within shouting distance. Even a brigade of horse artillery, or cavalry division advancing at a gallop, can carry its telegraph equipment with it, the operators accompanying a flying column of this nature with but very little difficulty. The wire-drums are started off at a gallop, the cable being unwound as the carts proceed, and a sergeant on horseback with a "sounder" to his ear, in connection with one end of the wire, receives the general's commands as soon almost as they are spoken. The movement countermanded or a retreat ordered, the cable is again wound up as readily as it was laid down, and the telegraphers make good their return with the rest of the troops. Where ordinary movements are executed, use is of course made of the telegraph wagon, a comfortable little office on wheels, furnished with all things necessary for the receipt and despatch of messages, but this convenience is naturally out of place where a rapid change of front, or some speedy flank movement has to be executed.

Coming next to the explosion of charges by means of the electric spark, we enter upon a phase of war science which bids fair to grow to infinite proportions. Both Franklin and Priestley suggested the employment of electricity in this connection more than a hundred years ago, but it is very recently indeed that we have been in a position to make proper use of this valuable agent as a means of firing charges at a distance. In fact, at the present moment we have by no means exhausted research in this direction, and we find scientific soldiers and sailors still at variance with one another as to the best plan of using the electric current for firing-purposes. One of the first applications made of the subtle fluid was in the removal of

the wreck of the "Royal George," at Spithead, nearly fifty years ago, when the explosion of the charges was brought about by what is termed a wire-fuse, or in other words a short piece of platinum thread stretched between two copper wires. The platinum bridge having less conducting power than the copper wires, presents a considerable amount of resistance to any current of electricity that passes, and, in doing this, becomes so heated as to be capable of igniting any particles of gunpowder in contact with it. A wire-fuse of this description has simply to be placed in the middle of a charge, and if then a current of electricity is passed from a battery along the wire in connection with the fuse, instantaneous ignition is the result. This simple method of firing charges under water was a vast improvement over the old one in use by our engineers, which consisted in leading up a metal pipe from the charge to the surface of the water; the outlet of the pipe was placed as far as possible from the charge beneath the water, and then a ladle full of red-hot shot was emptied down it, and so reached the gunpowder below, which thereupon exploded if the iron fragments had not become too cold in transit.

But for many purposes the wire-fuse is ill-adapted to the military and naval services. A voltaic battery is necessary to evolve the low-tension electricity required to yield sufficient resistance and heat, and such a battery made up of metal plates, and involving the use of acids, is an awkward apparatus to carry in the field. Already in 1853, this fact seems to have occurred to a Spanish officer, Col. Verdu, who determined to see what could be done in the way of exploding gunpowder by a spark, or in other words, by high-tension electricity. Aided by a Ruhmkorff coil he succeeded in firing half-a-dozen charges simultaneously, and although the discharge was sometimes a matter of considerable uncertainty, to Verdu certainly belongs the credit of having been the first soldier to apply electricity in this way to the firing of one or more mines. Wheatstone and Abel followed in Verdu's footsteps, and while the former directed his attention to the construction of a frictional apparatus of a portable nature, which should be suitable for military use, the latter busied himself in the preparation of a fuse inclosing a compound more delicately explosive than gunpowder, a fuse, by the way, which still retains an important place among our warlike stores.

It was in the China war of 1860 that we

first find an electric firing-apparatus forming part of an army equipment. In this case the outfit was of a somewhat clumsy nature. A conveyance, in shape and size much resembling a baker's barrow, contained a monster horseshoe magnet, and it was the sudden disruption of its armature from this magnet which generated the spark to fire the fuse. A few years afterwards, this ponderous conveyance gave place to a neat little mahogany box about a foot cube, which contained half a dozen small but powerful magnets, in the field of which the armatures were made to revolve with exceeding celerity; and it is by means of such an apparatus that to-day we are enabled to fire a score of charges at a time, the wires branching off from the instrument to a distance of a hundred yards or more. But nevertheless, we have yet to devise, it seems, an efficient exploding apparatus capable of igniting both low and high tension electric fuses.

As everybody knows, it is by reason of electricity being employed to fire explosive charges that torpedo warfare has of late attained to so important a position. In the Whitehead, or fish-torpedo, the electric fluid, it is true, plays no part, but this is the only notable exception. In the floating torpedo, the moored torpedo, and the spar-torpedo, electricity is the life and soul; at one moment the machine is but a floating buoy or sunken impediment, the next it is transformed into a terrible volcano. A feeble current of electricity flashing along the wire, has on the instant sufficed to bring about the fatal change.

Passing from torpedo warfare and the recent attempts that have been made to turn electricity to account in the construction of self-steering launches, we come to a scarcely less important matter, that of firing guns by the electric spark. Not only are guns at proof and those under experiment so ignited, but on board the modern ironclad it is the custom nowadays to fire broadsides in this wise also. By leading wires from every gun to one point, which is specially adapted for observation, the double advantage is secured of bringing about the firing at the most opportune moment, and of securing a simultaneous discharge. Some experiments made in Germany have proved beyond doubt that an armor plate struck instantaneously in this way by several shot, may be effectively broken up, whereas the ordinary broadside fire, brought about by gunners

at word of command is incapable of doing so. The wires may be led into an observing tower, or half-way up the mainmast if need be, and here the firing officer can calmly consort his measures undisturbed by the smoke, and noise, and bustle going on below him. He is provided with proper sights, and the guns being laid in accordance with his orders, he can watch opportunity for firing as well as if he had his eye to the weapons themselves.

Finally, we have the use of the electric light in warfare. It is the most recent application of all of this wonderful agent, and we should hesitate to say how extensive may hereafter be the employment of electricity in this connection. In the Franco-German war, the first use of this powerful source of illumination was made by the French engineers, and from the forts around Paris the electric rays were made to sweep in all directions, to watch for hostile troops engaged in the operation of mining. Bodies of soldiers upwards of a mile distant could be plainly seen by the vivid light of the electric lamp, and working parties were frequently compelled to abandon their object in the presence of this powerful detector. As a means of discovering the approach of torpedo launches at night, the electric light will obviously be of value, and already a trial of it has been made in several of her Majesty's ships. The "Alexandra," the flagship of the Mediterranean fleet, is provided with an electric lamp, worked by one of Wilde's powerful machines, so that the efficiency of the apparatus may be practically tested. Experiments, however, have already shown what the electric rays are capable of doing, and a low torpedo-launch cannot approach within a thousand yards without detection, while if painted of a neutral grey, so as the better to escape observation by day, the vessel, it appears, is all the more perceptible under electric illumination. Steamers, we are told, are peculiarly liable to be detected by an electric lamp, since the rays are reflected by the steam and smoke as effectively as if the latter were a solid screen. How valuable, too, the electric light on board ship must prove for signalling purposes may be gathered from the fact that the Dungeness light, which was the first one of an electric nature constructed in this country, can be seen on a clear night at a distance of thirty miles with all the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude.

H. BADEN PRITCHARD.

From The Spectator.

## A LONELY BIT OF ENGLAND.

THERE is a terrace on the high ground of Oullins, below Lyons, whence one sees the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône, and marks the distinctness of their several colors, and their rate of motion, for many a mile down the conjoint streams. Looking from that terrace across the broad lands towards Switzerland, one also beholds a yet more beautiful object, with the charm of chance about it, too, for it is only under certain conditions of weather that the clouds on the far horizon part and lift, and the monarch of mountains stands disclosed between the mist-curtains. Of a similar order is the spectacle which may sometimes be seen from the shore of Barnstaple Bay, when, after the jealous clouds have shrouded it for weeks, it may be, they drift away, and the grand and lonely Lundy Island rears its scarred and riven-granite cliffs from the fretted sea. When the island, which for mystery and loneliness might, until lately, have been a speck in the far Pacific, though it lies in the midst of the Bristol Channel, emerges into sight it sometimes wears a mystic aspect still, for bands of fog will float, ribbon-like, along the front of it, hiding now the heads of the cliffs and leaving the beach clear, and again reversing that order; and as the mist is not thick, but vapory and transparent, it produces mirage-like effects, and the outlines of the island and the ships sailing under it are lifted and distorted. But when Lundy stands fully revealed in the sunshine to its rare visitors, it presents an aspect as romantic and imposing as can be desired. It is formed of "a lofty table-headed granite rock, surrounded by steep and occasionally perpendicular cliffs, with grisly seams and clefts, and hollowed out along the shore into fantastic coves and grottoes with huge piles of granite thrown in wild disorder." Sea-birds whirl like driven clouds about the cliffs, cluster in the crannies, and balance themselves upon the waves, filling the air with the hoarse screaming which makes so fine a harmony with the voice of the sea. Like a majestic solitary fortress the island stands, with "the graves of the giants" for its hidden treasure, the relics of innumerable wrecks for its trophies, and the Templar Rock for its unrelieved sentinel; for when the mist lifts off Lundy, there juts out from a projecting point an enormous mass of granite, presenting so perfect a resemblance to a man's face, under the head-gear of the

Knights Templars, "that one can scarcely believe that it has not been touched by an artist's chisel." The outlying rocks are of strange shapes, and have their several names recorded in the early scant history of the lonely island which has touched the life of the mainland in some of its most troublous times. The Constable, the Gannett and the Seal Rocks describe themselves by their names, and one of the great curiosities of the island is the Seal Cave, a vault sixty feet in height and twelve in width, with a sandy bottom at its inner part, gradually rising and getting narrower and darker until there is scarcely room to pass, and then suddenly opening into a spacious and lofty chamber, to which the seals resort. Another is the extraordinary cavity known as the Devil's Limekiln, on the south-west of the island. "This opening," says Mr. Chandler, in his monograph of Lundy, "consists of four walls of granite; the north and south sides being perfectly smooth planes or faces of rock, which gradually narrow, as they descend, into a funnel-shaped opening, having at the bottom its diverging passages or tunnels communicating with the sea. The other two sides of this chasm are absolutely perpendicular, but the surfaces of the granite are partially decomposed, and broken by joints and fissures. The depth of this remarkable pit is three hundred and seventy feet."

In Drayton's "Polyolbion," he describes Lundy Island as "a lusty, black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high;" this "forehead" is the broad, steep, even slope, green or russet-brown, according to the season (for it is covered with ferns), rising to the flat summit, which would answer to the top of the head of the black-browed girl. That slope of ferns above the cliffs two hundred feet high, with a rampart of bristling granite boulders between them and the sea, the outlying islets, the tossing fringe of foam, the whirling legions of sea-birds, the everlasting booming of the sea in the caves, the effects of light in the moist atmosphere, form a scene of grand and solitary beauty, which gains upon the imagination by the associations with human fate belonging to the island, within whose nine miles' circuit are girt many romantic and terrible memories. No place on earth, perhaps, has seen quite so many wrecks. Laying aside the theories which may be formed as to its prehistoric inhabitants, upon the suggestive basis of the giant skeletons which were discovered in their stone coffins in 1850; and the supposition



that the island — the ancient Herculea — may have seen a settlement of the Norsemen upon it, its actual history is full of a turbulent romance, the immemorial characteristic of the Montmorency or Monte Marisco family, to whom it belonged in the eleventh century. Rebellion and piracy were the occupations of the De Marisco holders of Lundy, whom two kings seem to have vainly endeavored to dispossess, until, in 1245, after the execution of Sir William de Marisco, for rapine and violence of various kinds, the island was declared forfeited to the king (Henry III.), and Henry de Tracy was made keeper of it. The De Mariscos turned up again, however, under Edward I., but in the time of Edward II. Lundy was granted to the king's favorite, Hugh Lord le Despenser, and the king, flying from his queen and the barons, attempted to take refuge there. He was prevented by a contrary wind, and the frustration of his design is quaintly recorded in Westcote's "History of Devonshire." The only historical remains on the island date from the De Marisco times. The massive and extensive ruins of the castle show that it must have been an important fortress. "The caves and subterranean passages in its neighborhood, the mounds, and the round towers are probably relics of the sway of these pirate nobles, and illustrative of the lawlessness of the time, as well as of the natural strength and importance of the island."

In the Great Rebellion, the little island again became important in the west country, after a long period during which it figures merely in the annals of piracy. Governor Bushel's holding-out against the summons of the Parliament to surrender, his correspondence with Charles I. on the subject, the king's remarkable letter, and Richard Fiennes's account of the condition of the garrison, conveyed in his report to Sir Thomas Fairfax of the delivering up of the island, form an exceedingly striking episode of that stirring history. The island was given over to Lord Say and Sele, who claimed it on seemingly obscure and uncertain grounds, and would appear to have profited little by his gain, for Echard, the historian, narrates that after he had lived to see his ambition defeated by the supremacy of Cromwell, he sought a voluntary retreat, or rather imprisonment, in the Isle of Lundy, where local tradition has it that he died. Then, for a long time, Lundy became again the resort of pirates, and in the reign of Queen Anne it fell for a time into the hands of the French, who used it as a privateering

station during that brilliant interval in which they made such a number of prizes that they called Barnstaple Bay "the Golden Bay." With the villainous episode of "Benson's convicts," the historical career of Lundy comes to a close. Lonely as Lundy is even now, this daring deed seems almost impossible, and it certainly vies with any of the former transactions which rendered the place notorious. Benson, who rented the island from Lord Gower in 1748, was an eminent merchant at Bidford, and M.P. for Barnstaple. In 1790, he entered into a contract with government for the exportation of convicts, and gave the usual bond to the sheriff to transport them to Virginia or Maryland, "which," says Mr. Chandler, "was the simple mode of getting rid of convicts in those days." But the clever contractor took his consignment no further than Lundy, where he employed them on the island, lodging them in the old fort, and locking them up every night when they returned from their labor. When, having been detected in smuggling, insurance frauds, and indeed every kind of commercial villany which the conditions of trade at that time admitted, Benson was at length called to account, he strongly defended himself on the convict question, declaring that so that he took the convicts out of England, it did not matter, Lundy or America fulfilled his contract equally. Of late years, the disastrous speculation of the Lundy Granite Company has been the chief incident of the history of the island, which passed through the hands of several proprietors, including the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, to those of Mr. Heaven, who now resides there. Occasional visitors go to Lundy in the summer season, and occupy the deserted cottages which were built for the laborers during the working of the granite company. The isolation of the wild and beautiful island, between which and the mainland there is still no regular communication, will probably not last much longer. Trinity House sends a skiff to Lundy from Clovelly twice a month, there is postal communication *via* Instow every alternate Thursday, and it is in contemplation to extend the telegraph from Clovelly. Excursion steamers take parties to the island; a signal-station is in contemplation. These things are all ominous; a little while, and the pirate rock fortress, which shows itself only by gleams and glimpses from out the mid-channel mist, will doubtless be annexed to the adjacent islands of Great Britain, and included in the programmes of Messrs. Cook and Gaze.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIX. }

No. 1736. — September 22, 1877.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXXIV. }

## CONTENTS.

I. OXFORD GOSSIP IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, . . . . .	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . .	707
II. PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Part XIII., . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> , . . . . .	721
III. THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST, . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . .	729
IV. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXIX., . . . .	<i>Harper's Bazar</i> , . . . . .	741
V. A PLEA FOR A RATIONAL EDUCATION, . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . .	745
VI. MONEY-ORDERS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	759
VII. IMPRESSIONS OF A MEETING-HOUSE, . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	761
VIII. AN ALGERIAN INLAND SEA, . . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . . . .	764
IX. THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	767

## POETRY.

LOADED WAINS, . . . . .	706	WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME, . . . .	706
A WINDY EVENING, . . . . .	706		

—•—  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.  
—•—

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## LOADED WAINS.

FROM the broad fields, their golden glory  
 shorn,  
 And sunny uplands, of their beauty reft,  
 Through the still sunlight of the autumn morn,  
 And hedgerows, with their lingering jewels  
 left,  
 By the brown river, through the leafy lanes,  
 On to the farmsteads move the loaded wains.

The stalwart reaper bears his brightened  
 scythe,  
 Or tracks the course the great machine has  
 made,  
 And bonnie lass and lad, sunburnt and lithe,  
 Round whose straw hats woodbine and poppies  
 fade,  
 Wake all the meadow land with harvest strains,  
 Clustering and laughing round the loaded  
 wains.

'Tis soft September nature's harvest yields,  
 But all through life our ripening fruit we reap,  
 Now storing violets from sweet April fields,  
 Now roses that bright July sunshines steep,  
 Now garnering gray October's sober gains,  
 Now Christmas hollies pile our loaded wains.

Ah me! how fast the fair spring flowers die,  
 How summer blossoms perish at the touch,  
 And Hope and Love in useless sympathy,  
 Weep for the Faith that gave and lost so  
 much!  
 From half our sheaves drop out the golden  
 grains,  
 Small is our portion in the loaded wains.

Yet, ere the mighty Reaper takes it all,  
 Fling out the seed, and tend it rood by rood;  
 One ear is full, though hundreds round it fall,  
 One acre 'mid a mildewed upland good;  
 Eternity will rear on heavenly plains  
 The smallest treasure won from loaded wains.  
 All The Year Round.

## A WINDY EVENING.

THE sun sank low; beyond the harbor bar  
 The waves ran white and high;  
 The reefed sails of a vessel showed afar  
 Against the gray-blue sky.

Sharp called the gulls, as 'mid the tossing  
 spray  
 They circled swift; and loud  
 The north wind roared, as it rushed down the  
 bay,  
 And rent the seaward cloud.

Past the old lighthouse, rising white and tall,  
 Like birds the wind deceives,  
 Swept from the forest by the surging squall,  
 Sail the sear autumn leaves.

Fast o'er the dark and foam-capped waves  
 they fly,  
 Brown ghosts of May and June,  
 Seeking the ship tossed up along the sky  
 Beneath a thin, white moon.

Then as they sped on to the shadows gray,  
 The sun sank lower down,  
 Sending a golden light across the bay,  
 And through the dark old town.

It made the church spires glow with shifting  
 light,  
 That slow grew faint and pale,  
 As it was borne into the coming night  
 By the swift rushing gale.

The shadows darkened, and along the sea  
 The swaying ship had flown;  
 The sun was gone; one bright star glisteningly,  
 Near to the moon outshone.

Through crimson, flame, amber and paling  
 gold,  
 Faded the day's sweet light;  
 And on the sea and land gathered the cold,  
 Gray shadows of the night.  
 Transcript. THOMAS S. COLLIER.

## WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

WHEN the grass shall cover me,  
 Head to foot, where I am lying;  
 When not any wind that blows,  
 Summer blooms nor winter snows,  
 Shall awake me to your sighing;  
 Close above me as you pass,  
 You will say, "How kind she was,"  
 You will say, "How true she was,"  
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,  
 Holden close to earth's warm bosom;  
 While I laugh, or weep, or sing  
 Nevermore, for any thing;  
 You will find in blade and blossom,  
 Sweet, small voices, odorous,  
 Tender pleaders in my cause,  
 That shall speak me as I was --  
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!  
 Ah, beloved, in my sorrow  
 Very patient, I can wait --  
 Knowing that, or soon or late,  
 There will dawn a clearer morrow;  
 When your heart will moan, "Alas!  
 Now I know how true she was;  
 Now I know how dear she was,"  
 When the grass grows over me.

Transcript.

From The Quarterly Review.

OXFORD GOSSIP IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.\*

THE year 1674, when this remarkable series of letters begins, may be called the turning-point of the reign of Charles II. During the fourteen years which had elapsed since the Restoration, the nation had passed from the extreme of Puritanism to a liberty, not to say a license, of religious thought, which had brought many to the very verge of conversion to the Church of Rome. While the king himself was too indifferent to anything but his own pleasures to care for any religion at all, and trimmed between all creeds, dexterously employing the arguments used by one to confute the opinions of the others, the Duke of York, less adroit, but more honest, had, in 1669, openly avowed his adherence to Romanism, and had suffered for it accordingly. As to general politics, the Dutch, after a series of sea-fights, some of which brought war so near to the metropolis that the sound of De Ruyter's guns were heard in London, had been finally beaten in 1674, and a lasting peace concluded just before Prideaux began to correspond with Ellis. The year before, the Test Act had been passed, by which all persons holding office were compelled to take the sacrament according to the mode of the English Church, and also to subscribe to a declaration against transubstantiation; in consequence of which measures the Duke of York, Lord Clifford, and others, resigned their offices. The nation, in fact, was now alarmed at the progress made by Romanism; and, still Protestant to the backbone, was ready to fall into the snare spread for it a little later by Titus Oates, and to show itself as capable of being scared out of its propriety by the dread of Papal aggression as any generation of Englishmen either before or since. As to ministers, Clarendon had been in power and favor, had been dis-

graced in 1667, deprived of the chancellorship, impeached by the Commons, and compelled to retire to the Continent. To him succeeded the Cabal, in which the Duke of Buckingham, as prime minister; Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, at first chancellor of the exchequer, and afterwards chancellor; and Arlington, were the chief spirits. They lasted till the beginning of 1674, when too much Romanists, that is to say some of them, for the nation, and too Protestant for the king, they were driven from office by the Parliament, and were succeeded by Osborne, soon to be created Earl of Darnley, one of the few honest, as well as able, ministers whom Charles II. possessed. Shaftesbury, who had been deprived of the chancellorship before the fall of the ministry, had been succeeded by Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, of whom we often hear in these letters as Prideaux's patron, while Shaftesbury returned to his old attitude of antagonism to the crown, and became the leader of the Protestant opposition.

After this rapid sketch of the position of affairs when these letters begin, we turn to the correspondents themselves. Humphrey Prideaux was born at Padstow on the 3rd of May, 1648. He came of an old Cornish family, and was the third son of his father, Edmund Prideaux, "a gentleman of good position and influence in the country." John Ellis, Prideaux's correspondent, was the eldest son of a father of the same name, the rector of Waddesdon in Buckinghamshire, a Puritan divine of some repute. John was the eldest of six sons, and was born in 1645. The common bond of union between the son of the Puritan divine and the son of a Cornish gentleman was the fact that they had both been trained at Westminster School under the rod of Busby, the great schoolmaster of the day, and had thence passed to Christ Church, Oxford, which in their eyes, and no doubt in those of the rest of the world, was beyond all question the college in that famous university. As Ellis was older than Prideaux by some years, it is certain that they were not together at Westminster. But there can be no doubt that Prideaux, when he came up

\* 1. *Letters of Humphrey Prideaux, sometime Dean of Norwich, to John Ellis, sometime Under-Secretary of State (1674-1722).* Edited by E. M. Thompson. Printed for the Camden Society. (1875.)

2. *Letters of Humphrey Prideaux to his Sister and Brother-in-law, Ann Coffin and Richard Coffin.* Contained in the Fifth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. (1876.)

to Christ Church, in December, 1668, with a Westminster studentship, fell at once into the Westminster set, and so became known to Ellis. That they were bosom friends six years afterwards is plain from this one-sided correspondence. For we must at once inform our readers that the letters are those of Prideaux alone, which passed into the collection of the Earl of Macclesfield, and were purchased of him in 1872 by the trustees of the British Museum. Of the letters of Ellis nothing is known, and it seems they are not to be found among the papers of Prideaux's descendants. Before we proceed to notice the amusing letters themselves, we must beg the reader to dismiss from his mind the Humphrey Prideaux of his early recollections. Let him forget the dreary but good and judicious divine, whom Regius Professors of Divinity recommended him to read when studying divinity, and whose "Connection of the Old and New Testaments" is still recommended to candidates for orders by bishops and archbishops of the Established Church. Let him also forget the grave letters to his sister, of which we shall speak first. The Prideaux whom we are about to present for the reader's wonder no more resembles a dignitary of the Church than Pantaloon in the pantomime is like the heavy father out of whom he has been transformed, for the express purpose of cutting antics. By turns Prideaux in this correspondence is a gossip equal to the veriest old male or female scandalmonger that ever lived; a spy of very great detective power; a slanderer of other students at the university; and a place-hunter both for himself and others. That he was a tolerable Oriental student; that he worked in Dr. Fell's mill at the University Press, and saw the "Arundelian Marbles" through the press; that he stood in awe of Fell, much as a generation ago students of "the House" believed in Gaisford's scholarship and trembled; that he revered Pocock, the Orientalist, "the good doctor," as he calls him in some of the few passages of his letters in which he speaks good of any one; that he was a firm friend to Ellis, and unswerving in his allegiance to Westminster School and Christ Church, — all

these good points do not qualify the opinion we have formed in reading these letters that Humphrey Prideaux, however shrewd in himself, and however amusing his account of life at Oxford and Norwich may be, was, on the whole, a most arrant trimmer and timeserver; that he, just as much as the vicar of Bray, watched every political wind that blew, and changed with it accordingly, chiefly in the belief that it must be an ill wind that did not blow him any good.

The first letter which has been preserved is one written to his sister Ann Coffin, in November 1673, in which he tells her that the new Duchess of York will arrive in London next week; that the king of France, who "now ruleth here as he pleaseth, hath been the cheefe match-maker, and hath reather imposed a wife on the duke than procured one for him." Of her personal appearance he adds, — "Shee is young, not above fifteen, hunch-backd and ugly, and the daughter of a poor beggarly prince." But lest the reader should suppose that princesses and their attractions formed the staple of Prideaux's letters to his sister, we must tell him if ever he had a thorn in the flesh as a correspondent, that thorn was Ann Coffin to Humphrey Prideaux. The brother, as we shall see, was a shrewd, self-seeking divine of the Church of England, to whom Church and State were so firmly connected that nothing could separate them, just as nothing short of an Act of Abjuration could ever sever his connection with the establishment. The sister, on the other hand, was a fanatical Dissenter, ever ready to follow new doctrines, and caring little or nothing for the Church of England. Thus, though Prideaux's care of his own interest occasionally peeps out in these letters to his sister — as when, on the 20th of April, 1685, he informs her he is mourning for the loss of Dr. Marshall, rector of Lincoln College, not only on account of his piety and virtue, but also because his sad decease had frustrated his intention of resigning to his grieving friend the deanery of Gloucester — his object in writing to her generally seems to be to combat some of her heretical and fanatical notions as to religion. On these occasions Prideaux

writes in the style of a heavy divine, quite different from the gossip in which he pours out his soul to his bosom-friend Ellis. Thus, on the 1st of February, 1688, he writes to her: "I perceive you are soe much in love with your Monsr. Jeureu — Jurieu — that I believe if my brother-in-law were dead, you would make him your second husband." "His book appeared to me a perfect romance, containing the inventions of a phancifull brain without ground or reason." The book was on the interpretation of Revelations, which Jurieu, like many others before and after him, had applied to his own age. It seems also that Mrs. Coffin had said something in praise of the Prince of Orange, for her brother takes her up thus: "As for the good deliverance which you immagin we have obtained by the Prince of Orange comeing hither, I wish it may prove soe; but I must tell you I have other notions of that matter." Then he explains that oaths and tests will be "put upon us which I can never take; and this, I doubt not, will voyd churches enough for all your beloved phanatiques to come in upon their own terms, and then I hope you will be satisfied." Later on, in June 1692, Prideaux, as indeed we shall see from his correspondence with Ellis, had made up his mind that, after all, William and Mary were not such bad sovereigns, and much to be preferred to his sister's friends the Dissenters. "Now," he tells her, "we have a king and queene ready to sett forward a reformation, and bishops who labor hard to effect it, yet nothing can be don because that party in Parliament who are for the Dissenters obstruct all offers made this way." Later on it was a great blow to Prideaux to find his sister taking up with a project about the Greek Church, which had been started by an old enemy of his, Dr. Woodroffe, "a man of a maggoty brain" like her own, "and a singular method of conduct from all mankind besides." As for herself he says, "You would do well first to understand the Church you are of, before you take up with foreign churches." The greatest wrath of the dean was, however, excited by a declaration in one of his sister's letters, that "she had been bred a Presbyterian."

"If you were so," he tells her, "you were bred alone by yourselfe, for none of us else were bred soe, and I am sure my father never intended any such breedeing for you." Later on, his sister, in 1701, seems to have returned to the charge as to the Greeks; for Prideaux writes, "As to the Greek patriarch you enquire after, I suppose he is one that wants bread at home, and is come hither to beg it . . . Such sort of people we have often come over. As to their religion it is made up with a multitude of rites, and they regard little else, beeing very ignorant and superstitious." Last of all, in an undated letter, he combats the distress of his sister that clergymen, of the Established Church of course, should be so wicked, and writes these sensible words: "Here men will be always sinners, and as long as clergymen are men, they will be soe too; for they have the same infirmities with other men, the same corrupt affections and depraved desires, and act always under the same, and perhaps greivouser temptations than other men, and therefore you must not think it strange that they also fall like other men . . . and, as the present circumstances are, it is the great mercy of God if there are not more clergymen wicked than otherwise."

So far we have seen Prideaux combating as a grave divine, in measured and convincing language, the religious fancies of his sister. We have now to consider him in a very different light, as corresponding with Ellis, the friend of his youth, as though they were still boys together. In his first letter in 1674, he tells Ellis, who had then left Oxford without taking his master's degree, and was employed under Sir Joseph Williamson in the State Paper Office, that a new book had come out of the Oxford press by Dr. Coles "against the Papists," writ in dialogues. "I suppose," he adds, "the old tale tould over again." At this point let us say that Prideaux is a horrid speller; and that it is lucky for him that he is a dead old divine on the shelf, and not a modern candidate either for orders or for a commission in the army. Then, after a little more about books, he tells Ellis about the Bishop of Winchester's

commissioners, who had come to examine his colleges — Magdalen, New College, and Corpus. "In town on (one) of their inquiries is whither any of the scholars of those colledges weare pantaloons, periwigues, or keep dogs; but which is most materiall is their inquiry wither any buy or sel places?" "If," he goes on, "he can rectify this abuse, which is crept in at Magdalen's and New Colledge, to the notorious scandale of the University, he will do us a considerable kindnesse, and gain himself much credit; but I thinke not that he is able soe for to provide against this in such a manner as those which have found out soe many tricks to cheat God Almighty and their own consciences, will not likewise have store of them to evade all his provisions, especially since they have the old politician Satan to helpe them out and their damd averice to entice them to harken to his counsel." Pretty strong this against the fellows of Magdalen and New College, who no more than the fellows of All Souls — Prideaux's special aversion — or those of Balliol and Exeter, escape the slanders which he pours forth against them as compared with the students of his own "House." But lest Ellis should suppose that there was any merit in this act of the Bishop of Winchester, Prideaux is careful to throw a stone against him too, for he says that his inquiry was caused solely by his spite that the fellows of Corpus had rejected a proposal of his to transfer one of their Hampshire fellowships to "Jersey and Garnsey." He chuckles also malignantly over the thought that the bishop, Dr. Morley, will have to found the fellowship himself in some other college; "but," here comes another stone at another college, "I suppose it will be hard for him to find on (one) that will receive his donation except Pembroke, *the fittest colledge in town for brutes*." Shades of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Jeune, that good Jerseyman, that your college should be thus styled by a student of the great "House" over the way! In the same letter Ellis is told that "Mr. Dean" — Fell was not made Bishop of Oxford till 1766, when he held both bishopric and deanery till his death in 1686 — "Mr. Dean was yesterday taken with a violent fit of the stone, but he is now abroad again. At the end of the Antiquitys" — Anthony Wood's "History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford" — "you will find an answer of his to a pamphlet of Hobs," this being that scurrilous attack on the philosopher, in which Fell denounced him as "*irritabile illud et vanissimum Malmes-*

*burienne animal*," and took credit to himself for being so forbearing as to leave "*viro pessime Deo, hominibus, literisque merito, locum inter literatos*;" the sole origin of all this fury being that Fell had altered Wood's account of the "Life of Hobbes" in the "Antiquities," and that Hobbes, by the king's leave, wrote a defence of himself, to be published in the "Antiquities," but which Fell, who had told Hobbes that he "was an old man, had one foot in the grave, that he should mind his latter end, and not trouble the world any more with his papers," never read till it appeared in print, to his great displeasure, when he revenged himself on his adversary by the answer to what Prideaux calls "Hobs' pamphlet."

In a letter soon after, August 18th, 1674, Prideaux informs Ellis of a journey he had made to Oxford in "miserable bad company." The coach, it seems, held six inside, three on a seat. On one side of Prideaux was "a pitiful rogue," and on the other a lady with an unmentionable name, which, however, the old divine raps out on this occasion in all its simplicity. But his wrath was chiefly directed against "two schollars" on the opposite seat, who "violated his ears with such horrid, dissolute, and profane discourse, as I scarce should have thought the divell himselfe dared either to use or teach others, were it not that I was soe unfortunate as to have this miserable experience thereof." In these young men, undergraduates as it would seem, we may see the reaction from Puritanical strictness produced by the gay and dissolute reign of Charles II. When the court set such a bad example, young men were apt not only to follow, but to out-Herod it. After all, Mr. R. Fincher and Mr. Daniel — these were their names — might have been only bad specimens of their class; and it is some consolation to us, as it was to Prideaux, to learn that when these two profane youths played off some of their pranks on a company of carters, they, Fincher, especially, "got sturdily belabored with whips and prong-staves." "This ill company" made Prideaux "very melancholy all the way;" but it eased his mind to find out who the young men were: Fincher's father being "one Major Fincher who liveth not far from this place, and pretendeth to a great deal of sanctified piety;" the other being "son to Colonel Daniel, in Lancashire." On which Prideaux makes the charitable reflection, "It grieved me to thinke soe dissolute a person was to be planted in a Papist county, to give scandall

to the religion by which he is named, and make the adversaries thereof rejoice; but considering his course of live (*sic*), I think I may without much uncertainty expect, and without uncharity" (O Prideaux!) "hope, he may never live to it!" Then comes his real reason, displaying his spying, detective spirit. "These two gentlemen beeing persons of quality and heirs to considerable estates, I thought fit to give you this account, that if hereafter by chance you have anything to doe with them, you may from hence learn what kind of men they are." As Sir Joseph Williamson was shortly after made secretary of state, we may imagine that the names of the unhappy Fincher and Daniel were duly registered in a black book of the police; except that unfortunately the fact that, however dissolute, he was of a Papistical county would, in a little while, rather having furthered Mr. Daniel's advancement in life than otherwise.

But the interest which Ellis might take in those undergraduates was as nothing to the gossip which Prideaux poured forth against his old tutor Woodruffe, as he spells it, or Woodroffe as it appears in the college books. Born at Oxford, he had been scholar of Westminster, a student of Christ Church, and finally D. D. in 1673. Wood tells us that "after he had taken the degree of Master of Arts he became a noted tutor in the College." He had been chaplain to the Duke of York, and shared in the battle in Southwold Bay, in 1672, when the duke commanded in chief, the Earl of Sandwich — Pepys' patron — was slain, and the Dutch, signally defeated, were chased to their own coast. After that he became canon of Christ Church, prebendary of Lichfield, and chaplain to the king. In 1688 he was nominated dean of Christ Church, but not installed. In 1692 he became principal of Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, and, according to Anthony Wood, "bestowed several hundred of pounds in repairing it and making it a fit habitation for the Muses, which being done, he, by his great interest among the gentry, made it flourish with hopeful sprouts." This, at any rate, was a respectable if not a distinguished career; but Prideaux loses no opportunity of retailing things discreditable to Ellis's old tutor; against whom it is clear they both had a spite. If he preaches a sermon on an Oxford alderman, Prideaux finds out that it is an old vamped-up discourse, already preached "*as far as it was applicable*" — which may be said of all funeral sermons — "on the duke's

[*i.e.* the Duke of York's] coachman." When the defunct alderman chose to be buried in the sheet that was given to him at his christening, eighty years before, Prideaux laughs at the notion, as well as the preacher's advice, that "every one should give their godsons such giftes as might put them in mind of their mortality." Louder still he laughs at him for saying that he had "caught a cold by lying on the ground thirty years agoe in the king's service; and that being a taylor, he got his estate by his honest employment" "which is an epithet," adds Prideaux, "which I thinke doth not belong to that trade;" the facts being that Woodroffe's father being a Joy or Bennet of those days, acquired his estate as honestly as other men, and left it to his son, who served the king like many other university men in the wars, and there suffered from exposure. And all this at second hand, "I not being his auditor; and those that were refuse to give as good — *i.e.* as bad — an account as I would have, out of a conscioussesse perchance that they themselves could not make a better." We shall hear more of Woodroffe; but Prideaux, after throwing some more stones at the Bishop of Winchester, whom he makes out to be quite as bad as the fellows who sold livings and fellowships, turns next to the quarrel then raging between "Dick Peers and Anthony Wood," about the Latin version of the "Antiquities of Oxford," which Peers had written much to the discontent of the author. From words it appears they proceeded to blows, and fought hand to hand at eating-houses and the press itself. "But," says Prideaux, "Peers always coming off with a bloody nose or a black eye; he was a long time afraid to goe anywhere where he might chance to meet his too powerfull adversary, for fear of another drubbing, till he was pro-proctor; and now Woods is as much afraid to meet him, lest he should exercise his authority upon him; and although he be a good bowzeing blad, yet it hath been observed that never since his adversary hath been in office hath he dared to be out after 9, least he should meet him and exact the rigor of the statute upon him." What a picture of university life in the seventeenth century! Two scholars and masters of arts fighting at pot-houses and the university press, and one only restrained from continuing to thrash the other by fear of the bull-dogs which, as pro-proctor, he might let slip at him. Over all this strife, it is refreshing to hear the boom of "Tom" at nine, then, as now, striking a hundred-



and-one for "the students of the House," and calling on all members of the university to be within the walls betimes.

But Prideaux tells us something stranger still to ears of our generation. If there is any college now more famous than another in the University of Oxford it is Balliol. In fact, if we were to speak the truth, we should say that Balliol men are now as prone to "swagger" about their college as Prideaux was about Christ Church in his time. It is, no doubt, an amiable weakness, but there it is. Let us listen, then, to Prideaux, and hear what he says of Balliol in the seventeenth century. We have already heard him say that Pembroke was only fit for brutes, but Balliol, it seems, was very little, if at all better. As for the head, Dr. Good, though Baxter styled him "one of the most peaceable, moderate, and honest conformists of his acquaintance," Prideaux only calls him, "an honest good old tost," rather a figure of fun, in short, "who, out of a desire to be a fool in print," had lately published a "Dialogue between a Protestant and new converted Papist." But that was not all, for there was another ridiculous story of him, "which," says the charitable Prideaux, "I doe not well beleeve; but, however, you shall have it. There is over against Baliol College a dingy, horrid, scandalous alehouse, fit for none but draymen and tinkers, and such as by goeing there have made themselves equally scandalous. Here the Baliol men continually, and by perpetual bubbeing ad art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots." This was very shocking to Dr. Good, and so Prideaux proceeds, "The head beeing informed of this, called them together, and in a grave speech informed them of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor cald ale, that it destroyed body and soul, and adviced them by noe means to have anything more to do with it."

So far so good; "but on (one) of them, not willing so tamely to be preached out of his beloved liquor, made reply that the vice-chancellor's men drunke ale at the 'Split Crow,' and why should not they to?" This nonplussed the old man, who posted off to Dr. Bathurst, of Trinity, then vice-chancellor, the distinguished wit and Latin scholar, who was one of a large family, six sons of which had fallen in the king's service. But when Dr. Good desired his brother head to prohibit his fellows from drinking ale, Bathurst, "being formerly and (*sic*) old lover of good ale, answered him roughly that there was no hurt in ale, and that so long as his fellows did noe

worse, he would not disturb them." Whereupon Dr. Good returned to his fellows, and told them he had been with the vice-chancellor, "and that he had told him there was noe hurt in ale; truly he thought there was, but now being informed of the contrary, since the vice-chancellor gave his men leave to drinke ale, he would give them leave to; so that," adds Prideaux, "now they may be sots by authority." Well may the existing head and fellows of Balliol exclaim, when they read this story, —

*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

The dingy, scandalous alehouse opposite Balliol perished long ago, when Broad Street was made, and along with it has perished "the bubbeing" of the fellows which drew down on them such ridicule in the time of Prideaux.

In August 1674, Prideaux tells Ellis what is doing at the Press, how the dean had laid on him the task of editing the "Marbles," and also the "Chronicle of Johannes Antiochenus Malala," "a horrid musty, foolish book, stuffed with foolish and incredible lyes." This last, however, he afterwards managed to shirk, but he had to work on at the "Marmora Oxoniensia," which was published in 1676. But he cannot write such dry matter without spicing it with gossip, and that false. "Tony Wood, our antiquary, having pored soe long on old monkish storys, at last dotes on them, and is turned Papist. When a man maketh this his only study, and his utmost reputation is founded on the knowledge of such tales, it is hard not to believe them, since otherwise he must cast a disrepute on his own profession, and acknowledge in himselfe a great deal of folly in spending his time in rakeing together such dotages; and this is Dugdale's case, who on the same account hath embraced the same religion." Alas for the truthfulness of Prideaux's other stories, if they are no truer than this! Neither old Tony nor Dugdale had embraced Romanism, and both remained, though High Churchmen, faithful to the Church of England till their deaths. About the same time, one Sir Richard Willis, an old royalist officer, returned from his travels, showed Prideaux "an Italian romance, called '*Archadea di Sanizara*' (*de Sanazaro*), to which Sir Philip Sidney was beholden for his, that beeing, as he assured me, only a bare translation of this." A statement which very naturally provokes Mr. Thompson, the able editor of these letters for the Camden Society, to

declare that Sir Richard could hardly have taken the trouble to compare more than the titles of the two books; as he would otherwise have found Sidney's "*Arcadia*" a very different work from that of Sanazaro. For ourselves, we have little doubt that Prideaux would have been as ready to believe that that pestilent fellow, then living in York Street, Westminster, John Milton, was indebted for much, if not all, of his divine epic to some Italian scribbler. But the perception of poetry, and the appreciation of poetic genius, was not one of Prideaux's gifts. He goes on to say, "According to my judgment of his peice" — the "*Arcadia*" — "I think it could not have been much worse if he had made it himselfe, although it hath the luck to be in soe high esteem *among women and fooles*, who know not how better to bestow their time than in reading such like foolish trash. As for my part, I must confesse myself to be utterly ignorant on what account Sir Philip Sidney hath soe great repute among us, I knoweing nothing of him that may in the least deserve it; only the world conceived great hopes of him, which, if he had lived, perchance he never would have satisfied, and bee ere this as little remembered as other men." All which reminds one much of the gravity with which Pepys, a man, however, of much more poetic feeling than Prideaux, confesses that having once bought "*Hudibras*" for 2s. 6d., and finding nothing in it, he sold it to Mr. Townsend for 1s. 6d., but that he had to buy it again, "it being certainly some ill-humor to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him to see whether I can find it or no"! But as for Prideaux, we think it quite certain that *he* never would have bought the "*Arcadia*" either for half-a-crown or for eighteenpence.

Just at this time we catch a glimpse of the great world. The Duchess of Cleveland came to Oxford to place her son at the university, and sent for "Mr. Dean," leaving the whole matter in his hands. "Her third son was with her, who, as she said, being born in Oxford among the schollars, was to live some considerable time amongst them, especially since he is far more apt to receive instructions than his eldest brother, whom she confesseth to be a very kockish idle boy. The morning before she went, she sate at least an hour in her coach, that everybody might see her." Further on we see another of the king's mistresses on very easy terms

with him. The townspeople of Oxford having a dispute with the king as to their town clerk, sent a deputation to him at Newmarket, and there Alderman Wright was much scandalized; for "it seems when the Alderman was at Newmarket with his petition, the king walking in the feilds met Nel Gwyn, and Nel calld to him, 'Charles, I hope I shall have your company at night, shall I not?'" It must be admitted, however, that Prideaux in speaking of the king and his mistresses and their children, does not scruple to put, as the French say, the dots over the i's. Thus when old Cartwright of Aynhoe, whom, in his phonetic spelling, he calls "Cartret of Ano," dies and leaves 120,000*l.* in money, and 8000*l.* a year in land, which fell to his grandchildren, two little girls getting "25,000*l.* a peice," he adds: "I suppose the king may put in for some of his bastards. That which he hath here with us" — the Earl of Northumberland, son of Charles and the Duchess of Cleveland, mentioned before — "is kept very orderly, but will ever be very simple, and scarce, I beleive, ever attain to the reputation of not beeing thought a fool."

In another letter we hear that Sir Joseph Williamson having been made secretary of state, Ellis had lost his employment, and was thinking of entering at Doctors' Commons. He seems to have had a strange aversion to coming to Oxford to take his degree, for Prideaux is constantly pointing out to him that this or that time would be most convenient, and yet he never came. Soon afterwards, in 1675, he went abroad as secretary to Sir Leoline Jenkins, one of the plenipotentiaries at the Conference of Nimeguen. Three years later he was secretary to the Earl of Ossory, and in 1683 secretary to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, in which post he continued till the Revolution in 1688. While his friend was thus waiting for employment, Prideaux was still groaning under the heavy burdens which Mr. Dean had put on him; but he still found time to console himself and his correspondent with scandalous stories about Woodroffe; "how he had Madam Walcup," probably one of the family of Warkup, in Oxfordshire, "at his lodgings, and stood with her at the great window next the quadrangle" — meaning, we fancy, the window over the well-known entry into Tom Quad, called Kill-Canon, from its windiness — "where he was seen by Mr. Dean himselfe, and almost all the 'House,' toyeing with her most ridiculously, and fanneing himself with her fan

almost all the afternoon." How he discomfited the dean's men because they had presumed to "fall to eating" when the canons were late,—these and much more gossip about the unhappy Woodroffe the reader must seek for himself in the correspondence, for we must hasten on.

The reader must bear in mind that during the civil war many students who afterwards entered the Church had borne arms, like Woodroffe, for the king. War is at no time a good school for temperance, and still less was it in those roystering days. The following story of the fate of one Old Westminster and student of "the House" who had thus borne arms is now related by Prideaux: "Yesterday, at 10 in the morning, David Whitford was found dead in his chamber, having been the night before and that very morning at eight very well. He had not on (one) farthing in his pocket, although he had received 9*l.* within ten days before; but all was spent in ale, he having been drunk almost every night since he came hither. He was found fallen back upon his bed half-dressed, with a brandy-bottle in one hand, and the cork in the other; he finding himself ill, as it seemeth, was going to take a dram for refreshment; but death came between the cup and the lips: and this is the end of Davy." This end was sad enough though Prideaux treats it rather jocosely; but something was afterwards discovered which it appears shocked him and Mr. Dean more than Davy's death itself; this something being no less than simony; for "Mr. Dean coming into his chamber on the noise of this accident, we searched to see what he had left. Among his papers I by chance light on a bond ready drawn up to be sealed, by which Davy bound himself to give 500*l.* for a parsonage by such a day, or resign it again. The horror of this crime, joined to the rest of his bade life, hath made death appear very dismal unto me." To relieve his mind he tells his friend what Dr. Fell is doing at the press, but somehow or other everything seems to turn to scandal in Prideaux's hand, and even the University Press is not exempt from it. "The Press," he writes on January 24th, 1675, "hath often furnished me with something to tell you." On this occasion Prideaux's sworn foes, the fellows of All Souls, whom he had hated more than all the fellows of all the other colleges, had secretly had some of Aretins' infamous prints—Prideaux calls them "Postures"—engraved and struck off at the University Press. Dr. Fell discovered this design by going to the press

late. "How he tooke to finde his Press working at such an employment I leave you to imagin. The prints and plates he hath seased, and threatens the owners of them with expulsion; and I thinke they would deserve it were they of any other college then All Souls; but there I will allow them to be vertuous that are lascivious only in pictures. That college in my esteem is a scandalous place." Further on he gloats over the story as he tells Ellis how the dean had called "sixty of these cuts in which had got abroad," and committed them, very properly, to the fire; but though he hated the All Souls' men, he was afraid of their vengeance. "I must desire you to let noe on (one) know from whom you have such like intelligence. The All Souls' men from one end to the other have all declared war against me already for saying they had noe famous man since Digs"—Dudley Digges, who died in 1643—"and that they had lived on his credit ever since. If they should know this to, they would hamstring me; therefore you must be sure to keep secret for fear of the worst; for I assure you they are terrible fellows at some things." Not altogether an idle fear in a time when men were assassinated, like Tom of Ten Thousand, in their coaches in London, and when hired bullies split Dryden's nose for writing libels. By this time, to the great grief both of Prideaux and Ellis, that ridiculous Woodroffe, who, in addition to his other preferments, was the king's chaplain in ordinary, had been made sub-dean of Christ Church, and took a large share in managing the House. They still went on laughing at his "duncical" sermons, but, as we have seen, he held his own in spite of them, and added to their mortification by marrying an heiress with 3000*l.*

It was shortly before this time, in January, 1675, that Oxford was visited by one of the heroes on the Dutch side in the late war with Holland. No less a personage than Admiral Van Trump, as Prideaux calls him, came to see the university, and the dean and the university authorities were sore put to it to do him honor. It was not that he wanted much, for his tastes were very simple; salt-junk and brandy being the only things that seemed to please "his pallet." "He had much respect shown him here," says Prideaux. The university wished to make him a doctor, but he would have nothing to do with it. "He was much gazed at by the boys"—undergraduates—"who, perchance, wondered to finde him, whom they had found

so famous in Gazets, to be at best but a drunkeing, greazy Dutchman." "Speed," says Prideaux, "stayed in town on purpose to drink with him, which is the only thing he is good for; and for feare he should lose soe commendable a quality, he dayly exerciseth it, for want of better company, with Price, our butler, and Rawlins, the plumber, with whom he spendeth al the time he is here either in the brandy-shop or tavern." For the honor of the university over its cups, we are glad to hear that Speed (he was M.D. of St. John's College) was equal to the occasion, and that he defeated the Dutchman in his own element — brandy. "We got," said Prideaux, writing on the 5th of February, 1675, "a greater victory over Van Trump here than all your sea-captains in London; he confesseing that he was more drunk here than anywhere else since he came into England, which I think very little to the honor of our university. Dr. Speed was the chiefe man that encountered him, who, mustering up about five or six more as able men as himself at wine and brandy, got the Dutchman to the Crown Tavern, and there soe plyed him with both, that at twelve at night they were fain to carry him to his lodgeings."

Now politics began to occupy their attention rather more; the old members of the Cabal began to intrigue for excluding the Duke of York from the succession, and to secure the throne for the Duke of Monmouth. Prideaux and his friend were not the men to partake in the organization of revolutions, they only shared in the advantages of political changes after others had effected them; for the time being therefore they were always on the side of the powers that were. Though Prideaux was a strong Protestant, this feeling did not prevent him persecuting Protestants who threatened revolution or disturbance, and thus he became a sort of jackal in Oxford for the king's advisers in London. In other words, he did not hesitate in his letters to Ellis, who, no doubt, forwarded them to the proper authorities, to play the part of a spy on those suspected of liberal feelings in the university. And it so happened that there was one illustrious man, a student of Christ Church and an old Westminster scholar, over whom and his movements Prideaux seemed to think it his special duty to spy and to report. This was John Locke, whose early connection and obligations to Ashley were well known. But Ashley was now the most dangerous enemy of the court, and all the more so because he had formerly

stood in such high favor with the king. The opposition of Ashley, long since Earl of Shaftesbury, to Romanism was avowed and open; but it is ever the curse of great men to be involved at critical times in the schemes and plots of baser natures, who attach themselves to the efforts of superior minds, and cling to and identify themselves with popular feeling for the vilest objects of their own. Such a man at that moment in England was Titus Oates, and such a scheme was his Popish Plot; of which Prideaux, writing in 1679, very sensibly says, "I very much fear that this business at last will appear very foul, and render us odious and contemptible through all Europe."

The reaction against the anti-Popery movement happened sooner than might be expected, and Shaftesbury, restored for a short time to favor as president of the council in 1679, was again removed from it at the end of the year. After remaining in opposition, he was committed to the Tower in 1681, but released, the indictment against him for high treason having failed. In 1682, when the party of the king, now more powerful, began to prosecute the popular leaders, he fled to Holland in October, and died there at the end of January in the following year. Of Ashley and his principles Prideaux had avowed his abhorrence in 1676, when in February he wrote, "The Lord Mohun, my countryman, is, contrary to every one's expectations, recovered of his wound. When he lay at the point of death he behaved himselfe very stupidly at it in reference to his concern for a future life, Ashley haveing been with him and infused his principles into him. I thinke I told you in my last that he hathe wrot a booke against the eternity of hell-torments, a good step to athisme. The next progresse we expect from him will be to deny them altogether, *and the reather because he knows if there be any such he is sure to goe to them.*" In 1681, when Shaftesbury had been sent to the Tower, Prideaux wrote, "We are much surprised at the news of Shaftesbury's commitment; I hope now all ye roguery will come out. I wish it be not more than will be to our advantage to know, for I mightily suspect that old knave hath been guilty of many subornations in the managment of the Pophish plot, which will be mightily to our disgrace should it prove soe, and would give the Papists such an advantage that they would carry all before them."

But while all this was happening to the master, Prideaux kept his eye on the man.

The first notice we have of John Locke — whom he always calls Lock — is in 1675, when Prideaux writes to Ellis, "Lock and Hodges are both here. Lock hath wriggled into Ireland's faculty-place, and intendeth this act to proceed Dr. in physick, which will be a great kindnesse to us, we not being above four to bear the whole charge of the act supper." In 1676 Prideaux tells us he has gone abroad, and we know from other sources that he stayed abroad till 1679, for the benefit of his health. In that year he returned to England when Shaftesbury was restored to favor, and then we hear something more about him from Prideaux. Thus, in 1681, he asserts that John Locke was the author of the pamphlet entitled, "Noe Protestant Plot," though Locke, in a letter written to Lord Pembroke, most solemnly denied it. In 1682, just after the passage about Shaftesbury's imprisonment in the Tower quoted above, Prideaux writes, "John Lock lives a very cunning, unintelligible life here, beeing two days in town and three out, and noe one knows where he goes, or when he goes, or when he returns. Certainly there is some Whig intreague a-manageing, but here not a word of politics comes from him; nothing of news or ought else concerning our present affairs; as if he were not at all concerned in them. If any one asks him what news when he returns from a progresse his answer is, 'We know nothing.'" And, a day or two after, "Where J. L. goes I cannot by any means learn, all his voyages beeing so cunningly contrived; sometimes he will goe to some acquaintances of his near the town, and then he will let any one know where he is; but at other times, when I am assured he goes elsewhere, noe one knows where he goes, and therefore the other is only made use of for a blind. He hath in his last sally been absent at least ten days, where I cannot learn. Last night he returned; and sometimes he himselfe goes out and leaves his man behind, who shall then to be often seen in the quadrangle to make people beleive his master is at home, for he will let noe one come to his chamber, and therefore it is not certain when he is there or when he is absent. I fancy there are projects afoot." On October 24th, 1683, Shaftesbury having fled on the 19th of that month, Prideaux writes, "John Lock lives very quietly with us, and not a word ever drops from his mouth that discovers anything of his heart within. Now his master is fled, I suppose we shall have him altogeather. He seems to be a man of very good con-

verse, and that we have of him with content; as for what else he is he keeps it to himselfe, and therefore troubles not us with it, nor we him." What a vexation this reticent, self-contained nature, that would not commit itself, must have been to gossiping Prideaux! But, though baffled, they could not let Locke rest. In 1684, when the Rye House Plot was discovered, Prideaux writes, "Our friend John Locke is likewise become a brother sufferer with them. As soon as the plot was discovered he cunningly stole away from us, and in halfe a yeare's time noe one knew where he was. At last he began to appear in Holland, and the last account we had of him from thence was that he had consorted himselfe with, Dane of Taunton, and they two had taken a lodgeing together in Amsterdam. We have been told orders have been given at court to inquire after him; however, the bishop — Dr. Fell — is resolved to know where he is, or put him out of beeing student of Christ Church, a citation being fixed up in the hall to summon him to appear and give an account of his absence on the first day of January next; but it is supposed he will rather choose to forfeit his place by still absenteing than venture his neck by comeing any more within reach of the king's justice. It seems he transacted all things with West — who was involved in the Rye House Plot — and, therefore, as soon as he was secured he thought it time to shift for himselfe for fear West should tell all he knew. When West was first taken, he was very solicitous to know of us at the table who this West was, at which one made an unlucky reply that it was the very same person whom he treated at his chambers, and caressed at soe great a rate when College was tried here in Oxford; which put the gentleman into a profound silence; and the next thing we heard of him was that he was fled for the same." In November we hear "Lock is expelled by the king's special command. It seems there is a most bitter libel published in Holland, in English, Dutch, and French, called 'A Hue and Cry,' after the Earl of Essex's murder, which is laid at his dorres." The passage which follows in Prideaux's letter shows how far the Protestant Prideaux had got towards the policy pursued by the court, "Burnet is turned out of the Rolls for preaching a very reflecting sermon on the 5th day of November last. The argument that gave the offence was he made a great deal of doe about a curse which King James — the 1st — should lay upon

all his posterity that should embrace the Romish religion. *He is a troublesome knave, and it is well the pulpit is thus rid of him.*" There is one more passage about Locke in these letters, but it is in 1696, when, strange to say, the Revolution, in the principles of which, with one exception, Prideaux and his friend now fully agreed, had brought John Locke and himself into the same boat as friends of King William. On the 20th of July, Prideaux writes, "Mr. Hodges, beeing here, hath received an invitation from Mr. Lock to desire a visit from him in terms which bespeak a dying man." In which anticipation Prideaux was wrong, for Locke did not die till the year 1704.

We have thus pursued the relations between Prideaux and Locke to their close, and we now proceed to show how little his Protestantism stood in the way of his politics, so long as it suited his interest to side with the court. Thus in 1681, when Colledge, "the Protestant joiner," was arraigned for high treason, but the grand jury for Middlesex threw out the bill, the crown removed the trial to Oxford, on the ground that the plot with which he was charged was to be carried out in that city. As is well known, the county grand jury were more courtly than the metropolitan, and the unhappy joiner was tried, convicted, and executed. On this occasion Prideaux is careful to let Ellis know that there was some "deliberation," but no protestation, "from our Grand Jury" in finding their bill. On the contrary, it was found *nem. con.* "There were, indeed, some Monmuthians that would willingly have thrust themselves on the jury . . . but the sheriffe would not admitt them, *having made up his pannel before.*" So compliant, indeed, was this grand jury, that "we expected Shaftesbury and Howard's bills" would likewise have been put before it. "Had it been don, they would with certainty have been found," for "it happens we have a very honest man to our sheriffe." A little further on, after Colledge had been executed, Prideaux writes to his friend, "It seems it was one Titmarsh, an Anabaptist preacher, that made Colledge dy without confesseing; for, till he came to him, which was on the Munday before his execution, he owned all that was sworn against him . . . and seemed very penitent for it. But after this fellow had been with him some hours, he grew sullen, would admit none of his former confessions, and soe died without confesseing anything further." In the same way all through the remaining years of Charles

II.'s reign, Prideaux continued to correspond with his friend in the interest of the court, and decidedly against what might be called the popular or liberal side in all great questions, such as the forfeiture of corporation charters and the extension of the royal prerogative. But all through those dull despotic years these letters are enlivened, if not edified, by Prideaux's old habit of university gossip. When William Cardonnel, an old Westminster scholar, and then fellow of Merton, "a very freiful, peevisish man," hangs himself at his study door, having been forced to beg pardon on his knees of the warden, Prideaux is naturally full of the strange story, and could not explain till he wrote, "It seems he had lived with the Earl of Devonshire as præceptor to his grandson, where, haveing been poisoned by Hobs, on his return hither blasphemy and atheisme was his most frequent talk, of which beeing at last sensible, this, it's supposed, precipitated him into despair." When, after Colledge's trial, Dr. Lamphire, principal of Hart Hall, falls mad of a cold, it is said caught at the trial, Prideaux will not believe it, for he knows better. "For my part, I attribute it to his gluttony, he beeing the greatest eater that ever I knew." In the same letter he relates with glee the troubles which the fellows of All Souls had got into by being detected in selling their places, and how they had been disgraced by an injunction from the archbishop, and a mandamus from the king to elect as fellow "one Sayer, son to the king's cooke, which causeth great disturbances among them." Sometimes, alas! there is scandal to tell of within "the House" itself, as when, in 1682, one letter contains two such stories; the first being that it had been found out that Mr. Penny, to whom a Christ Church living had been given, had been for several years married to an alewife's daughter in Islip; the other that Mr. Charles Allestree had married "the most scandalously bad that any fellow hath don I beleive for these many years, his wife being one Mother Yalden, an old alewife with an house full of children. Its one of the greatest disgraces that hath happened to our College a long while." Again, when in June, 1681, there was to be an election for a new esquire bedel, Prideaux writes, "We are now busy about the election of a new Esquire Beadle, Mr. Minshul, one of them, having made himself top-heavy by drinkeing too much last Tuesday night, fell of his horse and broke his neck."

We have said that one of Prideaux's



accomplishments was that of being an Oriental scholar. With regard to Pococke, "the good doctor," who planted the fig-tree which is still trained to the wall at the back of a set of rooms in Tom Quad, and proves rather oppressive to the inmates when it puts forth its leaves — with regard to him, there could be nothing in Prideaux's mind but veneration and love. But Pococke might die, and then he must have a successor; and in Oxford two might claim the succession — Prideaux, and the keeper of Bodley's Library, Hyde. We are sorry to say that Prideaux's reverence for Pococke was only equalled by his abhorrence of Hyde. We suppose it was only the old story of the two potters. There were two of a trade. But early in these letters Prideaux describes his rival Hyde as a poor creature, a Jerry Sneak of those days. In 1675 he writes, "Our Library Keeper Hyde, at present lyeth under heavy affliction. The story is pleasant, and therefore I will relate it at full. I suppose you know he married an old w— here about four or five years since, who both domineered over the poor fool most infamously ever since, and having lately found him too familiar with her maid, began to mistrust him of makeing love to her, and challenged him for it. The poor man, to appease his wife, took a formal oath on the Bible he designed noe such thing with the mayd as he was accused of; but this not being sufficient to satisfy the wife, she beat him soe basely that he hath kept his chamber these too months, and is now in danger of looseing his hand, which he made use of only to defend the blows and beg mercy." Such a poor creature Prideaux was slow to admit as his rival, and in 1682, when there was an alarm about "the good doctor's" health, and he and Ellis began to correspond about the succession, he would not even mention Hyde as a competitor, though he adroitly complains that Sir Leoline Jenkins, to whom Ellis was then secretary, should have sent his Arabic letters to "soe egregious a donce" as Hyde to translate . . . "who doth not understand common sense in his own language, and therefore I cannot conceive how he can render sense of anything that is writ in another." Shortly before this, Prideaux had received the first instalment of his subserviency to the Stuarts, his second was to come for his conversion to the interests of William III. This first instalment was a prebendal stall in Norwich Cathedral, which he owed to the favor of Finch, now Earl of Nottingham and lord chancellor. This prefer-

ment, while it enlarged his sphere of action, loosened his ties to the university, so that, to cut his connection with the Arabic professorship short, we may anticipate our account of his after-career, and say that in 1686 he evidently saw that the grapes were sour. "As to Dr. Pocock's place I have no expectations of it, ye Earl of Rochester" (then lord-treasurer under James II.) "being engaged to get it for his kinsman — Hyde — and I have now noe friend that hath interest at court soe much as to ask this for me, much less to obtain it against soe great interest as that of the Lord Treasurer's; besides, I am not fond of the place." In 1691 he writes still more decidedly. "As to Dr. Pocock's place, it was offered me and I refused it, and that for two reasons: the first is I nauseate that learning, and am resolved to lose no time on it; and the second is, I nauseate Christ Church; and further, if I should go to Oxford again, I must quit whatever I have here, and the advantage would scarce pay for the removing. But my main argument is I have an unconquerable aversion to the place, and will nevermore live among such people as have now the prevailing power there."

But to return to Prideaux and his Norwich prebend. In August, 1681, he writes to his friend from Norwich, "I have here taken possession. . . . This town I find divided into two factions, Whigs and Torys; the former are the more numerous, but the latter carry all before them as consisting of the governing part of the town. . . . I took Cambridge on my way hither, and I find it a much meaner place than I thought." In December of the same year he writes: "I found my prebendary noe contemptible preferment, although this was the worst audit we have had since the King came in, yet every prebend-place hath been worth 100*l.* this last year, and it will be oftener 200*l.* than soe again; 140*l.* per annum I judge is the justest calculation of the value of it; *but this is an arcanum among ourselves*, but I speak truth open to you, which to another ought not to be discovered."

On the 6th of February, 1685, Charles II. died, and those who were resolved to stand by the crown had soon an opportunity of having their allegiance to the Established Church tried under the fiery trial of James II.'s reign. During that period of persecution the letters of Prideaux are few in number, and perhaps designedly reticent as to politics. In July of that year, we hear, "Our rebellion is now over, Monmouth and all his party being routed.



Instead thereof we have now gott a standeing army, a thing the nation hath long been jealous of; but I hope the King will not otherwise use it than to secure our peace. The war now from the feild I suppose will passe into the roads, which we must expect will a while be infested with the remainder of these rogues." Ellis's younger brother William, afterwards dean of Christ Church, Dublin, and an Irish bishop, was now in residence at Oxford, and Prideaux writes that he will do him all the service he can, "but I believe my time in the college will now be short, especially if the Bishop (Fell) dyes. I have now been here long enough to begin to be weary of a place where now almost every one is my junior." But he had something else to impart, and that something no less than his approaching marriage, which he discusses in as matter-of-fact way as the mercantile suitor's proposal "for a parcel of heart." "I have harkened to proposals that have been made me of marriage, and because they are such as are very advantageous, I have already got so far as the sealing of articles, *whereby I have secured to myself* 3,000*l.*; but after the death of the father and mother, whose only child the gentlewoman is, I believe there will be at least 15,000*l.* more. *I little thought I should ever come to this*; but abundance of motives have overpowered me." We forgot to mention that some time before this, Prideaux, on going into residence at Norwich, had commissioned Ellis to buy him "a beaver, such as is proper for a divine, provided not too big, which was to be sent to the Oxford carriers either at the Saracen's Head in Snow Hill, or the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane." Thus furnished with a wife with means, and a beaver fit for a divine, Prideaux retired from Oxford to Norwich to enjoy his preferments and his wife's income in peace and quiet. He adds that he had the further temptation to go thither, "because it is the pleasantest countrey in England, beeing all open and dry; the only inconvenience is the want of good bread; but this, proceeding from a cause which any one may remedy that will, I beleive I shall not soe much stick at it." Thus comfortably situated, his chief anxiety was now for his friend, who was in Ireland, secretary to the commissioners of revenue. Had the reign of James lasted, Ellis no doubt would have had rapid promotion, for one of his brothers, Philip, had been kidnapped by the Jesuits while at Westminster School, and brought up at St. Omer, where he is said to have been acci-

dentally recognized by his Westminster nickname of "Jolly Phil." Becoming a Benedictine monk, he was now chaplain to Mary of Modena. But the duration of his influence was too short; and in spite of Prideaux's exhortations that, while his brother's power was so great at court, Ellis should get "established in some good place in England," the Revolution surprised both the friends before anything was done, and worse than that, Ellis, who had come over at the Revolution to see how the land lay, found himself supplanted in his secretaryship on his return to Ireland.

Of the Revolution itself these letters contain no particulars. There is a blank in them from July, 1688, to June, 1691; and even then we hear little except that, as the world was then going, a London curacy was better than a country living, "for all country commodities being soe low and taxes soe high, all livings that depend upon predial tiths are fallen more than halfe in value." So that Prideaux mentions, but not this time as an arcanum, that his own living of nominally 120*l.* was not then worth 40*l.* per annum clear. In that year Ellis got a new place and a rise in the world, having been appointed one of the commissioners of transports, after which he rapidly enriched himself by transacting the affairs of the nation. In June, 1692, Ellis received a letter, which must have made him smile like the augur, if he remembered some of Prideaux's earlier communications. This was a letter thanking him for the good news he had sent, that news being the victory off Cape La Hogue. "Till this happy turn, our Jacobites were come to that heighth of confidence to talke openly that now all was their owne, and some of them suspended their payment of taxes." Then he goes on to say how they had made their submission, and how he thanked God that they were all disappointed. All the last three years, he adds, for he was now archdeacon, he had been exceedingly troubled at Ipswich with an untoward Jacobite clergyman there; but he having embarked in this Jacobite design, had been taken up in the disguise of a tinker, and laid in jail for treason, "which puts an end to the whole controversy." With this facility in changing his principles, Prideaux's life would have now been happy enough, but for three flies in his ointment. The first was the Act of Toleration passed in 1689, which after three years' experience, he declared in 1692 "to be nothing else but an Act to turn half the nation into downright athiesme; so that it

was now difficult to get any to go to church." The second was a threatened Abjuration Bill, which contained to him the very last bristle which would choke him and others, who had already swallowed the whole pig. "If that goes," he writes, on the 4th of December, 1694, "I must out, for I cannot take it; for I am told that the contents of that oath are that there lys no obligation upon us from the oaths taken to King James, and that William is lawful and rightful king of this realm. As to the first part, I think none can stick at it that have sworn to King William and Queen Mary; for certainly we cannot ow allegiance to King James and them too." Then he proceeds to argue that allegiance may be suspended till James returns, and that William and Mary may be lawful sovereigns; "but the word *rightful* is that I cannot get over, for that is to swear to King William's title." It was fortunate for Prideaux that this abjuration oath was dropped, as otherwise we fear he might have taken it after all.

The third fly in his ointment remains, and this in the person of the Dean of Norwich, no less a man than that stout Henry Fairfax, who defended the liberties of Magdalen College so sturdily against the aggressions of James II. If Prideaux's account of him, when Dean of Norwich, to which he had been preferred on the Revolution, be true, we must say it would have been better for his fame had Fairfax been thrown into prison by James and died there; for certainly a man more unfit to be a dignitary of the Church it is hard to imagine. As early as October 1691, Prideaux writes thus of him to his friend: "Our Dean tells me that you have now got some employment; I should be glad to wish you joy of it, if I knew what. It seems you had him with you at your coffe-house, and I wish you had been there still, for any good he doth at Norwich; for the truth is, he is good for nothing but his pipe and his pot, and we are wretchedly help'd up with him." This is not good; but in December, 1693, Prideaux writes, "We are here at a miserable pass with this horrid sot we have got for our Dean. He cannot sleep at night till dosed with drink; and therefore, when in bed, his man's businesse is to drink with him till he hath his dose. . . . He acts by noe rules of justice, honesty, civility, or good manners towards any one; but after an obstinate, self-willed, irrational manner in all sorts of businesse. . . . He goes little to church, and never to sacrament. His whole life is the pot and the pipe, and goe to him

when you will, you will find him walking about his roome with a pipe in his mouth, and a bottle of claret and a bottle of old strong beer — which in this county they call nog — upon the table, and every other turn he takes a glass of one or other of them. If Hodges — one of the prebendarys — cometh to him, for scarce any other doth, then he reads 'Don Quixot,' while the other walks about with his pipe as before." We agree entirely with Prideaux in thinking that the preferments of the Church were never designed for such drones; but he had to bear this infliction for ten years longer. Then Prideaux was rewarded by being appointed to the vacant deanery. He was fifty-four, and of an unusually vigorous constitution; but seven years afterwards he was attacked by the stone and had to submit to an operation. It was during this illness that he compiled "The Old and New Testaments Connected," the first part of which he published in 1715. Three years later his health began to break; but he lingered on till 1724, when he died, aged seventy-six. At an earlier period, in 1697, he published a "Life of Mahomet," which was well received at the time, but is now forgotten. Much light is thrown on the latter portion of the dean's life by those letters to his sister, which we have already mentioned. Thus, writing from his living at Saham, in 1693, he tells her: "I have now two sons and a daughter. She makes sport for the whole house, and will govern all wherever she comes. She is, I thank God, a very sprightly witty child, and very healthy, which hath encouraged me to venture 200*l.* on her head in the Million Fund, which will bring in 28*l.* per annum, and will be a reserve, to keep her from starving, whatever misfortunes she may meet with in the world." In 1700 the dean lost his wife, that lady who brought him the fortune, and whom he had married in such a matter-of-fact way. But he had lived long enough with her to love her. "I am in the utmost concern for her," he writes, "because I fear I must loose her, and her losse will be very great to me." In May, 1701, he writes: "My children, I thank God, are very well; and I am takeing all due care to give them as good an education as I can, but I much want their dear mother to help me in this matter." Then, true to his old nature, he goes on: "I am myghtly pressed to marry again, with abundance of offers, and very valuable ones;" but, considering all the circumstances, he would not marry again, though there was a lady ready to his hand, of

ancient family and with money. "She is past forty, and was never yet married."

Ellis, though, as we have said, some years older than Prideaux, survived his correspondent by many years. From being commissioner of transports he was raised to be under-secretary of state, and in Queen Anne's reign to be comptroller to the mint. He represented Harwich in the Parliaments of 1705 and 1707, and having probably made good use, as Mr. Thompson says, "of those opportunities by which, in his time, it was considered quite fair for a public man to benefit," he grew exceedingly wealthy. He died, unmarried, on the 8th of July, 1738, having reached the great age of ninety-three years. He was probably, *mutatis mutandis*, what would now be called a good public servant, plodding, and industrious, and even pushing enough to raise himself to the second rank; but without genius or ability to rise to real distinction in the State. Unfortunately for his private character, Mr. Thompson tells us, he was entangled in some intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland, and gibbeted by name in verse along with certain disreputable company by Pope.

We have now said our say of these very amusing, if not very edifying letters. It is not often that the Council of the Camden Society present their readers with letters of such gossiping interest as these. Of Ellis we know little but what Prideaux tells us of him. For himself he is a *muta persona* throughout. Nor of Prideaux need we say much, whatever may be his reputation as a divine towards the close of his life. In younger years his own hand has presented us with his likeness in no very favorable light. When we find a pen so universally ready to vilify and defame, we are apt as we read to hope that, after all, these colleges of Oxford and their fellows, these town corporations and their aldermen, this world in England in the seventeenth century, as compared with Prideaux and his few friends in particular, were, after all, perhaps, not quite so bad as he has represented them. Even if we look on that sturdy old dean of Norwich, listening to "Don Quixot" with his pipe and his pot, with that eye of charity of which his successor in the deanery so seldom made use, we may find that, perhaps, he was not so bad as he seemed to one who, after all, may only have been defaming him with a view to the succession—that he was telling tales on him, just as he told tales years before of Woodroffe and Hyde;

not to mention the fact which we have confessed under his own hand, that he was not above playing the part of the spy on the movements of the illustrious John Locke.

---

PAULINE.

LONDON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CONFERENCE.

And much that Prudence will not dip  
The pen to fix and send away,  
Passed safely over from the lip  
That summer day.

JEAN INGELow.

PERHAPS Pauline was not sufficiently impressed by the greatness of her undertaking when she engaged to procure for the disconsolate lover the opportunity of which he had well-nigh despaired.

She set out for Dover Street with a high head and a quick pulse, confident in her power of putting in order the tangled skein, of shaking the silly people into their proper places.

Doubtless it was owing to miscomprehension alone that they had slipped out of these, and it seemed to the youthful arbitrator as if nothing could be simpler than to push, poke, or thrust them, each into his niche again.

She returned from her visit enlightened and crestfallen; yet it was hard to discover what portion of it had been unsatisfactory, and she could only feel that she had failed, without being sure wherein she ought to have succeeded.

She had nothing to complain of, certainly.

Lady Calverley flew at her with open arms. "My dear, dear"—kiss, kiss—"Pauline! So glad not to have missed you! So nearly went out this morning! Sit down, my child; I can hardly believe it is really *you*! Elsie will be charmed that you are come! She has only run in next door; I won't send, because it will be delightful to have you all to myself for a few minutes first. Come to my room; we shall be quieter there. See here, it opens out of this, behind these doors. And when did you come, dear? And how is your aunt? You are in Kensington, are you not? A long way from here?"

"Not very far. We only came last night, rather late."

"And you have a house for the season—at least your aunt has? She is fortu-

nate in getting one so late. How pleasant it will be for you and Tom to be together! He misses you sadly, I am sure. *We* only stay ten days longer. You should have been here before, Pauline; then we could have seen so much of each other, and — how well you are looking, dear! Not quite red enough here, though,” touching her cheek; “but you never had Elsie’s roses.”

“No,” said Pauline, smiling; “I never had.”

“But you are really well? And what a charming tour you must have had! We have heard all about you, and where you have been. Another time you must go to Florence. Mrs. Wyndham would be enchanted with Florence; I never enjoyed a stay in any place more. Winter is the time you know — late winter, at least: one should go to Rome first, then to Florence, then to Cannes. Try to get your aunt to take you, Pauline.”

“Aunt Camilla has been so much abroad that I don’t think she would care to go again just yet. She may, some other time; but the Grange is really a delightful place, and she will go back there for this winter at least, I hope.”

The last word slipped out unconsciously.

Florence, indeed! What had Rome, Florence, and Cannes, put together, to offer in exchange for the dripping woods, overcast skies, and fine, broad, leaf-heaped, mud-girt highways of B——shire!

The thought of these brought the sparkle to her eye.

Acorns and beechnuts fall in October; horse-chestnuts burst upon the footpaths. She is ready to vow and protest that not a fruit in sunny Italy can vie with these coarse products of the wood! The river, with its dull, passionless flow — she would not change it for the bluest wave in Genoa Bay!

Get her aunt to take her! She smiled in contempt of the whole proposition.

The slip of the tongue, the smile, and the momentary vision, were lost upon Lady Calverley, who was engrossed with her own part, and who was chiefly anxious to be as kind, as unchanged in manner, as she possibly could, without committing herself to any scheme that might prove awkward in the future, or betraying any arrangements that were more prudent concealed for the present.

“The next thing is,” she cried, “when are we to see you at Gourloch?”

To this there was an easy rejoinder: “When will you have us?”

Us! Her aunt winced, but was resolved not to show it.

“My dear Pauline! When your own room is always ready, and you have but to write and say you are coming! Mrs. Wyndham does not care for Scotland, I believe; but if there were a chance of her being in the north, I hope I need not say how happy we should be to see her also.”

“Thank you, but I don’t think she has any idea of going. I believe she intends paying a round of visits in the Isle of Wight and Devonshire this summer, and if it would be convenient for you that I should come at that time —”

“It would be convenient for me to have *you*, Pauline, at *any* time — surely you know that?”

Pauline returned the embrace, but she felt the “*you*,” there was no Tom in that “*you*,” the warmth and the welcome were for her alone.

“I will tell her, then, Aunt Ella; and you may look for me in July, if nothing comes in the way. How I shall delight in dear Gourloch again! I found out this plan and suggested it to Aunt Camilla as soon as I heard you expected us.”

Again that “*us*”! It could not be helped — it was the natural, inevitable result of years of intimacy. Never once had the sister stayed at Gourloch without the brother, and the invitation which had preceded the return of the Calverley party from abroad, had unconsciously been worded so as to include both. No other desire had then occurred to the writer.

“Ah, yes. I wrote from Paris, did I not? Then it is settled, and you will be down in July? You will see several changes, I fancy. In many places the old walls were really so tumble-down that that they had to be put in complete repair! You remember those steps giving way that day we had been somewhere — some expedition —”

“We had been in Mr. Blundell’s yacht.”

“Had we? Was that the day? How could you recollect? Hum — ah! — yes. You have never met him again, I suppose? We came home first that evening, you and I, and you insisted — you naughty, wilful creature — on waiting for the others at the bottom of the stairs, to warn them that it was dangerous to walk up! I remember it all now. That weary hour, before they appeared — and how knocked up poor Elsie was! She did not get over the effects for days. It was a mistake altogether, our going; and certainly it was a pity that Tom ever introduced his friend.”

"The introduction was involuntary, Aunt Ella; I think you forget."

"Was it, my dear? I thought he was Tom's friend. I am sure it was under that impression that I received him at Gourloch. My uncle Dr. Macleay—you know him—he did give me a hint, but I thought that *Tom*——" with an aggrieved air.

It was evidently something to have this to take hold of against Tom, and Pauline's ire was doubly kindled.

She flushed to her brow.

"I think," she said, impetuously, "we had nothing to regret. You would not have wished to fail in hospitality even had Mr. Blundell been a stranger; as it is, he is—a—well-known—neighbor of many of our friends—at the Grange——"

"Oh, really?" said Lady Calverley, demurely. "I did not know."

"Tom, you see, was guiltless," continued her niece, feeling that she had betrayed herself, and burning with shame. "I must stick up for the poor boy, must I not, Aunt Ella? He has no one but me."

"Certainly. Is Mr. Blundell in town?"

"Mr. Blundell? I don't know! Have you seen him? Why?"

"I thought you appeared to have renewed your acquaintance with him."

"Yes," said Pauline, calmly, "I have. I met him not long ago, but he said nothing about coming to town."

"Is he to be in Scotland this summer?"

"No, he was going to Norway."

Her aunt was baffled.

"Well," she said, "about those steps."

What a real mercy it was we had that warning! We sent for a builder, you remember, and he wanted to patch it up, but my uncle would have us write to Glasgow, to Mr. Barrie, an architect, and quite a great man,—well, you know, he said the idea was absurd, that no amount of patching could do any good. Many parts were absolutely rotten, and he considered the turret—your turret, Pauline—unsafe! You need not be afraid to return to it, however; it has been thoroughly attended to. However, you must have heard all about it at the time; and we have been wandering about the world ever since, Elsie and I. You were attending to your poor Uncle Julius's wife, you remember. How little we thought, when we all parted that autumn, that three long years would pass ere we should meet again! On the whole, it has been a pleasant time, and we have much, much to be thankful for. Everything has fitted in so wonderfully—like the pieces of a dissecting-map!"

"Yes," said Pauline, "one pulls through, somehow."

She could not make her tone as cheerful as her aunt's, nor feel that the pieces in *her* dissecting-map had all been fitted yet.

A great hollow had been reft in her life, whose edges were still quivering; and apart from this, she felt that kindness, cordiality, and chat were yet bringing her no nearer to the attainment of her mission. She experienced an almost imperceptible restraint, which did not diminish as the time went on, and Elsie still did not appear.

"Aunt Marion and Hugh are here, are they not?" she said, at last.

"Elsie is with them now; it is they who have rooms next door. Not absolutely next door, for there is a shop between, down-stairs; but the windows of the two hotels meet, as you see, and the entrance is round the corner. We run in and out at all hours."

"It must be very convenient."

"Very,—in every way. We have our carriage in common, you know—your aunt Marion's thought; it saves expense—horses do run away with one's money terribly in London; and we just fill it comfortably. Hugh's valet is such a treasure! He knows where every place we want to go to is, in a moment—quite in the courier style; he was invaluable when we were abroad."

"Is Hugh as delicate as he was?"

"Oh, by no means. Quite well and strong now," rather shortly.

"I heard he had been ill."

"A long time ago, my dear. He had an illness—just such an illness as anybody might happen to have—when we were at Florence. He caught cold, and neglected it most imprudently. But, however, he got over it as well as could possibly have been expected. He says, you know," with a smile, "that it was owing to *our* nursing, Elsie's and mine, that he rallied as he did. Elsie looks upon him still as her very particular—patient."

Pauline would not see, would not question, as she was clearly intended to do. She looked innocently into her aunt's face.

"I had no idea you were going away so soon."

"Almost immediately, my love." The smile left Lady Calverley's lips.

"Yes, we must begin to think about getting our goods together. We have been here for six weeks—to-morrow is the longest day, the twenty-first, is it not? How quickly the time passes!"

"I daresay, in such company!" cried a voice in the doorway. "And is it really my Pauline, whom mamma has kidnapped in this unlawful manner? Mamma, how could you be so cruel? You knew how I have been waiting and waiting for her, and you never let me know she had come!"

"I would not disturb your reading, Elsie. I knew Pauline would stay a little, and ——"

"My reading! I should have flung the book out of the window, and myself after it for joy! Here have I been peering through that chink in the doors for ever so long! I could not be certain who it was, and I was not going to come in to everybody. Another time, have the doors a little wider open, mamma, and then I can see comfortably. It was only when Pauline stooped forward as you were moralizing about old Time in that affecting manner, that I caught sight of her. I might have been tantalized till now, if she had sat still!"

"She looks well, does she not, Pauline?" said the mother, with a glance of pride.

"Very well."

Too well, Pauline thought, to augur good for her brother, too beaming with health, happiness, and — Hugh?

"What an extravagant child you are," continued Lady Calverley, addressing her daughter, "to wear that pretty dress at this time in the morning! It begins to lose its freshness already."

"I put it on for Pauline," said Elsie; both her auditors fancied, with something of defiance in her tone.

And so there was. She was resolved to emphasize her welcome; whosoever was tardy or lukewarm, about the warmth and readiness of hers there should be no manner of doubt! Whatsoever her heart forbade should be done for Tom, she would do for Pauline.

Towards him she durst not move, but she could seat herself at his sister's feet. His hand was dropped as soon as it touched hers, but this one was clasped to her bosom.

She talked as they had never heard her talk all those late unlucky weeks.

She laughed and jested.

Even the arrival of the rest of the party, and the consequent interruption, put no check on her flow of spirits; she would show them all what she thought of their guest, whom it was that she, the princess, delighted to honor.

But Pauline's heart sank lower and lower.

This gaiety and frolic, this mirth and sunshine, were misunderstood. She had expected a downcast eye and troubled brow, a constraint and depression. She was only saddened and discomfited by Elsie's best endeavors. With inward misgiving she now brought forth a little proposition, of which in the morning she had been full.

It had been insinuated into Mrs. Wyndham's mind, partly by her and partly by Tom; they had put together their joint stock of guile, and got it done somehow. Her invitation to Elsie to return with Pauline, spend the day, and be sent home in the evening, was supposed to have originated with herself alone.

But in the delivery of the message the form of it was altered.

For "in the evening" Pauline found herself compelled, through sheer trepidation, to substitute "in time for dinner." She really could not go through with the original suggestion in front of those unresponsive faces! Of Elsie's face she could not judge — she had turned away her head, attracted apparently by something passing; but the other three confronted the speaker pitilessly.

It might have been taken for a harmless business enough, to go stopping with two ladies, and be brought by them back to her own door — not even to see, to speak to any one forbidden!

But she could tell in a moment that the possibility of such a project being started had been actually under discussion, and that it would not be permitted to take place.

She had not above half-expected that it would. There was the probability of prior engagements for one thing; but she had hoped that, by judicious pressure, judicious yielding, and — general judiciousness, in fact, something might be made of it; another day, perhaps, fixed upon.

Doubtful as she had imagined a concession, she had not believed an absolute refusal possible. She had not calculated on the arrangement having to be made under Mrs. Calverley's eye.

"What have we to-day, I wonder," murmured Elsie's mother, with a look, Pauline felt, at her sister-in-law.

A programme was immediately produced — every hour was, it appeared, mapped out; but ——

"Would to-morrow do?" said Pauline.

"I was about to name to-morrow, my dear Pauline! If you really are disengaged, we might hope to call on your aunt to-morrow; and then *you* could join *us*,

take a seat in our carriage, and we could all enjoy the pleasure you only designed for Elsie. Remember," cried Mrs. Calverley, "that we too have claims, that we have seen nothing of you for long, either! You must not (archly) treat us in this shabby manner — you must not stint us; we shall look to having you for the whole afternoon to-morrow."

So polite a suggestion cleared away Elsie's rising discontent, and she looked round, cheerily crying, "You will come, won't you, Paulie? And another day I can go with you."

"Certainly," smiled her aunt. "You two will want to see all you can of each other; you must make up for lost time. And, dear me! what a crowd of things there are, besides, to be squeezed into this one week! People to be seen, and bills to be paid! How shall we ever get through everything? I must really leave some matters for you to attend to, after we are gone, Ella, although we will do all we can. We must not add to our engagements, we must not fix anything more at present; but I daresay we shall see something of Pauline on most days."

Meantime Hugh was sitting by with a brow as black as thunder. He neither showed his cousin Pauline any of those attentions which he was prone to render women, nor did he pay her the compliment of taking part in the conversation. He sat silent, turning over the leaves of a book.

Elsie redoubled her caresses.

She haughtily ignored his ill-humor, and turning her back upon him, replied in monosyllables to one or two whispers which it might be presumed conveyed complaints or proposals.

She was not going to have her own dear Pauline trampled upon as poor Tom had been! That Hugh should dare to scowl because she made much of Pauline! It was insufferable.

She was very wroth with Hugh, — but she let the arch-malefactor go free. She could not, poor innocent, gauge the value of those bland overtures, which she so readily seconded, nor tell that the only comfort which Pauline carried away with her that day was the recollection of Hugh's frowns!

These were faithfully recorded for Tom's benefit, but Tom was not in a humor to approve of such crumbs of encouragement. He had built too much on his sister's influence: it had seemed to him, such was his faith in her, that the very fact of her presence had power to work a

miracle; and as no miracle was wrought, he was proportionately disappointed.

Was *that* all she had to tell him? Had she done *nothing*? Had she never learnt a single *thing*, not even if they were to be at the festival on Saturday?

Why did she not take the chance when Lady Frederick Whitton was there? What had they talked about? How long had she stayed?

She was ashamed to own how long she had stayed; she really did seem to have labored in vain, to have failed completely in all that she had undertaken. His reproaches cut her to the heart, but she could not gainsay them.

She racked her memory, assured him of the kind reception she had met with, of the civility of everybody (Hugh excepted), of Aunt Ella's being evidently under command, of Aunt Marion's being uniformly smooth-tongued and insincere. But when she had done, she could think of nothing more.

Elsie, however, had been very loving.

"Was she?" said Tom, awaiting more. When no more came, he added, with a pitiful attempt at a sneer, "She wasn't at the book, then?"

"The book is only for you. I saw no book."

"It has a green cover, and 'Extracts' in gold letters on the back."

"Perhaps Hugh will take it with him when he goes, and then the charm will be broken."

"When he goes!"

"Did you not know? He and Aunt Marion go this day week, three days before the others."

"Three days before the others!" repeated Tom, almost in a whisper. "I never knew that."

Then he suddenly leapt to his feet, and shouted "Hooray!" at the top of his voice.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### "SHE IS NOT COMING WITH ME."

Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. — "Merry Wives of Windsor."

WHEN Mrs. Calverley took her departure on the following Tuesday, she left everything behind her in such excellent training, and the time seemed so short ere they should be standing within the great entrance-hall at Calverley to welcome their travellers from London, that she did not think anything could go wrong in her absence.



No further attempt had been made on the part of Pauline to secure her cousin's company alone, and they had walked and driven all together, without anything happening to ruffle the surface of composure.

Tom had not again called in Dover Street; nor, when the party there went to Kensington, had he made his appearance.

Elsie was once more moody and capricious, but she made no attempt to remain in town, nor did she express disinclination to visiting Calverley. "She only needs to be assured of Hugh's wishes," argued the fond mother; "his backwardness is extraordinary."

She could not, however, succeed in her representations, and was fain, while marvelling at the blindness and obstinacy of her son, to take such comfort as they could yield to herself, and leave him alone.

"On Friday, dear," were her last words, as she disappeared from Dover Street; and with the thought of Friday she buoyed herself up all the way to Calverley.

"Now is our time," said Pauline, and she went straight to the hotel.

But Lady and Miss Calverley had gone out, and were not expected home to luncheon.

She called again in the afternoon. Lady and Miss Calverley had returned, and had gone out again.

"This must be Elsie's own doing," reflected Pauline; nor was she unconvinced, even when it proved that the second expedition had been to Kensington, and that they had found Mrs. Wyndham at home.

"They dine out to-night, I know," said she to Tom. "It was partly on account of this dinner that these two were obliged to stay behind; but we will see them somehow. Tom, we will make them come here the night before they go."

"Can you?" said he, as Mrs. Wyndham entered the room.

"Aunt Camilla," began Pauline, "what do you think of asking Aunt Ella and Elsie to dine here on Thursday? We have no engagement, and perhaps they would come to *us*, though they would not care to go anywhere else on their last evening."

"Well, my dear, I *had* intended to hear the Jubilee singers; and you had said you would like it too. We have seen a good deal of your aunt. But, of course, I am only too glad. Suppose we do invite them. Sir Hugh as well? He usually goes where they do. And his mother? Make it pleasant if we do have them, love: I fancy these young people like to be to-

gether, don't they? I imagined something of the kind." (Poor Tom!)

"Oh, they are gone, you say," continued Mrs. Wyndham, all unconsciously. "Oh!" She paused. "If you think they would *care* to be asked—if they would really *like* to come—by all means let us ask them. But Thursday! That is to-morrow. My blue dress was only to come home to-morrow, which, of course, means it won't. Well, I suppose I can wear some other thing; but, really, Lady Calverley has never seen me in anything nice."

"Never mind, Aunt Camilla," said Tom, from the corner of the sofa, to which he had retreated, whilst his sister fought the battle. "Aunt Ella can't contend with you in that respect. She goes about a perfect tramp when she is at Gourloch, and I have never seen her out of one gown since she came to London!"

"I am sure she was elegance itself to-day."

"That's it—that's the very one! She went straight to a shop and bought it when she first came up, and it has been on every day since."

"My dear Tom, a *shop*!" simpered his aunt.

"Well?"

"We don't get such things in *shops*!"

"Where do you get them, then?" asked simple Tom.

"At our dressmakers'. They devise them for us. They arrange them to suit our styles—our complexions. For me, a blonde, they would suggest blue; for Pauline, rose-color or amber, or——"

"White," said Tom. "Pauline looks best of all in white. It suits her—her mind, I think. Eh?"

This was beyond his aunt, however.

"But, I say," continued he, resuming his careless tone, "did you think of having—ah—anybody on Thursday? I should like to know beforehand, in case I am asked anywhere else."

"Certainly, you must. Well, Thursday then—that is to-morrow. It is rather short notice. How are we to get an answer, and how can we have any one to meet them?"

"*That* we cannot," cried Pauline, eagerly. They could not expect it, Aunt Camilla. And I am quite sure they—we should all prefer being without strangers; don't you think so, Tom?"

"Yes," muttered Tom; "of course."

"If that is to be the way, it is quite easy, then," said Mrs. Wyndham. "Shall I send, or shall we go there?"

"Let us go, and at once," replied Pauline. "They cannot be out at this early hour; and if they are, we will leave the note. Shall I write it from you, Aunt Camilla, and shall I ask them to come in their travelling apparel, so that anything you have will do? We will agree to keep them in countenance."

Mrs. Wyndham was satisfied, and they set off.

All went well; the ladies were at home, and the invitation, given as it was face to face, was perforce accepted. A little hesitation, a lurking reluctance, Pauline felt sure, clung behind the mother's smile, but about Elsie's "We will come" there could be no two opinions. Her whole countenance glowed with animation.

"It must be right for us," communed Pauline with herself, "or she would never look like this. Now," continued she, "my dear, charming little aunt, you are not going to get your way this time; you are not to be allowed to lay yourself under Aunt Marion's Juggernaut car and be crushed! That is what you think you would like, I know. And that is what you have designed for Elsie; but, or else I am mistaken, Elsie does not design this for herself. If she likes Hugh," argued Pauline, "she won't have Tom. If she likes Tom, she ought not to be made to take Hugh. Made to take! Nonsense! Aunt Ella would never say a word; but Hugh will be asked there, and praised, and petted, — and then he is really nice, and good, and kind; and she pities him; and, above all, he is always there. She is a tender-hearted little thing; and if Tom says nothing — Ah! she could be cruel enough to him once!"

But for this was Pauline the one to blame her? I think she had never felt more kindly towards Elsie than at that moment. I think, in her inmost soul, she marvelled not at that cruelty. She marvelled only that one who had once hearkened to the subtle sweetness of *his* voice, could ever listen to another! — that Blundell could be forgotten for Tom!

True, it had been but the fancy of the moment, the passing pang wherewith womanhood is born; the child's awakening to her power and to her weakness, to her knowledge of happiness and sorrow.

It had not mattered much who had taught the lesson. Elsie had suffered and forgiven; and of all that had passed there remained but this, the fixed resolution never again to betray by word or look the unsought secrets of her heart.

Something of this Pauline began to suspect, and it yielded a new hope for her brother.

She alone understood, and held the wayward girl blameless, when smiles and frowns, clouds and sunshine, kindness and coldness, alternated so swiftly that the most long-suffering of the other three was annoyed and perplexed.

Of one idea possessed, Elsie heeded nothing, so long as her stronghold was safe. Hugh should not know, Tom should not know, none of them should know, whom it was she loved, or whether she loved at all, until she was asked — until the very words were spoken! She had been bitten, but the extent of her wound had never been told, and only one guessed there was a scar.

That one was Pauline.

Thursday was one of the hottest days of the year; and Tom and his sister stood on the balcony of their aunt's house, to wait the arrival of their guests.

Lady Calverley was late, of course.

"She has not got the clocks here half an hour fast, you know," jested Tom. He was shaking with excitement and nervous tremor. "Do you remember that, Pauline? That great ticker in the hall that every one was supposed to go by, and that nobody did? She ought to ask the people at the hotel to be kind enough to cheat her! Or," with sudden dread, "do you think they can't be coming?"

Pauline reassured him. She had seen her aunt in the afternoon, had been with them in the park, and certainly, at that time, there had been no idea of throwing up the engagement.

If by any chance they did not come — Ah! there they were!

Those were Elsie's forget-me-not ribbons! She had not made a fashionable fright of herself for travelling, on this occasion; she had kept out one of her pretty evening dresses.

This to an experienced eye meant something, meant well for Tom. Poor Tom! he had bought a penny rose for his button-hole! He never spoke when the carriage stopped. He ran down hurriedly, and brought them in. Then he stood by his aunt's chair, talking to her, till dinner was announced.

That Lady Calverley was not at her ease was tolerably evident.

Tom had been an early darling; and that she should ever be trying to treat him as a young man to be kept at a distance, or even as a mere nephew, would once have seemed a thing impossible.

How square, and broad, and strong he towered over her head!

How handsome the poor boy looked! What a light shone in his fine brown eyes!

No one was more alive to the beauty of a fine eye than she; even Mrs. Wyndham was not more susceptible on the point of good looks than was Lady Calverley.

That the hair on the top of her other nephew's head was growing thin, had been a positive grievance ever since it came beneath her notice; and, as her daughter's future husband, she had long resented the slope of his shoulders!

In Dover Street, she had tormented herself by secret comparisons between him and Tom; but she had never, until this night, perceived the extent of the latter's superiority.

She fidgeted in her chair, wishing herself anywhere but where she was. Then she called to mind where she might hope to be at that hour on the morrow, and endeavored to endure what she could not avoid.

If Elsie had only allowed her to send an excuse! It would have been true, perfectly true; she was so tired that she was nearly worn out, and so was Elsie. They were to make an early start, and Mrs. Wyndham could not have taken offence. But Elsie had been so — foolish.

Elsie had, in fact, far from pressing her mother to go, willingly agreed to make her excuses — but in person! Certainly *she* should not stay away without a reason; why should she? And as to this there could be no reply, there remained nothing for it but that both should go. To have let Elsie go alone would have been sheer madness!

The more she looked at Tom the more she shuddered at the idea — the more she framed apologies for being there at all, to be presented to her sister-in-law when the misdemeanor should come to light.

"My dear Marion," she imagined herself saying, "you must allow that the *convenances* of society almost compelled us to accept! You yourself would have seen the necessity had you been there. And really there was no result!" (How devoutly she hoped there would be none!) "They met as ordinary relations; Tom made no attempt to speak to her." (Certainly not, at present.) "We had a nice cheerful evening" (things might brighten before it was over), "and I am really glad we went." Into which extraordinary statement she contrived to interpret the joy she anticipated when all should be over.

Glad! Ay, she would be right glad when she found herself safely seated in the carriage again! She would be gladder still to be fairly on her way to Calverley!

Then, when Hugh had at last declared himself, — when suspense, concealment, and mystery were happily at an end, — then she would write the kindest, warmest letter to her dear Pauline, in which Tom should have his message — his hearty welcome — stop! What is this? She is delivering it already!

They are on their way down-stairs; and with her hand upon his arm, she is whispering, "You have not said when we are to see you in the north, Tom? It is always coming 'home,' you know, when you come to us."

Here was the first kind word she had addressed to him since the change began.

"I shall have a fortnight in July, thank you," said he.

"A fortnight! You used to come to us for *months*! Are they so barbarous as to give you only one fortnight?"

He smiled.

"That cannot be, Tom! It is quite ridiculous! Your uncle must make a point of it."

She was really astonished, horrified; she was genuinely sorry for him; she was only not sorry for herself. ("Even Marion," she reflected, "could not expect me to refuse him that one fortnight; and perhaps, indeed certainly, all must be quietly settled before that time. Knowing everything, it will then be his own choice whether or not he comes at all.")

She did not know herself what to wish in the matter. She yearned over the boy, and felt as though she had no right to yearn. She was certainly to be felt for. It is so hard to steer between the Scylla of love and the Charybdis of fear, and this for a woman who was "not bright."

"My dear Tom, it is too absurd!"

"It is as much as any of us have, Aunt Ella."

"But you used to come to us for months!"

"When I was at Oxford."

"At Oxford! And do you mean to say that you really have to work harder now than when you were at Oxford? I am sure you cannot mean that, Tom. I have heard of young men *killing* themselves with study over and over again, but I never thought it was to go on all their lives. Did you, Mrs. Wyndham?"

"We don't kill ourselves with study, certainly," replied Tom, with a laugh. "You need not be alarmed for me, Aunt Ca-

milla." She had turned to him in real concern. "I don't look like being killed, do I?"

Yet they might have seen, had they chosen, that his plate went away almost untouched.

This passage-at-arms over, "Tom," cried his other aunt, "did you ask Mr. Chadleigh about those tickets? Now, you sad, forgetful fellow, I am sure you forgot! Did you forget?"

He started.

"Tickets!—I—I—— What in the world are you talking about, ma'am? What tickets?"

"The tickets Mr. Chadleigh spoke to you about, you know. He said he could get them for us."

He regarded her earnestly.

The offer had been his own; he had vouched for the production of the said tickets, and had been full of the scheme, for Elsie had been included in it.

As soon as their departure had been fixed for so early a date as to preclude the possibility of her acceptance, the project had collapsed, and had entirely vanished from his memory.

He owned his fault, and promised amendment, hastily. He was exceedingly attentive to both his aunts, but he was not punctilious in his duties as a host. He neglected the younger ladies, not addressing his cousin once during the meal.

When she spoke to others, when her head was averted, his look was upon her, but it was withdrawn ere there was a chance of their eyes meeting.

Elsie was not herself either. She was, she averred, too tired to speak; too tired to eat; too hot, and tired, and cross about going away, to care for anything. Tom's head just moved at the last declaration; it almost seemed as if he were going to speak to her, but he did not.

She and Pauline went off arm in arm when dinner was over, with many protestations of affection on the part of the little one. Dear Pauline! She was going to leave Pauline so soon! She did not like leaving her Pauline at all! She would make the evening as long as ever, ever, ever she could!

"Out of doors?" suggested Pauline.

"Oh, delightful! In the gardens. Mama, we are going to the gardens in the square. Pauline says we can get out this way, and it is so hot in the house. Oh, these beautiful gardens! Look at that pink horse-chestnut covered with blossoms! And look at those lilacs, and that may, and syringa! This little gate is

locked, Pauline; how shall we open it?"

"Tom has the key," said her cousin. "I will fetch it."

She did—and him.

Mrs. Wyndham, as we know, is not so fond of evening strolls as her niece is, but she will join them by-and-by. She will be found in the drawing-room if wanted. They will, she is sure, rejoice to be rid of her for a little while.

Says Pauline, "Now, Aunt Ella, I am going to show you *my* seat."

Aunt Ella. "Come, Elsie, and see Pauline's seat."

Pauline, with boldness. "Go away, Elsie, I don't want you. Go away with Tom as you used to do, and leave us two together. Good-bye."

Aunt Ella. "But, my dear, she does not want to go; she has had walking enough for to-day. She is tired. She will not be fit for her journey."

Pauline. "Then she need not walk. She can go and find a seat. But she is not coming with *me*! I want to have a nice long talk with you alone; we have not had one since we met. Take her away, Tom."

"Will you come, Elsie?"

His faltering voice proclaimed how little he expected that she would. He turned away as he spoke, as if he would prevent an answer. He did not even look at her.

Nevertheless she went.

---

From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST.

MEN have too much forgotten that the central event in history assumed the form of a judicial trial. The prodigious influence of the life and personality of Jesus of Nazareth is admitted by all. And his tragical death, early and passionately accepted by Christianity as the significant fact of his career, has become more than any other incident the starting-point of modern history—his tomb, as Lamartine put it, was the grave of the old world and the cradle of the new. But that memorable transaction was the execution of a capital sentence, proceeding upon a twofold criminal trial—upon one process conducted according to Hebrew and one according to Roman law.

In its judicial aspect, as in some others, it is peculiar—perhaps unique. There have been many judicial tragedies recorded in history. Capital trials, like those of

Socrates, of King Charles of England, and of Mary of Scotland, have always had a fascination for men. And this trial has impressed and attracted the world more than any or all of these. But I wish to point out that it has in addition a purely legal interest which no one of them possesses. By common consent of lawyers, the most august of all jurisprudences is that of ancient Rome. But perhaps the most peculiar of all jurisprudences, and in the eyes of Christendom the most venerable as well as peculiar, is that of the Jewish commonwealth. Now when these two famous and diverse systems happen for one moment to meet, the investigation of the transaction from a legal point of view is necessarily interesting. And when the two systems meet in the most striking and influential event that has ever happened, its investigation becomes not only interesting but important. It becomes, probably, the most interesting isolated problem which historical jurisprudence can present.

The questions, for example, are at once raised, Were there two trials or only one? Was the second a mere review of the first, or was the first a mere preliminary to the second? Were the forms, in the one case of Hebrew, in the other of Roman, law, observed, or attempted to be observed? And was there in either case an attempt, with or without form, to attain substantial justice? Again, were the charges preferred before the Hebrew and Roman tribunals the same? What was the crime for which the accused died? Was the decision in either case right in form, and attained by steps in conformity with the process binding or observed at the time? And was it right in substance — *i.e.*, was it in conformity with the Hebrew law, or the Roman law, as those laws then stood?

These questions of law proceed of course upon an assumed history of fact. The history is abundantly familiar; and, fortunately, there is no special necessity that we should commence this inquiry by an examination of the sources. Men are not agreed how far back they can exactly trace the three earlier Gospels on the one hand, or the later Gospel of John on the other. But the detail, verisimilitude, and authoritative calm of these documents impress the reader with a sense of the closest proximity to the life whose course is narrated. And they have no competitors. A few words in Tacitus, a disputed sentence or two in Josephus, occasional execrations scattered throughout the Talmud — these and such as these are the outside refer-

ences to a career which burned itself in detail into the hearts of a generation of surviving disciples, and thence into the imagination of the world; and which, no doubt generally represented in these records as it was originally conceived, is there represented with extraordinary lifelikeness and passive power. To some readers it will appear a singular advantage that in the documents on this special subject there is no reference to miracle. In none of the four records of the trial is there (after the first arrest) any touch of the supernatural in *that* sense of the word. The whole narrative of external fact might have been told of any morning's work of the Sanhedrin, of any forenoon condemnation by the procurator. We may not indeed stretch this too far. The judicial narrative, unbroken by actual portent or marvel, maintains in each Gospel the same tone of supernatural consciousness which in previous pages, apparently without surprise or break or sense of effort, passes into actual external miracle. Yet it remains true that in the fragment of fourfold history with which we at present deal, there is nothing which the most determined enemy of the supernatural needs as such to regard even with suspicion. In truth the incidents of the trial are most natural and probable, and in so far as the four traditions agree there seems no excuse for doubting the history. Of course the four do not agree minutely here any more than in other parts of the narrative. The verbal variations of utterances reported in the Gospels warn us to expect similar variations in the narration of facts. And accordingly we find such variations in the present case; some of them more than usually puzzling, and perhaps incapable of reconciliation. Yet, as we shall see, they do not seriously vary the legal problem; and the fourfold independence of the narratives by no means tends to make us doubt the truth of the history which they contain. Indeed, we may at once confess that the basis of fact on which we are to discuss the legal question before us is exceptionally clear, simple, and satisfactory. The sources of the law, on the other hand, may in each case require some preliminary remarks.

#### I. — THE HEBREW TRIAL.

ALL readers know that the Hebrew commonwealth, and the institutions which regulated it, were pervaded by a deep sentiment of justice, righteousness, and law. But all are not aware of the extent to which that sentiment, and its characteristic max-

im, "Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment," were developed in the later history of the people. In the more ancient part of the traditions of the fathers we read, "When a judge decides not according to truth, he makes the majesty of God to depart from Israel. But if he judges according to truth, were it only for one hour, it is as if he established the whole world, for it is in judgment that the divine presence in Israel has its habitation." It has recently been pointed out to English readers, that that whole vast later literature of the Jews which we call the Talmud is "emphatically a *corpus juris* — a cyclopædia of all law," which may best be judged by analogy and comparison with other legal codes, more especially with that of Rome and its commentaries. It contains many other things, but this is its basis. And what is more important for us to notice is that this legal basis is the older part. The whole Talmud consists of forty folios — a mass of discussion, illustration, and commentary. But the central part of it, which is comprised in twelve volumes, is called the Mishna. And the Mishna is nearly wholly law.\* It was indeed of old translated as the second or oral law — the *deutéraw* — a detailed traditional commentary on the law of Moses, to which it professed complete subjection while practically superseding it as a code.† Mr. Deutsch, in striving to give English readers an idea of the multiplicity and confusion of the Talmud, likens it to Hansard: "the Parliamentary discussions or episodes answering to the Gemara or general commentary, while the bills or acts are called the Mishna." The distinction of course is, that in Hansard the legislative acts are the result and termination of the discussions, while in the Talmud the Mishna or law is the older portion and the starting-point. Accordingly, while portions of the general Talmud commentary did not come into existence for centuries after the introduction of Christianity, the Mishna or central portion is generally admitted to have been compiled by Rabbi

Judah, somewhere about A.D. 200. But it was compiled as an oral law which had been growing in use and authority ever since the return of the nation from Babylon — as a "brief abstract of about eight hundred years' legal production." Hence, modern Jewish writers refer to it without hesitation as including the code of criminal law which was in existence at the date of the high-priestship of Annas and Caiaphas. Of course this cannot be matter of demonstration in the case of all portions of a book which was not finally reduced to writing until two centuries had passed. But the evidence shows that the development of the Mishna in this special direction was exceptionally early and strong. Its earliest period coincided with the time of "the men of the great synagogue," stretching from the return from the captivity to about B.C. 220. Their work has been summed up in the leading aphorism of the "Pirke Avoth," which runs, "Be cautious and slow in judgment, send forth many disciples, and make a fence round the law."\* And this age, which inculcated caution in judicial action before all other things, was succeeded by the so-called age of "the Sanhedrin," which for the next four hundred years worked out that caution in detail. In nothing is the Mishna more express than in the contrast recognized at this early time between civil and criminal proceedings — judgments "of money" and judgments "of the life." Even with regard to the former, their rules strike the modern legal mind as leaning to the side of pedantic caution. But with regard to criminal, and especially to capital cases, there can be no doubt that long before the time of Jesus the value set by the law upon the life of a Hebrew citizen had led to extraordinary precautions. What have been called the four great rules of their criminal jurisprudence — "strictness in the accusation, publicity in the discussion, full freedom granted to the accused, and assurance against all dangers or errors of testimony"† — are carried out even in the Mishna in minute and scrupulous rules, leaning almost ostentatiously in every point to the side of the accused, and having force most of all in the case of a trial for life. Indeed so far does this go, that modern Jews have been disposed to represent capital punishment

\* The quotations in this paper are made from the edition of the Mishna by Surenhusius (Amsterdam, 1672); and especially from the chapter or tractate "De Synedriis," in the fourth of its twelve volumes. I accept the Latin translation of the editor, and have only occasionally verified a word of the original.

† The Mishna (De Synedriis, x. 3) lays down the general principle, "*Gravius peccatur circa verba scribarum, quam verba legis.*" As an enthusiastic and recent transiator paraphrases it, "He who teaches against the Pentateuch is not condemned to death, for all men know the Bible. But if he teaches against the doctors, he is condemned." — Rabbimowicz, *Législation Criminelle du Talmud*. Paris.

\* Mishna, Capita Patrum, i. 1. The same precedence is observed in the chief saying of their great representative, Simon the Just, "On three things stands the world — on law, on worship, and on charity." — Cap. Patrum, i. 2.

† Salvador, *Inst. de Moïse*, i. 365.

as abhorrent to the whole genius of Hebrew jurisprudence. We read in the oral law the saying of Eleazar the son of Azarias, that "the Sanhedrin which so often as once in seven years condemns a man to death, is a slaughter-house." \* And more startling still, when we remember the Hebrew dread of all anthropomorphism in speaking of the Divine, is that terrible sentence of Rabbi Meir, "What doth God say (if one may speak of God after the manner of men) when a malefactor suffers the anguish due to his crime? He says, *My head and my limbs are pained*. And if he so speaks of the suffering of the guilty, what must he utter when the righteous is condemned?" † And so, to save the innocent blood, to hedge round and shelter the sacred house of life, rule after rule was laid down in successive lines of circumvallation, and presumptions in favor of the accused were accumulated, until a false conviction became almost impossible.

The question whether the Hebrew trial was according to their own rules of law has perhaps not been exhaustively considered by any one writer, though it has been touched upon by many. The most celebrated discussion upon it was raised by a learned Spanish, Jew, M. Salvador, who in 1822, in the first edition of a work since twice republished under the title of "*Histoire des Institutions de Moïse*," ‡ gave two excellent chapters on the penal law of the later Jews and on their administration of justice, and followed them up by a dissertation to show that the *jugement de Jésus* was according to law. He admitted the facts as stated in the Gospels, and founded on the law as stated in the Mishna; and from these sources professed to prove that while the result may have been unfortunate if Jesus was really the Messiah, the process followed and the result arrived at were alike necessary, if the tribunal adhered to its own law. Salvador was answered in a brilliant treatise by a distinguished member of the French bar, M. Dupin (*aîné*). He, however (like an able American writer, Mr. Greenleaf), devoted himself rather to the substantial injustice of the trial than to its form according to the jurisprudence concerned; and in the third edition of his "*Institutions*," published in 1862, Salvador maintains and reprints the whole positions originally laid down. His argument falls short however on the most essential points,

so obviously, that it cannot be made the basis of discussion. I propose therefore to treat the question anew, going directly to the sources of fact and law, and referring occasionally to Salvador as to other writers.

On a Thursday night in that month of March, the Thursday towards the end of the passover week, unquestionably took place the *arrest*—the first step before most modern trials. The question has been raised whether the arrest was legal. There is no reason to doubt that it was by authority of the high priest; and the addition of a Roman *speira* to the officers of the temple must have been procured by Jewish authority, and thus tends rather to favor legality. But was arrest before trial at all lawful by Jewish law? It seems not to have been so unless resistance or escape was apprehended. In this case no escape was intended, but resistance, though not intended, was looked for; and the lawfulness of the arrest really turns on the question whether it was to be the preface to a regular trial or not. If so the legal course after it was that followed a little later by the captors of Peter and John, who "put them in ward until the next day, because it was now eventide." It was to be otherwise here.

An *examination* by night followed the arrest. Jesus was first led by his armed escort to the presence of Annas, by far the most influential member of the Sanhedrin. For in that body there now sat no less than five of his sons, all of whom either had held or were in a few years to hold the supreme dignity of high priest. The old man had exercised that great office twenty years before, and had perhaps, in the absence of the Roman governor,\* stretched his powers, as his son afterwards did, to the extent of carrying out capital sentences. At all events, the indignant procurator insisted on his removal from office; but though Annas gave a formal consent, he merely transferred the chair of the great council to the younger members of his family.† It was now held by his energetic son-in-law Caiaphas, the aged head of the house remaining, in the estimation of orthodox Jews, the *de jure* high priest. By Annas Jesus was sent bound to Caiaphas, per-

\* Mishna, Treatise Makhoth.

† Mishna, De Synedriis, vi. 5.

‡ The third edition, in two volumes (Michel Lévy Frères, Paris), is that here quoted.

\* Valerius Gratus, Pilate's predecessor. See Josephus, Antiq. xviii. 2. 1, and xx. 9. 1.

† "Like flies on a sore," was the comment of the emperor Tiberius on the rapid succession in which one high priest after another alighted upon Jerusalem during his reign.



haps only to another department of the sacerdotal palace. But before one or other of these princes of the Church the accused was certainly subjected to a preliminary investigation before any witnesses were called. It is extremely difficult to decide whether this examination by "the high priest," recorded by John alone, was made by Annas or by Caiaphas\* — so difficult that it is fortunate that scarcely any legal question turns upon the point.† The chief result of our decision of it is, that if the examination detailed by John took place before Annas, it was separated by an interval of place, and also of time, from the subsequent proceedings before Caiaphas. In that case it is more probable that the examination of witnesses, the confession, and condemnation which took place before the younger and titular high priest were somewhat later in the night, or even towards morning, and followed the form and order of a regular public trial. If, on the other hand, Annas at once sent on the prisoner to Caiaphas, and if the examination recorded was by the latter, it may have been immediately followed by the production of witnesses, and by the adjuration and condemnation; and in this case it is likely that a considerable interval succeeded these proceedings before a formal or public meeting of council in the morning confirmed the informal condemnation of the night. But the main point with regard to the high priest's examination is independent of the question who the examiner was. It appears in any case to have been wholly illegal. In some countries — in France, for example, and in Scotland — the accused is led before a magistrate, and subjected to official interrogatories before he is remitted to his public trial. In others, and in the Hebrew law, it is not so. It was there the right of the accused to be free from all such personal investigation until he was brought for trial before his congregated brethren.‡ This rule of publicity seems to have been derived from principles both as to judges and witnesses. "Be not a sole judge," was one of the most famous

aphorisms, "for there is no sole judge but One."\* Still more clear was it, not from the Mishna only, but from the Pentateuch, that there was to be no such thing as a sole witness; and that the "two or three witnesses" at whose mouth every matter must be established must appear publicly to give their testimony.† Their deposition was the beginning of every proceeding; and until it was publicly given against a man, he was held to be in the judgment of law not merely innocent, but scarcely accused. It is this principle which gives the fullest explanation of the answers of Jesus of Nazareth to the midnight questions of the high priest. The ecclesiastical magistrate, probably sitting privately, and certainly before witnesses were called, asked Jesus of his disciples and of his doctrine.

"Jesus answered him, I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing.‡ *Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me*, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said."

It was in every word the voice of pure Hebrew justice, founding upon the broad principle of their judicial procedure, and recalling an unjust judge to the first duty of his great office. But, as one who studied that nation in older times observed, "When a vile man is exalted, the wicked walk on every side" around him; and when the accused had thus claimed his rights, one of the officers of court — a class usually specially alive to the observance of form and of that alone — "struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, Answerest thou the high priest so?" The reply of Jesus is exceedingly striking. In it he again resolutely took his stand on the platform of the legal rights of a Hebrew — a ground from which he afterwards no doubt rose to a higher, but which he certainly never abandoned: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?"

The words are no doubt a protest for freedom of speech and liberty to the accused. But they appeal again to the same

\* It depends partly on whether the word ἀπέστειλεν in John xviii. 24, means "sent" or "had sent." See the full discussion of it in Andrews' "Life of our Lord."

† Dupin objects that Annas was not a magistrate, and certainly that would add to the irregularity of interrogating the accused.

‡ "Un principe perpétuellement reproduit dans les écritures hébraïques, résume déjà les deux conditions de publicité et de liberté. On ne soumettait pas l'homme accusé à des interrogatoires occultes, où dans son trouble l'innocent peut fournir des armes mortels contre lui." — Salvador's Inst., i. 366.

\* Mishna, Pirke Avoth, iv. 8.

† Deut. xix. 15-18.

‡ These words recall a very curious provision of the Mishna (De Synedriis, vii. 10) as to the *mesith*, or private "seductor — i. e., *laicus seducens laicum*" — a phrase which is, no doubt, translated in the Gospel words "deceiver of the people." In the case of such a one, who says privately, "Let us go after other gods," the rule as to laying no snares for the accused was superseded. The person attempted to be seduced might profess to acquiesce, and so hide other witnesses to overhear the *mesith*, and testify against him.

principle of the Hebrew law—that by which *witnesses* took upon themselves the whole burden of responsibility, and especially the whole initiative, of every accusation, even as they were obliged to appear at the close, and with their own hands to hurl the stones. And the renewed protest was so far effectual. For now the witnesses came forward, or, at least, they were summoned to bear their testimony; and only when they came forward can a formal trial be said to have commenced.

But did all this not take place by night? And was a trial by night legal?

On the question of fact, it is well known that the four Evangelists give a confused account of what took place. Matthew and Mark, omitting the seemingly private interrogation of which we have already spoken, distinctly narrate a double and very striking trial by night—first by witnesses, and then by an attempt to obtain a confession; but all before the high priest, the scribes, and the elders, to whom Mark adds, “all the chief priests.” Their narrative reads as if the first part of this trial might have taken place almost as soon as the prisoner was brought from the Mount of Olives. At all events, in their narrative it took place by night, while in the morning there was a second and separate “consultation” of a similar, but seemingly larger and more authoritative meeting.\* John, on the other hand, narrates the interrogation by the high priest, the transfer from Annas to Caiaphas, and the delivery to Pilate in the morning, but does not allude to any trial before the council. These two representations, though not contradictory, are unsatisfactory and inconsistent; and the tradition of Luke, which differs from both, completes the confusion, but helps us to a result. He omits the earlier part of the alleged trial—the interrogation of witnesses; but narrates the confession and condemnation as at one meeting of the council, which took place “as soon as it was day,” and after which the whole multitude “led him to Pilate.” Putting all these representations together, there was no difficulty in arriving at the order of the historical transactions, though there will always be insuperable difficulty to those who insist on their legal validity and regularity. The visit to Annas and the transfer to Caiaphas came first, with the interrogation of the

accused by one or other of the high priests. About this earlier hour certainly took place the denial of Peter related by all the Evangelists, while some time must have been consumed in sending for witnesses and summoning either the whole council or its members. That the whole council did not meet at night is unquestionable: that a certain number of them were present by night with Caiaphas is equally clear. Assuming that there was a final and formal meeting of the whole Sanhedrin at its usual morning hour, it is barely possible that the vivid scene of the adjuration, confession, and sentence took place before it. But it is much more likely on the evidence that it took place earlier, when a considerable number, quite enough to be popularly called a council, were already assembled. And, in any case, it is certain that that still earlier transaction—the examination of witnesses and the deliberation on their evidence—must have taken place some time during the night. It will always remain doubtful whether this took place before a considerable meeting of the council or its committee on the one hand, or before Caiaphas and a few of his friends on the other. Nor is it of much consequence. The confusion of representation is quite natural. For, according to all the rules of Hebrew law, such a transaction in the night was absolutely illegal, incapable of being validly transacted in either form, and incapable of being reported so as to produce an impression of justice upon the minds of the people.

The law is laid down in a passage of the Mishna,\* which contrasts capital trials with questions of money. It is so striking that the whole paragraph may be quoted, though it is with the concluding words that we have now to deal:—

Money trials and trials for life have the same rules of inquiry and investigation. But they differ in procedure, in the following points. The former require only three, the latter three-and-twenty judges. In the former it matters not on which side the judges speak who give the first opinions: in the latter, those who are in favor of acquittal must speak first. In the former, a majority of one is always enough: in the latter, a majority of one is enough to acquit, but it requires a majority of two to condemn. In the former a decision may be quashed on review (for error) no matter which way it has gone: in the latter a condemnation may be quashed, but not an acquittal. In the former, disciples of the law present in the court may speak (as assessors)

\* Bynæus (*De Morte Christi*) holds a second trial in the morning. But the view (recently repeated by Dr. Farrar), that Luke narrates a different scene from that given in nearly the same words by the early Evangelists, is scarcely tenable.

\* Mishna, *De Synedriis*, iv. 1.

on either side : in the latter they may speak in favor of the accused, but not against him. In the former a judge who has indicated his opinion, no matter on which side, may change his mind : in the latter he who has given his voice for guilt may change his mind, but not he who has given his voice for acquittal. *The former (money trials) are commenced only in the daytime, but may be concluded after night-fall : the latter (capital trials) are commenced only in the daytime, and must also be concluded during the day. The former may be concluded by acquittal or condemnation on the day on which they have begun : the latter may be concluded on that day if there is a sentence of acquittal, but must be postponed to a second day if there is to be a condemnation. And for this reason capital trials are not held on the day before a Sabbath or a feast-day.*

The crucifixion of Jesus took place, as has scarcely ever been doubted, on the Friday, the day before a Sabbath which was also "an high day;" and the meeting of the council took place on the same Friday morning.\* Such a meeting on such a day was forbidden. If indeed it only met to register an acquittal, it was lawful. But if the court was unable at once to acquit, it was bound to adjourn for at least four-and-twenty hours before meeting for final judgment, and such a final meeting could not be on the Sabbath. The necessity of the adjournment of a capital trial to secure the rights of the accused is shown very clearly by the detailed regulations of the Mishna : †

If a man is found innocent, the court absolves him. But if not, his judgment is put off to the following day. Meantime the judges meet together, and eating little meat, and drinking no wine during that whole day, they confer upon the cause.‡ On the following morning they return into court [and vote over again, with the like precautions as before]. . . . If judgment is at last pronounced, they bring out the man sentenced, to stone him. The place of punishment is to be apart from the place of judgment (for it is said in Leviticus xxiv. 14, "Bring the blasphemer without the camp"). In the mean time, an officer is to stand at the door of the court with a handkerchief in his hand; another, mounted on horseback, follows the procession so far, but halts at the farthest point where he can see the man with the handkerchief. [The judges remain sitting], and if any one offers himself to prove that the condemned man is innocent,

he at the door waves the handkerchief, and the horseman instantly gallops after the condemned and recalls him for his defence.\*

These regulations, taken not from the commentary on the oral law, but from the Mishna itself, probably existed in full detail during the high-priesthood of Caiaphas. There is no reason to doubt that at least the general rule, which prescribes adjourning the trial from one day to another, bound the judges of Jesus of Nazareth. In no case was such a rule so absolutely necessary to justice, as where the accused, arrested after nightfall, had been put upon his trial by daybreak, without the least opportunity of summoning witnesses for his defence. But what the Gemara describes as the *atrocit*y of thus anticipating the day of death of the accused,† was exceeded in open injustice by the earlier outrage of commencing, and probably substantially concluding, the real trial under cloud of night. That would have been an intolerable scandal even in the case of an ordinary civil suit. Such a suit could only be called and commenced during the day, though upon occasion it might be prolonged after the shadows had fallen until a verdict were returned.‡ But a grave criminal case — and certainly a capital case of crime — was to be begun, and resumed or continued, and finished, only in the light of day. And of all criminal cases, that a trial in which a son of Israel, acknowledged to be mighty in deed and word before all the people, was to be judged for his life — that such a trial should be begun and finished and sentence formally pronounced, between midnight and morning, was a violence done to the forms and rules of Hebrew law as well as to the principles of justice. And the circumstance that this huge blot is wholly ignored by Salvador § makes it very unnecessary to notice in detail his defence of other parts of the supposed formal judicial proceeding.

Yet there can be no doubt that at some untimely hour, between Thursday night and Friday morning, the form and some-

\* A striking commentary on this graphic law will occur to English readers who remember the interposition of Daniel in the History of Susanna, verses 46 and 49.

† "Proferre diem morti damnati nefas est." — Mishna De Synedriis, iv. 1. Note 8 by Cocceius.

‡ Even this is forbidden by another text in the treatise "Nidah," and the jurists have had to settle the question of their relative authority.

§ He narrates the trial and condemnation as taking place before a full meeting of the Sanhedrin, and adds, (vol. i. 391), "Le conseil se rassembla de nouveau dans la matinée du lendemain ou du surlendemain, comme la jurisprudence l'exigeait, pour confirmer la sentence ou l'annuler." This is mere invention of the history.

\* We thus escape, in our present investigation, the extremely difficult and famous questions whether the Friday was the 14th or 15th Nisan, and on which day of that week the passover was eaten. If the Friday was the 15th, it was the passover or feast-day, when it seems to have been unlawful to judge at all. — Mishna, Moed Katon, v. 2.

† Mishna, De Synedriis, v. 5, and vi. 1.

‡ "Beatus iudex qui fermentat iudicium suum." — Gemara on Mishna, De Synedriis, c. 1.

what more than the form, of a trial by Hebrew law did take place. The judges, unjust as they were, were men trained in that law of minute scruples and mighty sanctions; and they would have felt it impossible to dispense with process and form altogether. The last words we caught from Jesus were his demand for open accusation and trial: "Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me." And we shall hear no further utterance until the close. For when this demand for public justice was met by a nocturnal trial, the accused declined to take part in it. Meantime much was going on. The members of the council present sought for witness against Jesus. Matthew says they sought for false witness. But even the former was a scandalous indecorum. Hebrew judges, as we have seen, were eminently counsel for the accused. And one of the strangest sights the world has ever seen must have been the adjuration or solemn address to the witnesses who came to speak against the life of Jesus, by the magistrate who had — no doubt with perfect sincerity — held it expedient that one man should die for the people. That form of adjuration or solemn appeal still exists in the body of the law.\* It was the duty of the high priest to pronounce it to each witness in a capital case, and so to put them on oath. Who can measure the effect of its utterance by the sacred judge of Israel upon men who, while the words were uttered, were forced to gaze into the face of him whose life it guarded?

Forget not, O witness, that it is one thing to give evidence in a trial as to money, and another in a trial for life. In a money suit, if thy witness-bearing shall do wrong, money may repair that wrong. But in this trial for life, if thou sinnest, the blood of the accused, and the blood of his seed to the end of time, shall be imputed unto thee. . . . Therefore was Adam created one man and alone, to teach thee, that if any witness shall destroy one soul out of Israel, he is held by the Scripture to be as if he had destroyed the world; and he who saves one such soul to be as if he had saved the world. . . . For a man, from one signet ring, may strike off many impressions, and all of them shall be exactly alike. But He, the King of the kings of kings, He the Holy and the Blessed, has struck off from His type of the first man the forms of all men that shall live; yet so, that no one human being is wholly alike to any other. Wherefore let us think and believe that the whole world is created for a man [such as he whose life hangs on thy words].

\* Mishna, De Synedriis, iv. 5. "Intro vocatis terrorum incutiunt testibus." — ii. 6.

The Son of Man whose life was surrounded by the law with this tremendous sanction stood silent before those witnesses; and, whatever was the reason, their testimony was found ineffectual. What was the Hebrew law of evidence? The Talmud divides all oral evidence into —

1. A vain testimony.
2. A standing testimony.
3. An adequate testimony; or (perhaps) the testimony of them that agree together.\*

The evidence of the earlier witnesses who on that night were examined seems to have been set aside as belonging to the first class; for a "vain testimony" was not even accepted provisionally, or retained until afterwards confirmed. A "standing testimony" on the other hand, was admitted in the mean time and provisionally, but not held valid until confirmed by others. To this intermediate rank attained the evidence of that witness who at length came forward to speak to the early utterance of Jesus about the destruction and rebuilding of the temple. And when following him another came, the question was at once raised whether the testimony of both did not amount to the third and complete order of evidence, known as "the testimony of them that agree together." "But neither so," says Mark, using the exact technical term, "neither so did their witness agree together."† This may undoubtedly have been a mere discrepancy in their narration of facts. That discrepancy cannot have been great, according to our modern ideas. For Mark gives the evidence of both in one indiscriminating sentence. And Matthew does the same in another sentence, slightly different. Neither of them makes any explicit distinction between what the two witnesses said. Let us suppose that the discrepancy between the two (alleged by Mark) amounted only to this, that the one said, in Matthew's phrase, "I am able to destroy the temple of God," and the other "I *will* destroy this temple." It is by no means clear that even such a difference as this might not have been sufficient to nullify their testimony. For in a Hebrew criminal trial "the least discordance between the evidence of the witnesses was held to destroy its value;"‡ and this rule, like

\* Ibid., v. 3, 4. And see Lightfoot's *Hor. Heb.*, Mark xiv. 56.

† Unless Mark, when he says their testimonies were *ὁμολογία*, means that they were not "adequate," rather than not "accordant."

‡ Salvador's *Institutions*, i. 373.

others, was pushed to that childish extreme which we now call Judaical. A mere verbal distinction may have sometimes been a fatal objection in the mind of even such a judge as Caiaphas. But the evidence of men who are not reported to have said anything extreme, but whom the Evangelists, departing from their usual reserve, distinctly call "false witnesses," \* was probably reckless and inaccurate. And it is just possible that the variation between the reports of the two Evangelists covers not a mere verbal distinction, but a substantial and serious difficulty, of great importance for the conduct of the case.

For at this point we are confronted by one of the most important questions in the whole inquiry, What was the crime for which Jesus was all this time being tried? What was the charge, what the indictment, upon which he stood before the council? Up to this point we have had no intimation on that subject. In modern times that would be an extraordinary state of matters. To try a man, especially for his life, without specifying beforehand the crime on which he is to be tried, is justly held to be an outrage. Some of the greatest events in English constitutional history turn on the illegality of "general warrants"—the illegality, that is, not of trying a man without specifying his crime—the most arbitrary of our kings did not venture to do that—but of even committing him for trial without specifying his accusation in the warrant of committal. But we must not judge Jewish law, or indeed early law of any nation, by our modern rules. Hebrew law, as we have seen, gave a peculiarly important position to the witnesses. I believe we shall not fully realize that position unless we remember that, at least in the earlier days of that law, the *evidence of the leading witnesses constituted the charge*. There was no other charge: no more formal indictment. Until they spoke, and spoke in the public assembly, the prisoner was scarcely an accused man. When they spoke, and the evidence of the two agreed together, it formed the legal charge, libel, or indictment, as well as the evidence for its truth. This, to us paradoxical, but really simple and natural origin of a Hebrew criminal process, is nowhere better illustrated than in that ancient *cause célèbre* of Naboth the

Jezreelite. "They proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people. And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him; and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones that he died." The essential points of a Hebrew trial for life are here given with admirable terseness.\* But in the case of Naboth the false witnesses suborned by the Sidonian queen are represented as using the technical word, or *nomen juris*, of blasphemy. In the trial of Jesus, the only witnesses distinctly spoken to reported a particular utterance of the accused. What crime was this utterance intended by the accusers, or the judges, to infer? There are two distinct meanings which may have been *innuendoed*. According to one of them, the words "I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands," may have been represented as the voice of one come to attack the existing institutions—to "destroy the law and the prophets." We have a most important commentary on this in the parallel accusation of Stephen a few months later: "We have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall *change the customs* which Moses delivered us." But according to another view, the same reported utterance—especially in the modified form of Matthew, "I am *able* to destroy the temple of God"—may have been intended as a charge of arrogating superhuman power. So his original auditors felt it. "Forty-and-six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it again in three days?" The two charges, it will be observed, though very distinct, are not inconsistent. May he not have been charged *both* with attempting to change the national institutions and with pretensions to miraculous power? The difficulty in this supposition is that we have been seeking in these charges for the *one* crime upon which Jesus was finally condemned. But if we look more narrowly at the supposed difficulty, we may find what we have been seeking. Jesus was finally condemned for "blasphemy," because he made himself the Messiah and the Son of God, making thus higher personal claims than even the witnesses

\* There were gradations among false witnesses as among true—especially as they were consciously or unconsciously false. See Lightfoot on the Talmudic and technical meaning of the word, Hor. Heb., on Matt. xxvi. 60.

\* See also Josephus' account of the trial of Zacharias the son of Baruch: De Bello Judaico, iv. 5. 4.

against him had suggested. That was the crime, therefore, towards which one of the intended accusations — that as to superhuman power — may be held to have pointed. But what of the other? The unexpected but satisfactory answer is that it fell under precisely the same legal category, or *nomen juris* — that of blasphemy. This might be suggested to us by the witnesses against Stephen, who describe as “blasphemous words” the deliberate utterances of the deacon as to the passing away of the holy place and the law. But I believe that it will be found there is no Hebrew category of crime under which the attempt to supersede the old institutions could so naturally come as that denoted by the term blasphemy. The witnesses, therefore, may have had this somewhat in view from the beginning, as the judges almost certainly had; and it is not too soon to devote a few sentences to the question what so important a legal word means.

Blasphemy is not profanity — it is profanity which, as the name imports, *strikes* directly against God.\* This is the original sense of the word, and it is that to which we have returned in modern days. But throughout the countries of Europe, ruled by civil and canon law, blasphemy has long since taken on a secondary and constructive meaning. It stands in their law-books at the head of the enumeration of crimes as “treason against the Deity,” taking precedence even of treason against the State. And this *crimen læsæ majestatis divinæ*, like the crime of treason against earthly rulers, has often, under the head of constructive treason, taken great and dangerous latitude.† Now whether it is a necessary thing for ordinary nations and jurisprudences to have in their statute-book such a crime as treason against God at all, we need not inquire. One thing is certain. In the Hebrew commonwealth and under Hebrew law it was necessary. For that commonwealth was the one pure theocracy, and all its priests, prophets, judges, and kings were the mere courtiers and ministers of the invisible king, whose word was Israel’s constitution and law. In such a constitution blasphemy, or the verbal renunciation of God, was in the proper sense high treason; and any attempt to subvert the great institutions of his government was

constructive treason. Now neither the crime of the “false prophet” of the true God, nor that of “the idolater” or seducer to the worship of strange gods, seems to have attained to the generality and eminence of the name blasphemy in Jewish law. That the word was used in the age of Caiaphas to designate alleged attempts against the divine system of religion is certain. That it had become the proper *nomen juris* for all such constructive treasons I have not seen conclusively proved; but it seems highly probable.

We cannot therefore hold, as has sometimes been done, that these witnesses brought forward a special and isolated charge with regard to the temple, and that on the failure of it the council passed unfairly to other and disconnected counts. The special charge was at least in the line of the whole procedure contemplated.\* For unless we are to become wholly unhistorical in our legal criticism, we must believe that the general course of this night’s proceedings was prearranged by the leading members of the Sanhedrin, and that they and not the witnesses really conducted the prosecution. The evidence is overwhelming † that at repeated meetings of what the fourth Gospel even calls a council, and what may have been formal meetings of the acting committee of that body, the suppression and if need be the death of Jesus had been resolved upon. And in these preliminary proceedings it was not merely his acts as a prophet or as an opposer of existing institutions that were deliberated upon. His claim to be the Christ, and even (as his nearer followers had long ago acknowledged him to be) the Son of God — whatever that mysterious claim might mean — had during the second part of his career ‡ pressed heavily upon the Hebrew conscience, especially in Jerusalem. The decision alleged in the fourth Gospel, “That if any man did confess that he was the Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue,” does not indeed negative that claim. It may only, as Neander holds, have reserved it for the judgment of the one competent tribunal, the great council of the nation; while it forbade all private persons, whatever their individual views, from in the mean time publicly anticipat-

\* The Hebrew words seem to carry the same implication of verbal offence and insult.

† The canon-law definition of blasphemy puts its original meaning last, and puts first that it is ascribing to God “*quod illi non convenit*.”

\* Exactly as the charge against Stephen was in the line of his subsequent and sudden condemnation.

† John vii. 25, 30, 45; viii. 40; ix. 22; xi. 47, 57. Matt. xxi. 23, 46. Luke xx. 20. Matt. xxvi. 3, et seq.

‡ Too little studied of recent years — e. g., in both Renan and “*Ecce Homo*.”



ing the solemn verdict. But it combines with innumerable other parts of the history to show the agitating questions which pressed on the minds of the judges as they listened to witness after witness in that early dawn.

The evidence, all agree, was not found sufficient — perhaps not found “relevant” \* — to infer a conviction upon it alone. The rule of law in such a case was clear, that the accused must be at once liberated. And even had the inculpatory evidence been found sufficient, the next step by the rules of the court was to call witnesses for the defence.† Such a proposal would of course have been a mockery in a trial at such an hour. What was actually done was an attempt to cross-examine the accused. “Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee?” are the exact words of the high priest repeated in two of the narratives. But he “held his peace, and answered nothing.” The interrogation was unlawful. But I am not able to represent this silence as caused by indignation at the errors of the accusers, or the unfairness of the judges. That the ordinary rights of every accused Hebrew had been present to the mind of Jesus we have already seen. But that he had any expectation of escaping, or even any desire at this stage to do so, there is no evidence whatever. All the narratives combine to show that he had for some time been consciously moving on to a tragical and tremendous close of his brief career. His utterances in anticipation of it during the previous weeks, and especially on the preceding day, have held the world spell-bound in each succeeding generation. A similar height of self-possession marks him at this final hour. The inaccurate or malicious recollections of what he had said three years before were nothing now to him. He had not come to Jerusalem to perish by a mistake; and if we are to fill that silence with thoughts at all, we may suppose that they had reference to the scene that now surrounded him. For there, at last, were gathered before him the children of the house of Israel, represented in their supreme council and great assembly. To this people he had always held himself sent and commissioned. Now at last they have met; and all the ages of Israel’s past rise in the

mind of him who stands to be judged — or to judge.

At what hour the great concluding scene, so vividly described by three of the Evangelists, took place, it is impossible to say.\* Plainly enough, the private and public examinations of the witnesses must have occupied a considerable time, and whether or not these had been attended by “all the council,” or a portion of its members, it is quite certain that by this time — at the point where these examinations were discontinued — a large number of the “great Sanhedrin” was met. The members of that body numbered seventy-one; the “little Sanhedrin,” which was probably a committee or cabinet formed out of the larger, numbered only twenty-three.† It is very possible that the smaller body may have been summoned at a somewhat earlier hour by Caiaphas, and it may be that no other ever assembled. Still the narratives rather suggest that the great council, which alone could at this time try a man for his life, and which alone could at any time judge a prophet,‡ was also called. Let us concede to the language of the Evangelists that so much of the law was observed. We must, in that case, imagine the council as sitting in the hall Gazith, half within and half without the holy place.§ The seats were placed in a circle, and half of the seventy sat on the right and half on the left of the president or *nasi*, who on this occasion was the high priest Caiaphas. At his one hand sat the “father of the court,” at the other the “sage.” Two scribes waited at the table to record the sentence: two officers guarded the prisoner, who stood in front of the president. Among the semicircular crowd of judges, Caiaphas and his friends represented the great Sadducean element. The Sadducees, as rationalists, had no particular enmity to Jesus, over and above their general distaste for the introduction of the divine as an element in human affairs. But, as the aristocratic and official party, they were most keenly alive to the disorganization which that element often produces, and were always disposed to sup-

\* “They say their phylacteries,” says the Talmud (Berachoth, i. 2), “from the first daylight to the third hour,” at which last time the “lesser Sanhedrin” could meet, while the greater sat only “after the daily morning sacrifice.” (Maimonides on ch. De Synedriis, iii.) Luke seems to fix the first daylight as the time when they actually did “lead him into their council” — the arraignment.

† Mishna, De Synedriis, i. 6. The quorum of the Sanhedrin was twenty-three.

‡ “Tribus, pseudo-prophetes, sacerdos magnus, non nisi a septuaginta et unius iudicum consensu iudicantur.”

— Mishna, De Synedriis, i. 5.

§ But see Lightfoot and others.

\* Which of these is the meaning of the Hebrew word translated *ἰσὴ μαρτυρία* — an *even* testimony?

† There seems to have been no advocate for the defence, known as *baal-rib*, or *dominus litis*. — Friedlieb, Archæol., 87.



press it before it had got to a dangerous length. The previous appeal of the high priest to the *salus populi* as overriding all individual claims of right — “Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not” — was one full of reason. His plan seems to have been founded on a just and sound view of the temper of his own nation and of the Roman authorities, — a clear-sighted and comprehensive view, omitting no element that ought to be taken into account, *except* the existence of God and his nearness to men. But in the working out of that plan a certain exasperation must by this time have mingled with the calm determination to get rid of a saintly fellow-citizen. The Pharisees, on the other hand, were an equally large part of the council, and their patriotic and religious feelings had originally been far more appealed to by the preaching of Jesus. But the inward struggle which had certainly preceded their rejection of his claims had caused that rejection to be followed, according to the ordinary laws of human nature, by a growing hostility, which by this time was a very active hatred. It was they, the zealots of the council, who, no doubt, took the initiative in the extraordinary and tumultuous scene which closed the sitting. During the later examination of witnesses Jesus had been silent; but the thought of his Messianic and divine claim pressed upon his judges with overwhelming force, and broke out at last into passionate utterance. The discrepancy between the Evangelists at this point only brings out the whole scene more historically. “Art thou the Christ? tell us,” they cried; and the irrepressible exclamations of the judicial crowd described in one Gospel were only put an end to by the solemn adjuration of their president, recorded in another. To the eager and hostile questions of the council, Jesus answered at first in a twofold utterance — “If I tell you, ye will not believe.” Was he thinking sadly of their forgotten duty to weigh his claims, and of a result to himself, or to them? But he adds, “And if I also ask you,” as he had done a few days before in the temple, when they had demanded his authority, “if I, instead, put my questions to you, ye will not answer me, and ye will not release” your prisoner. It was true; but the council was long past being turned from its purpose by the reference which, I think, these words again have to judicial fairness and the order of justice. They saw in his

face the light of that more than earthly claim which his lips only for a few moments delayed to make; and with a mixture of terrible and hateful emotions, starting to their feet, “then said they all, Art thou then the Son of God?” But above that crowd of aged and evil faces was now seen rising the high priest of Israel, and all voices sunk away as the chief magistrate and judge of the sacred nation demanded, in the name of the God whose office he bore, an answer to his most solemn adjuration, “I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of the Blessed!” It was the question for which men had waited so long; and now the answer came. “I am,” the Christ, the Son of God: and, turning to the crowd who sat in their places of power around him, he added, “Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.” When a king declared himself in Israel, the manner was that he stood in the temple by a pillar, and the people of the land receiving him rejoiced with hosanna and song, with palm-branch and with trumpet. And if this was the manner of a king, how should the King-Messiah be received? But when a man blasphemed the name of God, the ordinance in Israel was that every man who heard it should rend his garment from the top downwards — rend it into two parts which might again never be sewn into one. And scarcely had Jesus witnessed his confession before those “many witnesses,” when the high priest standing in his place, rent his clothes, saying, “He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?” And they answered, and said, “He is ISH MAVETH — a man of death.” . . . “Then they all condemned him to be guilty of death.”

So passed that great condemnation. There are very few points with regard to it which remain to be noticed. One relates to the lawfulness of the high priest's adjuration, and to the judicial use of the confession of the accused.\* Nothing can be clearer than the Talmudists on this. “Our law,” says Maimonides, “condemns no one to death upon his own confession.” “It is a fundamental principle with us,”

\* The adjuration was of course equivalent to putting the accused upon oath, and indeed seems to have been the usual way in which that was done. See Selden's chapter “De Juramentis” in his book on Sanhedrins, and the other treatises on the same subject in vol. xxv. of Ugolinius' “Thesaurus.”

says Bartenora, "that no one can damage himself by what he says in judgment." \* Putting the question to the accused was therefore the last violation of formal justice. Still, the question has been put, and the answer has been given. *Quid juris?* Assuming that the claim made by Jesus had come in the same form, but lawfully, before the Sanhedrin, were they shut up to this condemnation? In answering this we have first to remember the distinctions already taken between blasphemy, in its simple meaning of profanity or insult to God, and blasphemy as equivalent to treason, overt or constructive, against the theocracy. In the former sense there was no case here. The words of the great accused were full of filial reverence for the Father.† We have therefore to go on to the latter sense, and to face the grave question, Was it high treason in a Jew to claim to be the Messiah, the Son of God? Most certainly it was — *unless it was true*. And if blasphemy was the proper word by which to designate so tremendously audacious a claim, then was such a false claim also blasphemous. But what if it were true? In such a case the falsehood was of the essence of the crime, and had to be proved or assumed before the judicial conclusion could be reached. The mere claim to be the Messiah was no crime. "Art thou the Christ?" was asked continually, of John, of Jesus, of every reformer, and of every prophet; though an answer in the affirmative was held to be the most daring claim that human lips could frame. What relation indeed the Messiah of the Jews was supposed to have to their unseen King, and how far the dignity, not unknown to that age, of "Son of God," could freely be applied to the expected Christ, are questions on which vast learning has been expended. We shall equally err if we suppose that these words had in their ears all the meaning with which subsequent theology has invested them, or if we forget that the purpose and bearing of the accused gave them, on this last as on the previous occasions, a unique and divine significance. But the twofold claim — made seemingly in response to the grouping of the two ideas (Art thou "the Christ, the Son of

God?") by the high priest himself — could never release a Hebrew tribunal from the duty of weighing a claim to Messiahship. The proper response of an unbelieving judge, like Caiaphas, when his adjuration was answered by confession, was, "What sign sheweth thou then, that we may see and believe thee?" And when instead he rent his clothes, with the words, "What need ye further witnesses?" it was either the preconcerted plan by which to terminate the whole semblance of judicial procedure, or, perhaps, a sudden inspiration of evil, spoken a second time not wholly of himself, in a moment when the cold, hard, cruel thoughts, which had so long smouldered in the unjust judge, blazed up at the touch of confronting righteousness into final and murderous paroxysm.

We pass next to the Roman tribunal. But our conclusion on the question of Hebrew law must be this: that a process begun, continued, and apparently finished, in the course of one night; with witnesses against the accused who were sought for by the judges, but whose evidence was not sustained even by them; commencing with interrogatories which Hebrew law does not sanction, and ending with a demand for confession which its doctors expressly forbid; all followed, twenty-four hours too soon, by a sentence which described a claim to be the fulfiller of the hopes of Israel as blasphemy — that such a process had neither the form nor the fairness of a judicial trial. But though it wanted judicial fairness and form, it may nevertheless have been a real and important transaction. There is no reason to think that the council mistook the claim of Jesus. And there is every reason to believe that their condemnation truly expressed the nation's rejection of his claim.

ALEX. TAYLOR INNES.

*This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

#### GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,  
AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,  
*In conjunction with an American writer.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### FURTHER LOOKINGS BACK.

WHAT was it, then, this feeling of inexplicable unrest and anxiety that possessed

\* Mishna, De Synedriis, vi. 2, note. So Cocceius: "Ita tenent magistri, neminem ex propria confessione aut prophetæ vaticinio esse neci dandum." And even Salvador: "Notre loi ne condamne jamais sur le simple aveu de l'accusé."

† Of blasphemy in this proper sense, the cautious rule of the Mishna must be understood: "Nemo tenetur blasphemus, nisi expressit nomen." — De Synedriis, vii. 5.

us as we drew near Niagara? Was it the fear of being disappointed? Was it the fear of being overawed? Or was it that mysterious vague nerve catching something of the vibration that the vast cataracts sent shuddering through the land?

It was a blazing hot day, and the two scraggy horses were painfully hauling the rumbling old omnibus up a steep and dusty hill to the Clifton House hotel. Through the small window we could look down into the deep gorge, and there were no foaming rapids, but a deep, narrow, apparently motionless river of a singularly rich green color. It was an opaque, solid green, not unlike sealing-wax, and the smooth shining surface had here and there a bold swirl of white. Then the sides of the gorge showed masses of ruddy rocks and green trees, and there was the brilliant blue overhead — altogether a German lithograph.

But why this curious unrest, while as yet the falls were far away and out of sight? Well, there were two of us in that little omnibus who once upon a time saw a strange thing, never to be forgotten. We had climbed up from Chamounix to the small hostelry of Montanvert. We were going down the rugged little mountain-path to cross the Mer de Glace. But where the great glacier lay in the high valley, and all over that, and all beyond that, nothing was visible but a vague gray mist that seemed to be inclosing the world. We stumbled on through the cold, damp atmosphere, until we found before us the great masses of ice in their spectral greens and whites. I think it was just about this time, when we had reached the edge of the glacier, that we were suddenly arrested by a wonderful sight. Right overhead, as it were, and far above the floating seas of mist, gleamed a wild break of dazzling blue, and far into this, so far away that the very distance seemed awful, rose a series of majestic peaks, their riven sides sparkling with sun-lit snows. It was a terrible thing to see. All around us the solemn world of ice and shadows; above us the other and silent and bewildering world of light, with those glittering peaks cleaving the blue as if they would pierce to the very throne of heaven. The phantasmal fog-clouds went this way and that, taking strange shapes as they floated over the glacier, and showed us visionary glimpses of the lower mountains; but there was neither cloud nor fog nor mist in that distant dome, and the giant peaks stood unapproachable there in their lonely and awful splendor. To have seen this sight once is a thing to be remembered during

a man's lifetime; it is an experience that perhaps few of us would care to repeat. Was this strange unrest, then, a sensation of fear? Did we shrink from the first shock of a sight that might be too terrible in its majesty?

If that were so, we were speedily reassured. Through this port-hole of a window we caught a glimpse of something white and gray, and as we recognized from many pictures the American Falls, it was with a certain sense of comfort that we knew this thing to be graspable. And as we got further along, the beautiful, fair, calm picture came better into view; and it seemed to be fitting that over this silent sheet of white water, and over the mass of dark rocks and trees beyond, there should be a placid pale blue summer sky. Further on we go, and now we come in sight of something vaster, but still placid, and beautiful, and silent. We know from the deep indentation and the projection in the middle that these are the Horseshoe Falls; and they seem to be a stupendous semicircular wall of solid and motionless stalactites, with a touch of green at the summit of the mighty pillars of snow. We see no motion, we hear no sound; they are as frozen falls, with the sunlight touching them here and there, and leaving their shadows a pale gray. But we knew that this vast white thing was not motionless; for in the centre of that semicircle rose a great white column of vapor, softly spreading itself abroad as it ascended into the pale blue sky, and shutting out altogether the dark table-land beyond the high line of the falls. And as we got out of the vehicle and walked down toward the edge of the precipice, the air around us was filled with a low and murmuring sound, soft, continuous, muffled, and remote; and now we could catch the downward motion of these falling volumes of water, the friction of the air fraying the surface of the heavy masses into a soft and feathery white. There was nothing here that was awful and bewildering, but a beautiful, graceful spectacle — the white surface of the descending water looking almost lace-like in its texture — that accorded well with the still pale blue of the sky overhead. It was something to gaze on with a placid and sensuous satisfaction, perhaps because the continuous, monotonous murmur of sound was soothing, slumberous, dreamlike.

But Bell's quick eye was not directed solely to this calm and beautiful picture. She saw that Lady Sylvia was disturbed and anxious.

"Had we not better go into the hotel at once?" said she. "There is no use trying to see Niagara in a minute. It has to be done systematically. And besides, there may be letters waiting for us."

"Oh yes, certainly," said Lady Sylvia; and then she added, seriously, as if her whole thoughts had been centred on the falls, "It is a very hopeful thing that we have not been disappointed at the first sight. They say nearly every one is. I dare say it will be some days before we get to understand the grandeur of Niagara."

"My dear Lady Sylvia," said one of us, as we were all walking up to the hotel, "you might spend thirty years here in such weather as this without knowing any thing of the grandeur of Niagara. There is no mysticism possible with a pale blue sky. I will endeavor to expound this matter to you after luncheon —"

"*Gott bewahre!*" exclaims the German, flippantly.

"And I will show you that the size of any natural object has nothing to do with the effect it produces on the mind. I will show you how, with a proper atmospheric effect, an artist could make a more impressive picture of an insignificant island off the coast of Mull than he could if he painted Mont Blanc, under blue skies, on a canvas fifty feet square. The poetry of nature is all a question of atmosphere; failing that you may as well fall back on a drawing-master's notion of the picturesque — a broken mill-wheel and a withered tree. My dear friends —"

"Perhaps you will explain to us, then," said Bell, not caring how she interrupted this valuable lecture, "how, if we can put grandeur into anything by waiting till a little mist and gloom gets around it — if there is nothing in size at all — how we were so foolish as to come to Niagara at all? What did we come for?"

"I really don't know."

"He is only talking nonsense, Bell!" says a sharper voice; and we reach the hotel.

But there are no letters.

"I thought not," says Queen T., cheerfully; as if news of England was a matter of profound indifference to every one of us. "But there is no hurry. There is no chance of our missing them, as we shall be here some days."

"I suppose they will have some English newspapers here?" suggested Lady Sylvia, just as if she had been in Brussels or Cologne.

"I should think not. If there are any,

they will be old enough. What do you want with English newspapers, Lady Sylvia?"

"I want to see what has been going on in Parliament," she answers, without the least flinching.

"What a desperate patriot you are, Lady Sylvia!" says Bell, laughing, as we go up the stairs to our rooms. "I don't think I ever read a debate in my life — except about Mr. Plimsoll."

"But your husband is not in Parliament," returns Lady Sylvia, with blushing courage.

"And where your treasure is there will your heart be," says Queen T. in a gay and careless fashion; but she has a gentle hand within her friend's arm; and then she takes the key to open the door of her room for her, treating her altogether like a spoiled child.

The after-luncheon lecture on the sublime in nature never came off; for these careless gadabouts, heedless of instruction and the proper tuition of the mind, must needs hire a carriage to drive forthwith to the rapids above the falls. And Queen T. had begged Lady Sylvia to take her waterproof with her; and the lieutenant, perched up beside the driver, was furnished with a couple of umbrellas. So we set out.

And very soon we began to see something of the mighty volume of water falling over the Horseshoe Fall; for right away in there at the middle of the bend there was no white foam at all, but a projecting, unceasing bound of clear crystal of a curiously brilliant green, into which the sun struck deep. And what about the want of vapor and atmospheric effect? Presently we found ourselves in a sort of water-witch's paradise. Far below us boiled that hell-caldron of white smoke — roaring and thundering so that the ground around us trembled — and then this mighty pillar, rising and spreading over the landscape, enveloped us in clouds of shifting shapes and colors through which the gleaming green islands by the side of the road appeared to be mere fantasies of the eye. The earth and the sky seemed to be inextricably mixed up in this confusion of water and sunlight. We were in a bewilderment of rainbows — the pale colors coming right up to the wheels of the carriage, and shining between us and the flowing streams and water-weeds a few yards off. And then again we drove on and right through this Undine world; and behold! we were in hot sunshine again, and rolling along a road that sent volumes

of dust over us. It was only a trick of the great mother Nature. She had been treating her poor children to a bath, and now took this effectual method of drying them. And the dust about Niagara is the most dry and choking dust in the world.

We drove away round so as to get beyond the falls, and then descended to the side of the noble river. Here we found the inevitable museum of photographs and pebbles, and a still stranger exhibition. We were professed sight-seers; and we agree to see the burning spring of the Indians, no matter what the wild excitement might cost. So we were conducted into a little dark room, in the floor of which was a hole, covered over. The performer—who was not attired in the garb of the wild man of the woods, as he ought to have been—removed the lid, and began to play a great many pranks with the gas which rose from the well. It was really wonderful. Some of us were carried away in imagination to the beautiful days in which a penny paid on entrance to a canvas tent unlocked more marvels than were known to all the wise men of the East. But this performance was monotonous. In vain we waited for our friend to open another door and show us the fat woman of Scandinavia. It was merely trifling with our feelings to offer each of us a glass of the fire-water to drink. We resented this insult, and sought the outer air again, having paid—what was it?—for that revelation of the wonders of nature.

There was a grander sight outside—the great rapids whirling by at our very feet toward the sudden and sheer descent. The wild plain of waters seemed broader than any river; the horizon line was as the horizon of the sea, but it was a line broken by the wild tossing of the waves as they came hurrying on to their doom. High over the green masses of the water the white crests were flung this way and that; in the maddening race and whirl these wild uprearings resembled—who made this suggestion?—the eager outstretched hands of the dense crowd of worshippers who strive for the holy fire passing over their heads. And here, too, the noise of the rushing of the waters still sounded muffled and remote, as if the great river were falling, not into the chasm below, but into the very bowels of the earth, too far away from us to be seen or heard.

A fiery red sunset was burning over the green woods and the level landscape and the dusty roads as we drove away back again, and down to the whirlpool below

the falls. Indeed, by the time we reached the point from which we were to descend into the gorge, the sun had gone down, the west had paled, and there was a cold twilight over the deep chasm through which the dark green river rolls. There was something very impressive in these sombre waters—their rapidity and force only marked by the whirling by of successive pine-trees—and in the sheer precipices on each side, scarred with ruddy rocks and sunless woods. Down here, too, there were no photographs, or Indians selling sham trinkets, or museums; only the solemnity of the gathering dusk, and the awful whirling by of the sullen water, and the distant and unceasing roar. The outlines of the landscape were lost, and we began to think of the sea.

And very pleasant it was that evening to sit up in the high balcony, as the night came on and the moon rose over the dark trees, and watch the growing light touch the edge of the far-reaching falls just where the water plunged. The great pillar of foam was dark now, and the American Falls, opposite us, were no longer white, but of a mystic gray; but out there at the head of the Horseshoe Falls the moonlight caught the water sharply, gleaming between the black rocks and trees of Goat Island and the black rocks and trees of the mainland.

It was a beautiful sight, calm and peaceful, and we could almost have imagined that we were once more on the deck of the great vessel, with the placid night around us, and the sound of the waves in our ears, and Bell singing to us, "Row, brothers, row, the daylight's past." You see, no human being is ever satisfied with what is before his eyes. If he is on land, he is thinking of the sea; if he is on the sea, he is dreaming of the land. What madness possessed us in England that we should crave to see the plains of the far West, knowing that our first thought there would be directed back to England? For Bell and her husband all this business was a duty; for us, a dream. And now that we had come to these Niagara Falls, which are famous all over the world, and now that we could sit and look at them with all the mystery and magic of a summer night around us, of what were we thinking?

"It will be beautiful up on Mickleham Downs to-night," says Bell, suddenly.

It is the belief of the present writer that every one of these senseless people was thinking of his or her home at this moment, for they set off at once to talk about Surrey as if there was nothing in the

world but that familiar English county; and you would have imagined that a stroll on Mickleham Downs on a moonlight night was the extreme point to which the happiness of a human being could attain.

"Lady Sylvia," says Queen T., in a gentle under-tone, and she puts a kindly hand on the hand of her friend, "shall we put on our bonnets and walk over to the Lilacs now? There might be a light in the windows."

---

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### A PLEA FOR A RATIONAL EDUCATION.

WE have endless talk in Parliament, and out of it, about the *machinery* of education, higher, secondary, and primary. We have a certain amount of talk about the *subjects* in which the children of the less wealthy classes should be instructed; but far too little attention is paid to the question, not less important assuredly than any which we do debate, "What sort of education should be given to those *who can have all the chances* — to those who, in the nature of things, must be the most influential portion of the community in the next generation?" We provided some improved machinery by the Public Schools Act a decade ago; we shall provide some improved machinery under the Universities Act of this session; but that is not enough. Our machinery is, indeed, only too apt to become over-strong for us — to impose its will instead of being subject to ours.

I need not dwell on the defects of our present system. We feel them every day. Mr. Matthew Arnold sums them up by dividing us all into Barbarians and Philistines; while other writers, and our own consciences, make remarks which are not much more complimentary.

Would it, then, be quite impossible, without reopening the weary discussion about machinery, to make some suggestions for the improvement of our present system — suggestions addressed to that class so much despised by the authorities of our great schools, but which, nevertheless, has, as has been observed, a right to exist — the parents, that is, of the boys who fill those schools?

And to save time, and the endless qualifications that would be necessary, I will address myself only to those parents who intend that the *general*, as distinguished from the professional, education of their children should continue to the age of

twenty-one or twenty-two at least, thereby excluding from consideration the case of all those youths whose callings require an exceptionally early commencement or a particularly long period of special education. What I have to say is not primarily addressed, for example, to those who mean their sons to go into the army or navy, to become civil engineers, or artists, or physicians. I think that the course which I propose would be very suitable for many boys who are intended to begin their technical or professional studies at eighteen, provided always the reading of Greek and Latin authors in the original, and the history of philosophy were omitted; but I can anticipate objections, and do not wish to complicate my task by combatting them. On the other hand, it is addressed to those who mean their sons to be politicians, or diplomatists, or country gentlemen, or members of the higher walks of the civil service and the bar, or bankers or merchants in a large way of business, or men of letters of the highest kind.

If, in expressing views which may be startling to many, I may seem to be rather curt and dogmatic, I would plead the necessity of compression, if one is to put into a single article conclusions on so large a subject; and I beg to refer those who would wish to see the positions I shall take up defended more at length, to a speech in the House of Commons in Hansard for May, 1864; to another at University College in 1865; to a rectorial address at Aberdeen in 1867; to an address to the University Court on the Bursary Competition in 1868; to another rectorial address in 1870; to a speech at St. Mary's Hospital in 1875; to a speech in the House of Commons on the University of Cambridge Bill and an address at the Liverpool Institute in 1876. The conclusions at which I have arrived may be right or may be wrong, but they are certainly not promulgated prematurely, for I had arrived at them before 1861, when I was so fortunate as to induce the Palmerston government to appoint the Public Schools Commission.

What, then, is the object of all general education? To enable people, I presume, to make the most of their lives, or, in other words: 1, to improve their own faculties to the uttermost; 2, to do as much good as possible to other people; 3, to enjoy as much as they can, due regard being had to the first two objects.

A good general education must, accordingly, comprise physical, moral, and intellectual training. I will say nothing about



the first, because space is of consequence ; because it is already well, if not too wisely, attended to ; and because, by calling the attention of any of those who do not already know it to Mr. Archibald Maclaren's work on physical education, I am likely to do much more good than I could by any observations of my own. Neither will I dwell upon the second, partly because the general moral tone of the better English schools is, on the whole, exceedingly good ; and partly because it is so easy, in discussing matters of this kind, to cross the border-land of religion, and to get into regions where differences of opinion are rarely removed by argument. I will keep myself wholly to intellectual training, the intellectual training, as I have said above, of those who *can have all the chances*. If, in doing so, I seem to have more in view the wants of those who are to make politics their principal pursuit, it is only natural — "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." But, after all, Englishman *who can have all the chances* sadly neglect their opportunities if they are not at least potential politicians ; and I shall not say a word about the special or professional trainings through which the politician or diplomatist ought to pass.

During the first seven years of life the development of the physical frame and the formation of character should engross nearly the whole of our attention. If a child at seven years old can read English, has picked up French from his *bonne*, and has a lively, not wholly uninformed, interest in the objects about him, he has got as much in the way of intellectual training as should be asked. The last of these requirements is the one which is most neglected, while great mistakes are sometimes made by attempting to teach the rudiments of other things for which the mind, at this stage of its development, is very unfit. Thanks to the progress of education among the humbler classes, it will soon be far less difficult than it has hitherto been to find persons to put about children who have some little acquaintance with the common objects encountered in a country walk. In spite of the un-intelligent policy of the Privy Council Office, against which Sir John Lubbock has led so many attacks, which discourages natural science, and brings into undue prominence the study of all others least suitable for children — the study of grammar — the excellent example of Professor Henslow in teaching the elements of botany to his school-children must be, one would think,

being followed in many places ; and even if it is not, a demand on the part of the upper classes for nursery governesses and nurses who know a little about the plants of the wayside and such every-day matters would soon produce the very slight amount of knowledge required. There is nothing which awakes so soon in children as a curiosity with regard to the objects by which they are surrounded. That curiosity has been hitherto usually suppressed by the prejudices or ignorance of those in charge of them. The usual attitude towards a child curious about natural history has too often been that of the French governess, who, on being asked by her pupil what the Pyrenees were, replied, "*Ma petite, quand vous serez plus âgée vous saurez tout cela. En attendant, priez le bon Dieu.*"

The years from seven to fourteen are of immense importance. During these the power of reading English acquired in the first period of life should have developed into a power of reading aloud well, and a fair acquaintance with so much of English literature as is at once supremely good and suitable to that early age. The power of prattling a little French with a nice accent should have expanded into a thorough mastery of the language for the every-day purposes of life, together with an acquaintance with that portion of French literature which corresponds with the portion of English literature which I have indicated above. The capacity of reading with ease an ordinary German book should also have been acquired. Of course, to effect these last two objects easily, it would be necessary that some time should be spent on the Continent ; but that is, even for other reasons, at present a *sine quâ non*, since I hold that it is impossible in the present state of our schools to obtain what can be fairly called a good education without pursuing it partly out of England. Those well-to-do parents who will not take the amount of trouble which is no doubt necessary if they mean to educate their children to some extent abroad, had better give up the idea of educating them well at all, and, sending them to some approved preparatory school, let them go through the usual mill, with the usual notable success, well described by the Public School Commission, which reported in 1864, in the following passage — one that can hardly be quoted too often, since in it, O fathers and mothers of England, you have, as in a glass, the reflection of what those of your sons who went up to the university, without the intention of taking honors



there, were a few years ago, and a pretty fair representation of what they are now:—

If a youth, after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen, unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum, or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world, and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, with an uncultivated mind and no taste for reading or observation, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public school education; but speaking both from the evidence we have received and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be, making ample allowance for the difficulties that have to be contended with, and that the proportion of failures is therefore unduly large.

Put down this description on one side of the account, and the total of your school-bills on the other, and see how you like the result.

You console yourselves, perhaps, with the reflection that your sons are at least gentlemen, and that that is something. Of course it is. Gentlemen they went into the mill, and gentlemen they have come out. The splendid foundations of mediæval piety or benevolence, and the stream of gold which you have poured into the pockets of masters, tutors, and other officials, have so far worked together for good that they have neither injured the physical health nor the moral character of the young persons in whom you are interested—always excepting the failures, and failures there will be in all systems. Well, that is a fine result, doubtless, but it will not enable your sons to keep their place in society in these pushing, democratic days. When will the lesson, into learning which one revolution after another has startled the great ones of the earth, be taken to heart by you also, that, namely, you must make your children worthy of the position into which they are born? Take, choosing them by lot, a certain number of the members of the European royal and semi-royal families under five-and-twenty, and an equal number of men

educated at our public schools of the same age, also chosen by lot, submit them to an examination on the subjects which men and women of the world care to know, and just see what a miserable figure will be made by the representatives of our much-bepraised education.

Your children have sometimes a better idea of what it all comes to than you have. Some years ago a boy was reproached by his master for not being able to answer some simple question. "Why," said his tutor, "your younger brother knows that." "Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "but then he has been at Eton a much shorter time than I have. When he has been here as long, you will find he knows as little as I do."

But to return. While the victims of parental laziness are at their preparatory school at work on the Public School Latin Primer, under this or that orthodox practitioner, the children of people who will condescend to take a little more trouble will be learning the things which I have already mentioned; will have acquired the power of writing a legible hand, an acquaintance with the commonest rules of arithmetic, and, above all, a much larger knowledge of geography than is now usually possessed by fully grown and so-called well-educated men. Meanwhile, the elementary notions about trees and plants, or other familiar objects, picked up from the nurse or the nursery governess, will have grown into a real elementary knowledge of some branch of natural history. I do not very much care to which of these attention is given, but probably botany is the one which it is most convenient to teach in most places. A boy who, at fourteen, was thoroughly well acquainted with Mr. Oliver's little manual, and knew well the plants of his immediate neighborhood, would possess all the botanical acquirements which I should think it necessary for him to have; and if from circumstances physiology, or, indeed, any study which trains the observing faculties, was more convenient than botany, I have nothing to say against it. The only other purely scientific study in which I should wish a boy to make some progress, before fourteen, is physics; and, as to that, I should be quite satisfied if he had mastered Professor Balfour Stewart's primer, a small shilling book, which is a perfect model of what an elementary book ought to be.

It must be understood, however, that I include under geography a great deal more than a mere list of names and places.

A training in geography would be miserably incomplete which did not give equal prominence to the physical and political sides of the science; and a teacher of geography would be indeed useless who had not conveyed to his pupil's mind, by the time he was fourteen, a great many accurate and well-assorted ideas about geology and history, nay, even about astronomy. Those who want to see the lines on which I would work at the outset, should look at the two manuals by Mr. Grove and Professor Geikie, in Messrs. Macmillan's series.

During this period, too, the foundations of some little acquaintance with music and drawing should be laid. The acquaintance with these arts need be very moderate, for the object is not to make children either artists or musicians, but to enable them to take more pleasure than they otherwise would in art and music; and, in the case of drawing, to assist in sharpening their powers of observation.

I cannot make it too clear that, while I would utterly banish from education before fourteen the studies which are generally, but often quite falsely, relied upon to give accuracy, I attach to accuracy the greatest possible importance, and would make it an iron rule never, on any account or consideration, to pass over anything until it was thoroughly mastered. To pretend that studies other than the ordinary ones cannot be mastered as thoroughly as ever was the Greek grammar by some wretched boy who had to learn it by heart in Latin, is to talk sheer nonsense. A superficial smattering of knowledge is one thing, a real though only general and elementary knowledge is another. The first is useless, the second is often of the greatest importance.

We have, then, a child at fourteen possessed of the following moderate, but highly useful, acquirements:—

1. He can read aloud clearly and agreeably.
2. He can write a large distinct round hand.
3. He knows the ordinary rules of arithmetic, especially compound addition—a by no means universal accomplishment.
4. He can speak and write French with ease and correctness, and has some slight acquaintance with French literature.
5. He can translate *ad aperturam libri* from an ordinary French or German book.
6. He has a thoroughly good elementary knowledge of geography, under which are comprehended some notions of astron-

omy; enough to excite his curiosity, a knowledge of the very broadest facts of geology and of history; enough to make him understand, in a clear but perfectly general way, how the larger features of the world he lives in, physical and political, came to be like what they are.

7. He has been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants, or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects; and has gathered a general acquaintance with what is most supremely good in that portion of the more important English classics which is suitable to his time of life.

8. He has some rudimentary acquaintance with drawing and music.

Now, there is not one of these acquirements which is not of vast moment to every educated man; and the whole is a *sine quâ non* as a foundation for the other subjects with which an accomplished man of the world should be acquainted. Thus much, I think, should be part of the mental assets of any one who goes into any of the higher callings of life, always excepting the navy, for which the special training must nowadays begin so early. After fourteen, however, things are very different; and it is at that age that boys should diverge into what are commonly called the classical and modern sides. We are, it will be remembered, considering only the case of those who *can have all the chances*; that is, I repeat, those who have at once the leisure and the ability to go through a thoroughly good general education till they are one or two and twenty. I shall confine myself accordingly to boys who are to go to what is known as the classical side.

No one, with whom I can attempt to argue in the limited space at my disposal, will deny that it is most desirable, at this particular stage of our civilization, that young men who can afford to prolong their *general* education at least to one-and-twenty, and who have literary aptitudes, should obtain before they go out into the world such a hold of the Latin and Greek languages as may enable them throughout life to read Latin and Greek books with ease, if it happens to be convenient or agreeable for them to occupy themselves in that way. Very few, however, do that now; partly because the standard of "scholarship" kept up at English schools and colleges is so high, that those who were good "scholars" in their day are the first to lay their classical books aside, since they know that it is quite impossible, for men who have other work to do, to

keep, so to speak, abreast of themselves, as they were when they went in for the "Ireland," or found their names in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and partly because the ideal of "classical" attainment which is set up by tutors and schoolmasters is one which has little attraction for a great many boys, who are quite as well calculated to derive pleasure from the ancient classics as their neighbors.

How, then, are we to remedy this state of things? By drawing, I reply, a broad distinction between the classical studies of those who aspire to be classical scholars in the true sense, and of those who aspire only to be well-educated men of the world.

By classical scholars in the true sense, I mean persons who devote themselves either to increasing the knowledge of the Greek and Roman world possessed by the learned, or persons who desire to make that knowledge more accessible to the unlearned. For both these orders of scholars I have the profoundest respect. But it is not with reference to them, or their wants, that I am at present writing. I am thinking solely of men who make no pretensions to help on the knowledge of classical literature, but who desire to have that insight into classical ideas which is an indispensable element in the highest education, though it forms but a very small part of that education. How, then, are they to be taught Latin and Greek? In the first place, they should not give any attention to either language before they are fourteen, save and except that in learning any modern language whatever they should always be taught to trace back to its Latin or Greek every single word which has a Latin or Greek root. At fourteen they would have, by that means, acquired a very respectable stock of words, both in Greek and Latin, and might begin the study of either language.

The first step should be to master the very broadest outlines of the grammar. The most intelligent method of teaching a language that I have seen is that which is called the Robertsonian, a modification of the Hamiltonian method. It is set forth in certain very cheap and humble little books called "Latin without a Master," "French without a Master," and so forth. There may be, however, for all I know to the contrary, many better, as it is conceivable that there may be things less to be respected than the Public School Latin Primer, and the common sense of those who devised it as "milk for babes."

When the very first notions of the gram-

mar have been acquired, and a capacity for translating the easiest sentences has been attained, the study of the recognized classical course should be commenced. Now, what should that course be? The existing one is obviously quite unadapted to the shortness of human life. It includes a great deal too much, although it excludes some things which should not be omitted. It is founded, too, on the heresy that there is some sacramental efficacy in the study of the "classics," and that, after a certain number of years spent therein, ingenuous youth is to come forth peculiarly well fitted for the battle of life. That is a delusion. Classical literature is a portion of general literature. Its study brings to the mind many ideas different from those which are brought by the study of the other great literatures, but there is nothing magical or mystic about it. That which differentiates it most from the other great literatures is, that it is but slightly affected by those Christian influences which have colored so deeply all modern thought — a peculiarity which makes the fact that its most ardent defenders, as the great subject of English education, should be the Anglican priesthood, as amusing as it is convenient.

If a boy is obliged to end his education at eighteen, he had much better sacrifice a knowledge of Greek and Latin classical literature *in the original*, rather than sacrifice a knowledge of French and German literature in the original. But I am writing for those who need sacrifice nothing. What, then, should the classical course be for them? Even for them it must be far shorter than the present one; but, on the other hand, they must become more familiar with the languages, because the study of the classics in youth is not to be in their case an *opus operatum*, which is to produce certain disciplining and ennobling effects, but simply a means of living on pleasant terms with Latin and Greek authors to the end of their days — a means, in short, of enlarging their pleasures.

First, then, all the farrago of grammatical exercises and composition, in prose or verse, must be entirely thrown overboard, at least as regards Latin. Next, so far from the learner being shut up with grammar and dictionary, every conceivable help must be given. The best translations, the best illustrations from classical art, must always be at hand; while Greek, whenever circumstances permit, must be taught as what it is — a living language — and by a scholar who has been partly trained

at Athens. Here, then, is the course which I would, with the utmost diffidence, suggest as a minimum. I am quite aware that I am leaving out a great deal that ought to be read, and that certainly will be read in after years by every one who takes kindly to the study of classical literature; that is, by all except the failures; by all except those who should never have been advanced to the dignity of a classical training at all.

We will take Greek first. The groundwork of the whole course should be some good short history and geography of Greece. I know none which exactly fulfils all requirements, but if I had to put any one through such a course, I would take a good atlas, Dawson Turner's "Heads of an Analysis," with a short school history, and supplement them by selected passages from Grote and Curtius.

In the original I would read —

The first and last books of the Iliad.

The sixth book of the Odyssey.

Wright's "Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry."

Thackeray's "Anthologia," if there existed an edition in print that would not try the eyes.

The second book of Herodotus.

The Prometheus and the Persæ, or

The Agamemnon.

The Œdipus Coloneus.

The Medea, or

The Bacchæ.

The Birds or Frogs of Aristophanes.

The first, second, and seventh books of Thucydides.

The first book of the Anabasis.

The Phædo of Plato.

The fourth book of Aristotle's Ethics.

The second book of Aristotle's Politics.

Demosthenes' De Coronâ.

The first book of Polybius.

One or more lives from Plutarch.

Extracts from Lucian.

The Manual of Epictetus.

The latter part of the Book of Isaiah, that known as the later Isaiah, in the Septuagint.

Parts of the Apocrypha.

The Gospel of St. John.

A small volume of selections from the Fathers, and

A short book of extracts taken from Greek literature at different times right down to the present year.

In translations I would read at least —

The remainder of the Iliad and Odyssey in Worsley and Conington.

The whole of the rest of Herodotus.

The whole of the rest of Thucydides, and

Marcus Aurelius.

The course should be completed by Müller's "History of Greek Literature," read for the purpose of making it clear to the learner that he had obtained nothing more than a view from the mountain-top of a country in which it was hoped that in after years he would make many excursions.

To this list there are, of course, a number of quite obvious objections. It will be asked, for example, why so little Homer should be read? The answer is simply that there is not time for more without neglecting other things; and boys who have any turn for poetry will be quite sufficiently taken hold of by Homer if they read him in the best available translation. I have known women who had only read Pope's translation who had a far greater feeling for the Iliad than many men who could have passed an excellent examination in the original. Then it should be observed that both in Mr. Wright's and Mr. Thackeray's collections there are a large number of extremely well-selected extracts from the Homeric poems. I make no doubt that any one who goes through the amount of Homeric reading I propose will have a very fair knowledge of the great poet, and every inducement to learn to know him better in after life.

Then, as to the omission of a great many names of poets whom every one would expect to find, such as Theocritus, it must be remembered that all of them are represented in the two collections to which I have called attention.

Next, as to Æschylus, many would prefer the trilogy to the plays I have suggested. That is a mere matter of taste, about which it is vain to argue; and the same may be said of the choice which I have made amongst the works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. I think that both Herodotus and Thucydides should be read through in the best available translation, and that an examination should be passed in each, such an examination being directed to bring out a general acquaintance with the broader facts and larger features of each writer, rather than to the minutiae on which so much time used in former days to be wasted at Oxford.

I have selected the Phædo of Plato as probably that one of his dialogues which has most world-wide fame. Many will exclaim at my including only one book of the Ethics and one of the Politics of Aris-

tole. If either work were to be read through as part of the regular course, I should suggest the second, which I humbly venture to think the more valuable of the two. But the mastering of these books belongs to a totally separate study—a study of great importance and dignity—the study of the history of philosophy; but not a study which should, except in its merest outlines, be attempted to be made any part of *general education*. The worship that used to be paid to Aristotle at Oxford thirty years ago was simply childish; but it was childish not so much because it was excessive, as because it was ill-directed. I suppose it would be hardly possible to overrate the greatness of Aristotle. If any one were to assert that no more powerful human intellect ever appeared in the world, it would, perhaps, not be very easy to dispute the proposition; but the very greatness of Aristotle makes it unnecessary to read much of him as part of a *general education*. So much that he said has become a portion of our ordinary mental furniture, that it is unnecessary to spend time over him. Before we come to read him he has been absorbed at every pore; and Aristotle, if now living, would be, I am sure, the very first to deprecate the use of his works as any considerable part of the ordinary training of youth.

I have included a book of Polybius, an author who, I think, is too much neglected; and one or two lives from Plutarch, who, overrated once, is now, perhaps, unjustly depreciated. Marcus Aurelius may well be read mostly in Mr. Long's admirable translation; and the ancient world has left little, indeed, that is more valuable. M. Martha's book, "*Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain*," in the hands of an intelligent teacher, would be illustrated by passages from various writers at whom no one now looks, amongst whom I must be allowed to ask a few hours for Dion Chrysostom, a too much forgotten, though doubtless only secondary, personage. Then I think that there are good reasons for not wholly overlooking the Greek of the Septuagint and of the Apocrypha. Very well-educated persons may go through their whole lives nowadays without finding out what magnificent things there are in Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.

Without a volume of short selections from the fathers, and another small volume connecting the Greek of Byzantium with the Greek that is written by the best modern Greek authors now, it will be difficult to impress sufficiently deeply and early

on the mind the fact, important from a political as well as a literary point of view, that Greek is not, and has never been, a dead language.

Latin should be begun precisely in the same way as Greek, by the easiest possible grammar, and the learner, who would be provided already with a very large stock of words, should begin here, too, to translate on his very first day. Much time would be gained by leaving on one side various books which are of little or no importance, such as Cornelius Nepos. The minimum course might then be—

A good short history, say Duruy's, illustrated by copious extracts from Arnold, Mommsen, Merivale, and Gibbon, read with good maps.

One play of Terence and one of Plautus.

The part of Cæsar's Commentaries which relates to Britain.

Virgil's first, fourth, and tenth Eclogues.

The Georgics.

The second, fourth, and sixth Æneid.

About forty odes of Horace, carefully leaving untouched all except the very best.

Two or three of the Satires and Epistles, including the Ars Poetica.

Thackeray's Anthologia Latina.

The third, fourth, and tenth Satires of Juvenal.

The twenty-first book of Livy.

A book of Cicero's Letters.

Two or three of his Orations.

A book of Pliny's Letters.

The best parts of Lucan.

Agricola and Germania of Tacitus.

Illustrations of M. Martha's book as above.

The Story of Pysche in Apuleius.

A selection containing the most striking passages in the writings of the Latin Fathers; and

Another selection from the best modern Latin, prose or verse, Erasmus, Owen, etc.

The whole should be accompanied by the very best account of Latin literature that may be procurable. The fullest I know, that of Teuffel, is far too drily written for the purpose; but if the necessity for reading a good history of Roman literature as a part of education were duly recognized, we should soon have the necessary treatise—if, indeed, it does not already exist. There is room, too, for a much fuller book of extracts from Latin poetry than Mr. Thackeray's very excellent one; and it should extend so far down as to in-

clude the most famous hymns of the Western Church.

Nothing would be easier than to show that this list, like the corresponding Greek one, is sadly imperfect; but for that matter so is the usual list. It leaves out, as I have said, a great deal that should be included, though it includes a great deal that might well be omitted.

Again I must reiterate the obvious but constantly forgotten remarks that "life is short," and that Latin literature and Greek literature are merely portions of general literature. No man can now be considered a thoroughly well-educated human creature who has not, in addition to a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek literature, a fair knowledge of several other literatures, which are even more important; and if by twenty-one or twenty-two general education is to be finished, and the mind is to have been brought in contact with most of the supremely and quintessentially good things that men have said in all time, it is absolutely necessary to throw over something which, however valuable in itself, is not so valuable as something else for which room must be found.

It must always be kept in mind that if it is not intended that a man is to find pleasure during his whole life in the reading of English, French, German, Italian, Greek, and Latin literature, he had better leave wholly alone that one of them which he does not mean to pursue. Because I only suggest the reading of the *Agricola* and *Germania*, I do not mean to say that I do not think every page that Tacitus has left deserves to be read and re-read, and I should speak in almost as unqualified a way about Juvenal. Because I propose to read only the second, fourth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* as part of the regular course, I do not mean to say that, sooner or later, the whole should not be read, and read, by preference, amongst the scenes in which the poem is chiefly laid. Where there is not present a very strong love of literature for its own sake, it is idle to encourage any one to read Latin or Greek at all. In such cases a fair acquaintance with English and French literature is all that you can reasonably expect. But by fourteen, the age at which I propose that the study of the ancient classics should begin, the mind is quite sufficiently developed to enable a teacher who knows his business to say whether a real taste for literature is present or not. If it is not, there is no good in losing time over the ancient classics which had much better be given to other things. The truth is, that from the acci-

dent of there having been little or nothing else to read in the sixteenth century, from which period our present school arrangements chiefly date, schoolmasters have come to identify Greek and Latin literature with literature itself, and they have turned into the daily bread of our youth what is only fit for dessert. There are numbers of persons who could derive a real literary culture from certain forms of poetry and from good novels, but to whom the higher literary productions of the human mind must always remain inaccessible. It may be right, nay necessary, to make them approach these, if only to prove that they have no taste for them; but this should be done in their own language or in French, the only other indispensable language.

In connection with this subject, I cannot too much insist on the importance of the use of really good translations. Seldom, indeed, is it that you find one so good, even of a prose work, that it can be recommended in its entirety; but there are many which, in the hands of a good tutor, may be turned to excellent account; and so may such books as the capital, though, of course, unequal, series of "*Ancient Classics for English Readers*" published by Messrs. Blackwood. I may be asked if I would absolutely banish from education the practice of Latin composition. I reply, from *education*, no; from *general education*, yes. I should as soon think of proscribing fencing as of proscribing Latin composition. They are both mighty pretty pastimes, and very much upon a level. Far from discouraging either, I would encourage both by considerable prizes, and be as sorry to think that the day would ever come when no man could turn out a copy of verses which might have been worthy of a corner in the "*Anthologia Oxoniensis*," as that the day would come when no man could draw a fine rapier more. But in order that we may have a few good fencers, we do not make almost every one throw away years of life in the practice of fencing, and it is just as little reasonable to make almost every one throw them away in the practice of Latin composition, with the result of turning out a few Jebbs or Coningtons. Greek composition stands on a different footing. To write Greek verse is, of course, useless; but if we could import scholars, trained at Athens, who could teach old Greek as a living language, it is quite possible that some time given to the writing of Greek prose might not be ill bestowed, especially by those who could arrange to spend a few



months in Greece before their *general education* came to an end. And that at least three months spent in studying Latin history and literature in Italy, and a like time spent in studying Greek history and literature in Greece, will become a regular part of our curriculum for those who want to have *all the chances*, I make no doubt. I do not speak of to-day or to-morrow, but of the end of the century, when many practical difficulties — the typhoid fevers, which are temporarily adding a new danger to the great cities of Italy, the brigandage of Greece, and many other inconveniences — have become things of the past.

Some of my readers have, perhaps, not seen Professor Blackie's very useful little book of "Greek Dialogues on Modern Subjects," which I venture to recommend to their attention. I apprehend that a cultivated Athenian would perfectly understand an Englishman speaking Xenophontic Greek if only he pronounced it in the modern way, which is not difficult to learn; and the tendency of political events, if Russia does not get to Constantinople, will be, I think, to strengthen, not weaken, the artificial but very powerful movement towards bringing back the popular language to something very like the ancient.

It is necessary to point out that, however childish a pursuit "scholarship" may be in the sense of the imitation of the Latin and Greek authors, however absurd it may be to encourage in boys who are intended to be busy men of the *modern*, not professional students of the *ancient*, world, any intense application to the niceties of Greek and Latin grammar, it is difficult to attach too much importance to perfectly accurate translation into English. Whatever is read for educational purposes in any language should be read with the utmost care, and no difficulty should be slurred over. If this caution be neglected, we shall sacrifice the one good thing in the old training — the accuracy to which it accustomed those with whom it succeeded. One of its many faults was that it did not succeed, but failed with nine out of ten; and that it trained those with whom it succeeded chiefly to be accurate in nonsense, to the destruction of the time and energy which should have been bestowed upon studies at once more educative and more instructive.

I must protest in the most emphatic way against my being called an enemy of classical education. I maintain that the classical education which I would give would be of an infinitely higher and better kind than the present, while it would occupy far

less time. I think that we should exhaust every device of ingenuity to make this and all other studies as easy, and even as pleasant, as possible. I utterly abhor that "doctrine and position" that difficulty is a good in itself. It is quite impossible to learn anything well without encountering much and serious difficulty; but while he who shirks difficulty where it must be faced is a coward, he who goes out of his way to seek difficulty is a fool.

Before passing from this portion of the subject, I wish to observe that there is no reason why persons who cannot carry on their education to one or two and twenty should be shut out from the influences of ancient classical literature and art. A far more real acquaintance with the ancient world than is now possessed by ninety out of a hundred who go through the usual classical mill, could be obtained by translations read under the guidance of a good teacher in a course which need not extend over more than two years — say from sixteen to eighteen — and could be fitted in very well with technical or professional studies. Further, I would add that if it is good for highly educated men to come under the influences of the ancient world, it is good for women who wish to carry on their education till one or two and twenty, and to become highly educated, to do the same. There is no reason why the classics should be more educative or instructive to one sex than to the other.

I return, however, to the main line of my paper. Even the longer classical course I suggest will afford room for the introduction of various other subjects which are now entirely excluded. I take it for granted that a very slight amount of attention will enable a boy to keep up and gradually extend the acquirements which I have supposed him to possess at fourteen. The only one which would call for daily attention would be geography, in the sense in which I have explained it. What, then, are the new studies, in addition to Greek and Latin, for which time must be found before the usual age of going up to the university? They are, I should say —

1. Mathematics.
2. Chemistry.
3. Italian.
4. Book-keeping.
5. English essay-writing.

As to the study of mathematics, the part it should bear in *general* education seems to me very small indeed. It is of the utmost importance to the community to encourage mathematical acquirement, and those who have the charge of boys should



be always on the outlook to discover and foster any promise of great mathematical ability. But for the general purposes of life the study of mathematics is the most barren of all studies. No statement can be less true than that it trains the reasoning powers for the common pursuits of men. Nothing can be less like the problems of life than the problems of mathematics, and the aptitudes required for the two kinds of problems are wholly distinct. An acquaintance with the very rudiments of mathematics, a little geometry, and a little algebra, are all that should be required as a part of *general* education. Any intelligent teacher would see fast enough, by the time his pupil had got through the first four books of Euclid, or arrived at quadratic equations, whether he had any mathematical turn whatsoever, and, if so, whether it was a sufficiently marked one to make it worth while to sacrifice any other part of *general* education to it.

I would pursue much the same course with regard to chemistry, though chemistry has over mathematics this advantage, that while it, too, is a good training for the mind, it cannot be pursued without the acquisition of a great deal of very useful knowledge. Still, once more I repeat, "life is short," and the amount of chemistry contained in a small book, such as that of Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, used under the guidance of a sensible teacher in a good laboratory, would be quite enough to give a sufficient amount of knowledge, and to betray to an observant eye any remarkable aptitude which it might be prudent to develop.

The only other modern language besides those already specified which should, I think, form part of general education, is Italian, and it is a matter of indifference whether that is required during the years which immediately precede a university course or during the years spent at the university. The power of speaking Italian well is one possessed by very few Englishmen, and, although it is a most charming accomplishment, I should even less think of considering it as a part of general education than I should facility in German; but not to be able to read both languages with perfect ease is to expose one's self to great and, as the number of books in each increases, ever-multiplying inconveniences. Italian could, I need hardly say, be learned *pari passu* with Latin with the greatest possible ease.

Some people may be surprised to see any one give a prominent place in general education to so special a subject as book-

keeping, and, of course, I do not desire that ordinary people should have the technical skill of a book-keeper, but a sufficient knowledge of that humble art to make accounts easily intelligible would be vastly convenient to every man of the world, and it is for men of the world that I am writing, men who have to be shareholders, trustees, executors, to examine farm books and estate accounts.

Many who will smile at my last recommendation, will have much more favor for my next, viz., that English composition, which up to sixteen or thereabouts should be chiefly cultivated by perpetual translation from dead or foreign languages, and by writing concisely reports of things seen, should after that age be carried further by the practice of frequently writing English essays.

It is surely unnecessary to argue at any length in favor of devoting some little trouble between fourteen and eighteen to understanding the ordinary laws of health, together with as much of the very elements of physiology as is necessary for their comprehension. No one arrives at middle life without knowing many cases amongst his contemporaries where a little knowledge of this subject would have prevented errors in matters of exercise, food, and a variety of other things which have produced quite disastrous results.

The possession of all the requirements that I have specified should be tested by an examination, which should take place at the age at which boys now go to the university, and which might be held either at school or college. In saying this, I do not wish to imply that no one should enter the university who could not pass a fair examination in the subjects I have enumerated. The course which I am describing is susceptible of infinite modification, where peculiar aptitudes or circumstances have to be considered. If, for instance, I found that a boy who could *have all the chances* had great mathematical and no literary ability, I would omit Latin and Greek from his education altogether, and only require so much knowledge of German and Italian as would be necessary to enable him to read books on his own subject. The university, while welcoming to her those youths who only wish for a first-rate general education, should also welcome every kind of specialist. If, for example, a young man who could do nothing more than read his own language, and to whom French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek were inscrutable mysteries, had a real genius for entomology, I should

think it was pedantry gone mad to bar his entrance to Professor Westwood's lectures by a matriculation examination. If a man desired to study nothing at Oxford but Tamil and Telugu, to Oxford he should go with my blessing, provided only he could satisfy the authorities that he could attend, with profit, prelections on those interesting tongues.

I am merely suggesting an every-day course for every-day people. If a man is fortunate enough to have sons with a great and real turn for anything—a sufficient turn to make them, in that particular walk, useful to their generation—I would be the last person to ask him to stand in the way of a natural bent. So few of us, however, have the luck to be fathers of heaven-born artists, or poets, or musicians, or engineers, or geologists, or astronomers, or anything else, that what I have to say must have an application to the case of many.

During the years spent at the university in England or abroad, and, better than either, in England *and* abroad, the acquirements already possessed should be kept up, and some new ones added. The leading study should still be the knowledge of the ball on which we live, alike in its physical and political aspects. The acquaintance with the modern languages of which I have spoken should become ever more and more the knowledge of the flower of their literature. The acquaintance with Greek and Latin should become ever more and more a transfusion into the mind of classical ideas. Of new studies, the chief should be, first, an elementary knowledge of English law, and of the outlines at once of our Constitution and of our administrative system, imperial and local.

I know of no book that gives exactly the kind of information of which I am thinking; but supposing any one were to take Stephen's Blackstone, and Dr. Gneist's formidable volumes, along with May's "Constitutional History" and boil them down into a work not larger than the last mentioned, he would produce the kind of text-book I should suggest. Then the broadest, and only the broadest, principles of political economy should be studied in one of the approved manuals, Stephen's "Digest of the Law of Evidence," some of Bentham, in the form of Dumont, with a few selected "Leading Cases," and a good deal of Wheaton's "International Law" should be added; and, lastly, the pupil should go through a long course of lectures intended to give him a good general idea of the history of speculation,

from the earliest days down to Comte, Schopenhauer, Hartmann, and Mill. I need hardly say that the more the various opinions could be represented as so many well-painted slides in a magic-lantern, and the less subjective the lecturer was, the better he would do his work.

The only other study I would suggest is that of public speaking, for which there are now great facilities at most universities. The Union was decidedly the most valuable institution at Oxford in my day, for I belong, alas! to the old barbarous time before the First Commission, when there was no Modern History School, no University Museum, no Taylor Scholarships for Modern Languages.

If the course I am proposing were substituted for the ordinary one, we might, in thinking over the future of a son at one or two and twenty, calculate—

1. That he had a general acquaintance with the laws of health.
2. That he could read aloud clearly and agreeably.
3. That he could put a few sentences together in public without undue nervousness.
4. That he could write a large clear round hand.
5. That he knew the ordinary rules of arithmetic.
6. That he knew enough of book-keeping to understand accounts submitted to him.
7. That he could speak and write French with ease and correctness.
8. That he could translate *ad aperturam libri* from French, German, Italian, Greek, and Latin, and had some insight into what is best in their literatures. Further that he knew the derivation of every word whose derivation is undisputed that he came across in each of these languages, and was acquainted with the *broadest* results of the labors of the comparative philologist and comparative grammarian.
9. That he had a very wide knowledge of geography, *understood in the largest sense of the term, together with all the bigger and more obvious facts of history*, by which I do not for a moment mean to imply that he should have given any very great attention to history. History is one of the noblest of studies, and a man who has the requisite means and inclination cannot do better than devote himself to it after his general education is finished; but I am speaking now only of general education. Perhaps I could best express my meaning by saying that I think an

Englishman of the class for whom I am writing should know at one or two and twenty all the leading facts about every country which a man who now passes for well educated, but has given no special attention to history or geography, knows about his own country. The amount of knowledge which would put an Englishman on a level with a fairly well-informed Italian, or Brazilian, or Russian, or Greek, or Dutch gentleman in the matter of the history and geography of their own countries, is not, I conceive, by any means colossal. Still, it would be enough to promote a vast deal of good feeling, and to prevent much folly being talked and done. I most fully believe, for example, that if we knew the commonest facts, geographical and historical, about our own colonies, we should hear far less than we do of colonial discontent and heart-burnings, which usually have their origin, when they have their origin on our side at all, in the *sancta simplicitas* of our admirable intentions and absolute nescience at once of their past and of their present. Let it, then, be distinctly understood, that when I maintain that knowledge of the ball on which we find ourselves is the most important branch of knowledge for those who govern directly so large a portion of its surface, and influence indirectly what is done in nearly all the rest, I do not wish to exchange the duodecimo Porsons whom we now turn out of our universities for duodecimo Humboldts. Of the two articles I should vastly prefer the second, but it is not what I want.

If a boy knew thoroughly well at fourteen two such books as Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," and "*La Terre à Vol d'Oiseau*," by Reclus, and then went on adding to the knowledge therein contained by reading, under good guidance, say as much as would fill three octavo volumes a year, he would by one or two and twenty have the kind of knowledge of geography in its highest sense which should form the most important part of every English gentleman's education. Geography of this kind is inseparable from history, and is the best vehicle for conveying it to the mind, since facts sink much deeper if they come to us as an explanation of what now exists than they do if they are read without any relation to the present, and not even the narrowest pedant would be able to speak of history thus acquired as "cram."

But to continue.

10. We might, if the course I suggest were followed, fully calculate that our son

had been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants, or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects.

11. That he knew as much mathematics, physics, and chemistry as are required to pass the matriculation of the London University, which many boys now pass at sixteen.

12. That he could write a fair English essay.

13. That he had a good general acquaintance with the more important English classics.

14. That he had some knowledge of the broad principles of the laws under which he lives, and of the way in which the imperial and local administration of his country is carried on.

15. That he had some notions, correct as far as they went, about what the greatest men have thought with reference to the leading controversies, religious, political, and philosophical, which have divided the world, *considered purely objectively*.

16. That he knew the rudiments of political economy and of international law.

It will be seen that I omit many things which are in high favor now in various circles — much fiddling over arithmetic, all mathematics except the very elements, a great deal of grammar in various tongues, all Latin and nearly all Greek composition, much moral science, a great deal of controversial theology, endless learning by heart of prose and verse for the purpose of "improving our composition,"\* logic — I leave them all out without a pang, as not forming any part of general education, except the last, which I leave out because life is short, and because I think that the careful study of such books as Bentham's "Principles of Legislation," of a Civil Code and of a Criminal Code in Dumont's edition, Stephen's "Digest of the Law of Evidence," a selection from Smith's "Leading Cases," as suggested by Mr. Morley at Birmingham, and other books which would have to be studied in order to pass well under heads 14, 15, and 16, would serve the same purpose as a good treatise on logic.

Just consider the difference between a young man who had gone through this training, and, I do not say the failures, but the successes of the present system. Yet the course I propose requires a considerably smaller amount of work, and leaves

\* I am in favor of a moderate amount of learning by heart, but nothing should be learnt by heart which is not supremely good. To oblige a boy to repeat a Greek play straight off is an absurd folly.

more time for amusement than the usual one, while it could be so arranged as to make "cramming" in its bad sense quite impossible. It should be remembered that the efforts of your best tutors are now used to turn away the best men from the more valuable studies to mere classics and mathematics. "How is —?" said lately a friend of mine to one of the most influential, and deservedly influential, guides of youth in England. "Ah, poor fellow," was the reply, "he has gone in for modern history. You know his health broke down!" As if modern history were not a far nobler and manlier study than the charming, but comparatively trifling, pursuits of the "scholar," with his pretty copies of iambics, and all the rest of it, or the still more barren pursuits of the speculatist who weaves and unweaves the web of metaphysics.

An examination should be held, I think, in all the subjects I have enumerated in the last year of the university course; and the successful candidates might be classed, as they now are at Oxford, in five great divisions. There should be no attempt to arrange them within each of the five classes in their exact order of merit; and a good place in the examination should carry with it much consideration, but no pecuniary reward. It is absurd to pay people for allowing you to give them a good general education. Pecuniary rewards should be almost entirely reserved for those who intend to devote themselves to the service of the university, and to those who take up studies which will not encourage themselves. Devotion to the service of the university and special attainments should, however, be rewarded with no grudging hand. As to the first of these objects, I hold that every study which is pursued at any of the great universities of the world, unless for some special local reason, ought to be represented at a university like Oxford, by several persons all receiving a certain amount of pecuniary assistance from the university. As to the second object, I hold that the less suitable a study is for the purposes of general education, the more proper it is for encouragement by prizes, scholarships, and money grants.

It would not be easy to pitch upon two studies less suitable for general education than the abstruser parts of mathematics and Chinese, but I should say that a rich university which did not encourage these two studies by liberal payments grossly neglected its duty. To examine a man for his degree in Athenæus would be a piece of

absurd pedantry, to give a prize of fifty guineas for a good examination in Athenæus would be a meritorious proceeding. In no way, perhaps, could the University of Oxford so well encourage the study of the ancient classics as by offering handsome rewards for really good translations into English, like Mr. Jowett's Plato, for good editions of Latin or Greek authors, like Mr. Bywater's Heraclitus, for essays on classical subjects which either add to the knowledge of scholars, like Müller's Eumenides, or make classical ideas accessible to the many, like Mr. Symonds's delightful book on the Greek poets.

Educational endowments may be used with great propriety to help struggling merit up to the university — to put the son of the poorest man, provided he has great ability and application, in the position of the son of the man of moderate fortune; but it would be an abuse of endowments to carry him on for three or four years more while you give him an education which, however admirable, presupposes the possession of considerable private means to use it to advantage.

By all means let the son of the poorest man obtain easy access to the university, but if he has not a special turn for some of the branches which it is worth the while of the public to foster by money payments, because they are not so obviously useful as to foster themselves, he had much better devote himself as soon as possible to professional and money-making studies, to which the application of any large amount of endowment would be highly improper.

We ought never to lose sight, in arranging our educational institutions, either of the man who aspires only to the highest general cultivation of his age, or of the man who desires to be a specialist — to carry knowledge further. Both are to be encouraged to the utmost: the first by providing him with the very best teaching, by enabling him to test his measure of success, and by sending him forth with the stamp of public recognition; the other by ample pecuniary rewards given as much as possible, but by no means always, in return for definite work done.

Those who say that universities are to be mere places of education — upper schools, in fact — and those who say that they are to be mere machines for research and retreats for learned leisure, are equally wrong. A great university like Oxford should aim at being at once the best place of education, the greatest machine for research, and the most delicious retreat for learned leisure in the whole world. Her

advantages in the struggle for the *primato* in all these ways are absolutely overwhelming. If she is not all that before the century is done, it is only because she wills to be false to herself. But we must keep wide apart these two questions: "What should the university be ready to *teach*?" and "What should the ordinary English gentleman *learn* during that period of his general education which closes with the university?"

I have still to reply to two opposite kinds of objection.

It will be remarked by some that my list is pretty long, and that it would be impossible to attain by one or two and twenty any great skill in the arts, or wide knowledge of most of the subjects, included in it. I am quite aware of this, but I ask for nothing of the kind. I ask for a wide knowledge of only one subject—geography in the sense of earth knowledge and history. A very moderate amount of knowledge of the others, thoroughly accurate so far as it goes, is all I dream of; and it must be recollected that I would allow no subject to be commenced as a part of general education, the study of which might not with great advantage be continued through the whole of life. Some subjects would, of course, be pursued in after life by one, some by another; but the kind of general education which approves itself to my mind would at least oblige those who passed through it to have looked at all the great divisions of human knowledge, and to have satisfied themselves whether they had or had not a turn for them.

The line which bounds general education is, after all, only an imaginary one. General education should only end with life; but men who are to be busy with the world's work, and to give a due place to the second of the objects of life which I set out by enumerating, will, after one or two and twenty, begin to find the time they can give in the course of the day to general education much shorter than it used to be. Still, so great are the facilities which our modern life affords, that those who are now just beginning their general education with the prospect of having *all the chances* may well hope, if they live out their years and retain their energies, not only to know all the most important facts which man has found out about himself and the universe of which he forms part, but to have seen, heard, and read before they die all that is best and most beautiful in that portion of the universe which serves as man's habitation. In order to do this

they must from the very first be carefully prevented wasting their time on second or third rate things. The real use of teachers, properly so called, after the very first youth has been passed, would be chiefly to keep us within the limits of the really valuable and excellent. Not the least desirable professor in any university would be he who would tell us faithfully and wisely what famous books we had better leave on the bookshelves, what famous places we need not visit, what famous theories are cinders, ashes, dust. I am not aware, however, that the appointment of so useful a person falls within even the very extensive powers which are to be acquired by the university commissioners under the act of this year. We must be content to make many mistakes; but if there once arises amongst men and women of the world a real demand for the help necessary to such an educational course for their children as I have sketched, there will be found persons to supply the want.

And is it possible that such a demand should not arise? Into what company of people who know the world does one enter without hearing lamentations over the miserable results of our present schools? their wonderful powers of boobyizing the inferior, their scant success in making much of the superior boy?

Another set of critics will take exception to my proposals upon quite different grounds. They will ask that many more and severer studies should be made a part of general education, and they will point with admiration to Mr. Mill's address at St. Andrews. I decline the contest with a giant. I have no doubt that the methods proposed by him are excellent for the purpose of making men of science and great thinkers. My object, however, is far more humble. I am writing in the interest of those who wish to learn from the seminal minds of the age, not to rival them. I am thinking not of the education suitable for a hundred or two of picked intelligences, but for many thousand very good sort of young men with fair brains and fair powers of application, but by no means Admirable Crichtons. I appeal for support not to the great philosophers and educationists of the day, but to cultivated men and women, persons of ordinary common sense, who know something of the world of affairs, something of the world of books, and something of society. I ask them whether the kind of youth I propose to turn out at one or two and twenty would not have had a pleasanter boyhood than the successful products of the existing

system — would not be more likely to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to develop his own faculties to the utmost?

Many of us who were not, alas! so old then as we are now, fondly imagined, when the Palmerston government appointed the commission to inquire into the nine great schools in 1861, that when we ourselves had children fit to go to those schools, they would be able to obtain a really good education there. Now, however, in 1877, although doubtless many improvements have been made, it would be mere flattery to say that anything which deserves to be called a good education for the ordinary purposes of a man of the world is to be obtained at any one of them. The schools throw the blame on the universities, and the universities on the schools; I throw the blame on no one — I merely register an unpleasant state of facts. I do not even say that a good education may not be obtained at our great schools *for some purposes or other*. I only venture to affirm that, for any purposes with which I am acquainted, the education is a very miserable one; and that I see its bad effects in the world of English politics at every turn. Let those who are satisfied with it by all means retain their happy contentment; but many people whom I meet are not satisfied, and perhaps some of the foregoing remarks may be of aid or comfort to a few of them.

Train the Admirable Crichtons as you please, they cannot be spoiled irretrievably. Sooner or later they will fight their way to the front; but the sensible cleverish boys who might have made valuable men are turned into Barbarians or Philistines by the dozen, and that at a cost to their parents, between seven and twenty-one, of from two thousand five hundred to four thousand pounds.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

---

From The Spectator.  
MONEY-ORDERS.

ADAM SMITH somewhere observes that the post-office is perhaps the only mercantile project which has been successfully managed by every sort of government. His remark does not hold good of all departments of our post-office. Everybody knows that is it far from true of the telegraphs; neither does it hold good of the money-order department. The business of the latter grows, but the profits do not; about one-half of the work is done on somewhat eleemosynary principles;

the workman who transmits his half-crown or five shillings to his wife by a money-order gets, in point of fact, a form of poor-relief from the State; and we do not wonder that in the circumstances of the case the post-office department has been inquiring into the whole subject of inland money-orders, with a view to see whether they can be made still more convenient to the public, without continuing to be a loss to the revenue. Money-orders have hitherto been advantageous to all concerned save the State. They were started as a private enterprise as long ago as 1792, by three persons connected with the post-office, who took offices near the Central Office in Lombard Street, and engaged to transmit, at their own risk and expense, to sailors and soldiers small sums of money. The general public did not avail themselves very much of this convenience, which was at first very costly; at all events, only about seven hundred pounds' annual profit was realized by the three speculators. In 1838, when the Earl of Lichfield was postmaster-general, the government resolved to take over this enterprise, and established an official money-order department, by the rules of which the limit of the order was fixed at £5. The onerous commission charged in these days was 6*d.* for 2*£* and any sum under it, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for any sum over it. In November of 1840 the charges were much reduced, with a view to induce the public to give up the deeply seated habit of sending coin by post; and the business of the department steadily increased. A further reduction of the rates in 1871 to 1*d.* for all sums under 10*s.*, and 2*d.* for all under 1*£*, produced a new expansion of business; and now about sixteen or seventeen millions, in sums ranging from one shilling to ten pounds, are yearly sent through the medium of the post-office. In many respects, the system is a complete success, putting to rout all the old-fashioned commonplaces about the inability of the State to conduct with success a mercantile business. It has the complete confidence of the poor. It is practically safe, only one order in one hundred thousand being lost by theft or negligence; and there is truth in the observation of Mr. Weldon, superintendent of the branches of the London and Westminster Bank, that "the poorer classes have in point of fact more security in regard to these small orders than a person who has drawn a cheque for £1,000." We might have expected that the managers of many of the vast number of



money-order offices would find themselves occasionally without funds to meet an unusual number of drafts, but judging from the very few complaints which the department receives, that is not so. In fact, if the present restrictions established for the benefit of bankers were withdrawn, and the department were free to transmit sums of any amount, the State might prove a formidable competitor of our great bankers.

But, so far as inland orders are concerned, they do not yield any profit, and probably produce a loss of about £1,300 a year,—in fact, it is calculated that as the cost of each order in clerical work, etc., is about 3*d.*, fifty per cent. of the orders are issued at a loss. In other words, the remitters of sums of £1 and upwards pay the expenses of remitters of smaller sums. The cause of the mischief is the elaborate nature of the book-keeping. The numerous details,—the making out of the order, the entering of the amount and particulars in the postmaster's journal, the preparation of the advice-note by the manifold writing process, the transmission of the money-order account to the receiver and accountant-general's office in London, a comparison of the account or docket accompanying it with the entries in the cash account in the receiver-general's office—are costly. And yet we are afraid that none of them can be dispensed with, unless at a considerable sacrifice of security. We should have hesitated to believe this, had the assertion rested merely on the testimony of officials conversant with the present routine, recollecting how they are apt to treat as perfect what they know by practice; how on one occasion a committee of the House of Commons announced that “the oldest and ablest officers of the post-office” said “they had no confidence whatever in the plan” of Mr. Palmer to accelerate the speed of the mails from three and a half to seven miles an hour; and how an experienced postmaster-general long persisted in declaring Sir Rowland Hill's scheme of a uniform postage impracticable. But we must admit that a committee, consisting of several experienced men of business, and including the late Mr. George Moore, were able to discover no superfluous or cumbrous device, and the probability is that if any of the steps—for example, the final checking—were eliminated, the department would lose a little of its reputation for complete safety, and simple people would take to sending half-crowns or

notes by post in lumpy letters, to the serious peril of the honesty of the officials. It has been suggested that the advice-note should be abolished, but the testimony of most experts is that this would be followed by a great increase of successful theft. Every year some thousand orders are stolen, but not presented, in most cases, because the thief cannot answer the routine question, “Who sent this order?” And if people who send orders by post only took care to withhold sending by the same letter the name of the remitter, the present plan would be almost absolutely perfect. We may append a warning to the effect that some common expedients supposed to secure safety have the opposite effect. Speaking of the new envelopes made of paper and linen, Mr. Jeffery, who gives his opinion with all the weight of the manager of the department of lost letters, says, “Their very strength is their weakness, because if you put a paper-knife in the folds of the envelope, it will lift it up without tearing, and may be closed again without showing traces of the violation. This can be done wherever linen comes to linen, or where linen comes to paper, but where paper comes to paper, you cannot separate the parts without tearing and leaving the marks behind.” It must be remembered, too, that the post-office servants acquire marvellous expertness in determining by the touch whether a letter contains bank-notes or stamps; if they cannot get the knowledge by their fingers, felonious postmen “can smell the stamps.” A striking experiment on this subject was made by Mr. Jeffery. He made up twenty letters, only five of which contained stamps, and all of which were alike on the outside. An experienced post-office servant was able to pick out by the sense of smell those with the stamps. The only device which baffled him was to scent the letters with eau de cologne. Of course, mothers will continue to send half-crowns or half-sovereigns to their boys at school by post, and the mass of mankind will insist upon remitting small sums in the form of stamps, in spite of remonstrances and warnings. But it is right that they should know, from the testimony of experienced officials, that the *employés* of the post office become experts in the feeling of letters; that they can tell very correctly whether letters contain bank-notes, coin, or stamps; that they have, in fact, as keen a perception of valuable letters as an American post-office clerk has of interesting English illustrated periodicals; and that, if stamp



remittances are not frequently stolen, it is because they rarely are worth stealing.

Of course, the most obvious way of reducing the expense of the department and making the issue of all orders remunerative would be to raise the rates of commission to 2*d.* or 3*d.* Another proposal, which has not met with so much favor as it seems at first blush to deserve, is that for all sums amounting to only a few shillings no orders should be issued, and that people should be left to find a substitute in the transmission of stamps, — a proposal which is, perhaps, put out of court by the testimony of all officials that with the few existing safeguards it would lead to much theft, and that it might cause the forgery of postage-stamps. These objections are partly applicable to a scheme suggested by a clerk in the Edinburgh post-office, the principle of which was to paste postage-stamps of various denominations on sheets of paper prepared and sold by the post-office. One gentleman has elaborated a scheme for issuing money-orders payable to order at any money-order office in the kingdom, and capable of being transferred, like a cheque, by endorsement. Not only does the inventor think that this would be very convenient to the public, but that it would lead to a great saving — some £47,000 a year, he calculates — dispensing, as it would, with eighteen out of thirty-three forms, books, etc., now required. Here, again, the opportunities of fraud would be so enormous as to make the scheme impracticable. The only scheme which the post-office authorities have favored is one for the introduction of postal circular notes, suggested by Mr. Chetwynd, the receiver and accountant-general. The essence of the plan is, to quote the inventor's own words, to use "a form which will require no writing on the part of a postmaster beyond his signature, and which will combine the simplicity of a postage-stamp, as the subject of an account, with the advantage of a small bank post-bill and circular note, and a cheque issued by what may be called a government bank, and payable at any one of five thousand government banks throughout the United Kingdom, to the order of any person named by the purchaser of the note in writing on the back of it." Mr. Chetwynd's idea is that the postal notes should be issued for sums of 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 10*s.*, and 20*s.*, at half the present rates for money-orders, — rates which the committee think too low. No advice-note, or entry of details in the postmaster's book,

or detailed account to the chief office would be required, and the saving in clerical work to the department would be considerable. The public would also be glad, he thinks, to have a note procurable without filling up any application-form, payable at any office in the United Kingdom, and purchasable in books, so that a circular note might be used at places where there was no money-order office. Mr. Chetwynd does not think that the issuing of these orders, drawn by persons as to the handwriting of whose endorsement the paying postmaster could have no knowledge would be attended by much fraud. But we observe that Lord John Manners owns that the circular note, the trial of which he, as well as the committee, favor, must be of inferior security as compared with the money-order. Why should not, we would here ask, the department look for relief in another direction? The foreign orders and the inland orders for sums above one pound, are really remunerative, and why should not this branch of the business be cultivated far beyond the point to which the present limits of the power of the department permit? Adam Smith's reasons for the uniform success of the post-office as a government concern — that there is no mystery about the matter, and that it can be safely conducted, according to hard-and-fast rules — apply with full force to the transmission of sums of money, large or small; and why, then, should not the State fully utilize the machinery which it already has, by engaging to transmit considerable sums for the convenience of commerce and the middle classes? In theory there is no reason why the State should be a carrier of or transmitter of only one kind of property, viz., letters. Remitting specie or its equivalent is as simple as forwarding letters and newspapers. The work would be remunerative, it would meet the wants of classes who do not use bank post-bills, or even cheques, and perhaps the only reason against it is the fact that bankers would not like it.

---

From The Spectator.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF A MEETING-HOUSE.

IT is not necessary to mention the name or situation of the meeting-house, but you must know a little about its appearance. I saw at a glance that it was a somewhat more carnal structure than the usual Friends' meeting-house. That is a square, prim, dingy brick building, belong-

ing to no order of architecture, surrounded generally by a high blind wall shutting out the din of the outer world, and standing in a small, trim courtyard. You may expect to see a few flags in front of the door,—“the Quakers’ Exchange,” as it is called,—where the Friends, after meeting, congregate to talk over the most innocent gossip of the week. This was not like the little Yorkshire or Cumberland meeting-houses which I had seen,—white-washed; marked by a simplicity that recalled the days when George Fox “had a concern to visit friends;” and surrounded by its modest graveyard, where lay unrecorded, but not forgotten, some of the worthies of the earlier days of Quakerism. This was not quite like these peaceful meeting-places of a peaceful people. There was about its gates some of the bustle and stir that showed that its congregation was gathered from the dwellers in a considerable manufacturing town. Carriages drawn by the sleekest of horses drove up in quick succession, and footmen slammed the doors with an extra bang, perhaps with the feeling, “Let us make a noise while we may.” All—Friends on foot, as well as carriage-folk—exchanged greetings and shook hands. One could not help being struck by the large size of the building for the number of attendants,—committee-rooms, ante-rooms, and lavatories, explained this peculiarity. On the threshold, males and females, husbands and wives, were inexorably torn asunder. The ladies entered a retiring-room, where they were relieved of their cloaks by an attendant Friend, who was kindly and ungrammatically greeted by all, rich and poor, with the remark, “How are thee, Rebecca Jones?” The gentlemen went to the right into an ante-room, where a few minutes were spent in mild secular talk, and whence they emerged in pairs. The body of the building consisted of a large, plain room, cool and airy. Of course no Bibles, hymn-books, or prayer-books were to be seen, for the Quakers’ maxim, as one of them expressed it, is, “I do not carry my prayers in my pocket;” and the only thing to reassure a Churchman that he had to do with his common Christianity was the sight of abundance of hassocks. As a mere publican, I was at a loss to know what to do with my hat, taking off which might be construed into an act of indecorum, and equivalent to treating the meeting as a mere steeple-house. But most, I observed, were uncovered, and so I was soon at my ease. The ladies—all of them comely, and

many much more—sat on one side; while the gentlemen, with vigorous and thoughtful faces, sat on another, in grave and parallel lines. In front of them was “the gallery,” two rows of seats raised a trifle above the level of the floor. In the back row sat the approved ministers, male and female, “the weighty, seasoned, and substantial Friends;” in the front, sat the elders and overseers, male and female too. One or two female elders were shut up in the Friends’ bonnets; those bonnets, placed in a prominent position, were as much, I could see, relics of the past as the helmet hung on a baronial wall. In the garbs there was nothing to suggest faithfulness to the query touching “plainness of speech, behavior, and *apparel*.” Perhaps if anything struck me as regards the dress of those around me, it was a certain costly simplicity, an intrinsic solidity about the silks, an unostentatious soundness of texture and richness of fabric. Perhaps these dresses were in accordance with the precepts of the “Book of Discipline;” they certainly harmonized with the advice of Polonius,—

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express’d in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

In getting rid of some ancient peculiarities, and in taking to buttons, the Friends have hit upon a really rational dress.

The service began,—or rather, it did not begin; all that was done was to sink into general silence. And what a silence! I have heard of the stillness of the central seas or the silence of the grave, or “the voice of hushed-up life.” I have sat beside voiceless tarns, in solitary places among the hills. I know something of the awful stillness brooding over mountain-tops, and I vividly remember the dumb aspect of things when I once crawled on hands and feet far from the daylight through the old workings and up the gloomy galleries of a deserted mine. But silence has its inner and outer chambers, its depths and lower depths, and we seemed as we sat to be borne to its nethermost caverns. In the first five minutes, the rustle of silks and the shuffling of feet settling into position had died away. Another two minutes more, and the short, devout cough which is the exordium of all services had ceased. Another minute more, and the fall of a pin would have sounded as a profane act. Henceforth I lost count of time; if I was conscious at all, it was of the outwardly strange fact that while human beings usually meet to talk, these good people had left their

homes and travelled far in order to be silent together and enjoy gregarious quiet. But how much was there to be said for this silence, this "lending our hearts and spirits wholly to the influence of mild-minded melancholy"! One truly tasted the pleasure of deep repose, and one's inner spirit seemed to sing, "There is no joy but calm." Some Friends, it is said, think that this silence is but an accident of their worship, not fit for these times. To me, Barclay's idea seems higher and holier: "The great work of one and all ought to be to wait upon God, and retiring out of their own thoughts and imaginations, to feel the Lord's presence, and know a gathering into his name indeed, where he is in the midst, according to his promise." "Silence is, and must necessarily be, a special and principal part of God's worship." Let the Friends cleave fast to these wise words. Let them leave to others noisy modes of service, of their own pleasure and appointment. Time will not soon make old, and certainly not in these babbling days, the truth that in silent waiting and inward communing the deepest aspirations of the soul breathe forth. How many of one's friends, and how many public men too, did one wish to take and bathe — persistently bathe — in this cool stream! What medicine to the bruised and wearied spirit, and "hearts worn out with many wars," these moments might minister! And what a high-road to charity and lock-fast gates against envy and all evil passions! How easy, in these circumstances, to preserve that "love, coolness, gentleness, and dear unity," which Edward Burrough in his parting words inculcates. The testimonies of the early Friends, how in tribulation they had renewed their strength, and received inward consolation and refreshment in this "pure, still waiting upon God in the spirit," as Alexander Parker expresses it, in one of his letters, became credible as one sat there. Truth compels me to add that I observed closely the demeanor of my neighbors. A very few were not quite edifying. One or two twirled their thumbs with gentle assiduity. One dozed the doze of the righteous. He might, perhaps, plead ancient authority, for the old Friends had to deplore "sleeping in meeting" as "a grief and exercise to all the faithful among us." Some of the members of the younger generation kept eyeing their boots, rubbing their rings, or abstractly watching flies on the ceiling. But those who indulged in these excitements were exceptions. Of the great majority, I might

say that their deportment was such, to quote the "Book of Discipline," as to "demonstrate that they were in earnest in the great duty of waiting upon and worshipping God in spirit."

At last, much to my regret, the silence was broken. One of the audience, if the term may be used, of long standing in the truth knelt and "appeared in supplication." His prayer was in no way striking, not more fervid and living than the prayers of a hireling ministry. When it was ended, another period of rapt silence followed; then another gentleman rose to speak. Of the sermon there was much to say in praise. It was homely, and expressed in those simple Saxon terms which Friends, to their credit, faithfully use. The morality inculcated was practical, — there were no declamatory outbursts, no false sentiment or straining at effect; and considering that the discourse was improvised, it was strangely coherent. It was manifestly the sincere, unpremeditated expression of the working of an earnest mind. But one peculiarity was very pronounced, — a mixture of biblical and mercantile phraseology. The speaker's thoughts were always spiritual, but his words were at times a little earthy. He argued a little too much that sin was a worthless investment, and that sacrifice meant lending on very safe security. From some saying in the Old Testament he drew a moral which would have been better understood in the surrounding manufacturing town than in ancient Judea. One or two of the mixed metaphors were so uncouth as to remind the writer of two sentences of a piece of solemn advice given by a pious gentleman to a friend in need: "May the blessing of Heaven rest over you! May next April turn up trumps." The sermon was, in fact, a little disappointing, too like many I had heard at what Quakers circuitously call "public parish places of worship." I dozed at times, and as I did, the bare meeting-house in the secluded lane was somewhat forgotten, and my thoughts reverted to earlier days of Quakerism, and its sweet, mellow memories. Had I been listening to the true tones of the early Friends? Would James Parnel or the saintly Edward Burrough — he who declared his prison bars had become jewels in his eyes — or those who gave public and lively testimony to the death in "bloody Boston," have recognized such preaching as full of savor? It did not recall the description of Josiah Coale's potent ministration; "his declaration was to the ungodly like

an axe or hammer, as a sword sharp and piercing, being mostly attended with an eminent appearance of the dreadful power of the Lord, to the cutting down many tall cedars, and making the strong oaks to bow." It did not breathe that gentle, reasonable mysticism which made Ellwood and John Woolman the spiritual countrymen of Vaughan. There was missing that bold prophetic tone, with its imperious "Thus sayeth the Lord," to be found in the utterances of that simple, unlettered husbandman, Marmaduke Stephenson, he who begins the story of his call in these Dantesque words, "In the beginning of the year 1665, I was at the plough in the east part of Yorkshire, near the place of my outward habitation, and as I walked after the plough I was filled with the love of God, which did ravish my heart when I felt it," etc. The sermon I had heard was not the sort of testimony which would have come from that valiant Friend, William Gibson,—now a soldier, then a preacher and shoemaker, despitefully treated, suffering hard imprisonment and the spoliation of his goods, and consoling himself for abuse at the hands of all men by writing "An Epistle of Love." I was pondering these things, and wondering whether comfort and prosperity had killed the old life, when one elder, first looking furtively at another to see whether he was ready, shook hands; all rose and went out; and my first meeting was at an end.

X.

From Nature.

## AN ALGERIAN INLAND SEA.

As our readers are aware several schemes have recently been before the public for the creation of an inland sea in north Africa, one of the most ambitious and most impracticable of these being the flooding of a great part of the Sahara. Another scheme which has engaged the attention of the French government for some time is much more feasible and likely to be attended with good results. The report of a commission on the plan proposed by M. Roudaire for the creation of an inland Algerian sea was recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Favé, and as it contains several points of scientific interest, we propose to lay it before our readers.

Since the French domination was extended in the province of Constantine as far as the town of Biskra, the attention of several observers has been turned to the very marked depressions of the soil, which

commence at about fifty kilometres to the south of Aurès, that is, to the border of the Sahara, and extending from east to west. M. Virlet d'Aoust supposed, in 1845, from the measurement of the slope of a river discharging into the *chott* (or marshy lake) Mel-Rir, that the bottom of that chott must be below the level of the Mediterranean. In 1849 M. Dubocq, a mining engineer, proved by a very numerous series of barometric observations, published in 1853, that singular anomaly, which Captain Vuillemot confirmed in 1856. It was reserved to Capt. Roudaire to render the fact incontestable, and to determine the depth with almost complete accuracy.

After having taken for his starting-point the *embouchure* of one of the two small streams which fall into the sea at the bottom of the Gulf of Gabès, M. Roudaire traversed the steppe of Gabès forty-six metres high, then arrived at the depression of a chott the surface of which he estimated, at sight, at five thousand square kilometres. He then reached, by crossing a second elevation of forty-five metres, that of Kritz, the depression of the Chott Rharsa, situated to the east of the Chott Mel-Rir, from which it is separated only by two elevations of small height. These two slight elevations bound the Chott Asloudj, the surface of which does not exceed eighty square kilometres. The surface of the Chott Rharsa has been estimated at thirteen hundred and fifty square kilometres; that of the Chott Mel-Rir, which has been surrounded by a polygon of levelling, contains sixty-seven hundred square kilometres. The three basins which form the chotts El Djerid, Rharsa, and Mel-Rir have not yet been surveyed in all directions; but M. Roudaire has concluded from various observations that the mean depth of the two chotts Mel-Rir and Rharsa must not be below twenty-four metres. The small Chott El Asloudj, which is intermediate, has a mean depth of only from one to two metres, which makes him regard it as a slightly elevated barrier between the two great lakes. If it be admitted that this barrier could be pierced by a trench of suitable depth, and that the water of the sea were led from the Gulf of Gabès to the entrance of the Chott Rharsa, the sea would fill that chott, as also the Chott Mel-Rir, and the depth of water would be sufficient in the two lakes for the navigation of all vessels. Articles of commerce could be transported thence to all parts of the world without any re-embarkation.

Such is the starting-point of a project for an inland sea which M. Roudaire has had constantly in his mind during all his labors: he is confident that the execution is an easy matter, without allowing himself to be discouraged by any obstacle. The enterprise, supposing it to be realized, would certainly not present commercial advantages comparable in any respect to those resulting from the canalization of the Isthmus of Suez. The products of central Africa, transported by camels across the desert, do not seem to be sufficiently abundant to furnish freight for a large number of vessels. There is no doubt, however, that if the products of central Africa had no longer to bear the expense of so long a carriage by land, their price would be notably lowered and their consumption increased. But indeed it would be impossible to estimate the benefits which in the future would result from the creation of such an inland sea. Considerations of another kind leave no doubt, M. Favé thinks, as to the improvements which would result from an inland sea covering 13,230 square kilometres, from a climatic point of view and in relation to the fertility of the soil.

Prof. Tyndall was engaged for some years in determining the action which the vapor of water exercises upon radiant heat. He has proved that even with complete transparency to light, the vapor of water absorbs radiant heat to a very notable extent. The vapor of water possesses that absorbent property much more than the air with which it is mixed, in however small a proportion; and its absorbent power increases very nearly in proportion to its mass. Prof. Tyndall has not failed to bring out the influence which the invisible vapor of water contained in the air exercises upon the temperature, both during day and night, and he has been able hence to draw immediate conclusions as to its influence upon the life of plants. After having measured directly the quantity of heat absorbed by very minute quantities of vapor of water mixed with air in his experimental tubes, he feels authorized to speak thus: "Considering the earth as a source of heat, it may be admitted as certain that at least ten per cent. of the heat which it tends to radiate into space is intercepted by the first six feet of moist air which surrounds its surface." Prof. Tyndall hence draws this conclusion: "The suppression, during a single night of summer, of the moisture contained in the atmosphere which covers England would be accompanied by the

destruction of all the plants which frost kills."

It is not only the cold of night which is increased at the surface of the ground by the dryness of the air, but also the heat of day; so that the variations of temperature produced in twenty-four hours are sometimes very great and very prejudicial to the vegetation of a great number of plants. We may apply these considerations to the region of the chotts, where M. Roudaire, in his expedition of 1874-5, found heat of 25° (C.) during the day, and cold of 8° below zero during the night. After that we need not be longer surprised that the lands comprised between the slopes south of Aurès and the chotts produce very little, however favorable in themselves they may be to vegetation. If we admit with M. Roudaire, agreeing in this point with all explorers of the chotts, that their cavities have at one time formed salt lakes, dried up gradually during the historic period, we shall obtain an explanation of the changes in the production of the soil of the province of Constantine, and of Tunis since the epoch of Roman domination, when the province of Africa was much more populous and much more fertile than at present.

M. Roudaire has sought to find results of observations from which he might conclude what would be the depth of the bed of water evaporated after the creation of the inland sea. He has found this information in the experiments made at the Bitter Lakes traversed by the Suez Canal. At the time of the filling-up of the Bitter Lakes, a waste-weir was constructed intended to regulate the introduction of the water of the Mediterranean. From July 7 to 14 the weir was wrought with only a small number of sluices raised, and the level of the lakes remained stationary. The introduction had been regulated to about 3,540,942 cubic metres, or, in round numbers, four million cubic metres per day. This figure, then, gives the quantity of water absorbed by evaporation which, according to the extent of surface, produced a lowering of the level of from .003 m. to .0035 m. during twenty-four hours, and that in the hottest month of the year. All the observations made since that time have given essentially the same results, and we must admit, with the engineers of the Suez Company, a general mean of .003 m. per day, or 1 m. per year. M. Roudaire has added, as a conclusion to be drawn from this bearing on his project: "The basin of the chotts and the Isthmus of Suez being situated nearly under

the same latitude, and possessing a climate absolutely analogous, we must admit that the evaporation which will be produced on the inland sea will be the same as that which has been observed on the Bitter Lakes. The figure .003 m. is the general mean of the year. The observations which we have made in the chotts with Piche's evaporimeter have proved to us that this figure is at least doubled during the sirocco."

Not only would the vapor of water thus diffused through the air serve as a reservoir for the heat emanating from the earth or the sun, but it would have still another mode of action for effecting climatic modifications. The air and its vapor brought into contact with the elevated and therefore cool parts, the Aurès Mountains, and other mountains of Algeria, would have their temperature lowered on account of that cause, and the effect would be increased by the radiation of the vapor of water into space; for that radiation would operate almost without check at a height where the air from above, and therefore less dense, is cold and dry. Under the influence of this double cause the moisture would be condensed into rain or snow, and would serve to feed the watercourses which would permanently flow in the beds at present dry during a great part of the year. We should see issuing from the ground, from the same cause, sources which do not now exist. The moisture, discharging itself along the lines of watercourses, would extend its influence on the two slopes of the mountains to countries at a distance from the chotts. We can perceive by calculations of the volume and the weight of the masses of water set in motion by evaporation, that these considerations are not chimerical. The 13,230 square kilometres give 39,690,000,600 kilogrammes of water per twenty-four hours, raised by evaporation, *i.e.*, 39,690,000 cubic metres. It will be seen that there is here something to form sources and feed streams or rivers. M. Roudaire has calculated that the quantity of vapor diffused in air whose barometric pressure is .760m, and the temperature 12°C., would cover the surface of Tunis and Algeria with a layer of half-saturated air, twenty-four metres in height. Let us remark that this calculation includes only the quantity of vapor formed during twenty-four hours. The south wind known as the sirocco, at present so destructive because it is exceedingly dry, would produce on the surface of the lakes an evaporation much greater than that mean, and would, moreover, lose many of its hurtful

effects. In fact, this same wind, which destroys the vegetation of Algeria, has a fertilizing influence on the territory of France, because of the moisture with which it becomes charged in crossing the Mediterranean.

Advantages so considerable, which would result from the introduction of the water of the sea into the chotts, explain and justify the perseverance with which M. Roudaire has pursued the idea without allowing himself to be arrested by any of the difficulties which have presented themselves. The greatest of the difficulties, M. Favé thinks, proceeds from the fact that the Chott El Djerid, the nearest to the Gulf of Gabès, has not, like the others, the bottom of its basin below, but above, the level of the sea. The surface of the ground is undulating; it rises to twenty metres, or even more, at certain points, and descends to zero at other points. M. Roudaire has estimated, somewhat vaguely, that the mean height of the bottom may be about six metres above sea-level. Notwithstanding this obstacle, M. Roudaire does not renounce the hope of being able to make the water of the sea reach the Chott El Djerid in order to turn it afterwards into the other two chotts. He believes he has found a support for this in the nature of the bottom, or, to speak more exactly, in the existence of a water-bearing bed situated at a small depth below the ground.

The commission, of which M. Favé is the mouthpiece, without pronouncing definitely on the project of M. Roudaire, sufficient data for this not being forthcoming, strongly recommend that active steps be taken to obtain more accurate measurements and other data. The facts which he has adduced they think sufficient to justify serious attention being paid to his proposal, and recommend that the thanks of the Academy be accorded to M. Roudaire for his valuable labors. To these recommendations the Academy agreed.

We should state, however that MM. Dumas and Daubrées, members of the commission, are not able to give their entire consent to the recommendation of M. Favé's report. They think that the obstacles to the accomplishment of the scheme are much more serious than have been estimated, and regard the industrial and climatic results anticipated as, to a considerable extent, hypothetical. M. de Lesseps, however, gives his entire concurrence to the scheme of M. Roudaire, and believes in its practicability and the favorable results that would follow its realization.



From The Spectator.

## THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND.

THE *Medical Examiner* publishes the odd fancy — odd, that is, for a professional journal — that our sanitary laws, now becoming so complex and so troublesome, may one day be studied as mere curiosities. When England is again, as she will be, an agricultural country, inhabited by six millions of sleepy tillers of the soil, the laws forced on us by overcrowding will, the *Examiner* thinks, no longer be necessary or regarded, except as matters of antiquarian medical curiosity. We fear that is a dream. They may no longer be necessary, any more than laws are necessary to compel Hindoos to bathe or Mohammedans to keep sober, because the principles of sanitation may be willingly and almost instinctively obeyed, but the fact of England being a sleepy agricultural country, thinly populated, will not remove the necessity for sanitary laws. It was a sleepy agricultural country when the black death came and when the plague came, and epidemics still hit hardest in idyllic little villages. You would not find a sleepier place, or a more agricultural place, or a place more remote from city influences than Terling, in Essex, where a few years ago an epidemic caused by polluted water threatened to destroy the whole population, and did attack more than half of them. We very much doubt if Swiss cantons would not be improved by stricter sanitation, and if the first object of life were living would rather take our chance in Marylebone than in Holstein or Hesse, which are just the sort of places the *Examiner* expects England to become. And if the necessity exists, and the consciousness of the necessity, the law, we may be certain, will exist too. The desire of the small community to be healthy will be like the desire of an aristocracy, and a death will affect a village as it now hardly affects a household. It was not in a great state that physical training was made perfect, nor were they a numerous people who most of all dreaded death.

We wonder if England will become like Holstein. At first sight, that would seem to be an inevitable destiny, and one from which it is as needless as hopeless to recoil. The special "pull" of this country in manufactures, the cheapness of fuel, must one day — say, within another two centuries — disappear, and then our principal means of accumulating wealth, the occupation of our race, will have departed. The factories will close one by one, the iron and coal mines will be shut up like the tin

mines of Cornwall; the fires in the forges will be blown out; the ships will be laid up to rot; the railways will be limited to a few great arteries; rentals and prices will all sink; and the population, after one attempt to live on the realized wealth, which will then be enormous, will rapidly disperse to other lands. They will know geography well, they will have a traditional habit of stumbling about the world, and they will glide away to lands where nature is not used up and their predilection for accumulating can still be gratified. An emigration of a million a year will thin us down to the level the land can support, and bring a sudden access of strength and energy, perhaps feverish strength and energy, to every land whose rulers speak the English tongue. Australia, Polynesia, the two temperate Americas — for the Spanish Creole and the Indian will have long since yielded to the Teuton — will be filled with the immigrants, who may even settle also, and of course rule, on the highlands of Brazil, and England will be left to six or eight millions of agriculturists, mostly stock-growers. London will be a huger Bruges, its suburbs fortunately decaying at once, from bad building; the great cities will decline to little boroughs, and the smaller cities will again be villages, and with all seas open, the cultivation of corn will scarcely be a profitable occupation. England will be mainly grazing land, a huge park, as it were — you can see the thing in miniature in the strangely pastoral village of Millhill, not ten miles from London — studded at long distances with sleepy, comfortable villages, pretty churches half-disused, roomy old houses too grand for their occupiers, and ruins just made picturesque by the ivy and the creepers. It will be a strangely beautiful land, full of that softly undulating scenery which the eye permanently loves, rich with greenery and woods, and just wild enough not to suggest savagery, or solitude, or danger. Taxation will be light, for the debt will be gone, shaken off as beyond the new means; the throne will be gone, as too expensive and useless; and the country, organized like Switzerland, will be thinly peopled by a race with the hereditary habit of education, but few desires or opportunities of excitement. The inherent conservatism of the people — a conservatism as of Hindoos — will have its fullest scope. The ambitious and the energetic will go elsewhere, for there will be nothing to do here, to return in the evening of life, as Scotchmen do, drawn back by the strong attraction of the restful gen-



tle, uneventful life within the endless park.

Indeed, England may be the country residence of the English-speaking, old, and prosperous, from out of all the world. There will be much equality of mental condition, for education will have done its work for two hundred years, and probably much equality of circumstance, for with the wealth of the country the plutocracy will have perished. The sense of leisureliness and the enjoyment of leisure will again be on the land. There will be no fear of invasion to distract the people, for over every local emblem will float the broad blue flag, the flag of the Anglo-Saxon Federation, which none may insult and live; and there will be much inclination to culture, to study, and especially to study of those feverish days when England was great, and revered and hated in every continent, and full of wealth and luxury and pauperism. But for the most part, life will be somewhat bovine, the greatest occupation the manufacture of fine kine, the greatest interest the watching from a distance the throbbing life of the real world, the greatest pleasure the enjoyment of nature in the trees, the grass, and the clouds.

There is nothing to regret that we know of in such a picture, for the race will be greater than ever—and what does its habitat signify?—and England herself, though her political being must be absorbed in that of the mighty federation, will remain the ancient mother of nations,—perhaps regain, by a development of intellectual, or scientific, or theological power her prestige among mankind. Out of such a sleepy world as we have sketched came the greatest English man and woman—Shakespeare and George Eliot—and why should the old conditions not produce the old effects? It was after dominion perished that Italy conquered art, and threw far and wide over mankind the enduring papal chain. But will it go so? Possibly it will. There seems to be some instinct in the popular mind that it will, for the curious prediction that England is becoming a larger Holland has been repeated until it has obtained a general acceptance. There are far-sighted statesmen, too, who think it will, and one of them even founded upon his belief an appeal to Parliament for aid in his effort to pay off the national debt. And yet it may all go so very differently. So much will depend upon the character of the rulers of that day, and so much more upon the

temper of the nation, when the necessity of perishing in poverty or of departing in peace is once perceived. It is a very good people, no doubt, the English, good and good-humored, when not too much pressed; but there is a terrible Berserker streak in it, for all that,—a readiness, if the worst comes to the worst, to adopt the only truthful aristocratic motto, that of the Earls of Cranstoun, "Thou shalt want ere I want." The writer once saw the Berserker side of the national character let loose in the reconquest of India, and failed to see any trace either of indecision or of scruple. We could conceive of the forty millions of Anglo-Saxons cooped up in an island too small for them, pressed on their tenderest point, their capacity of money-getting, and aware that they must change their situation or let English history end, bursting out not as emigrants, but as conquerors, and founding not new colonies, but a new empire, held together by strong military organization, and worked not for the benefit of the world, but of the island. We could conceive of their telling the world that they must have more room, and taking it with the strong hand, deciding that they, for example, and not the Portuguese, would hold and govern and populate Brazil, or even in their exasperation using their last wealth to conquer a considerable portion of southern Europe. There is nothing in the national character to make that form of euthanasia impossible, and a good deal in the national history to suggest it. France was conquered by Henry V. because the English nobles felt "there was not room in one little island for them all." The German chiefs are always taunting us because we do not make the army conterminous with the nation, but whether they would like the British nation turned into an army is not by any means so certain. England hungry, despairing of the future, but with her accumulated wealth still undispersed, might accept the fate of absorption into her kindred nations; but she might also become the most aggressive and the most dangerous power in the world,—might, for example, choose to make it her business and work in the world to govern Asia, not merely to keep up the Roman peace, as she does in India, but to govern the continent in the full meaning of the word, taxing it in compensation for the benefits she conferred. A slow and gentle decline is possible, but we are the children of Odin, and it was not thus their instinct told them to die.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I.	THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS,	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	771
II.	PAULINE. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith," etc. Conclusion,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	799
III.	LUCIAN,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	796
IV.	GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXX.,	<i>Harper's Bazar,</i>	807
V.	SPANISH BARRACKS AND HOSPITALS,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	810
VI.	THE COLORADO BEETLE,	<i>Spectator,</i>	818
VII.	THE PACE OF MIND,	<i>Spectator,</i>	821
VIII.	THE CHANGES OF COLOR IN THE CHAMELEON,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	822
IX.	SUPPOSITION THAT SUNLIGHT CAN BE CONDENSED,	<i>Popular Science Review,</i>	824
*** Title and Index to Volume CXXXIV.			

P O E T R Y.

RANDOM CHORDS.					ALPINE HEIGHTS, . . . . .	770
I. — Alone, . . . . .	770	TO HERMIONE, . . . . .				770
II. — “Requiescat,” . . . . .	770	SIESTA, . . . . .				770

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## RANDOM CHORDS.

BY LADY E. CAMPBELL.

## I. — ALONE.

"Seule à mon aurore, seule à mon coucher, je suis seule  
encore ici."

(Inscription sur un tombeau.) CORINNE.

ALONE! What a world of anguish lies  
In that one short word! what tears and sighs!  
Ah, dull were this selfish heart and cold  
Could pass unmoved by this hallow'd mould,  
Nor weep for her to whom death's deep rest  
Seem'd sweeter than life by love unblest!

Who wert thou, upon whose nameless tomb  
Are inscribed such words of grief and gloom?  
Didst die consum'd by the fire of youth,  
Deceiv'd, alas! in thy dreams of truth?  
Wert thou a poet, whose living lyre  
Made deathless in song a vain desire?

Peace! Seek not aside to draw the veil  
Whose mystery shrouds that piercing wail,  
Nor deem the pity in thee it wakes  
Be greater than His who gives and takes:  
Thy love to His is a grain of sand.  
Go thou, and leave her in God's good hand.

## II. — "REQUIESCAT."

BLOW soft, ye winds! among the dark pine-  
trees

Of this chill Northland, o'er the poet's  
tomb,

Whose childhood's home smiled where the  
scented breeze

Wanders 'mid orange-bow'rs o'erladen with  
rich bloom —

And deck it fair, pure last-born of the snow,  
That first do hail the advancing feet of  
Spring.

So may a cov'ring meet for him below  
Be spread by Nature's hands — for *her* he  
lov'd to sing.

Cold lies the burning heart whose ev'ry thought  
Breath'd its whole fervor in impassioned  
song,

Still echoing in each soul its fire hath sought  
In that far lovely land he lov'd with love so  
strong —

Where now, alas! perchance there walketh  
one,

With clasp'd hands beside the deep blue  
wave,

To whom its beauty is become as none —  
Yearning to rest with him who sleeps in  
this lone grave.

Good Words.

## ALPINE HEIGHTS.

LIKE mighty thinkers, there they stand  
Above the soft green pasture-land;  
They yield no common yearly food,  
To those lone heights ne'er climbs the wood,  
"What do those giant idlers there?"  
I asked; and streams the answer bare,

Which, foaming through the summer heat,  
Rush down the rocks, and round the feet  
Of those grey mountains coolness bring, —  
The coolness of their glacier spring.

"Oh, brown would all these pastures lie,  
If never peak had towered high  
Above the zone where corn and oil  
Can flourish and repay your toil.  
Those grand calm heights, like sages, hold  
Such treasures heaped from times of old,  
Such stores of ice and snow to yield  
Their cooling draught to thirsty field;  
Those rugged shoulders bravely bear  
New burdens for the coming year.  
But mortals will not read aright,  
Nor know that, from each barren height,  
Unquenched the living waters flow  
Which verdure bring to fields below."

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

*Hospice Bernina.*

Spectator.

## TO HERMIONE.

WHAT shall I liken unto thee?

A lily bright,  
Whose virgin purity and grace  
Fulfil the soul, as doth thy face,  
With all delight.

What shall I liken unto thee?

A blushing rose,  
Which, redolent of fragrance rare,  
Half opened to the summer air,  
All sweetness grows.

What shall I liken unto thee?

Some glorious star,  
Which, hung aloft at eventide,  
Sheds its mild radiance every side,  
Both near and far.

No! such comparison is vain.

For these all three,  
Lily, and star; and rose so fair,  
In radiance, grace, and sweetness rare  
Must yield to thee.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## SIESTA.

FROM RUCKERT'S SICILIANEN.

I, ZEPHYR, in the sultry noontide sighing,  
Woo thee to slumber, ere I sink to sleep:  
The naiads heavy-eyed are languid lying;  
Through burning sands their lingering runnels  
creep.

Drownd by the shrill cicada's weary crying,  
The dryads dream, in hazel shadows deep.  
Canst thou the sun-god's blighting beam  
withstand?

Sleep! the nymphs all are sleeping through  
the land.

Temple Bar.

W. D. S.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.\*

THE list of publications prefixed to these pages opens a subject almost entirely unnoticed in England, while in Germany and France it has gradually formed quite a little literature of its own. Few of us, probably, have given a thought to the sibylline oracles, beyond what is suggested by the picturesque Roman legend with which every schoolboy is familiar. Very few, at all events, have seriously considered the subject in its relations to Christian doctrine or history. It was not always so in England. Once before the sibylline oracles formed the subject of a learned and animated discussion, in which English scholarship was not unworthily represented by Dodwell, Whiston, and others; and in the hope, therefore, of renewing the interest in it, we shall give a short account as well of the subject in itself as of the recent contributions to its literature in France and Germany. Its principal importance for us under both relations must be its bearing upon the early Christian evidences; but the story of the Sibylline Books, in itself, is one of the most curious in the whole range of literary history.

\* 1. *Das Orakelwesen im Alterthume. Zum Selbstunterricht.* Von Frl. F. HOFFMANN. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1877.

2. *XPHĒMOI SIBYLLIAKOI, Oracula Sibyllina.* Editio altera, curante C. ALEXANDRE. 8vo. Parisiis, 1869.

3. *Excursus ad Sibyllina, seu de Sibyllis earumque vel tanquam earum carminibus profanis, Judæicis, Christianisve.* Dissertationes VII., curante C. ALEXANDRE. 8vo. Parisiis, 1866.

4. *Moines et Sibylles dans l'Antiquité Judéo-Grecque.* 8vo. Paris, 1874.

5. *XPHĒMOI SIBYLLIAKOI. Oracula Sibyllina ad Fidem Codd. MSCR quotquot extant recensuit, prætextis Prolegomenis illustravit, Versione Germanica instruxit, Annotationes criticas et Rerum Indicem adjecit.* J. H. FRIEDLIEB. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1852.

6. *De Oraculis Sibyllinis Dissertatio.* Supplementum Editionis a FRIEDLIEBIO exhibitæ scripsit RICARDUS VOLKMANN. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1853.

7. *Ueber das erste, zweite, und eilfte Buch der Sibyllinischen Weisagungen.* Inaugural Dissertation. Von H. DECHENT. 8vo. Frankfurt am Main, 1873.

8. *Abhandlung über Entstehung, Inhalt, und Werth der Sibyllinischen Bücher.* Von HEINRICH EWALD. 4to. Göttingen, 1858.

9. *Ueber die Entstehung und Zusammensetzung der uns in acht Büchern erhaltenen Sammlung Sibyllinischer Orakel.* Von FRIEDRICH BLEEK. [Theologische Zeitschrift.] 8vo. 1819.

The sibyl of the Roman legend is but one of a group of similar personages, held in repute in the ancient world as supernaturally endowed with the spirit of prophecy. The number of divinely gifted females called by the name of sibyl is variously stated by different writers. Tacitus appears to doubt whether there was more than one. Other writers mention two, three, or four. Among those who specify four sibyls, the most remarkable is Pausanias, who enters into many details, and cites several of the oracles ascribed to them. Clement of Alexandria enumerates nine, and Lactantius no fewer than ten; for which statement he cites the high authority of Varro. Varro's catalogue, as cited by Lactantius, includes the Persian sibyl, the Libyan, the Delphic, the Cimmerian, the Erythræan, the Samian, the Cumæan, the Hellespontine, the Phrygian, and the Tiburtine. Regarding these, however, in detail, all is uncertain and obscure; and the practical interest, so far as history is concerned, must be felt to centre in the legendary sibyl of Rome, who is supposed to have had her abode at Cumæ, and perhaps to be identical with the sibyl of Erythræ, in Bœotia. The earliest sibylline oracles known as having been committed to writing are those of this Roman sibyl. Whether these were in reality the most ancient among the written oracles of the sibyls may well be a subject of doubt; but the books which the Roman story represents as sold to King Tarquinius by his mysterious visitant, must now be regarded, if not as the nucleus or the type of all the various compilations which have been produced under the same name, at all events as the prototype of that collection which has come down to the present time. The existing collection of sibylline oracles is admittedly an imitation of the Roman books, and it most probably embodies some not inconsiderable fragments of them.

Whatever opinion may be formed as to the legend regarding the acquisition of the Sibylline Books of Rome, no doubt can be entertained as to the reverence with which the books were preserved and the high value which was set upon them. Their safe-keeping was held to be intimately

bound up with the stability and well-being of the commonwealth. A special body of officers was maintained to watch over their preservation and to direct the manner of consulting them. It was only on occasions of great emergency and by a solemn decree of the Senate that it was permitted to refer to them; and the importance attached to the responses drawn from them may be inferred from the terms in which they are recorded by Livy and the other historians of Rome. Nearly a hundred such consultations of the Sibylline Books at Rome are cited by M. Alexandre.

In the year of Rome 671, when the Capitol was burnt, the Sibylline Books perished in the conflagration; and five years later a commission was sent to Cumæ, to Sicily, to Erythræ, and the other supposed seats of sibylline inspiration, to collect all the prophecies still extant under their name, with a view to replace, as far as might still be possible, the lost originals. Nothing was found at Cumæ or in Sicily; but at Erythræ, Samos, and elsewhere, a mass of oracular poems ascribed to the sibyl and circulated under that name was discovered, from which, after careful scrutiny, a thousand verses were selected, and formed into a new sibylline volume, to take the place of the lost books of Tarquin. But at the same time with the oracles thus accepted as sibylline, were introduced into circulation a multitude of spurious or suspected compositions, the dispersion of which among the people brought discredit on the new books and on oracular literature in general; and when Augustus, after the death of his colleague Lepidus, assumed the functions of *pontifex maximus*, one of his first measures of reform was an order that all prophetic books of Latin or Greek origin, circulated anonymously or under names of little authority, should be destroyed. Suetonius sets down the number of books destroyed under this order as above two thousand. The Sibylline Books alone were spared; and even they shared in the general suspicion with which all the foreign prophetic lore was regarded. The ancient practice of consulting them in public emergencies almost fell into disuse. During more than fifty

years after the new books were deposited in the Capitol, only three instances are recorded in which they were solemnly referred to by order of the Senate. At the same time, that the popular notions regarding them still continued to prevail, appears from a story which Sallust tells of Cornelius Lentulus, one of the associates in Catiline's conspiracy; that the ambition of this adventurer was excited by a prediction in the Sibylline Books to the effect "that three Corneli were to enjoy sovereign power at Rome; that this prediction had already been verified in the case of two — Cornelius Cinna and Cornelius Sylla; and that he himself was to be the third." From this anecdote, and other circumstances, it seems plain that besides the Sibylline Books authoritatively preserved in the Capitol, other pieces under that name were in common circulation. Many of these reached Rome in the train of the commission which, as we saw, was sent out after the burning of the Capitol; and among the sibylline pieces thus brought into circulation must have been one, designated variously by ancient writers under the names of the Persian, the Chaldean, and the Hebrew sibyl, which is regarded as the original or type of the collection still extant under the title of *Χρησμοὶ Σιβυλλίακοι*.

After the burning of the Capitol, the new collection does not appear ever to have attained the same reverential acceptance which had been accorded to the Tarquinian oracles. The consultations on the part of the Senate from this date are extremely rare; nor did Augustus, although he bestowed much care on the restoration of the books, succeed in restoring their credit. Tiberius even went so far as to forbid the Senate from consulting them. One reference to them is recorded under Nero; two or three under the Gordians and Gallienus. Aurelian, during the Marcomannic war, found it necessary to write a letter to the Senate, in order to force them to consult the sibylline oracle; and it is curiously significant of the progress which the Christian faith had already made that he reproaches the Senate with "hesitating so long to consult the Sibylline Books, as though they were deliber-

ating in a church of the Christians, and not in the temple of all the gods." Once again, on the eve of his fall and of the overthrow of paganism, Maxentius ordered a solemn consultation of the Sibylline Books. Constantine, in pursuance of his general system of toleration, abstained from any restrictive measure regarding them; while on the other hand, Julian, as a part of his general plan for the restoration of the State creed, made a final effort to re-establish the authority of this ancient monument of nationality as well as religion; and it is worthy of note that according to Ammianus Marcellinus, when this emperor consulted the Sibylline Books before his fatal expedition to Persia, the answer of the oracle was adverse to the proposed undertaking. None of the succeeding emperors appear to have taken any notice of the Sibylline Books till the reign of Honorius, under whom they were publicly burnt by order of Stilicho; and the feeling with which this measure was regarded by the still faithful adherents of paganism is still sufficiently indicated by the angry verses of Rutilius Numantianus, a fiery pagan zealot of the day.

From this date the book of the classic sibyl is a thing of the past; and the strangest fact in its history is that a work so intimately connected with the religious as well as the political fortunes of Rome, should have fallen at once from its place in Roman literature, and it is now known only by a few fragments accidentally preserved. Few even of professed scholars have any definite notion of its character and contents; and M. Alexandre has rendered a very important service by bringing together its still extant remains. He has turned to account every extract and every allusion discoverable in the ancient authors who refer to the sibyls of whatever nation; but the only considerable fragments which he has published are two from the Roman books which are preserved by Phlegon, of Trales. One of these is specially curious, as being a response actually given to an official consultation by order of the Senate, which took place in the consulship of M. Plautius Hypsæus and M. Fulvius Flaccus (U.A.C. 629) on occasion of a prodigy which had just occurred at

Rome—the reputed birth of a hermaphrodite infant. This fragment is curious in a literary sense, not only for its style and manner, but also as being in the acrostic form, of which we shall have to speak hereafter; but it is doubly curious to the thoughtful student as affording a glimpse of the literal realities of the religious life of pagan Rome in reference to one of its most distinctive peculiarities.

Hardly less strange, however, and far more interesting in relation to modern history, than the mysterious obscurity into which the Roman Sibylline Books had thus speedily fallen, is the suddenness with which we find them replaced before the world by another sibylline oracle or group of oracles, the exact relation of which to the ancient pagan oracles is exceedingly difficult to be determined. In the very earliest controversies between the Christians and the apologists and the champions of the old creed, we meet frequent appeals to "the oracles of the sibyl," as an authority which both the disputants must recognize. "The sibyl" thus appealed to is the original of the curious collection which has come down to our time, and which has of late engaged so much of the attention of scholars in France and Germany.

The most curious circumstance, indeed, of this remarkable history is the seemingly implicit acceptance of the sibylline prophecies as authentic by the Christian apologists and polemical writers throughout the second century. Tatian, Athenagoras, and still more Justin Martyr, rely on them as indisputable, or at least undisputed authority. Theophilus cites them with equal show of confidence, and it is to him that we are indebted for the preservation of a most interesting and important fragment of that portion of the present collection which is at once the most ancient and the most closely related to the genuine sibylline oracles of the Gentile world.

Nor can their appeal to the oracles be explained as a mere *argumentum ad hominem* addressed to Gentile believers. No doubt this consideration enters somewhat into the confidence with which the appeal is made; but there can be no doubt that the argument of the apologists goes much farther, and ascribes to the sibylline pre-

dictions an independent authority, if not divine, certainly supernatural. Justin speaks of them as emanating *ἀπό τινος δυνάτης ἐπιπνοίας*, and as "approaching to the teaching of the prophets." Clement of Alexandria does not scruple to call the sibyl a "prophetess" (*προφήτις*), and her oracle "a saving canticle" (*ᾠσμα σωτήριον*); and he places her testimony to the faith of the unity of God first in the rank of divinely inspired prophecies. Among the Latins, Tertullian, although sparing in the number of his appeals to the testimony of the sibyl, is nevertheless decisive as to its weight and value. St. Augustine seems to go even farther as to the position to be assigned to the sibyl in relation to the true faith, and to include her among "the number of those who belong to the city of God;" and M. Alexandre has been at the pains to identify no fewer than fifty passages which Lactantius, in the course of his argument upon the Christian evidences, has cited from the several books of the collection still extant.

It is right to observe, however, that in ascribing to the authors of these oracles divine or superhuman authority, the Christian writers draw a wide distinction between them and the prophets of the Jewish or Christian dispensation. To the latter, it is hardly necessary to say, they ascribe direct assistance from God and conscious and intelligent inspiration; the former are merely mechanical and unconscious instruments, moved, indeed, by superhuman agency and speaking under its influence the truth of God, but without appreciation of their import or consciousness of their tendency—a view which is fully borne out by the language of the Sibylline Books themselves, in which the prophetess is represented as a passive and, in many cases, a reluctant agent under the impulse of the spirit.

On the other hand, this acceptance or use of the Sibylline Books as an authority was by no means universal. The absence of all allusion to them in the works of Irenæus and Cyprian, although partly explained by the subjects on which these fathers for the most part wrote, is very significant; but still more unequivocal is the fact that we find those who relied upon them designated by the contemptuous name of "Sibyllists." There is a want of his habitual energy and heartiness in Origen's replies to Celsus regarding the sibylline testimonies, which, even more than his own remarkable abstinence from all use of them in the controversy, makes it plain that he was unsatisfied as to their

value, if not absolutely convinced of their spuriousness; and St. Augustine distinctly recognizes the inherent weakness of any argument founded upon them, inasmuch as it is always open to a Gentile adversary to allege that they had been fabricated by the Christians.

And thus from the fourth century onwards less weight was attached to the sibylline verses in Christian schools. St. Jerome, Optatus, Palladius, and others refer to them, but only in a passing way; and by degrees, as the main occasion for their use in controversy ceased with the disappearance of paganism, they ceased to be quoted, and eventually fell altogether out of notice. During the Middle Ages little is heard, whether in the East or the West, of the poems themselves, although M. Alexandre\* has collected a number of very curious notices, which show that the tradition regarding them preserved its influence among the people in both divisions of the empire; while the well-known verse of the celebrated sequence in the *Missa pro Fidelibus Defunctis* which cites the testimony of David and the sibyl in the same breath, makes it plain that the views of Lactantius and Augustine still lingered in the mediæval schools of theology in the West.†

In the presence of the more exciting topics which engaged the busy disputants of the Reformation, the sibylline oracles for a time remained unnoticed; but in 1545 the Greek text of the first eight books, with a few Latin annotations, was published at Basel from an Augsburg MS. by Xystus Betuleius,‡ and was followed in the next year by a metrical Latin version of the first eight books by Sebastian Castalio, who reprinted at Basel, in 1555, both his own Latin version and the Greek text, with numerous emendations from another Augsburg MS. which had not been used by Betuleius. A more

\* See the "Appendix ad Excursum IV.," "De mediævi Sibyllinis." It is exceedingly curious, and even in its literary bearing well deserving of careful study.

† Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

There can be little doubt that the allusion in this verse is to the well-known acrostic on the Last Judgment in the eighth book.

‡ Sixtus Birke, a professor of Augsburg. His name (which in German signifies a "beech-tree") was, according to the fashion of the time, latinized *Betuleius* (from *betula*, a beech-tree). We may observe that this taste for the classical metamorphosis of names is noticeable in almost all who have been concerned about the early sibylline literature. Thus John Koch (cook) appears as *Opsopæus* (*Ὀψοπόσιος*), Sebastian Chateillon, as *Castalio*, and Servais Gallé, as *Servatius Galæus*.



careful text, accompanied by Castalio's metrical version, was published at Paris in 1599, and twice subsequently, by John Koch; and towards the end of the seventeenth century a reprint of the same texts, with a volume of dissertations and notes by Servais Gallé, appeared at Amsterdam in 1687-8.

None of these editions comprised more than the first eight books; but in the year 1817 the celebrated Angelo Mai discovered and published at Milan an Ambrosian MS. which, besides a portion of the sixth and eighth books, contained the eleventh; and among the brilliant successes which, on his removal to the Vatican library speedily rendered Mai's name illustrious throughout Europe, was a discovery of two other MSS. which contained entire the last four (xi-xiv.) books of the collection. These were published by Mai at Rome in the year 1828, and afterwards incorporated by him in his "*Scriptorum veterum Nova Collectio*." The intermediate books (ix. and x.) are still missing.

The interest of modern scholars in the historical questions arising out of this remarkable literary imposture was for the first time seriously awakened by the well-known Danish scholar Thorlacius, professor at the University of Copenhagen, and still more by a most able and elaborate essay in Schleiermacher's "*Theologische Zeitschrift*" for 1819, by Dr. Frederick Bleek, a member of the University of Berlin. The latter of these essays is a complete *resumé* of the earlier literary history of the subject, and was the occasion of much desultory discussion in Germany and France; but the scientific study of the subject must rather date from the publication of the critical edition of the Greek text with a metrical Latin version and elaborate annotations, by M. Alexandre, of the French Institute, in two octavo volumes, at Paris, 1840. M. Alexandre's edition comprises all the still extant books, twelve in number (i.-viii. and xi.-xiv.), and he supplemented it by a larger volume of dissertations, of great research and remarkable learning, which may be said to exhaust the history as well as the criticism of the subject. Alexandre's edition was followed in 1852 by an edition of the Greek text with a German version by Dr. J. H. Friedlieb, professor in the University of Breslau; but both editions are supplanted by a new one in a single volume, from the pen of M. Alexandre in 1869, which, while it retains all that was valuable in his original two volumes, is much more conveniently arranged for the

purposes of study. How eager and animated are the discussions to which it has given rise, may be seen in the long array of publications prefixed to these pages.

We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers a short account of the collection, and of the various views regarding it which have been entertained by the learned in ancient and modern times.

It would be too much to say that the eight books of the sibylline collection were positively put forward or accepted as genuine when first published by Betuleius; but, strange as this may appear to any one acquainted with Koch's prefatory remarks, they continued to find defenders throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Socinus, Koch himself, Julius Scaliger, Casaubon, Capella, Blondel, Dodwell, and others unhesitatingly rejected the great mass of the collection as spurious; but, on the other hand, Erasmus, Schmidt, the Jesuit Père Crasset, Nehring, and even our own Whiston, contended in their favor; the main ground of this opinion being the acceptance and use of them by the fathers, by Josephus, and by the early apologists in their controversies with pagan adversaries.

Among those who regarded them as fabricated great diversity of opinion existed as to the author or authors of the fabrication. Blondel ascribed the authorship to Hermas; Dodwell partly to Hermas, partly to the apologist Papias; strangest of all, considering the language in which they are written, Semler suggests as the author Tertullian, whom he supposes to have composed them in the interest of those Montanistic doctrines of which he was the great Western representative. Some, again, look upon the imposture as a device of Jewish proselytism; some attribute it to the same Christian school from which emanated the apocryphal gospels and apostolical writings, the Book of Enoch, the Apostolic Constitutions, the Recognitions of Clement, and the other literary fabrications of the early age. But the view most common among the early critics, and the one in favor of which the greatest amount of erudition seems to have been arrayed, is that which, without fixing upon any individual author, sets the compilation down as the work of a Montanist pen, and as designed especially to propagate the chiliastic doctrines of that strange sect.

We shall see further on what are the latest views of critical scholars on these obscure questions; but it will be convenient in the first place to give some

account of the collection and of its general purport and tendency.

All scholars are now agreed in accepting the view first critically propounded and established by Vossius, that the present compilation is the work of several hands, and that its several parts were composed from entirely distinct standpoints. The form in which the collection comes down to us, being distributed into fourteen books arranged as a continuous whole, is plainly an afterthought; and there can be little question that this recast is the work of the anonymous Greek author of a preface which is found in all the manuscripts, and which accompanies the Greek text in the editions both of Friedlieb and Alexandre. The writer of this preface was plainly a Christian and a Byzantine, but he was well acquainted with the Latin language and literature; and from the seemingly earnest and living interest with which he writes—as though the subject were still fresh and popular, and as though the ancient paganism of the Roman Empire still lingered in life—he can hardly be considered as later than the sixth century. He probably wrote during the reign of Justinian, and his statement puts it beyond all doubts that the sibylline oracles in his time did not form a single poem, but consisted of many pieces “dispersed here and there and confused” (*σκοπαδὴν εὑρισκομένους καὶ συγκεχομένους*); that he simply sought to bring these separate oracles into combination and harmony (*εἰς μίαν συνάφειαν καὶ ἁρμονίαν*); and that in this he consulted “more for the convenience of the reader than for the exigencies or the congruities of the subject itself.”

Nor were the separate sibylline pieces which he thus combined merely separate lays or parts of one connected body of oracles, as, in the Wolfian theory, the lays of the Homeric poems are parts of one symmetrical epic. Each of the sibylline oracles will be felt to be a substantive whole; and all occupy the same ground, although regarding it with different interests and from essentially distinct points of view. Accordingly, the combination of them in a connected whole has entailed in some places repetitions, and in others in congruities, which would have been impossible had the oracles been originally produced in their present form, as one undivided composition.

Now in comparing the several portions of the oracles it is found that different portions not only belong to different peri-

ods, but must have emanated from different religious communities, or at least from distinct schools of thought; and all critics are agreed that, although the collection in its present form most probably contains occasional verses and larger fragments of some of the pagan sibylline oracles, nevertheless, both the present collection as a whole, and the several oracles into which it may be resolved, are direct emanations either of the Jewish or the Christian school.

Accordingly, an attempt has been made by all the recent critics to resolve into their primitive and independent forms the original sibylline poems, which the mediæval collector in treating as one whole had distributed into fourteen consecutive books; and by a tolerably unanimous consent they are agreed that, leaving out of question the ninth and tenth books, which are still missing, the collection includes eight pieces originally distinct and of different age and authorship, and that their order as they stand in the present collection is entirely different from that of the dates of their composition. It will contribute to the better understanding of the subject that we briefly indicate their distribution through the fourteen books of the existing collection. We shall follow the view of Professor Ewald, although he differs in some particulars from M. Alexandre.

The oldest of the original poems is now a fragment, consisting of the prologue of the first book and the whole of the third, from the 97th to the 828th line. The second forms the fourth book of the modern collection. The third is now a portion of the fifth book, from the 52nd line to the end. The fourth is made up of the sixth and seventh books, together with the first fifty-one lines of the fifth. The fifth forms part of the eighth book (vv. 1–360); the sixth consists of the last portion of the eighth book (vv. 361–500); the seventh of the first, second, and third; and the eighth and last of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth books of the modern pseudo-sibylline collection.

When we add that the present arrangement of these pieces is as far from the natural order as of time or of subject, it will be seen that in order to a just understanding of their meaning and import, it is absolutely necessary to consider each piece in itself as an independent composition.

Although great diversity of opinion prevails on other points, all critics are agreed in accepting the piece which we have placed first as the most ancient, the most

characteristic, and the most important of the entire. It is certainly older than Christianity, and may with great probability be assigned to the earlier half of the second century before Christ. The author appears to have been an Alexandrian Jew of that period, and the circumstances in which it had its origin are well explained by Professor Ewald.

The Greek kingdoms which had arisen out of the fragments of Alexander's empire, were still for the moment menacing the liberties and well-being of Israel, and in a special manner that free movement in the world into which the (Alexandrian) Jews of that time, partly from nobler motives, but partly also from ambition and love of conquest, were eagerly and boldly entering; but their views were embarrassed and disorganized, inasmuch as the old Jews of the Holy Land had fully recovered their liberty and now, in the happy enjoyment of peace, seemed to be gathering new strength for the accomplishment of a higher and prouder destiny. The Messianic hopes of the speedy downfall of heathendom and the grand and everlasting victory of true religion through the hands of the Jews, had been raised anew since the publication of the book of Daniel and the first book of Enoch; and our poet in the spirit of the time threw himself heartily into this revival and development of ancient hopes; and, living as he did among heathens, was thoroughly imbued with the inspiration. His aim was to present these hopes and anticipations to the Gentiles in the most vivid colors, and he was the first, so far as we can know, by whom this was attempted. He desired to present to them the picture of a people who, in the most happy peace and under the most righteous laws and the finest morals, were realizing by anticipation the glories of the Messianic reign; to teach them to honor this people, and, if not to be converted to their communion, at least to abstain from molesting or disturbing them; and he had the further design of addressing the Jews or Hellenists who dwelt amid heathens, and easily forgot the import and scope of the Messianic prophecies. (*Abhandlung*, pp. 24, 25.)

Nothing is known of the writer who conceived this bold design beyond what may be collected from scattered allusions and hints in his poem. He was plainly a cultivated man, fully conversant with Greek literature and poetry, and evidently impressed with his intellectual superiority over the ignorant and unthinking multitude of his own race (*λαός ἄβουλος*). His object seems to have been to turn to account the popularity of the sibylline prophecies, of which many varieties were in circulation, as a vehicle for the views which he desired to propagate, and for which he hoped to secure the interest and attractiveness

which the mystery and awe inseparable in the popular mind from the sibylline prophecies could hardly fail to impart. Two names were available for this purpose, as enjoying each a certain range of influence and authority—that of the Erythræan sibyl in Greece and Asia Minor, and that of the Cumæan sibyl, who was in repute in Italy, and was regarded as the daughter of Circe, and Gnostus. Our sibyl is distinct from both, and disclaims the personality of both alike; the Erythræan sibyl as shameless (*ἄναιδέα*), and the Cumæan as lying (*ψευστείραν*).<sup>\*</sup> The sibyl of our oracle represents herself as the daughter-in-law of the patriarch Noah, one of those spared with him in the deluge, and vouchsafed a knowledge of all the sublime mysteries and truths disclosed to him. The knowledge thus enjoyed is the source and the foundation of the authority which she claims for her oracle.

Τῷ τὰ πρῶτ' ἐγένοντο, τὰ δ' ἔσχατα πάντ' ἀπε-  
δείχθη,  
"Ὡστ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ στόματος τάδ' ἀληθινὰ πάντα λε-  
λέχθω.

From time's first dawn to its last fading eve,  
My mouth shall truly tell earth's fateful story.

As this, the most ancient of all the pseudo-sibylline poems, may be taken as in some sense typical, and as embodying all that is most characteristic in the later poems, a brief description of its plan will serve as a guide to the interpretation of the rest.

It may be described as presenting a summary account of the creation, and of the early history of the world anterior to the flood, together with a rapid survey, partly historical (namely, down to the days of the sibyl herself), partly prophetic of the events yet to come, and especially of the issue and consummation of all, in that Messianic period towards which all history and all the movements of peoples and races converge.

Like her prototypes in the classic legend, the sibyl of this poem is endowed with preternatural longevity. Representing in her own person the memories of the antediluvian time, she has survived on to the building of the Tower of Babel, she has lived in Babylon in the days of its glory, and she now appears a way-worn pilgrim among the growing commonwealths of Greece, to denounce and dispel the darkness which prevails, and to foreshadow the wisdom and the glory which are to come.

<sup>\*</sup> Orac. Sibyll. (Friedlieb), book iii., vv. 813, 815.

Nor can it be denied that the historical character and attitude thus assumed are at once eminently poetical, and admirably adapted as well to the subject of the sibyl's supposed revelations, as to the tone in which they were to be delivered. The language was Greek; the metrical form was that which the old Greek tradition had consecrated to religious use; the entire external garb and fashion was Greek. But the spirit, however masked and withdrawn from view, was essentially that of the Hebrew seer. The truths which, while withheld as to terms, were yet intelligibly shadowed forth in those forms long familiar to the Gentile mind in their inner meaning were instinct with that spirit which had thundered from Sinai, which had breathed in the sublime revelations of Isaias, and had carried terror in the fiery denunciations of Habacuc or Zacharias.

The advantages derivable from this combination of character in the supposed sibyl of the earliest of the oracles are well drawn out by Ewald.

This sibyl is thus able to discourse at once of divine and eternal things, and of things human and transitory; she can speak of events and histories in the remotest past, and of occurrences which were but of yesterday; of the newest problems of the passing present, and of the darkest enigmas of the distant future. If she discourse of things which relatively to the poet at the moment of his writing are still future, it is plain that her admonitions or denunciations must take the form of prophecy. If she speak of events which have occurred since the flood and the building of Babel, she is at liberty to speak of these events of remote antiquity as future, and to clothe the occurrences of her own time in the language of prophecy; but, inversely, she frequently also falls into the tone of narrative, and speaks as though from the midst of the poet's own present, because, in some sense, she still equivalently survives in him. These things, taken rigorously, are not to be regarded as contradictions, and it would be wrong to be severe on the poet for such appearances of anachronism. For example, in one place\* she recounts the eight empires of the world as a historian; in another† she speaks of fifteen hundred years having elapsed since the foundation of the Hellenic kingdom. But as the sibyl really delivers in the form of prophecy many events which were actually past, it is hard to distinguish such utterances from what she delivers as purely prophetic relatively to the time of the poet; and in reality the commentators have often failed to distinguish the two things accurately. But the same difficulty

arises in all books of the kind, and no doubt or obscurity would present itself in such cases to an attentive and intelligent auditor at the time, or to a careful reader at the present day. (*Abhandlung*, pp. 27, 28.)

It is noticeable too, that, while the spirit of the composition throughout is essentially that of a devoted and enthusiastic Hebrew, much care is taken to maintain, even in its minuter forms, the traditional character of the sibyl which the writer has assumed. We find interspersed with the monotheist, and even with the Messianic portions of the poem, phrases and allusions unmistakably Greek; allusions hardly intelligible except to a Greek reader; proverbs and proverbial sayings, as the well-known

Μὴ κίνει Καμάρινα, ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμείνων\*—

even puns and plays upon words and names which were of every-day use in Greece, but the point of which would be utterly lost upon an Oriental, such as

Ἔσται καὶ Σάμος ἄμμος, ἐσείται Δῆλος ἀδῆλος.†

There was one characteristic, too, of the ancient and genuine sibylline oracles which was especially suited to the purpose of the writer of the supposititious poem, and which made that form of composition a peculiarly appropriate vehicle for the views which it was intended to place before the Gentile world through its instrumentality. The gloomy forebodings, the angry denunciations, the foreshadowings of terror and of woe, which formed the staple of the genuine sibylline oracles of the pagan world, gave probability and easy acceptance to the pictures of evil and of desolation, moral and physical, with which the pages of the pretended sibyllist are filled, while they prepared the way for the promise of returning hope and happiness which was to herald the advent of that great deliverer, to whom the Gentiles, in the very depths of their abandonment, were to be taught to look forward. It is impossible not to be struck by the ingenuity and power with which the two characters are brought into harmony. The sibyl appears impelled, as though by some superhuman influence, to proclaim the desolation which threatens to overwhelm the whole world, and especially Greece and all the Hellenic countries and races. At times she seems to be exhausted by the strain of protracted excitement, and wearied out by the long and gloomy recital of the past. She shrinks,

\* Book iii., 156-161.

† Ibid., vv. 551-553.

\* Book iii., v. 737.

† Ibid., v. 353.

as though in agony, from the horrors of the impending future. Overcome with melancholy at the picture unveiled before her eyes, she would fain be silent, but the divine impulse cannot be resisted, and in pain and bitterness she completes her appointed task.\* The poem is thus an alternation of excitement and depression; instead of one sustained recital, it is a series of renewed outpourings of the preternatural afflatus, each new revelation apparently succeeding an interval of silence and collapse.

There is one particular in which, perhaps, this poem must be admitted to be unsatisfactory as a type of other pseudo-sibylline oracles, inasmuch as in its present form it is plainly imperfect. But we shall see that the missing portions may be in a great degree supplied, partly from extant fragments which originally belonged to it, and partly from unmistakable analogies with other sibylline poems which exist in a condition of greater completeness.

When the author of the anonymous preface undertook to collect all the oracles which were in circulation into a connected whole, he took many liberties with the separate poems, in the way of suppression, alteration, introduction of connecting and explanatory paragraphs, or verses, and other similar modifications, dividing the entire into fourteen books. The result, as may be easily imagined, is a very incongruous whole, abounding with repetitions, inversions, contradictions, anachronisms, and other violations of structural unity and harmony.

The interesting piece which we are describing, although it is unquestionably the most ancient portion of the collection, is not placed at the head of the series, and does not even form a distinct book or set of books, but is found as an undistinguished portion of the third book commencing only at the 97th line. Its present opening is abrupt and unnatural, nor can it be connected with the lines which immediately precede it. On the contrary, the first verse alludes to some "threats of the Mighty God," which are no longer found in the original, but which must be supposed to have preceded, and which appear to be connected with the baffled attempt of the builders of the Tower of Babel—a topic which is found in almost every one of the seven independent poems.

It is plain, therefore, that a portion is missing from the commencement of the

poem. Now the other pieces follow for the most part a common type, commencing with an address exhorting men to acknowledge and worship the true God, denouncing the idolatrous worship which prevailed, and calling upon the world to renounce its follies and abominations; and in most of the poems this is followed by a summary history of the creation of the world by this omnipotent being, or the early generations of mankind, of the wickedness and corruptions which overspread the world, and of the dreadful judgment with which this wickedness was visited in the deluge which overwhelmed the human race with the exception of a single family. It is natural to presume that the most ancient of the poems must have followed the common type; and it so happens that two sibylline fragments still extant which can be identified with almost perfect certainty as having originally formed part of this very poem follow that type exactly. Prefixed to the first book of the present collection are two fragments, one of thirty-eight, the other of forty-nine verses, which have been preserved by Theophilus of Antioch, in his Book to Autolycus, under the name of "The Sibyl." Besides these two large fragments, Theophilus quotes two other short sibylline extracts, one of which actually occurs in the poem as at present preserved. Now, it is plain that, since Theophilus cites throughout but one "sibyl," he must have taken all the extracts from the same piece, which can be no other than ours. Lactantius, too, expressly ascribes the proœmium to the Erythræan sibyl, to whom the body of our poem undoubtedly assumes to belong; and if it were allowable to argue from the similarity of style and sentiment in two compositions, both of which are confessedly imitations of a common model—the ancient oracles of the pagan sibyl—there could be little hesitation about inferring from a comparison of the language and structure the identity of the authorship of the proœmium with that of the main poem.

There can be little doubt, therefore, that the sibylline poem of the third book originally opened with the address to the Gentiles on the worship of the true God which Theophilus has preserved. It is equally plain, however, that, even after this addition, a portion of the original is still wanting. We have seen that the first lines of the piece in the third book allude to some previous "threatenings of the Mighty God." Now, there is nothing in Theophilus's fragments which could be described

\* See iii. 295-297, also vv. 489-491.

under the name of "threatenings;" and the obvious conclusion is that the poem must have originally contained a passage similar to that which is found in others of the sibylline poems of the collection, in which, after a recital of the early history of mankind and a picture of the wickedness which had overspread the earth and of its destruction by the general deluge, the vengeance of God is denounced upon the offending generation, and that sentence of doom is pronounced which it was to be the privilege of the promised deliverer to cancel.

Arguing, therefore, from the analogy of the other more complete sibylline poems of the series, it would appear that the author of the present piece had begun with a summary history of the creation and of the human race, similar to that which most of these poems contain, and that the portion of his poem which is embodied in the third book of the modern collection takes up that history just at the era of the building of the Tower of Babel. The sibylline narrative of that event is in the main that of the Bible history; but a curious additional circumstance is introduced. The Deity is described as employing the winds as the instrument, not alone of the destruction of the tower, but of the contention and strife which led to the dispersion of the human race:—

Αὐτίκα δ' Ἀθάνατος μεγάλην ἐπέθηκεν ἀνάγκην  
Πνεύμασιν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' ἄνεμοι μέγαν ὑπόθ' πύργον  
ῥύσαν καὶ θνητοῖσιν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι ἔριν ὤρσαν.

Then straightway at the Immortal's stern behest

The vassal winds dashed down the lofty tower,  
And stirred contention in the breasts of men.

Unlike some of the other poems, too, the date of the destruction of Babel is here assigned to the tenth, and not to the sixth generation of man; and taking up the history at this point, the author proceeds to detail the growth of the kingdoms consequent upon the dispersion of mankind, as far as the return of the Jews from the captivity.

Speaking roughly, it may be said to be divisible into three parts. In the first the sibyl, keeping within the sphere of history, can hardly be said to depart from the character of a narrator of the annals of the long ages of her own preternaturally protracted life, which stretches back into the antediluvian world, and reaches down to some unnamed period, only to be defined by inferences of synchronism, and by a comparison of the range of events in-

cluded in the narrative. In the second and third she directly assumes the prophetic character. The pictures which she here presents have the form of mystic visions of the present, of scenes of awe and wonder passing under her eyes, or of forecastings of the future which force themselves upon her awe-struck and almost reluctant imagination.

There is this difference between these two divisions of the oracle, that in the second the prophetic picture is almost entirely a showing forth of the evils into which the human race is destined to fall, and of the multiplied woes which await them in retribution; while it is only the third that holds out the promise of the reparation of these woes, of the coming of the great deliverer, and of the restoration of the kingdom of justice and holiness upon earth.

Space will not permit more than a mere allusion to the purport of the several parts of this curious piece. In the first (b. iii., v. 97–294), after the dispersion of the baffled builders of Babel, we are prepared by an introduction, which is a curious blending of the classic myth of the Titans with the first glimmerings of actual history, for a survey of the growth of the great primitive kingdoms of the world, Egyptian, Persian, Median, Assyrian, Macedonian, and Roman; all, however, being manifestly subordinated in interest to the Jewish, the history of which is given in great detail from the sojourn in Egypt and the Exodus under Moses to the return from the Babylonian captivity and the rebuilding of the temple. In the latter part the writer gives free scope to his national partialities, and dilates without reserve on the praises of the Jewish race; and both Ewald and M. Delaunay observe upon the similarity of tone and upon other remarkable coincidences in detail between our sibylline poem and the curious apocryphal Book of Enoch, as furnishing some ground to surmise their community of authorship, or at least their emanation from the same common school of thought.

It is noticeable, nevertheless, that, through all this betrayal of Jewish proclivities, the writer is careful not to forget his assumed character of a heathen sibyl. Even while dilating on the glories of the restored temple, and on the divine interposition—the "heaven-sent king" through whom it is accomplished—he maintains, if not in sentiment at least in language, the *rôle* which he has undertaken; and while the Deity is habitually



called by the name of the "Mighty God," the "Immortal God," and by other appellations equally expressive of that monotheistic dogma which it is the writer's own purpose to insinuate into the Gentile mind, we not only meet with words and phrases faintly redolent of the old ideas; with conventional pagan formulas and allusions to the legendary and mythical personages of the pagan Olympus; but in the very page in which the One God is freely proclaimed, and in which his providential action in history is openly acknowledged, we find language which would not be out of place in the sacred books of heathendom—in Homer's "Hymns" or Hesiod's "Theogonia," and the One God of the higher flights of the poem sinks down into the commonplace of the pagan mythology, the familiar

*Ἀθάνατον γενετήρα θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων.*

The second part of the sibylline poem (b. iii., 295–399) is still more characteristic, and assumes much more distinctly the prophetic form. At the close of the first part a pause, as though of exhaustion, intervenes, and the sibyl entreats "the Mighty Father" to cease for a time the impulse under which she had been forced to prophesy. But her prayer is refused, and once again God "commands her to prophesy to the whole earth, and to reveal to kings the things that are to come." The subject of this branch of her prophecy is the succession of woes which, through the judgment of the Immortal, are to fall upon the nations in punishment of the profanation of his temple; beginning with

*Αἱ αἶ σοι Βαβυλῶν, ἥδ' Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνδρῶν,*

and running through the whole circle of the ancient states and kingdoms. Many portions of this strange rhapsody are poetical and dramatic in the highest degree, and the historical allusions are often striking and effective. The Trojan war of course is not overlooked, but it is principally noticeable on account of a most curious charge against the author of the Iliad of fraud and plagiarism from the sibyl's own verses. After an outburst of pity for the woes to be brought upon Ilium by Helen (who is described as "a beautiful Fury sprung from Sparta, an undying theme of song, but a fruitful germ of evil to Asia and to Europe"), the sibyl proceeds to say that the story of the fortunes of Ilium will be told in after time by a certain blind old man, she denounces him with stern, it may almost be said with fierce vituperation, as a "lying writer"

(*ψευδογράφης*), a pretender to a false nationality (*ψευδόπατρις*), deceiving blind and empty-headed mortals with all manner of lies; dressing up in untrue colors (*οὐ μὲν ἀληθῶς*) the exploits of Hector, Achilles, and the other heroes; introducing the gods as taking part in the contest; and above all, as appropriating her verses, and making fraudulent use of her books.

The direct purpose of this curious passage is, of course, to secure for the factitious oracle the credit of a prediction fulfilled. But there is a deeper object. Scholars who are familiar with the Homeric controversies will remember that there actually was an old charge against the author of the Iliad of having plagiarized his narrative of the siege of Troy from the verses of the sibyl. This charge is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, Solinus, and others; and the pretended sibyl here turns it to account as a note of the authenticity of her oracle, by, as it were, anticipating the fraudulent appropriation of her verses by the author of the Homeric poem. Nor can it be doubted that in very many passages the pseudo-sibyl has fully caught the Homeric strain, and that we recognize not only in the single verses, but often in the structure and spirit of the description or narrative, a spirited echo of the immortal classic. It is true that occasionally the imitation is unpleasantly servile, and, like that of the later Alexandrian imitators of Homer,

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null;

but taken as a whole the poem undoubtedly possesses high merit. It is far superior to any of the other oracles in the collection, and we can hardly hesitate to agree even with the high estimate which Ewald has formed of it, in pronouncing it "one of the noblest and most striking poems of the latter half of the second century before Christ, and, indeed, one of the finest remaining of that entire period."

On the other hand, the writer has, in many places, been almost equally successful in imitating the tone of biblical prophecies, and especially in their denunciatory passages. Many of the minatory addresses, particularly in the second part of the poem, will remind the reader of the woes denounced by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Hosea; and it is by no means impossible that this pointed imitation of scriptural tone and diction may have formed part of that studied system of literary artifice which is traceable in so many other details of this extraordinary work. An impression appears to have prevailed in the pagan



world regarding the sacred writers of the Bible, similar to that which we have already seen to have existed about Homer; namely, that they had plagiarized portions of their prophecies from the oracles of the sibyl. What the origin of this strange accusation may have been it is difficult to say. It seems to be alluded to by St. Gregory Nazianzen, in his poem to Nemesis where he retorts the charge upon his pagan adversary; and perhaps it is not too much to believe that the assumption of this scriptural tone was a part of the disguise which the sibylline forger sought to make his work pass as a genuine emanation of the prophetic spirit which was already popularly known under these characteristics.

Whatever may be thought of this conjecture, it is impossible not to be struck by the skill and effectiveness with which the character of the inspired prophets is maintained through the long succession of supposed revelations of the future which forms the staple of this portion of the poem. The individuality of the prophet is almost entirely sunk. All personal, or at least all voluntary action ceases. The seer is the passive instrument of the Deity; his words are but enforced outpourings of the divine afflatus. He does but deliver that which is placed on his often unwilling lips; he depicts in fervid language the scenes and events which are called up before his eyes, and from which he seems to recoil in horror and dismay. More than once he sinks exhausted by grief and excitement, and prays to be released from further contemplating the manifold woes which rise before him. But the inexorable impulse still urges him onward. He cannot choose but speak what he is ordered. He cannot close his mind even against scenes which fill his heart with grief and indignation. Indeed many of these pictures in the second part of the poem exhibit poetic power of an unusual order; and the whole piece in many respects may well take a place, according to its kind, among works of high art, whether ancient or modern.

We have spoken of this piece as confessedly the most ancient in the series of sibyl-books. The familiar allusions to Egypt and its religion and usages which pervade it, and the writer's evident Egyptian sympathies and predilections, plainly point him out as an Egyptian, and probably an Alexandrian. As regards the date, the reign of the seventh (and of no later) king of Greek race in Egypt being repeatedly referred to, we may broadly assume this period as the range of the pre-

tended prophet's vision—that is, of his knowledge of contemporary history; and although a doubt (dependent on whether Alexander the Great be or be not enumerated in the succession) arises as to whether this seventh king of Greek race is, as M. Alexandre thinks, Ptolemy Philometor (B.C. 184–146), or Ptolemy Euergetes II. surnamed Physcon (B.C. 146–117), as is held by Ewald, we can hardly hesitate to agree with the former. It seems plain that the author intended to include “the Macedonians” in the enumeration. M. Alexandre's opinion is confirmed by a very striking allusion to a “great king from Asia”—evidently no other than Antiochus Epiphanes, whose Egyptian expedition occurred in B.C. 171–168, upwards of twenty years before the accession of Ptolemy Physcon; and there is another circumstance which appears even more decisive. The great object of the author of this pretended sibyl-book was to find a vehicle for the diffusion in the Gentile world of the Messianic hopes and promises which prevailed among his own people. Now it is known that these hopes were raised to an extravagant pitch of enthusiasm on the defeat of the designs of Antiochus, B.C. 168, and it is hardly possible to doubt that in the predictions of returning peace, of the abolition of immoral and idolatrous worship, the resurrection of the sacred race of pious men, the reopening of the temple, the renewal of the sacrifices, and, finally, the advent of the Mighty King—

Καὶ τότε ἅπ' ἡελίοιο θεός πέμψει βασιλῆα  
Ὅς πᾶσαν γαῖαν παύσει πολέλοιο λαοῖο—

Then from the East the Lord shall send a king  
To hush the voice of war throughout the world—

which form the staple of this portion of the third book, we have an outburst of these hopes in their first newness during the temporary triumph of the Jewish nationality in the successful rising under Judas Maccabæus. This would of course identify “the seventh king” with Ptolemy Philometor, and, indeed, it seems quite impossible that a pretending prophet, writing at any period subsequent to this event, or at least to the death of Simon (B.C. 156), could have given utterance in the form of a prediction to the high hopes which are embodied in these verses.

M. Alexandre regards one portion of this poem (b. v., vv. 290–488) as long posterior to the rest of the poem, and to belong to the age of the Antonines; but we prefer to accept the view of Ewald, who

regards the whole work as one continuous piece, reviewing in a sort of loose succession, but yet with the wild and fitful irregularity which becomes visions of a seer, the fortunes of the great kingdoms of the world — Egypt, Persia, India, Assyria, Macedonia, the Greco-Egyptian empire, and finally that of Rome. Starting as if from the sibyl's own time, the piece begins in the form of a retrospect of the history of the world from the deluge; but from the 162nd verse the tone becomes directly prophetic —

A voice divine springs in the sibyl's breast.

She is "commanded to prophesy throughout the entire world, and to foretell to kings and peoples the destinies of the empires which are to come." The poem is thus a curious mixture of prophecy and history, and it is often difficult to realize from which standpoint any particular incident is contemplated in the narrative. We are carried in strangely capricious disorder from the glories of the "house of Solomon" and the conquests of the mighty people of Macedonia to the career of another kingdom (the Roman) from the western sea, "many-headed and wearing white garments," which shall "rule over many lands, overthrow many peoples, and strike terror into all the kings of the earth;" but which shall also be dishonored by avarice and rapacity, and polluted with innumerable crimes. Thence we are again led back to the hopeful prospect of the restoration of God's people, who will guide men once more to the right way —

Πάντεσσι βροτοῖσι βίου καθοδηγοὶ ἔσονται.

The picture (vv. 215–247) of the holiness and peace which are to characterize the triumph of this people of God is exceedingly beautiful. But this in turn gives place to the wars that are to come in the Babylonian captivity, and which are only to be averted by another divine interposition. "God will again send a king from heaven, who will judge man in blood and the flame of fire."

It is in describing the terrors of this judgment that the sibyl pours out that catalogue of woes upon Babylon, upon Egypt, upon Libya, upon the cities of Asia, and upon Greece and Rome, to which we have already alluded, as having a striking resemblance to the denunciations with which many of the prophecies of the Old Testament abound. It seems plain, however, that the main purpose of the poem, and especially all the doctrinal or histori-

cal significance which belongs to it, is centred in the great national movement which stirred the Jewish race throughout the world at this period, and in the new hopes by which this movement had been called into activity. The Gentile world had filled up the measure of evil. God's people had been crushed down to the lowest depth of humiliation and suffering. Idolatry had overrun the extreme limit of divine patience and long-suffering. The appointed time was at hand. The great deliverer was about to arise; and the warning voice of the sibyl is lifted up by God's command to call on the nations to anticipate the wrath that is to come, by abandoning their false gods and returning to the worship of the one true God. To the Greeks a special appeal is addressed, and to them, if insensible to this appeal, special woes are denounced. The Jewish people is to be the great instrument, and Judea the main theatre of the restoration. Kings and rulers will combine, but God will smite and scatter them. Terrific signs and wonders will accompany the manifestations of his power. Globes of fire will fall from heaven. Earth and ocean will be shaken to their centre; all nature, animate and inanimate, will tremble before God's almighty power —

Φρίξει ὑπ' ἀθανάτοιο προσώπου καὶ φόβος ἔσται.

But in the midst of this universal confusion and dismay God's chosen people will dwell in peace in the shadow of his temple secure in the shelter of his almighty hand.

Αὐτὰρ γὰρ σκεπάσειε μόνος, μέγας τε παρὰ τὰς, Κύκλον, ὥσπερ τείχος ἔχων πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.

He shall protect them with o'ershadowing hand

And with a circling wall of flaming fire.

And then follows a picture of the peace and blessedness in which God's people shall dwell, which is plainly the counterpart of the golden age of classic mythology. The sibyl's vision of the condition of God's children under the happy rule of the deliverer, is a skilful combination of the spiritual prophecies of Isaiah and the more mundane fancies of Ovid's "Golden Age" and Virgil's well-known Fourth Eclogue; and it is a curious confirmation of the belief that both poets drew upon the sibylline oracles of their day for the materials of their sketch.

To this glowing picture is subjoined a final appeal (vv. 808–28) to the "unhappy Greece" to "put aside her pride and turn in prayer to the Immortal God;" with a

promise that thus she too shall be partaker of all these glories; and the piece concludes with that strange piece of personal revelation on the sibyl's part to which allusion has already been made. The Greeks call her the Erythræan, and brand her as a shameless impostor; others think her the daughter of Circe and Gnostus, and hold her to be a maniac and a false prophetess; but she is in reality the daughter-in-law of Noah, delivered in common with him from the waters of the deluge, and commissioned by God to reveal both the past and the future. For the truth of her claims she is content to be tested by the event of her predictions.

Such is an outline of the character and contents of this ancient piece, and from it may be formed some notion of the general structure of the remaining poems. The second is later in point of time by more than two centuries, and is very different in spirit and in tone. It seems to have been composed about the year A.D. 80, while the burning of the temple\* and the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii† were still recent. They are dwelt upon by the author as evidences of the anger of God against the oppressors of the righteous. As to the religious belief of the author some conflict of opinion exists. Ewald gives reasons to show that if a Jew at all, he did not at least belong to any strict Jewish sect; but at the same time he finds no grounds for M. Alexandre's opinion that he was a Christian. It seems likely that he belonged to the sect of Essenians, which in the end of the first century had many ramifications in Syria and Asia Minor, with which countries this writer appears to have had a close connexion. The general plan of the piece is the same as that of the older poem; the historical survey begins here also from the destruction of the Tower of Babel; but the events are touched in the merest outline, and the long catalogue of denunciations of the evils which overrun all the nations of the earth and the glowing picture of the deliverance which is to succeed them, which forms a prominent characteristic of the former poems, is here reduced to the compass of a few paragraphs.

The third of the poems seems to belong to the same period as the last piece, but emanates from an entirely different school. The author was evidently a native of Egypt, and composed his poem from the

assumed and novel character of an Egyptian sibyl, the friend or sister of Isis. This is the poem which is cited by St. Clement of Alexandria under the name of "The Sibyl."

All these pieces are of Jewish, or at least of non-Christian, origin, and were composed with a view to the propagation of the monotheistic and Messianic ideas among the Gentiles, and to the preparation of the world of heathendom for the great deliverance which had long been fondly looked forward to by the Jews, as well of Judea as of the dispersion. The fourth poem, although tinged with Jewish opinions and predilections, is certainly written from a Christian point of view. According to Ewald's view (pp. 66, 67), the seventh and eighth books and the first fifty-one verses of the fifth originally formed one piece; and this piece, as he now rearranges it, opens with a hymn (b. vi. 1-28) in praise of Christ, and a prophetic summary of his life, miracles, and passion, so undisguisedly Christian that it is believed by some not to belong properly to the sibylline collection at all. Ewald, nevertheless, unhesitatingly connects it with the seventh book, which is also Christian although of a much less pronounced tone, and with evident indications of that Judaizing spirit which pervaded the Ebionite and Nazarene sects of the later apostolic times, and which held its ground in the Syrian churches down to the third century. Assuming that the first fifty-one verses of the fifth book form a part of this piece, it is plain from intrinsic evidence that it must have been composed in the end of Adrian's reign, A.D. 138.

The next in order forms the first part of the eighth book, vv. 1-36. It belongs in all seeming to the time of Septimius Severus (A.D. 211), who, it can hardly be doubted, is the ἀναξ πολίκρανος referred to in v. 53. It is in this poem that the well-known acrostic on the name Ἰησοῦς Χριστός Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ occurs, cited by St. Augustine in Latin verse in the eighteenth book "*De Civitate Dei*."

The remaining portion of the eighth book (vv. 361-500) comes next in order; but this is regarded by Ewald as an independent and directly Christian composition, neither in structure nor in design forming part of the pseudo-sibylline poems with which it is now mixed up. We can hardly reconcile ourselves to this view. There is no doubt that the teaching of this fragment is far more directly Christian than that of its companion poems; but its

\* Book iv., v. 125.

† Ibid., vv. 130, 131.

assumption of Christian views, if somewhat bolder, is scarcely more irreconcilable with the pretended sibylline character than that of some of the other poems, and perhaps is even less out of keeping with it than that of the acrostics of the first portion of this book, or the address to the cross with which the sixth book (vv. 26-8) terminates, both of which undoubtedly belong to the sibylline school.

But there can be no such question as to the seventh oracle, which now forms the first, second, and third books of the collection, and which, though full of Christian teaching, makes the most undisguised profession of sibylline origin. It may be assigned with much probability to the first years of the third century, having been composed after the great age of persecution was past, but yet before the establishment of Christianity under Constantine. But, notwithstanding this modern date and the complete alteration of circumstances, it bears in general form and treatment a close analogy to the oldest of these poems described above. The sibyl here again, as in the first and the fourth oracles, is the daughter-in-law of Noah; and, like the prophetess of the fourth poem, she has been a shameless and inveterate sinner, but, like her, she throws herself on the mercy of the great deliverer.

The last of these strange compositions is comprised in the four last books (xi.-xiv.) of the present collection. The date of this piece is a subject of great uncertainty. Most critics assign it to the end of the third century; but Ewald contends that it is much later, and fixes the scene of the fourteenth book in the ill-starred reign of the emperor Constans II. (641-668), memorable for the progress of the Arab conquests in the Eastern Empire.

If we accept this view, we shall have the strange problem of a series of literary fictions extending over a period of above eight hundred years, which for a time at least were endorsed as authentic by many of the highest names in ecclesiastical literature. They emanate from different nationalities and different schools of thought. We find Jews putting on the guise of the heathen sibyl in order to propagate among the heathen under that accredited name the fundamental doctrine of the unity of God, and the hopes of its universal diffusion and triumph by the hands of the great deliverer promised through the Jewish people to all the nations of the earth. On the other hand, we have Christians, under the same assumed garb, insinuating, to

Jews and Gentiles alike, the fulfilment, in the person of Christ, of the promised hopes of both. Sectaries of both religions are found employing the same medium as a vehicle of their own special opinions. Nor was the device confined to the period of the conflict of Christianity with paganism. Two at least of the pseudo-sibylline pieces are posterior in date to the triumph of Christianity, or at all events to the peace of the Church; and long after the complete cessation of the pagan worship we find the device employed against a new antagonist. The last of the sibylline oracles seems to have been written not from the old standpoint of Christianity in relation to the Greek and Roman religions, but in view of the new creed of Islam and the fiery fanaticism with which it was propagated among the races of the East.

The religious opinions, however, of the several authors are open to much controversy. Ewald and Alexandre are at issue in more than one instance as to the particular religious views of the writer of the same piece; and M. Delaunay has published a large and interesting volume to show that particular portions of the sibylline collection, which both Ewald and Alexandre regard as certainly Christian, are not the work of a Christian author at all, but emanated from the Jewish sect of the Essenians. But the discussion involves too many details to be examined in these pages; and we must content ourselves with some observations on the doctrinal and literary peculiarities of the sibylline poems generally, and on the position which they hold in relation to the Greek literature, whether classic or Hellenistic, of the period to which they belong.

The historical portion of the poems cannot be said to have much interest for the general reader, although it supplies occasion for more than one animated controversy to the commentators. But the doctrinal bearing of the pseudo-sibylline poems furnishes abundant matter for curious speculation, and involves many varieties of creed according to the age of the several pieces and the school from which they emanated; the object of all alike being to insinuate, under the guise of sibylline revelations, the peculiar teachings of their respective schools. Thus the earlier pieces aim no farther than the reform of the idolatrous and polytheistic doctrines of the Gentile world, the restoration of the belief in one Supreme God, and the coming of the divine deliverer; while later

pieces put forward, with more or less unreserve, the distinctively Jewish or Christian doctrines, some of them entering into the fullest and most circumstantial detail of the Christian system.

In the earlier discussions on the sibylline poems the collection was regarded as a whole. One of David Blondel's controversial treatises has for its avowed theme to trace the Roman doctrine of purgatory and prayer for the dead to the sibylline poems, and in this the entire series is treated as of the same age and origin. The same opinion prevailed almost to the end of that century; the first writer who appears to have seriously considered the question of age and authorship having been Isaac Vossius, in his treatise "*De Sibyllinis aliisque Oraculis*;" nor was it till the present century that the subject was fully investigated.

It would not be difficult to construct out of the collection as a whole a tolerably complete scheme of Christian doctrine. The Messianic views, both of Jews and of Christians, are distinctly represented, including the millenarian aspect of the second coming of Christ; and although it does not appear under those grosser and more mundane forms by which some of the Oriental millenarian systems were sensualized, nevertheless it is impossible to doubt that it explicitly propounds the idea of a kingdom of the just upon earth anterior to the final resurrection and general judgment. A curious intermixture is observable, too, of Jewish and Christian notions, in which dreams of the advent of Elias and the return of the ten tribes alternate with prophetic visions of the reign of Antichrist and his downfall, and in which the Antichrist of St. Paul and of the Apocalypse is merged in an anti-Messiah, such as is indicated in the apocryphal Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Fourth Book of Esdras, and other apocryphal remains of Jewish origin. The same diversity exists as to the notion of the last judgment. In some places we meet a reign of the Messiah on earth, in which the impious and unbelieving Gentiles shall be overthrown and condemned in judgment, while the supremacy of the Jewish race shall be re-established; in others a preliminary, but yet a general judgment, in which, preparatory to the final advent of the supreme judge, the just shall be separated from sinners; while in others, again, we find the strictly orthodox view, almost literally reproducing the picture of St. Matthew's Gospel. Among these we may specially adduce the celebrated

acrostic of the eighth book (vv. 217-250). Whether the probationary fire by means of which this separation of the just from sinners is effected, involves the distinctive doctrine of purgatory, cannot be a matter of much interest in a polemical view; since the same authority might be quoted with equal confidence for the Origenist belief of a universal restoration (v. 335) of all men, even the unjust and the devils themselves.

The same piece contains (vv. 331-334) a very explicit testimony to the belief in the intercession of the saints. And in a very curious passage of the same book, sinners are represented as in vain offering their supplications to God, who refuses to hear them —

Καὶ τότε' ἀποστρέψει φανερώς τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπ' αὐτῶν :

until he is moved to mercy at the intercession of the pure Virgin; and a period of seven generations, wherein to atone by penance is accorded to sinners, at the prayer of the Blessed Virgin —

Ἐπὶ τὰ γὰρ αἰώνων μετάνοίας ἡματ' ἔδωκεν  
Ἀνδράσι πλαζομένοις διὰ χειρὸς Παρθένου ἀγνῆς —

Seven terms of grace and shrift to erring souls  
Through the pure Virgin's spotless hands are given.

The same curious passage is reproduced in the very same words in the eighth book; but M. Alexandre (p. 541), although strictly Roman Catholic in his views, is inclined to regard both passages as an interpolation of later date, not improbably of the time of the anonymous author of the preface, by whom the collection was first reduced to its present form. The angels appear as beings intermediate between heaven and earth, with functions in directing the guardianship of men, and presiding over the operations of natural causes, fire, water, air (vii. 33), etc.; nor is there trace of the strange tales which are found in some of the early apocrypha of the loves of angels for the daughters of men,

When like a bird from its high nest,  
Won down by fascinating eyes,  
For woman's smile they lost the skies.

In the matter of Christian worship and observance, the sacrament of baptism is repeatedly referred to; and an allusion which occurs in the eighth book (v. 403) to the καθάρων ἀνάμακτόν τε τράπεζαν, might, at first sight, appear to be to the eucharistic "table;" but it is held by M. Alexandre to apply, not to the Eucharist, but to the duty of Christian hospitality to the poorer

brethren. A similar allusion to the *ζῶσαν θυσίαν*, which almost irresistibly suggests the "living sacrifice" of the Eucharist, is in the same way referred by him to the sacrifice of fraternal love, and the self-sacrificing offices of charity which it inspires. But in this view we can hardly agree, since in the same context we read of the well-known celebration of the agape, the almsgiving which accompanied it, and the psalms and canticles which preceded or followed the agape; with all which the eucharistic celebration was naturally associated.

Repeated allusions occur to the practice of venerating the cross, and to its saving influences. We shall see a very interesting example of it in the celebrated acrostic on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which we shall presently refer; but a still more direct evidence of the usage is the remarkable address to the cross, with which the sixth book concludes, commencing, —

Ὡ ξύλον ὃ μακαριστὸν, ἐφ' ᾧ Θεὸς ἐξετανόσθη,

O blessed wood on which the Saviour hung!

The most perplexing aspect of this systematic use by Jewish and Christian propagandists of the mask of the pagan sibyl, in order to insinuate their several teachings under the disguise of her personality, is of course the moral one. In some of the pieces — as, for example, that which forms the latter part of the eighth book of the present collection — the Christian teaching is so open and unreserved that all notion of disguise appears to be abandoned, to such a degree, indeed, that Ewald (pp. 79–83) hesitates to regard this piece as in any sense a portion of the sibylline collection; but in others, both Jewish and Christian, there is a manifest effort at concealment; and in these it would be difficult to describe the assumption of the sibyl's character as a purely literary artifice, or, indeed, as other than a pious fraud. M. Alexandre (pp. 361–7) strives hard to vindicate the writers from the stigma of moral culpability; but his defence amounts to nothing more than the allegation, which is but too well sustained, that in assuming a fictitious character they but followed the literary fashion of Jews as well as Christians throughout the whole period over which the poems range. From the return of the Jews after the Babylonish captivity, and the commencement of their literary intercourse with the outer world, the system may be traced in more or less activity. To the same school from which emanated the earliest of these sibyl-poems (b. iii.)

may be referred a whole host of apocryphal Jewish books; the *Pœnitentia Adami*, the *Prædicatio Noemi*, the *Testamentum Trium Patriarcharum*, the *Precatio Josephi*, of which the titles alone have been preserved. More distinctly allied in spirit to the early sibyl-poem, is the so-called *Assumptio Mosis*, a considerable fragment of which was recovered some time since from a MS. in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. This, like our sibyl-poem, was designed to prepare the way for the Messianic restoration of the Jewish race, the hopes of which for a time agitated the enthusiasts as well of Judea as of the dispersion. Others of these pseudonymous books had a more distinctly religious purpose, as the Books of Enoch, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Anabaticon of Isaiah, the Fourth Book of Esdras. It is the same for the Apocrypha of the New Testament — the Apocryphal Gospels, Epistles, Acts, and Apocalypses — the various books ascribed to Peter and to Paul, the Clementine Recognitions, and the other forgeries of the post-apostolic age. Now, upon the one hand, the prevalence of this class of literature would have had a tendency to create a literary atmosphere of its own, in which the moral susceptibilities as to the responsibilities of authorship might be much blunted or obliterated; or, on the other hand, we can imagine a state of things in which this assumption of an imaginary character might become a mere literary fashion openly accepted or tacitly understood. M. Alexandre would fain persuade us that this latter was the case as to this pseudonymous Jewish and Christian literature of the generations immediately preceding and following the birth of Christ; and that the writers of the sibylline poems, whether Jewish or Christian, assumed the rôle of the pagan sibyl without any direct intention of fraud, and simply as a convenient medium for embodying their own views, and still more for circulating them among the Gentile population. We confess our inability to discover, whether in the circumstances of the case or in the intrinsic nature of the poems, any support for this theory; and even if we could reconcile ourselves to a belief in itself so improbable, we are met on the other side by a difficulty hardly less formidable — the general acceptance of the oracles as genuine both by Gentiles and by believers. Whatever may have been the intention of the original composers of the various *Χρησμοὶ Σιβυλλίακοι*, it must be felt that the deception as to authorship met



with a wide, if not a universal success, when we find the highest names in Christian literature pledging themselves for the genuineness of the oracles by freely appealing to their authority even in the most solemn and momentous of their controversies. For our own part, we see no way of evading the first branch of the alternative, and concluding that whatever of deception the writers recognized as involved in the assumption of this and similar literary disguises was regarded by them as justifiable, or at least as venial. In a word, we can hardly doubt that these sibylline poems were in the main an emanation from the same literary workshop to which we owe those well-known Orphic hymns; which at one time gave rise to a controversy both as to authorship and as to motive, almost in every respect similar to the disputes regarding the authenticity of the sibylline remains, but which are now universally admitted to be a fabrication, partly of the Neo-Platonic, partly of the Christian school of Alexandria.

Among the lighter characteristics of this curious work, the most interesting are certain tricks of composition which are known from ancient testimony to have distinguished the genuine Roman books of the sibyl, and which are supposed to have been introduced by the imitators for the purpose of making the resemblance to the original more complete. For example, we find an enigma on the name of God (b. i. vv. 136-40); another (i. 326 and following) on the sacred name of Jesus; a third on the city of Rome, and another (i. 141 and following), the subject of which has hitherto defied the ingenuity of commentators. Again, there are mysterious analogies as to the numbers deducible from the letters composing certain names, such as that of the number 666 in the Apocalypse. Similar puzzles occur founded upon the numerical value of the initial letters of certain names; as in the beginning of the fifth book the whole series of the Roman emperors is indicated under the numbers represented by the numerical value of the initials of their respective names; and occasionally the writer plays on certain fancied resemblances of names: as, for example, that of Antoninus to the Hebrew name of God, Adonai (viii. v. 66).

But the artifice most distinctly sibylline in origin of them all is the acrostic on the name of our Lord and his cross. We learn from Cicero\* that the verses of the sibyl had this peculiarity, that "*ex primo*

*versu cujusque sententiæ primis literis illius sententiæ carmen omne prætexitur.*"

These words are not very clear, but the meaning intended is, that the letters of the first verse of the oracle contain, in regular sequence, the initial letters of all the subsequent verses of which it is composed. The same peculiarity is mentioned on the authority of Varro, by Dionysius of Halicarnassus,\* who adds that in a doubt as to the genuineness of any particular oracle, the true sibylline oracle may always be recognized by the test of its having the acrostic form. As the original sibyl-books have disappeared, doubts naturally arise how far this characteristic can have been universal; but it is interesting to remember that the example already cited — the answer from the Sibylline Books actually given to the consultation of the Senate, does present this mark of authenticity, although the same author to whom we are indebted for this curious relic, has also preserved another Roman oracle, which does not exhibit the acrostic form. That this form was generally recognized, however, as a property of the genuine sibyl-verses, is enough to explain the introduction of it in the eighth book. In none of the earlier pieces does it appear; but the author of the eighth book exercised his ingenuity in clothing in a very elaborate acrostic the vivid picture which he has drawn of the last judgment, with its attendant signs and wonders. This passage is an acrostic of the name and titles of our Lord — ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ† ΘΕΟΥ ΥΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡ. With these words the sense would have been complete; but the author has added seven further lines which supply the acrostic of the word ΣΤΑΥΡΟΣ, "the cross." It is hardly necessary to point out that the first five words are themselves an acrostic of the mystic word ΙΧΘΥΣ.

Perhaps it may be noted as some evidence of intention, that the author himself directs attention to his acrostic and to its subject in the closing lines —

Οὗτος ὁ νῦν προγραφείς ἐν ακροστιχίοις Θεὸς ἡμῶν  
Σωτὴρ ἀθάνατος βασιλεὺς ὁ παθὼν ἐνεχ' ἡμῶν.

'Neath the acrostic's mystic symbols hidden,  
Our King, our God, our Saviour is foreshown;

and it seems certain that the passage attracted notice and was well known at least among the Christians in the fourth century. St. Augustine speaks of it in the eighteenth book "*De Civitate Dei*,"‡

\* L. iv., § 62.

† Derived from χρεῖω, another form of χρῖω.

‡ St. Augustine, Opera, vii., col. 579 (Migne ed.).

\* *De Divinatione*, ii. § 54.



and gives the first portion of it in a Latin metrical translation in the same form. His account will be read with much interest. He attributes the poem to the Erythræan sibyl, and says that he first became acquainted with it through the "barbarous and hobbling verses" ("*versibus male latinis et non stantibus*") of some ignorant translator, but afterwards learned more fully about it from his friend Florentinus, the proconsul, a learned and accomplished scholar, who showed him a manuscript, which he said was the original Greek oracle of the Erythræan sibyl, and pointed out to him, in this curious passage, the correspondence of the initial letters of the several lines with the letters of the name *Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ*. Augustine procured from another translator a correct and flowing metrical version ("*latinis et stantibus versibus*") which he has preserved; but he points out that, as the Latin language has no letter properly corresponding with the *Υ* of *Ἰησοῦς*, the translator has been obliged to depart, in the fifth and again in the eighteenth and nineteenth lines, from the strict rules of the acrostic. The Latin translator has given no version of the second part of the acrostic—*Σταυρός*. His acrostic, therefore, consists of but twenty-seven lines; and it is characteristic of St. Augustine that while, with his habitual love of the mysteries of numeration, he draws attention to the peculiarity of this number, which is at once the cube of three and the product of nine by three, he also dwells upon the subordinate acrostic which is contained under the principal one, "the initial letters of which form the word *Ἰχθὺς*, that is 'fish,' under which name is mystically signified Christ, since he, in the abyss of this mortality, like the fish in the depths of the sea, was able to dwell alive, that is, without sin."

M. Alexandre has examined in great detail the literary peculiarities of the sibylline poems, as to vocabulary, grammatical construction, quantity of syllables, and metrical structure. To these subjects he has devoted a special dissertation. It is well worthy the attention of scholars, especially in its bearing on the history of the changes which the Greek language has undergone; but it would carry us quite beyond our limits to enter into the minutæ of the subject. It will be enough to say, that while all the writers propose to themselves the Homeric poems as the model of language and metrical structure, nevertheless there are in all many divergences in both from the great original;

divergences more notable in proportion as the dates of the several pieces are more modern, being fewest of all in that which is referred to the age of Ptolemy Philometor. Many of the peculiarities in grammatical structure belong to the common category of Hellenisms, but many also are interesting, as illustrating the first stages of the course by which the classic tongue of Greece has come to put on the forms of a modern language.

Nor shall we weary the reader with the peculiarities of metrical structure which characterize these poems. It will be enough to say that they exhibit much laxity as to quantity, as to the position of the cæsure in the verse, as to the admission of the hiatus after short vowels, and as to the converse fault of the elision of long final vowels and diphthongs. M. Alexandre gives a column of faulty verses which for readers curious in these particulars will sufficiently exhibit these and other objectionable characteristics of the sibyllists; but we confess that we are by no means satisfied that many of these defects are not ascribable to the carelessness or ignorance of transcribers, rather than to the irregularities of the original composition.

We have already spoken of the high estimate which Professor Ewald forms of the literary merit of the most ancient of the sibyl-poems. To the other pieces we cannot allow so much merit in regard to style, while their poetical merits, especially those of the last four books, are infinitely inferior. They may be divided, in respect of subject and mode of treatment, into three classes: those which bear the form of prophecy, those which are mainly historical, and those which are purely or principally ethical and didactic. To the first class belong the last part of the third book, the fifth book from the thirty-eighth line, and the greater part of the eighth book. The historical character is chiefly found in the second division of the third book, the first two hundred and ninety lines of the second, and the third division of the eighth. The ethical portions occur in the proœmium, the end of the eighth book, and from the 56th to the 148th verse of the second book, which is mainly borrowed from the Gnostic school.

In the historical and propheticohistorical books there was little opportunity for the exercise of invention or for poetical ornament; but although the narrative is often bald and perfunctory, passages occasionally occur, especially in the first, second, and eighth books, which display

considerable vigor, tastefulness, and even elegance. The ethical portions seldom rise beyond commonplace, but they are at least not inelegant, being for the most part imitations, and probably even transcripts, of the verses of Phocylides and other Gnostic writers. Their true interest, however, lies, not in the literary character of their composition, but in the light which they throw upon the ethical condition of the time, and especially on the relations between the asceticism of the Christian schools on the one hand, and upon the other that anticipation of the Christian asceticism which found expression in the ethical poems of the pagan moralists, and in the practical organization of the Jewish prototypes of primitive monasticism — the Essenians and Therapeutæ of Syria and Egypt.

It is especially in the directly prophetic passages that the sibyl-poets aspire to the higher forms of poetry, giving a loose rein to the imagination, and seeking to clothe their thoughts in striking and picturesque language. The effort is often but too apparent and imperfectly sustained. Some of the predictions are fragmentary and disjointed, and in many cases they fail to bring any connected picture before the mind; but, on the other hand, the very abruptness of the transitions sometimes contributes to the dramatic effect, and stimulates the imagination and sustains the interest by the rapid succession of ideas. As to many passages, indeed, we must agree with M. Alexandre, that in themselves they exhibit a certain simple power and beauty which is not unworthy of the classic era of Greek epic poetry. He instances, in the first book, the picture of the new-born earth; the creation and blessed condition of the first man; the universal deluge; the scene of the last judgment; the general history and fortunes of the Jewish race; in the third book the prediction of the reign of the coming Messiah, and the return of the golden age; and in the fourth the description of God and his attributes, and several other passages. But perhaps the most poetical of all is the latter part of the eighth book, in which the history of the incarnation is detailed, as a supposed prophecy of the sibyl, and a picture is drawn of the life and manners of the new Christian community, so pleasing and effective that it is impossible not to regret the mutilated condition of the book, and the imperfect and faulty readings of the portion which is preserved.

But we have already exceeded our

allotted space, and we must refer for many topics of interest which remain untouched to the original poems and to the various commentators and critics whom we have indicated. What has been said will suffice, we feel assured, to direct the attention of our scholars to a subject hitherto neglected in England. Much as has been done in France and Germany in editing and illustrating the sibyl-poems, there is still a wide field for criticism and useful study, especially in undoing the unskilful and uncritical work of the mediæval collector. It would contribute much to the proper understanding of these strange fragments, if the modern collection were again resolved into its primitive component parts, and the age and origin of each of these primitive parts critically determined. It is only by the patient and careful determination of these points that the work can be satisfactorily turned to what is its real use for the purposes of the history of dogma — a contribution to the study of the condition of religious thought in the world at the time of the advent of Christianity, and of the successive modifications which the various schools of thought underwent through the presence and contact of the purifying and elevating influences of the new religion.

---

PAULINE.

LONDON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TOM'S OPPORTUNITY.

It is a long lane that has no turning.

LADY CALVERLEY fretted in impotent vexation.

"My dear Pauline, I always like to have a chat with you; but these gardens are so public, overlooked by so many windows — don't you think we had better keep together a little?"

"We can't lose ourselves, auntie. The gardens are closed in on every side, and only the people in the square have access to them. Now, are they not charming? Come, look down this vista; is not that a lovely blending of dark and pale green overhead, with those rows of bright things along the paths? That is what you came to see. Here is my seat, and looking on that leafy —"

"Oh, very; yes, charming. I suppose we shall meet them if we turn down this walk?"

"Then we won't turn down! Let us sit down here. This piece of grass is like velvet, is it not? Look —"

"I see, my dear, and I do indeed admire it exceedingly. But, Pauline, I do *not* like," with gathering determination, "Elsie to be seen wandering about —"

"My dear auntie, who is to see her? And she is only gone with Tom!"

"It is not — not —"

"Not an unheard-of thing, is it? They used to be always together; and you and I were companions too, in old days. I want to know, how do you go to-morrow?"

"By the Great Northern, from King's Cross."

"By the Great Northern! That is up the east coast. Where do you stop? Edinburgh?"

"We do not need to stop anywhere. We — we go straight to Calverley."

"To Calverley!" Pauline stopped short. This arrangement had never been mentioned to her or Tom. "I thought you were going straight to Gourloch!"

"It is not ready for us, my dear; it will not be ready for another week or more. Your aunt and cousin were kind enough to ask us to make a halt with them, as neither Elsie nor I," emphatically, "cared to remain longer in town."

"Did Elsie not? I thought she said she was cross because she was going!"

"I never heard her say that till to-night; she was put out about other — little — things. She is quite willing to go to Calverley, I assure you."

("Now I understand," thought Pauline — "now I see why poor Tom was allowed this one evening! He was to have it under strict supervision, just for decency's sake, and then Elsie was to be whirled away to Hugh and Calverley! Oh, Tom! if you could only know all that hangs on this one half-hour!")

"It is rather early to banish the poor child to the Highlands, is it not?" proceeded her aunt, apologetically; "she will see nobody at Gourloch, you know. Calverley is a charming place, and it is a pity she should so seldom be there; we have not paid them a visit for years."

"Nor have I," said Pauline.

"You like better coming to us, do you not? And we like having you. Aunt Marion is very kind, but I don't think she and you were ever very great friends, were you?"

"No, I don't think we were."

Pauline pursued the interesting topic, aware that a good, confidential, relational

talk behind backs was what her aunt never could resist. "You see," she said, "Aunt Marion never seemed to make us at home, as you did. She made *too* much of us, so that we felt we were visitors every moment of the day; and there was always so much stiffness, and such planning and arranging before one could take so much as a walk in the grounds —"

"Yes, yes," cried Lady Calverley, delighted, "that is exactly your aunt Marion! Before one can take a walk in the grounds, as you say, everybody must know what you are going to do, and every chance of interruption be provided against! It was the same here. Really, you know, however much one wishes to be considerate, when carried to such an extent it becomes irksome. I had to leave a message if I did but run as far as the post-office! The post-office was at the end of the street, and I liked the run; but if your Aunt Marion chanced to come in, it was, 'Where had I gone?' and 'When should I return?' so that really I have felt these last few days so free —" she recollected herself.

"I know I can trust you, Pauline; you are not one to make mischief. You understand what I mean. It is nothing really worth complaining of — it is a mere trifle; but you see, having been my own mistress," with a sigh, "for so many years, I am not accustomed even to the mildest restraint. It is a little *restraint*, my dear — that is exactly the word; and to tell you the truth, I never care very much for being at Calverley, for that very reason! Your aunt is not — not —"

"I think I can tell what it is."

"She is not quite delicate about little things. She seems to forget altogether that I was once in her place, or that Sir Edward was my own dear husband! She talks of him too freely — too freely by far. Most ignorantly and unjustly too, sometimes, I must say." (The disobedient young ones were entirely lost sight of as she warmed with her subject.) "His mismanagement," she continued — "that was what she harped upon during the whole of our last visit! I have not heard so much about it lately, but I daresay I shall as soon as we go there. His mismanagement! In what it consisted it would be difficult, I imagine, to point out. I could see no mismanagement! Everything always seemed as nice as possible. No one ever hinted to me of mismanagement. And then, she calls on me to approve of numberless alterations! They *may* be improvements — I cannot tell.

To me they certainly are anything but pleasant. I never do enjoy going to Calverley."

"Oh, I daresay you will get on better this time."

"I'm sure I hope so — for Elsie's sake. Remember, my dear, that nothing I have said bears the least reference to Hugh. He, poor dear, has nothing to do with it; he is so gentle and affectionate that I never feel out of my place with him. Nor would I wish to be unjust to your aunt Marion, only —"

"Yes?" said Pauline, with a sudden fear that she saw her other aunt threading her way towards them.

It proved to be a false alarm, and she could once more assume the post of confidential listener.

Lady Calverley was talking steadily on. She was "well at it" now, lost to every thought but that of her congenial theme!

Domineering? that was the word. *So* domineering! Every one must be happy in *her* way! They must have her tastes, her pursuits! Even in graver matters, it appeared, she would fain have led; but here Pauline would believe that the strong but worldly woman had been baffled — that on such points the true Christian could be steadfast, for conscience' sake.

The hour slipped by, and a slight breeze began to fan the tops of the branches.

Lady Calverley gave a little shiver.

"It grows chilly," she said; "we must have been sitting still a long time! What have we been about? Mrs. Wyndham will think we have neglected her shamefully."

"Perhaps," said Pauline, rising with a smile, "we had better go in."

"And Tom? And Elsie?"

"There they are!"

"You see, Aunt Ella, I really couldn't help it."

This was all the apology Tom had to offer for two faces that told their own tale so unmistakably that even the most incredulous could read it at a glance.

Oh, how thankful the poor woman was at the moment that she was not at Calverley!

That was her first, her instantaneous thought.

How easily the blow fell, after all, when accompanied by such sobs and kisses, tears and laughter!

Nobody frowned on her, nobody scolded, nobody was made miserable. She was taken at unawares. She had been de-

scanting on the very topic meet for such a conclusion, unconsciously preparing for it, by the slow fire of insubordination which had been kindling in her breast during the recital of her wrongs. This now burst into a flame.

Had not her own child, her pretty darling, a right to choose in such a matter? Was she to be overruled by any tyrannical will, and ordered what she was to do? Not even by her own mother, either, — not even by the only one who had a right to speak, if right there was?

Great for Tom was the moment he had chosen!

She was conquered with scarcely a struggle, threw open the gates and admitted the enemy at once to her innermost citadel.

It was but, "Tom, Tom, you naughty boy!" and he was hanging round her neck, just as he used to do!

She was, in truth, bewildered, and knew not what she said, or if indeed she said anything at all. To this day she maintains that her consent was never asked.

But she says that one thing greatly struck her. That, amidst the tumult of petitions, praises, smiles, and whispers, she caught a glimpse of a sweet and beautiful face, so illumined by pure, unselfish joy that it seemed as though it might belong to a loving soul in paradise, rather than to an inhabitant of this stained and sinful world.

She says that look overcame her, and that Tom owes his winning Elsie to Pauline!

Tom, however, has no idea of giving in to this. If it was any one who got him that, he says, it was his Aunt Camilla.

"For you see," he explained afterwards, "I forgot all about money and that; and if Aunt Camilla had not come forward in such a splendid way, and said she would make it all right, I don't know what we should have done. She went straight off to her lawyer the very next morning, and I am to have half, and the other half is to be for Pauline. Wasn't it jolly of her? Uncle Julius and she, between them, are going to settle an allowance on me besides, so that I need not have to live on Elsie's money for the present. And — and — they are all a great deal too good to me, you know; it makes a fellow feel — ashamed."

All that required to be done ere the eventful evening closed, was to telegraph to Calverley, and to take on the rooms in Dover Street; for as to carrying out that

journey, the bare thought of it was more than either mother or daughter durst contemplate.

A letter explained the telegram, but we need not witness the reception of either. Mrs. Calverley's scorn and Hugh's woes may thus be left out of our little story; and as both of these were out of sight of the happy party in London, so I imagine were they out of mind. As for the German book, I greatly fear its translation will never be accomplished.

Mrs. Wyndham would willingly have received Lady Calverley and Elsie into her house for the remainder of their stay in town, but it was not large enough to accommodate them comfortably; so that Tom was obliged to be satisfied with finding them in the drawing-room every evening on his return home, or with going to Dover Street himself. It may be believed his case was not a hard one. He was never *asked*, nobody thought of *inviting* him; he had his revenge for all those miserable luncheons, in the way he now went and came at will, and in the tears that fell upon his shoulder the night before Elsie left for Gourloch.

That she should weep for this, when he was to follow in a few weeks!

He was awed by the extent of his happiness, by his great prosperity.

"I knew she could never care about a fellow who lay upon the sofa," he said, adverting to Hugh; "but then, that was no reason, you see, why she should care for one who didn't. And she was such a little vixen! Was she not, Pauline? She would not give me the ghost of an idea whether I had a chance or not! Who would have believed the little thing could have been so close? It was not the least like her; I thought that when you came, at all events, you would have found out everything in a minute."

"She took another character for the time," said Pauline, unconscious, however, that she too could do the like on occasion. "Love can work other changes besides making the bold timid, and the timid bold. It can make the meek perverse, and the gentle obstinate; and —"

"The good-tempered as sulky as bears," said Tom. "Fancy, I have seen Elsie sulk in a corner, so that I hardly knew whether I should have liked best to have boxed her ears, or — have boxed all the

other ears in the room! I knew they were tormenting her."

"At least you know it now." She could not forbear a smile.

"I should think I did know, now! I have made her tell me all about it, over and over again — and you won't see Aunt Marion at Gourloch in a hurry, I can tell you, Pauline; she was the one, you know — she was my worst enemy. As for Hugh, I'm only sorry for him; but I daresay he'll take a tonic, and get over it. Well now, Pauline, there's only you to be provided for," continued Tom, superior in the fulness of his satisfaction. "Elsie and I will have to take you in hand! We shall have a house in town, you know. I mean to go on with what I'm doing. Uncle Julius thinks it would be a pity to throw up such an opening, just when I have begun to get through the drudgery; and then, with a home of one's own, it will be all so different! Besides, they're to buy me a partnership, instead of making me an allowance. That is the new idea. It was only not spoken of before, because they thought I mightn't care to go on with it. But I don't mind. I should not like to marry, and not do anything for my wife. I wouldn't live on her money for the world! Aunt Ella is to stay with us a good part of the year, and of course we shall always be at Gourloch in the autumn. We have been settling it all this morning. When I told Aunt Camilla, she was awfully pleased. And oh, Pauline! she has had such a letter from those Jermyns!"

Pauline had not seen it.

"It came when you were out," said Tom. "She must be an atrocious woman! But if I had been Aunt Camilla, I don't think I should have told them all she was doing for me. They are furious! And what do you think she," alluding to his aunt, "had the sense to say? She only observed, with a sly look, that she did not think they would come quite so often over to the Grange as they used to do!"

Even Pauline could not say that this was unfair; Mrs. Jermyn's attentions had been too conspicuously fulsome.

"So, you see, you will not be troubled with too much of their company, whatever house in the neighborhood you are in," said Tom, thinking of Finch Hall.

She could not answer, thinking of Blundellsaye.

GOURLOCH.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## CONCLUSION.

What is this passing scene?  
 A peevish April day;  
 A little sun, a little rain —  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away!

H. KIRKE WHITE.

GOURLOCH lying in the glorious sunshine! Waves sparkling and dancing along the bay! Lazy cloud-shadows floating over the uplands!

Who that gazes on that beauteous scene would dream that, all through the preceding night, a summer storm had tossed these peaceful waters, had raged down from the mountain passes, and dashed the fishermen's boats, bottom upwards, on the shore?

It had been so unexpected, and of such unusual violence, that the destruction to nets and boats had been great; and the country people were fain to console themselves as best they might that at least the damage was confined to these. Their hay had not been cut; and although many vessels of one kind or other had been out, still, as the herring season had not begun, these were easily counted, and there was no reason to suppose evil had befallen any one of them.

It was only towards evening that rumors got abroad, which were sedulously kept back from the inmates of the castle.

"The minister's boat," had been out, and it had not returned!

It had been seen near the northern islands, and was carrying full sail.

It had been seen to tack repeatedly and was apparently endeavoring to make for the sheltered portion of the loch, when it had suddenly disappeared. The conclusion had been that, finding the crossing difficult, the men had put back for the night, which they could spend comfortably on the island. They had just quitted Ewan M'Lachlan the crofter's cottage.

But it was now whispered that a boat had come in from the island seeking for tidings of this very party!

They had never returned to the cottage; and the minister, who was himself at the helm, was said to have expressed a great desire to be at his own home that evening.

He had foreseen the storm, but had refused to set off ere his mission was accomplished, having been sent for to visit a dying woman — Ewan's aged mother, who had for many years been one of his parishioners.

He had stayed in the cottage above an hour, and had then yielded to the representations of the boatmen, who, incredulous at first as to the prognosticated stress of weather, became, on a sudden, alarmed and impatient.

They had set sail, and, as long as they could be seen from the cottage, had appeared to make way very fairly: but on a call from his mother, Ewan represented that he had been obliged to attend to her; and when he was again at liberty, he noticed that the boat had put back considerably, and appeared to be laboring a good deal. However, it got round the north headland, and he thought if it weathered that point there was nothing further to fear.

Still, with the recollection of a great increase of wind soon afterwards, and knowing that the boat was considered by many over-rigged, he had not felt easy until he should learn that it had put into harbor safely.

He had been first to the manse, where he learnt with great uneasiness that nothing had been seen of either the boat or its occupants.

He had immediately crossed the Sound to Gourloch.

It could no longer be concealed from Lady Calverley that grave apprehensions must be entertained; but although messengers were at once despatched in all directions, it was not until the second day had passed that it was known how terribly the worst of these had been realized.

The mainsail of the boat and two of the seats had been cast ashore on the rocks, immediately opposite to the spot where Ewan had last seen it; but of its living freight nothing had been seen or heard.

All must have found a nameless grave.

So sad an event cast a gloom over the whole country-side, and especially over the happy meeting within the old grey towers, which had been so eagerly anticipated by all of those with whom we are now concerned.

Pauline and her brother arrived within a few days of its occurrence.

"We have lost," said Lady Calverley, "the best, the noblest of men! Within sight, Pauline, almost within reach, if there had been any at hand to render aid! We know," with a sigh, "that some good reason there must have been why his useful and honored life should have been thus cut short; but for us, we cannot yet think of anything but the great, the widespread loss that must be felt. If he had been a very old man — if one could have

said that he had 'finished his course;' but he was so well, so strong — Well, my dear, I must not make you too sad. We have no right to think only of ourselves; and I am so very, very glad to see you both. You will help Elsie and me to bear our grief, for we know how you feel for us."

"And with you," said Pauline.

Then Lady Calverley wiped her eyes and glided away. She had talked for a full hour and a half, and was more cheerful: she could remember that she would like to gather a few sweet-scented flowers for her niece's room.

Pauline stood still and thought. "What a grand death to die!" she said; "no pain, no fear, no weary waiting for the end! He fell in his harness, fighting the good fight. He was found at his post when the call sounded. Then he went forward — forward! . . . While we have been absorbed in our little round of cares and hopes and wishes, he has lived out his noble, self-devoted life, and accomplished the work that was given him to do. Thrown away? How could I ever think him thrown away here? What if he did toil, unknown and unthanked by men? *He* knew, whose eye is never off his faithful servants. He watched him, never shrinking, never yielding, never weary! Oh, what a good man has gone to his rest! How poor, how small, how mean, we grow beside such giants! We fritter away the lives that might all, with God's help, be great and glorious as his was. We clog ourselves, we forget that

Pilgrims who travel in the narrow way  
Should go as little cumbered as they may.

"Life — life — what is life?" murmured Pauline, gazing into the fathomless heavens above with dreamy eye. "A few winters and summers, a few pains and pleasures, a single love — Ah me! what will be the end of my love? Am I preparing to 'go as little cumbered' as I may, or — am — I adding a weight to pull me down, down? Not yet can I know, not yet can I guess! I feel so strangely sad to-day. Time seems so short; eternity so long! But one aim seems worth pursuing, one end achieving. I would not wish — so help me God! — to raise one barrier — no, not even *that* one, if a barrier it were to prove — betwixt me and him. I am his; to him I render myself again, to do with his servant even according to his will!"

"You are writing," said Elsie, putting

in her head soon after. "I came to see what you had been about all this time; Tom and I have been down to the shore. This dear little turret-room looks like itself, now that you are come back to it, Pauline! I did not like it when we first came, and I was afraid you would not care for the paper we chose. But mamma says you are quite pleased with it."

"Yes, Elsie, I think it is pretty."

"I am so glad. If you did not, mamma would have had it done over again, and let you choose your own. Can I do anything for you?"

"Not just yet. I will come in search of you when I have finished my letters."

"I have a number to write too," said Elsie, ruefully — "that is why I have had to come in. Don't forget the post goes out early from here."

"I am only writing a few words to Aunt Camilla."

"Mind you say we don't mean to part with you for a long, long time."

"I have promised to be with her in October at latest, Elsie."

"October? Poor mamma will be left alone then!"

"Whose fault is that? You and Tom should have been more considerate."

"Tom, considerate! He is the greatest plague of a boy! I can't get away from him."

She turned to go, and Tom was there. "Let me go, let me go!" cried she, trying to pass him. "I won't hear a word you have to say. Those letters *must* be written, or the postman will come before they are ready —"

He caught her. "Listen, the postman has called and gone. He came early, for some reason best known to himself, and I did not keep him. On the contrary, I bowed him off with the greatest urbanity. He explained it all in his best English, and as I did not comprehend one word, I replied in my best Gaelic, confident that it would be used with like effect. However, we concluded our conversation with entire satisfaction, and I sent him on his way rejoicing. What can a single day signify? You can write those wonderful epistles to-morrow, and I will help you —"

"Bad spelling, and all? But I must see mamma, and tell her, at any rate."

"She knows. I took the post-bag to her."

"Were there any letters for me?" said Pauline, as he sauntered back to her, obliged to be content with Elsie's promise of a speedy return, as she flew off at last.

"No, — I don't think so. I had one.



I say ! poor Blundell has broken his neck riding a steeple-chase in Paris last Sunday !”

The ink was not dry on the sheet under his sister's hand. Over the words “He died as he had lived,” her fingers hung frozen, rigid, numbed.

“Isn't it strange,” said Tom, still standing in the doorway, “that we should have the news *here* ? Do you remember —” He heard Elsie calling to him, and went away caressing a puppy he held in his arms.

The paper rustled in the draught of air, for he left the door open. A dog bayed on the hillside, and a raven croaked overhead.

The room felt cold ; the sunshine crept away from it.

Colder still sat that motionless figure, bending over her desk.

A step outside, — she staggered to her feet, barred the door, and had her hour of agony unseen.

Yet athwart that hour there shot one streak of brighter shade. In the portion of that cup there mingled one drop that was not gall.

She had not thrust him from her. They had parted with clasped hands, and kindest looks.

She had left him that hope for which he had petitioned, on which he had depended. And the end was *this* !

God give us grace to heed !

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
LUCIAN.

THE merit which Phædrus found in Æsop's fables —

Duplex libelli dos est : quod risum movet,  
Et quod prudentis vitam consilio monet —

the double dowry of counsel and delight, the full satisfaction of the precept of Horace, is perhaps nowhere more remarkable than in the writings of Lucian. By an open and level pathway of knowledge made by himself after no model, and adorned on both sides with the various flowers of his own humor, he has sought to lead exorbitant humanity to the habitations of truth and virtue. His work, to use one of his own comparisons, is like a house, the walls of which are covered with fair pictures, rich in color, perfect in form, admirable in execution, moral in design. Or rather, considering the natural fertility and freshness of his genius, it is like a garden full of the countless

gifts of abundant spring, with this only difference, that these in a little while lose their beauty, fade, fall, and decay, while in Lucian's garden spring laughs eternal, and each plant pleases forever, uninjured by the hand of time.

But notwithstanding Lucian's excellence, perhaps of all ancient writers of any degree of celebrity he is the least generally known. And yet no writer is so likely to be appreciated at the present day, in which chicanery and superstition of very much the same description as the evils which he sought to expose, are unhappily so rampant. Some of his dialogues, notably that entitled “The Lover of Lies,” in which he satirizes the petty, useless, and absurd perversions of truth which obtained in his time, might have been written, with but few alterations, at this very hour. Miraculous cures, peripatetic statues of stone or brass, old houses infested by ghostly tenants, who will accept no notice to quit, however formal, and against whom every action of ejectment is brought in vain, magic rings, oracular instances of fortune-telling, spiritual communions between the living and the dead, and other diseases of intellectual emptiness, or alas ! repletion, all are represented here. Here Demænete, the blessed wife of Eucrates, returns from that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, on the seventh day after her funeral, while her husband happens to be reading Plato on the immortality of the soul. And for what does she return ? For nought but an odd slipper, which had fallen behind a chest ! Is not this on a par with the present conjuring, by the pious and honest people who call themselves Spiritualists, of the spirits of our fathers from their quiet graves, to tell us nothing more important than the Christian name of our grandmother, which these poor ghosts, no doubt owing to some Lethæan drink, have in nine cases out of ten forgotten ? And is not this concluding sentence of Lucian's dialogue as wholesome and serviceable now as it was when it was written, seventeen hundred years ago ? “Be of good heart, O my friend ! Against all these follies we have one fair antidote and safeguard, which is truth and right reason in all things : so long as we make use of this, we shall never be one whit alarmed by any amount of idle and empty lies.”

Lucian seems to have lived as many kinds of lives as he has had biographers. Those of his period are strangely taciturn about him. Even Philostratus, in his

"Lives of the Sophists," passes him over, perhaps from jealousy, in silence, and his own works afford but little information concerning his personal history. From these, however, the following round unvarnished tale is delivered, not perhaps wholly destitute of biographical value, though undorned by the sedulous fancy of panegyric.

He was born about A.D. 120, of a poor and obscure Greek family, which emigrated from Patras in Achaia to Samosata, the capital, situated on the west bank of the Euphrates, of Commagene, a country north of what is now known as the Holy Land. The diet which he recommends to Lexiphanes nourished himself. Lexiphanes, as he says, told him a story, in obscure and sibylline words of some thousand years old. Lucian calls Sopolis, a medical man, whom he chanced to meet, and begs him to cure his friend. Sopolis administers a potion which he had by him ready for an atrabilious patient, and anon Lexiphanes vomits the majority of his uncouth and musty phrases. Now, says Lucian to him, if you wish to be truly praised, avoid in future all this farrago of fine words, and beginning with the best poets, pass when you have read these to the orators, and then, nourished by their voices, lay hold in happy hour on the works of Thucydides and Plato. Such books Lucian himself read, when he could borrow them, in his leisure moments. At a family meeting, convened for the purpose of deciding his future profession, it was determined to put him apprentice to his maternal uncle, a stone-carver. Socrates, by the way, underwent a similar initiation. The fracture—lucky or unlucky, who can tell?—of a marble slab he was bid to polish, suddenly determined his apprenticeship with tears. In a dream, he sees the tutelary goddesses of statuary and education, a dream probably imitated from Prodicus' myth of the choice of Hercules, in Xenophon's "Memorabilia"—and after listening to their arguments in turn, addicts himself to the latter, determining to leave the fashioning of men's bodies for that of their minds, and not to scatter chips of stone about a narrow workshop, but, like Triptolemus, seeds of erudition over all the world. So, packing up his little property, he wanders abroad and becomes a lawyer. Of this profession he soon grew tired. He describes it in no flattering terms, as a mixture of crooked abuse and unconscientious fraud. He found by experience that deceit, lies, impudence, and a thousand other odious qualities, are its inseparable companions.

In "The Double Indictment," the case of Drunkenness *v.* the Academy is tried before a heavenly tribunal. In this case the defendant is accused of seducing Polemon, who all Athens is ready to swear was at one time never seen sober, and of compelling him to drink water, to forget his songs, and to cast away his chaplets. A slight difficulty arises at the commencement of the sitting from the serene silence of the plaintiff. She is observed to move her head slowly from side to side. Mercury explains that she is too drunk to speak, and Justice, the presiding judge, advises the assistance of an attorney. "Plenty of those rascals," says she, "are ready to burst their bowels out for a three-penny bit!" Such was Lucian's opinion of the noble disinterestedness of the law.

But Lucian no doubt profited by the gymnastics of the Roman bar, in increase of dialectic vigor. The fruit of his experience of forensic study nourished him in his next trade of rhetorician. Accusations of tyrants and praises of brave men by no means formed the whole staple of his stock. On these subjects and many others he used to declaim, wandering from city to city, and perhaps advertising himself beforehand, like acrobats, teachers of memory, music-hall singers, and other professional artists of the present day. Nay, he offered to teach rhetoric. Men, by paying a little money, might learn the art of Theodorus. But whether he was really of opinion, with Lord Chesterfield, that every man might be an orator if he chose, is open to considerable doubt. In his "Rhetorician's Teacher," he as severely as righteously lashes those who pretend to teach rhetoric in a day, even to one who knows not his alphabet. The confident audacity and clamorous impudence of such teachers as these is most happily imitated. For a piece of critical irony professing to point out a royal road to oratory, "The Rhetorician's Teacher" is perhaps unrivalled. It seems certain that he sought to obtain the *summula qua vilis tessera venit frumenti* in Syria, Greece, Italy, and Gaul, that nursery, as Juvenal calls it, of British lawyers. In his travels, he tarried for a time at Antioch, where perhaps he may have learnt those principles which have induced some of his commentators to honor him with the appellation of a Christian.

Lucian was, however, *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. He had most sympathy with Epicurus, whose book of maxims he represents his enemy Alexander the magician burning with logs of fig-

wood, and casting their ashes into the ocean, not without an oracle, "for the execrable fellow was ignorant how great good that book caused in those who read it; what peace, tranquillity, and freedom it made in men's minds, releasing them alike from fear of spirit and miracle, as from idle hopes and superfluous longings, grafting their intelligences with the wisdom of realities, and purging their passions, with no syrup of squills, or shine of torches, or other kickshaws and puerilities, but with right reason, and liberty, and truth." All this notwithstanding, Lucian cannot help laughing at the object of his laudation, in "The Auction of Lives," where he shows us the exoteric side of the Epicurean existence.

Lucian was indeed an eclectic philosopher. For Christianity, he regarded it as one of the many sects of his day, and probably despised it too deeply to abuse it. He does not, like Pliny, speak of it as an evil and monstrous superstition; he does not regard it as a pestilence like Suetonius, nor rave against it like Celsus, Lucian's own amiable friend. It was to him less of a stumbling-block than foolishness. He seems to have considered the early Christians as good-natured idiots, with whom the unintelligible did duty for the sublime, and whose whole wisdom was credulity. The poor wretches, he writes, in his relation of the death of Peregrinus—the poor wretches persuade themselves they will be immortal, and live forever. Any impostor who knows how to use his opportunity, makes his fortune among them in a very short time. But over the ruin of paganism, against which Lucian was as active a worker and as virulent as Pascal against the Jesuits or Ulric von Hutten against monks and miracle-mongers, was paved the way for the progress of Christianity.

Midway in the journey of this life he grew tired of rhetoric, his old protectress, and charged her with changing the decent dress in which Demosthenes had draped her, and tricking herself out like a harlot, with plastered face, and painted cheeks, and admirably adjusted hair. Still he owed much to the mistress whom he was now so lightly about to leave. For she had assisted him in his adolescence, when he most needed assistance, and later, during his long sojourn in Gaul, had given him both fame and fortune. It is to be hoped that the base and interested suitors who surrounded her in her latter days, loading her real lovers with disgrace and obloquy, were the true cause of Lucian's

divorce. After this, he lived at Athens with his family, allotting all his leisure time to literature. Here the uncouth *patois* of Samosata, the barbarous Syrian speech, as he calls it, suffered a rare sea change, during the winter of Greek literary composition, in the days of Plutarch, Dion and Appian, into pure and rich Attic. Here probably were composed his Aristophanic dialogues. Here he conciliated the attachment of Demonax of Cyprus, a philosopher whose mild, joyous, and benevolent eclecticism combined the moderation of Diogenes with the wisdom of Plato. Some of his acute and witty sayings, Lucian has preserved in a kind of collection, probably one of the most ancient, of conversational *ana*. When asked if man's soul was immortal, he answered, "Immortal, but as all things are so!" When one said, "Come, Demonax, let us to the temple of Asclepius, to pray for your son," "Surely," quoth he, "you must suppose Asclepius to be deaf, if he cannot hear us at our prayers just as well where we are." Evidently Demonax sympathized with Lucian on religious subjects. Gratitude he carried as far perhaps as human nature will allow. Going abroad at winter time, one inquired of him if he feared not shipwreck, and being devoured by fishes. "Should not I," answered Demonax, "be altogether an ungrateful fellow if, having fed on so many fishes, I refused to feed them in my turn?" His reply, when asked if he ate honey-cakes, "Do you think bees work for fools only?" will remind the reader of Wesley's indignant remonstrance about the devil's possession of all the best tunes. "If," said a boasting sophist, "Aristotle summons me to the Lyceum, I will follow him; if Plato to the Academy, I will come; if Zeno to the Pœcile, I shall not linger; and if Pythagoras calls me, I can be silent." Demonax, suddenly rising, said, "Pythagoras calls you." In the ear of one who gloried in a gorgeous woollen garment, he whispered, lightly touching his coat, and calling his attention to it, "This truly before you a sheep bore, and was yet a sheep." To one who cavilled at him as a coward for not entering an overheated bath, "What," said he, "am I about to suffer for the sake of my country?" Of such a festive humor was this philosopher, whose seat of stone on which he habitually sat was crowned by the Athenians, and even adored under the idea that it was sacred.

Lucian was not so attached to Athens as never to leave it, but his experience of Rome filled him with more profound love

for his adopted land. In one of his expeditions from the violet-crowned city, he paid a visit to the oracle of Alexander — a man to be torn by apes and foxes, an Alexander the Great in evil — at Abonoteichos, in Paphlagonia. His account of this religious impostor, whom the avowed enemy of superstition and hypocrisy, those epidemic distempers of the human understanding, appears to have hated as heartily as Peregrinus, the Protean fanatic and cynic, who was fool enough to burn himself, and cause a stench which not all the frankincense of Arabia could drive away from the nose of Zeus, affords a pleasing contrast to that of Demonax and of Nigrinus the Platonic philosopher, whom Lucian called upon, and found with a book in his hand, surrounded by the images of the wise; making his visit an occasion for a fine moral picture of the pompous insolence of affected Rome on the one side, with its rings, its curled hair, its baths, its banquets, its litters, and its hippodromes, and the pure simplicity of sober Athens on the other. But an indiscreet attempt to denounce the fanatic Alexander nearly cost Lucian his life. The infidel bit the holy hand which he should have kissed with reverence. The mob, of course, with one accord, cried "Crucify him!" But the false prophet, fearing to punish Lucian publicly, gave private orders to the captain to throw him overboard on his return. The tender-hearted Asiatic mariner contented himself with exposing him at Ægialos, whence he soon after escaped. Alexander had his reward. He died bald, and eaten of worms.

He seems, from Lucian's relation, who saw him in the stubble of his good looks, to have been a handsome, clever, unscrupulous blackguard; one whom men approached, conversed with, and left, considering him the best of beings, but perhaps a shade too simple and ignorant of the world. His master was of the school of Apollonius, of Tyana, a dealer in magic arts and incantations, love-philtres, treasure-findings, raisings of the dead, evocations of the gods, and other absurdities, so eagerly swallowed by public credulity. The divine Apollonius, Lucian the foe of Morosophs, strong in faith but sterile in intellect, whose trade was to be a hater of pride, and priestly roguery, and lies, and empty boasting, has not hesitated to call an actor. Well, this Alexander having purchased for a few pence, at Pella, a serpent which sucked milk like a babe, began the war. He set his house among the fat Paphlagonians, men holding ridiculous per-

suasions about the gods, ready to adore a greasy stone, suffering in fact from a religious disease, and charged a shilling a visit. There he answered questions, through the mouth of his serpent, from dewy morn to dusky eve. Here is a sample. Question, What is Epicurus now doing in hell? Answer (in verse), He is sitting, with leaden gyves, in the mud. "It is needless," says Lucian, "to add that an implacable enemy, admitting of no herald, raged in the heart of this rogue against Epicurus; and with reason, for Epicurus had ridiculed him." Alexander honored the Christians by classing them with the Epicureans and atheists.

Poverty seems to have visited him, in a season when she is least welcome — in old age. But with one foot already in Charon's boat, he was made an overseer at Alexandria. There for no small salary he gave judgments, wrote commentaries, and preserved the emperor's decrees with faith and accuracy, as public records for all future time. His apology for accepting this post appeared to him to be called for by a prior essay on the evils of dependence, and the miseries of hired companions, written to dissuade a Greek philosopher from accepting a situation in a Roman household, but which might now give his enemies occasion to gird at and lift up their heels against him. It is a looking-glass which reflects, to the life, the wretched lot of learning in the receipt of hire from riches, a representation — as lively as a picture by Apelles or Parrhasius — of any poor governess of the present day, who has been beguiled into accepting for her services a small salary, but with the comforts of a Christian home. Obligated to dress more expensively than her lean purse will allow, and to submit to the consequential insolence of the butler and the lady's-maid, stigmatized as ill-tempered if serious, and shuddered at as "fast" if lively, she learns to measure her conversation, where the young ladies are nubile, with any bachelor friend of the family as she learns to measure her dinner, not by her appetite, but by her mistress's eye. Far, far better is the salt and the onion, with permission to eat it when and how she pleases.

The apology is, of course, grounded on the difference between a public and a private situation; but, after all, it is the old story of Dr. Johnson, and Lucian's formal defence is but "Sir, it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I wish my pension were twice as large, that they might make twice as much clamor. I think the pleas-

ure of cursing the house of Hanover and drinking King James's health, amply overbalanced by 300% per annum."

Lucian is said to have lived ninety years, but nothing is really known about the date or manner of his death. It is true, the gout appears as protagonist in two of his pieces, melodramatic poems, where that birth of hell is stated to be the real cause of the everlasting ἄ ἄ, ἄ ἄ, παπῶ, παπῶ, of Philoctetes, with which the reader of the tearful tragedy of Sophocles bearing that name is too, too familiar, and not any bite of venomous serpent or barb of poisoned arrow, as historians had hitherto supposed; and to her and to the spine of no sea-urchin is due, according to Lucian, the last exit of the hero of the Odyssey. Yet not for this was he necessarily murdered, as some of his biographers have thought fit to assert, by the lady whose return, ungrateful under such an hypothesis, for his raising her or rather lowering her to the gods, must have filled him with repentance and disgust. Nor can much more confidence be placed in the account given by Suidas, not the only writer who has invented a horrid death for the objects of his dislike, that he was torn to bits by dogs because he raged against the truth. "This wholly accursed fellow," yelps the good Suidas, "attacks Christianity in his life of Peregrinus, and blasphemes Christ himself; wherefore he was justly punished for his madness in this present life, and will be a co-heir with Satan of everlasting fire in the life to come!" This story, by the way, of Peregrinus, the muddle-pated martyr, of his passion in a very dirty shirt, a circumstance in which he is said to have resembled Cyprian, and of the vulture flying out of his ashes, parodied from the ascent of the pigeon from the funeral pile of Polycarp, highly displeased the defenders of the Catholic faith, and Peregrinus, with a little dialogue named "Philopatris," were proscribed as not fit to be read by Christians, in the Romish *Index Expurgatorius*, under the pontificate of the seventh Alexander.

Lucian's compositions are of all kinds — rhetorical, critical, biographical, romantic, besides comic dialogue, mock tragedy, and epigram. His rhetorical pieces are remarkable for grace of style and expression, but not equal to those of Libanius, the tutor of Chrysostom, or Isocrates, whose school Cicero compared to the wooden horse at Troy. Perhaps his most regular declamation is "The Tyrannicide."

Action's picture of the marriage of Rox-

ana and Alexander, of which Lucian's description is another sample of the same *genre*, is said to have assisted Raphael in the composition of one of his frescoes, as much as "The Ass," another of Lucian's pieces, assisted Le Sage, in his well-known scene of the robbers in the cave. Lucian was as fecund as original. Not contented with the usual subjects of declamation, he has not disdained to speak at some length of a bath and a house, of singing swans and Libyan serpents, of a piece of amber and a fly.

Of romances Lucian has bequeathed us two exceedingly lively. One, entitled "Lucius, or the Ass," relates the adventures of Lucius in Hypata, where it was his ill luck to lodge with a lady who was a magician, and whose servant he persuaded to allow him to watch her mistress transforming herself into a crow. His temerity ultimately leads to his own transformation into an ass. By night thieves break through and steal, and the unlucky Lucius serves to bear away their booty. His misfortunes among these robbers, his subsequent miseries at the hands of a malicious mule-driver, a very immodest priest, and a merry market-gardener, are fully related, together with his final restoration to his own human shape by devouring a dish of roses.

In his "True History," Lucian excels Munchausen. Written in ridicule of the marvellous tales told by travellers and others, he honestly warns us that the only truth we are to expect is that the whole composition is lies. They abound here more even than in his famous piece above alluded to, of "The Lover of Lies," where he tells us of a little bronze figure of Hippocrates revenging himself for any neglect of sacrifice, as soon as the lamp is extinguished, by upsetting the bottles and pill-boxes of the physician who owns him, of a serpent-bitten vine-dresser cured by Chaldean spells and a piece of stone fallen from the sepulchral column of a dead maiden, of a piece of clay formed into a Cupid, and carrying love-messages, of Mormo and Lamia, the bugbears who made little children hide their heads in their mother's lap two thousand years ago, and of the now well-known piece of wood which did the duty of a servant, aye, and in silence. Who remembers not how this novel and model domestic, upon the utterance of a magic word, brought buckets of water to Pancrates, and would not stop when entreated and adjured to do so, owing to Pancrates' ignorance of the proper expression to ensure obedience? How,

the whole room being inundated, at last Pancrates in anger takes up an axe, and cuts his courier in two, whereon each half takes a bucket and runs for more water, and in lieu of one attendant the unhappy Pancrates is the lord of two? But the "True History" is full of larger lies than these. As the model of much in Quevedo, C. de Bergerac, and Rabelais, of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," of the satire of absurdities which never die, in Voltaire's "Scarmiento" and "The Princess of Babylon," it deserves some detail of description. The subject is an imaginary voyage written, as has been said, after the manner of those travellers, a numerous body in every age, who revere rather the marvellous than the true. Over many of the allusions the envious fingers of time have drawn their misty veil, as may be well supposed by those who dispute about the objects of the hits in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," and are even occasionally puzzled by the political pictures in an old paper of *Punch*.

Lucian tells us he set sail with some fifty companions from the Columns of Heracles, and went due west for ninety days. Had he really done so, by the way, he would probably have discovered America. Then a storm arises, and the ship is cast on an isle, of which the rivers run wine, and the very fish make mariners drunken. Then a mighty wind carries the ship through the air for seven days and seven nights — not the least charm in the history is its exactitude of chronology — and finally deposits it in the moon. Here, or a little way from here, they witness a fight between the moon's inhabitants and those of the sun, which arises in a dispute about the colonization of the morning star. Then, voyaging through the Zodiac, they arrive at the City of Lanterns, the City of Nephelococcygia, or Cloud Cuckoo Town, and being again set down on the ocean, are swallowed by a certain sea monster to which Jonas' whale was a mere minnow. Many and marvellous are the adventures which are then theirs: amongst others they are surprised to see an old man and his son, who had resided in the whale for eighteen years. At last, touched by that love of their fatherland which is never utterly extinct even in the coldest hearts, they set fire to a forest in the beast's belly. Then the beast dies of internal inflammation, and Lucian, with the majority of his comrades, escapes. Next we read of the Frozen Deep, the Ocean of Milk, which reminds us of the mythology of the Hindoos, with its Island of Cheese, in which

there is a temple to Galatea (milk), and of which the tyrant is Tyro (cheese), two samples of pure Greek puns; and after this of the Phellopodes, or cork-footed, who are able to walk upon the waves. A description follows of the Island of the Blest, to which Lucian and his fellows are led captive, bound by fetters of roses. Truly a blessed island, in which walls of emerald, with seven gates of cinnamon, surround a city of gold; in which the ground is ivory, the temples beryl, and their altars amethyst; in which, amidst fountains of delight and laughter, souls which appear and act like bodies, and yet are no bodies, wearing weeds woven out of the purple webs of spiders, walk about in everlasting twilight and a perpetual spring. To this picture of mirth we have a corresponding picture of melancholy, in the mansion of the damned, full of foul colors of asphalte, and pitch, and sulphur, and singed men, the greatest sufferers being those who, like Ctesias and Herodotus, have told lies in this life; and so says Lucian, when I saw these, I formed the fairest hopes of the future for myself, since I was conscious that I, for my part, had never uttered aught that was untrue. After this, they arrive at the Isle of Dreams. These are of all kinds — tall and short, hard and soft, beautiful and hideous, and some come up and salute them as old friends. Then they meet with the Colocynthopiratae, men with mighty heads of cucumbers, some thirty yards long, out of the inside of which, when dry, they manufacture boats, but the pips they use as missiles. Escaping from these monsters, they came to a chasm in the ocean, like that in the Red Sea. With craning necks they behold dry land at the bottom, some six thousand feet below. But this chasm is fortunately connected by a bridge of water, over which, having uttered proper prayers and performed suitable sacrifices, they pass successfully. Lastly they come to the land of the donkey-legged ladies who devour men. One of these, when caught, dissolves into water, but a sword being passed through it, the water is immediately converted into blood.

The history is unfinished, like that of Belianis in "Don Quixote," and, like that, the last lines contain a promise of conclusion, which was never performed.

But of all our author's multifarious memorials — and many of his manuscripts are no doubt lost, Suidas says he wrote an infinity — the most known, and perhaps the most worthy to be known, are his dialogues. Lucian may indeed be called



the inventor of comic dialogue. Mingling Plato with Aristophanes, from whom he differs rather in form than spirit, he stripped dialogue of its tragic mask, and composed a popular work nearly resembling such modern comedy as that of Congreve, and Wycherly, and Vanbrugh. Concealing moral gravity under the semblance of mirth, leading men to marry wisdom after a lively wooing of wit, Lucian has, in his dialogues especially, won every point by mixing the useful with the sweet. In his "Divine Dialogues," this "scoffer at gods and men," as he is called by the Spaniard, Lewis Vives, ridicules the received religion, and all the sacred subjects of his era, with the most refined and caustic satire. Lucian was not a man to believe in a god who went to sup with Æthiopians, however blameless. Accepting the public creed as his starting-point, and running over lines laid down by the priests themselves, he passes far beyond the station at which the pagan sheep-shearers and their sheep were well content to alight and end their journey. It was in vain that sacerdotal jealousy and alarm cried, like the courtiers about the chair of King Canute to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" the salt waves of Lucian's laughter leapt over and confounded all religious limitation and control. Happy was it for him that he lived in a sceptical age. What was dangerous for Protagoras in the time of Socrates, was safe for Lucian in that of the Antonines. When an advowson to the vacant seats in Olympus was claimed for such men as Tiberius and Caligula, the expression of Voltaire's *Œdipus* became generally understood —

Nos prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,  
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.

In one of the earliest dialogues the relation between God and man is established; in another Zeus is shown to be himself subject to fate: it is therefore useless to pray to him, and unwise to believe in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, since good or bad actions alike are as much the results of necessity as the shackles of Saturn and the lameness of Hephæstus. "You are a shameless sophistical fellow," concludes Zeus to his opponent, "and I shall listen to you no longer." In the lighter "Divine Dialogues," as in that between Zeus and Eros, we learn that even a god must condescend to be a fool, in order to become an accepted lover; and in that between Juno and Latona, something omitted by Lempriere, that the

daughter of the latter set her dogs at Actæon, not for the sake of outraged feminine delicacy, but in order that the youth should not declare her ugliness to the world. Here, we find Zeus lamenting the loss of two of his best bolts which he had broken by launching them at the head of Anaxagoras, the master of Pericles, who showed his majesty to be an utter impossibility in nature; and there, much puzzled with prayers preferred with equal gifts for rain and for sunshine, he says with Pyrrho, "*Le roi s'avisera.*" In the dialogue entitled "Zeus and Prometheus," the representative of the emancipation of reason from the bonds of traditional belief, and therefore the greatest enemy of the gods, Zeus complains bitterly of the Titan's manufacture of women, which is surprising in a god who at times took such interest in this tawdry class of goods, and of a deceit as to the due distribution of fat and lean, of flesh and bone, in a divine sacrifice. In this dialogue the author renders Zeus ridiculous; in another, in which Ganymede is represented as in Titian's picture, his rosy thigh half buried in the eagle's down, shooting through the sky above the pillared city, sole as a flying star, and complaining in that condition of his fear of his father's beating him for leaving his flock, and that there will be none to play with him in the mansion of the gods, he declares him subject to a passion of mortality. We have a pretty description of a matrimonial pet, in which Here speaks of Eros as "leading her lord by the nose;" of a wordy and abusive battle between Herakles and Asclepius; and of a delicate conversation between Poseidon and Hermes, in which the latter, with much diffidence, tells the former, who has called to see Zeus, that the father of gods and men is not just then at home, is much engaged, is in fact in childbed with Bacchus just born, and that Hermes himself is acting as wet-nurse. There is, indeed, as the preacher tells us, a time to keep silence, and a time to speak. Socrates drank hemlock for saying a tithe of what was said by this cynical citizen of Samosata.

In the "Dialogues of the Dead," who, according to Fontenelle, ought to speak wisely from long experience and leisure — probably they think beforehand a little longer than the living — he satirizes the social superiorities of the second century. This Greek Voltaire had but a poor estimate of the excellence of his era. He assessed the *soi-disant* philosophers of his time at their exact value. He speaks of



them in Homeric phrase, as an useless burden upon earth, idle, extravagant, wordy, long-bearded wolves in sheep's clothing, general-utility folk, ready to take any part — Stoic, Academic, Peripatetic — for a crown apiece. In his paintings of the under world, the dark, dismal ultimate abode of all might, majesty, and glory; of youth, hope, beauty, wealth, and even wisdom, few, if any, have surpassed him. The subject is trite, hackneyed, most familiar; but Lucian's treatment of it possesses a fascination, an allurements, apart and of its own. "Where are your purple pride and your sovereign subjects?" asks Diogenes of Alexander. "Where, Achilles, are your long lance and your still longer grandiloquence?" "O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him; but, O death! acceptable is thy sentence to the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things."

This sentence of the son of Sirach is the theme of the heathen moralist in his "Dialogues of the Dead." There, the beggar Menippus laughs at Cræsus lamenting the loss of his gold, sings while Sardanapalus weeps for his luxury that is over and gone, and accompanies the sighs of both sovereigns, cuckoo-like, with one single sentence, "Know thyself." In the same fashion as Menippus crows over Cræsus on the banks of Cocytus, so in the *cataplas*, or sail downwards, the melancholy of the tyrant Megapenthes is contrasted with the mirth of the cobbler Micyllus, who helps Hermes to catch him when he is for running away, is ready to swim after Charon's ferrugineous boat, fearing to be left behind, threatens that hoary-chinned official with Rhadamanthus, and is with difficulty persuaded by the messenger of the gods to bewail something, if only for fashion's sake, and to shed unwillingly a tear or two for the lasts he left behind him. In this piece the punishment of the tyrant Megapenthes is worth notice. After an examination of his body, which is found to be livid all over with the marks which his sins during life had left in it — an idea, by the way, taken from the "Gorgias" of Plato — he is condemned to depart without first drinking, like the rest, of the waters of Lethe; hence he can never forget what he was, and is tortured continually by the ever-recurring recollection of the riches and luxuries which he enjoyed in a time which will never return. Here we have the moral

hell of Lucretius and of Milton. Of Milton, who puts into the mouth of his lost archangel the words "myself am hell," and of Lucretius, who tells us the large stone hanging in empty space over the head of Tantalus was his own silly superstition, and that love and care are the real vultures, which hover continually over the carcass of Tityus, in Acheron.

A homily, which departs widely in one respect from the text in Ecclesiasticus, is preached to us in a dialogue between an old man and Diogenes. That cynic seeing all but infants in tears in the dark kingdoms of the dead, asks, in extreme surprise, whether life can exercise some spell or charm over mankind, so as to induce even the aged to deplore its loss. "What can be the cause of your sorrow?" says he to the old man. "You were, perhaps, once a sovereign?" "No." "At least a satrap?" "No." "A man of great wealth, then?" "No; nothing of the kind; only a beggar, of fourscore and ten years, scarcely supporting life with a rod and line, childless, lame, and blind." "And having been such, you yet desire to live as such again?" "Yea, verily," replies the beggar, "for life is sweet, and death is dire and detestable." This Diogenes, who knows not whether he has a tomb, and does not care, appears very frequently in these dialogues. The ghosts of beauties he mocks, like Hamlet, holding up a skull, "Go, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come!" He ridicules the ghost of Alexander, now known to be no son of Ammon, and spares not even the ghost of a god. "Is it, then, possible," he enquires of Herakles, "to be half a god, and to die by halves?"

Besides the well-known reflections of Fontenelle, Lyttelton and Erasmus, the style of Lucian is excellently imitated by Landor. Timotheus, a leader of the early Christians, proposes to his cousin Lucian to lay their heads together, and make a merry dialogue on the priests of Isis. Unfortunately, the priests of Isis had been beforehand with Timotheus, in proposing to Lucian, on their side, a merry dialogue on the priests of the Christians. In Landor's admirable satire we find almost the same clearness, freshness, wit, and grace as in the original. Here, for instance, is a sentence put into Lucian's mouth by his imitator, not indeed penned with Lucian's originality of conception, but certainly after Lucian's own heart: "They, O Timotheus, who survive the wreck of ages, are by no means as a body the worthiest of

our admiration. It is in these wrecks as in those at sea—the best things are not always saved. Hencoops and empty barrels bob upon the surface, under a serene and smiling sky; when the graven or depicted images of the gods are scattered on invisible rocks, and when those who most resembled them in knowledge and beneficence are devoured by cold monsters below.”

Erasmus found in Lucian the nearest mental relationship. Both had the same tendency to promote the victory of truth over ignorance, of common sense over superstition; both longed to purify their respective epochs from the filth of sacerdotal imposture and corruption. The same terrible weapon of ridicule served them both to chastise folly with fierce and fair words. Neither, like Persius, would have bartered his joke, however idle, for a whole *Iliad*. Both hated all kinds of deception, and both laughed to most utter scorn the face of roguery and shamelessness under the mask of religion and virtue. Both, accordingly, were much reviled, but chiefly by those who knew themselves to be deservedly the objects of their satire—men who went about demurely with holy leers in their downcast eyes, and with prayer-books in their hands, and veneered with sanctimonious theory a life of practical unchastity and fraud.

The author of “*Utopia*,” again, did much to make Lucian popular in England. Warburton, indeed, goes so far as to assert that Lucian was one of Shakespeare’s favorite authors, and that this fact may be collected from several places of his works. But the several places being considered are reduced to one, which, indeed, affords no convincing testimony that Shakespeare had so much as seen Lucian. In the “*Winter’s Tale*,” Autolycus says, “My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.” Lucian, in his tract on astrology, says Autolycus was called the son of Mercury, because he was born under that planet, just as Æneas was called the son of Venus, and Minos the son of Jove. Keeping in mind the prevalence of judicial astrology in the time of Shakespeare, and the well-known relationship of the parties concerned, the author of the “*Winter’s Tale*” might, it seems, well have said so much about Autolycus without any knowledge of Lucian.

Lucian has too frequently been cen-

sured for want of charity and benevolence. It seems that a certain amount of hypocrisy or dulness of mental vision is necessary to please the majority of mankind. The weaknesses and vices of humanity, which a Plutarch or a Fénelon loved to transform or hide, it was the delight of a Lucian and a Rochefoucauld to reveal in all their hideous deformity. It may be the latter, from a keener observation of their fellow-creatures, discovered many a blemish which the former saw but indistinctly, or were unable to discern at all. Lucian described the condition of the Roman empire at a somewhat later period than Plutarch, but probably there was little diversity in the objects which presented themselves to their eyes. And yet we find the latter writing about the defect of oracles, and the divine force and purity of the Pythian priestess, and the latter laughing to scorn sacerdotal lechery and deceit. Probably Plutarch’s charity and benevolence, however shortsighted, would have described as a grave hero and constant martyr that same Peregrinus whom Lucian considers as a cross between an impudent impostor and a half-mad merry-andrew.

Of all the writers of antiquity, this Lucian, who calls himself “no painter by Zeus,” was the first judge of artistic matter. In a period of wild and degraded æsthetic taste, when the delicate Greek feeling for art had almost died out, Lucian still preserved a deep love and intelligence both of sculpture and of painting. No one, not a professed artist, has so often and so ably availed himself of the assistance of artistic illustration. A few have gone so far as to assert that Lucian was himself an artist. Perhaps some natural hereditary predilection of art—we know that he belonged to a family of carvers of Hermæ—rested in him, in spite of his unhappy apprenticeship in his uncle’s studio. The most cursory reader cannot help remarking the excellence of his description, though touching neither form nor color, of the picture of the marriage of Alexander and Roxana by Aetion. In a fair bridal chamber sits Roxana, a beautiful thing in maidens, with eyes downcast, before Alexander, standing by her side. About her laughing loves, one of which, hovering behind, draws back the veil from her head, showing her to her husband; another takes off her sandal like a servant preparing her mistress for repose; another, with all his little might, drags Alexander forward by his cloak, who offers a crown to the girl. In an-

other part of the painting, other loves are playing with Alexander's arms; a pair of them carry his spear, like porters curved by the burden of some ponderous beam; another pair drag along the hero's shield by its handles, as a triumphal car, in which lies one of their little comrades, himself for the nonce a king; while another, having crept into the breastplate, plays the party in ambush ready to leap out, and to frighten them as they pass by.

More than once Cebes is quoted in Lucian, whose tablet or panel, painted by Hans Holbein, became a popular frontispiece to dictionary and Bible. On a high hill stands the castle of happiness surrounded with fences, in three concentric circles. Outside the outermost wander the uninstructed, children in intellect in Cebes, but in Holbein, who was a successful baby painter, children also in age. In a Renaissance gate is placed the bearded old man Genius, ready to instruct all who enter. Close to him, but inside the gate, sits the magnificent lady Seduction, holding the goblet of the wine of error, and surrounded by wanton women. On the other side stands Fortune on a rolling ball, worshipped by the well-to-do, but reproached by the wretched. At the entrance to the second circle, the traveller in life's path is received by Excess, Intemperance, and Insatiability; but behind the gate lurk Pain and Sorrow, ragged wights with whips, who drive him to Repentance. In the last circle is False Discipline, surrounded by such folk as Lucian loved to satirize, and then a straight, steep, stony way, wherein the traveller is assisted by Energy and Courage, leads to a lovely meadow, wherein True Discipline, with a halo of glory glimmering about her head, stands, not like Fortune, on a rolling ball, but securely on a square stone, with Truth and Persuasion by her side. She it is who receives the weary pilgrim at the portals of the castle, where he finds all the virtues, and where their mother Happiness places the crown of victory on his head.

Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead" recall over and over again the dramatic "*Imagines Mortis*" of Holbein, usually known as "The Dance of Death." We find the same continual repetition of the old refrain, "In the midst of life we are in death," the same disregard on the part of the great democrat of riches and poverty, of wisdom and ignorance, of happiness and sorrow, of good and evil. The *grande indifférence pour les choses* of the universal leveller, with which we are familiar in the irony of Lucian, finds its faithful pho-

tograph in the ingenious pictures of the artist of Augsburg. There we behold the bald, grinning, ghastly skulls in close juxtaposition with each other, skulls padded round with flesh and fat; and here we read the diatribe of Diogenes, directed against the miserable Mausolus: "O fair Mausolus! your strength and loveliness is no longer the same. Nay! if we now disputed before any court on the matter of beauty, forsooth I cannot say why your skull should be preferred to mine, for both alike are bald and hairless, both alike we show our teeth, both alike are barren of eyes, and both alike have flattened noses." Lucian, like Holbein, represents whole figures of the dead as perfectly fleshless skeletons. "There," says Hermes to Menippus, "are Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Achilles, and Leda, and Helen, the face that fired a thousand ships and burnt the topmost towers of Ilium." "But," objects Menippus, "I see only a collection of bones and skulls." "These," answers Hermes, "which you seem to despise, are those whom all the poets praised." In one sense it had been happy for Holbein had he been less graphic in his description of the dead. The foolish prejudices of the Middle Ages went far to prevent dissection, and Holbein's anatomical knowledge is therefore of a very subordinate kind. Generally, the lower part of the arm exhibits only one bone, while *en revanche* the upper part and the thigh are sometimes allowed the luxury of two. On the whole, his sketches of skeletons are not devoid of considerable poetic fancy and much osteological freedom of treatment. Ambrose, the elder brother of Hans Holbein, was indebted to Lucian for his representation of Calumny, which the latter describes as painted by Apelles, in a treatise about not easily giving faith to evil report, the moral value of which this world of evil speaking, lying, and slander-ing, is little likely ever to allow to grow less. It suits the complexion of every place containing a Thersites, and where is the least country village without him? Setting out with some of the many harms of false witness, he seeks to curtail our eager credulity by a description of the malign, unjust, cowardly, and wholly reprobate nature of calumny, of its origin in the love of novelty, and its results, slaying men in sleep as in a city surprised by night. Apelles, the Ephesian artist, was accused by one of his vassals, Antiphilus, before Ptolemy, as an abettor in the revolt of Tyre; on which Ptolemy, filling his palace with outcries, calling Apelles an ungrate-

ful and crafty conspirator, was for cutting off his head at once. The truth of the matter, however, being determined, Ptolemy presented the unjustly accused artist with one hundred talents, who, on his part, revenged himself with the following picture. On the right a man is seated with large ears, almost like those of Midas, stretching out his hand towards Calumny, seen advancing in the distance. About him are two women, probably Ignorance and Suspicion. Calumny is painted also as a woman, passing fair, but worn and agitated as it were with madness and anger, bearing in her left hand a lighted torch, and with the right dragging along a youth by the hair, who stretches out his hands to heaven, and calls the gods to witness. Before her is a man, pale and deformed, as one dried up by long disease, but with bright, clear-sighted eyes. He, of course, is Envy. Two other women accompany Calumny, adorning and encouraging her. And the name of the one of these is Treachery, and of the other Deceit. But behind comes a woman clad in the weeds of sorrow, dark and torn. This is Repentance, ever with tears looking backwards, and anon with shamefacedness and downcast eyes regarding the approach of Truth.

The poetic taste of Lucian is perhaps more distinctly perceived in the numerous comparisons with which he has adorned his labors than in those poetic pieces which bear his name. There is his famous comparison of cities to hives of bees, in which each bee is furnished with his little sting; of men of business to a swarm of ants, running forever round and round, and in and out of their burgh, one turning over a bit of dung, another seizing a bean-shell, or half a grain of wheat, and bearing it away in triumph as a prize. This seems to be the germ of Bacon's comparison of human life to an ant-hill, in which some ants carry children, some food, and some go empty; but all travel to and fro a little heap of dust. Of human life Lucian has illustrations galore: now it is like a child at play, handling its toys for a while, soon growing weary of them, and changing them with every caprice; now it is like a company of singers, each singing his own song at the top of his

voice, not for the sake of harmony, but to render unheard the song of his neighbor; now it is like bubbles on stormy water, — a comparison which may compete with Homer's leaves and Burns' snowflakes on the river, a moment bright, then gone forever, — small bubbles which soon burst and disappear, big bubbles which, by attracting others, become still bigger, only to burst in their turn also, and vanish into nothing.

Lucian himself may be not unfitly compared with that Ogmios or Hercules who, he tells us, is the Celtic representative of the Greek god of eloquence, Mercury. In the full maturity of his age, this honey-tongued Nestor resembled that Ogmios, very old and bald but for a few white hairs, with skin wrinkled and tanned like that of a weather-beaten tar, yet leading a crowd of people, bound by their ears, with thin chains of gold and amber, to the tongue of the god, — fragile chains, which some of them seek to break by leaning in a contrary direction, but all following delightedly their divine leader, who looks back upon them with laughter.

If any fault is to be found with the eloquence of Lucian it is that of over-luxuriance. His hobby-horse carried him too often over the same ground, and, like Ovid, *nescit bene tractata relinquere*. But this being subtracted, there still remain on the credit side of this "impious author and execrable buffoon," as he has always been, and will always be, to the charlatans of philosophy, the sound common sense of Vanini and Montaigne, the knowledge of human nature of Swift and Rabelais, the inventive humor of De Bergerac and Voltaire, and the love of plain speaking of Catullus and Martial. Few authors will be found to surpass him in grace of speech or facility of instruction, in playful wit or pungent irony. "Everywhere," to use the words of Erasmus, "abounding in fair suggestions, he mixes earnest with jest, and jest with earnest; truth with trifles, and trifles with truth; sketching to the life with his pencil the passions, pursuits, and manners of mankind. Thus are his writings rather to be seen than read, nor can any comedy or satire be compared to them, whether regard be had to pleasure or to profit."

*This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.*

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

*In conjunction with an American writer.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## SAMBO.

ON a blazing, hot, dry day in August, two strange creatures might have been seen carefully picking their steps down a narrow path cut in the steep precipice that overlooks the whirling and hurrying waters of Niagara. They were apparently Esquimaux; and they were attended by a third person, also apparently an Esquimau. All three wore heavy and amorphous garments of a blue woollen stuff; but these were mostly concealed by capacious oil-skins. They had yellow oil-skin caps tightly strapped on their heads; yellow oil-skin jackets with flapping sleeves; yellow oil-skin trousers of great width, but no particular shape; and shoes of felt. One of the two travellers wore — alas! — spectacles.

These heavy garments became less hot as the Esquimaux began to receive shooting spurts of spray from the rocks overhead; and when, following their guide, they had to stand in a shower-bath for a few seconds, while he unlocked a small and mysterious portal, the cool splashing was not at all uncomfortable. But when, having passed through this gate, they had to descend some exceedingly steep and exceedingly slippery wooden steps, they discovered that even a shower-bath on a hot day may become too much of a good thing. For now they began to receive blows on the head, and blows on the shoulders, as though an avalanche of pebbles was upon them; while strange gusts of wind, blowing up from some wild caldron below, dashed across their faces and mouths, blinding and choking them. And in the booming and thundering sound all around them, had not the taller of the two travellers to stop, and seize his companion's arm, and yell with all his might before he could be heard, —

"*Donnerwetter!* what a fellow that was in the guide-book! I will swear he never

came through that gate! He said you must take off your collar and gloves, or you will get them wet! Ho, ho! Your collar and gloves! Ho, ho!"

But the laughter sounds wild and unearthly in the thunder of the falling waters and the pistol-shots hammering on one's head. Still further down the slippery steps go these three figures; and the roar increases; and the wild gusts rage with fiercer violence, as if they would whirl these three yellow phantoms into mid-air. The vagus nerve declares that in all its life it never was treated in this way before; for what with the booming in the ears, and the rattling on the head, and the choking of the mouth, it has got altogether bewildered. The last of the wooden steps is reached; the travellers are on slippery rocks; and now before them is a vast and gloomy cave, and there is a wild whirlpool of lashing water in it and outside it; between the travellers and the outside world is a blinding wall of water, torn by the winds into sheets of gray and white, and plunging down as if it would reach the very centre of the earth. The roar is indescribable. And how is it that the rushing currents of wind invariably sweep upward, as if to fight the falling masses of white water, and go whirling a smoke of foam all about the higher reaches of this awful cavern?

Here ensues a piteous and painful spectacle. No doubt these two travellers had gone down to this cave of the winds to be suitably impressed. No doubt they had read with deep attention the description of getting behind the falls written by gentlemen who had adventured some little way behind the Horseshoe Falls — on the other side — and who had gone home, with damp gloves, to write an account of the business, and to invoke the name of their Maker in order to give strength to their intransitive verbs. But could anything in the world be more ludicrous than the spectacle of a man, with Niagara tumbling on his head, trying to keep his spectacles dry? It was in vain that the guide had warned him to leave these behind him. It was in vain that his companion had besought him. And there he stood in the midst of this booming and infernal cavern, trying to get furtive snatches through his miserable spectacles by rapidly passing over them a wet handkerchief. Then a fiercer gust than usual whirled the handkerchief out of his hand, and sent it flying upward until it disappeared in the smoke of the spray. After that, mute despair.

For now, as dumb signs declared, it was

necessary to pass round the back of this wild cavern by a narrow path between the lashing waters and the rocks; one hand on the rocks, the other gripped by the guide, the eyes keeping a sharp look-out, as far as was possible in the gloom, for one's footing. But how could this miserable creature with the swimming spectacles accomplish this feat? Blind Bartimeus would have been safer; for he, at least, would have had both hands free. It was with a piteous look that he held out the spectacles and shook his head. The face of the attendant Esquimaux plainly said, "I told you so" — speech was impossible amidst this thunder.

And now this helpless person, being left alone at the entrance to the cave, and alternating the efforts of spray-blinded eyes with quick glances through spectacles dried by a dripping oil-skin sleeve, saw some strange things. For at first it appeared to him that there was nothing visible in the outer world but this unceasing plunge of masses of water, that crashed upon the rocks, and sprung out into mid-air, whirling about in mad fashion with the twisting hurricanes of wind. But by-and-by — and apparently immeasurable leagues away — he caught fitful glances of a faint roseate color, a glow that seemed to have no form or substance. And then again, with the rapidity of a dream, a glimmer appeared as of sunlight on brown rocks; and for an instant he thought he saw some long wooden poles of a bright red, supported in mid-air. Was that, then, the bridge outside the falls by which the other two phantoms were to return? But the whole thing was fleeting and unsubstantial; and again the wild gray mists closed over it; while the vague nerve protested horribly against this perpetual hammering on the head. For a moment the frantic thought occurred to him that he would sacrifice these accursed spectacles — that he would dash them into the foaming caldron — that he would at all risks clamber round the black walls with both hands unencumbered. But the vague nerve — which seems to form a sort of physical conscience — intervened. "Think of your loving wife and tender babes," it said. "Think of your duty as one of the magistrates of Surrey. Above all, consider what the wise Frenchman said, 'When one is dead it is for a very long time;' and cheerfully, and without a pang, sacrifice the dollars you have paid."

Another vision through this Walpurgis dance of waters. Far away — as if another world altogether was revealing itself

— two figures appeared in mid-air, and they seemed to be clambering alone by the rose-red poles. But there was no substance in them. They were as aerial as the vapor through which they faintly gleamed. They passed on, apparently descending toward certain phantasmal shadows that may have been rocks, and were seen no more.

It was about ten minutes thereafter that the wooden portal above was reopened, and the three Esquimaux, dripping inside and out, stood in the dry air. And now it seemed as if the great landscape around was dyed in the intensest colors; and the eyes, long harassed by these bewildering grays and whites, roved in a delighted manner over the ruddy rocks, and the green woods, and the blue of the skies. And the hot air was no longer too hot after this mighty shower-bath; while the lieutenant, his face glowing after the wet, and his beard in twisted and flaky tangles, was declaring that the passage along these slippery boards was about as bad as the Mauvais Pas. Was it to flatter him — as every captain is ready to flatter his passengers on getting them into port by telling them he has not experienced such a storm for five-and-twenty years — that the attendant Esquimaux observed that it was an unusually bad day for the cave, owing to the direction of the wind? In any case, the lieutenant answered, it was a good thing he had not asked any of his lady friends to accompany him.

But of course these gentle creatures insisted on going down to the old and familiar passage behind the Horseshoe Falls which has been the theme of much eloquent writing; and accordingly, in the afternoon, we all went along to a big building that reminded us at once of Chamonix, so crammed was it with photographs, trinkets, guides, and tourists. Here, for a trifling charge, we were accommodated with a few loose waterproofs to throw over our ordinary costumes; and, thus attired, we crossed the road, and struck down the narrow and sloppy path leading to the falls. We would have no guide. If there was a guide at all, it was a courageous person who had boldly left his spectacles in the building above, and had sworn — in his purblind state — to accomplish this desperate enterprise or perish in the attempt. Undaunted, he and his companions passed by several ladies who were busy making water-color drawings — having cunningly chosen positions where they could get a good lump



of red rock and some bushes for their foreground. Undaunted, they met the preliminary challenges — as it were — of the Horseshoe Falls in the shape of little spouts of water; in fact, these were only the playful and capricious attentions that Undine's knight received when her uncle was in a good humor and attended him through the gloomy forest. These spouts and jets increased to a shower, and the path grew narrower, so that we had to exercise some caution in allowing returning explorers to pass us — more especially as we were shod, not in gripping felt, but in goloshes of enormous size. But what of that? We should have pressed forward, if each foot had been in a canoe.

And it was shameful to see at this time how the lieutenant paid almost no heed at all to his wife — to the mother of his children — to the friendless and forlorn creature who had been banished from her native land; but almost exclusively devoted himself to Lady Sylvia, whom he led in the van of the party. Not only did he give her his hand at all the narrow places, but even, in order to do so, was bold enough to venture outside on the broken and brittle slate, in a fashion which no father of a family should permit himself. But as for Bell, she was not born in Westmoreland for nothing. She walked along this ledge as freely and carelessly as if she had been walking in Oxford Street. When she looked down the sheer precipice, it was only to admire the beautiful colors of the green water, here swirling in great circles of foam. We firmly believed that she was singing aloud the mermaid's song in "Oberon;" but of course we could not hear her.

For now the booming of the falls was close at hand; and we found in front of us a ledge or plateau running away in between the high wall of rock and the mighty masses of water shooting downward in a confusion of mist and spray. One by one we entered into this twilit hall of the water-gods; and, after trying to overmaster or get accustomed to the thundering roar, placed our backs to the rocks, and confronted the spectacle before us. What was it, then? Only perpetual downward streaks of gray; a slight upward motion, as if the wind was fraying the surface of these masses; a confused whirling overhead of gray vapor; and at our feet a narrow ledge of black and crumbling rock that trembled with the reverberation of the crash below. The strange twilight of this hall of waters was certainly impressive;

and there was something in our enforced silence, and in the shaking of the ground on which we stood, to add to the impression. Here, too, there were none of the fierce hurricane gusts of the cave of the winds to buffet the eyes and choke the mouth and nostrils. Nor had the vagus nerve to contend with the hammering of tongs on the head. No doubt, a cultivator of the emotions might come down here with a fair presumption that beautiful feelings would arise within him. He might even bring a chair with him, and sit down and wait for them. And when he clambered up into the dry air again, he would find himself none the worse, except, perhaps, that his gloves might be damp.

But onward — onward. The goal has to be reached: let those whose vagus nerve remonstrates remain behind. And now the darkness increases somewhat; and the narrow ledge, rising and falling, and twisting round the edge of the rocks, is like a black snake at one's feet, and the wind and water around one's face seem more inextricably mixed than ever. But has the world come to an end? Have the rocks, too, been mixed up with the vapor? Have we got to the verge of the visible universe, to find ourselves confronted by nothing but misty phantoms? Suddenly one feels a hand on one's shoulder. With caution and a tight grip one turns. And what is this wild thing gleaming through the gray vapor — a great black face, shining and smiling and dripping, brilliant rows of teeth, and coal-black eyes? And what is this thing that he yells high and clear, so that it is heard even through the roar and thunder around, "You kent go no forder den dawt!" 'Tis well, friend — Sambo, or Potiphar, or whatever you may be. You are very like the devil, down here in this wild place; but there has been a mistake about the element. 'Tis well, nevertheless; and a half-dollar shall be thine when we get back to dry air and daylight.

Our women-folk were greatly pleased with this excursion, and began to assume superior airs. At dinner there was a wild and excited talk of the fearful things they had seen and done — a jumble of mad-dened horses, runaway coaches, sinking boats, and breaking ice — so that you would have thought that such an assemblage of daring spirits had never met before under one roof.

"These are pleasant things to hear of," it is remarked, "especially for the father of a family. When one listens to such pranks and escapes on the part of respect-



able married people, one begins to wonder what is likely to be happening to two harum-scarum boys. I have no doubt that at this moment they are hewing off their thumbs with jackknives, and trying to hang the pony up to a tree, and loading the gardener's gun with four pounds of powder and three marbles. What do you say, Bell?"

"I have no doubt they are all asleep," answered that practical young matron, who has never been able to decide whether American time is before English time or the reverse.

Well, we got our letters at Niagara, and were then free to set out for the far West. There was nothing in these letters but the usual domestic tidings. Lord Willowby expressed surprise to his daughter that Balfour should intend, as he understood, to remain in London during the autumn; that was all the mention of her husband that Lady Sylvia received. Whether she brooded over it can only be conjectured; but to all eyes it was clear that she was not at this time solely occupied in thinking about Niagara.

Our favorite point of view had by this time come to be certain chosen spots on the American side, close by those immense bodies of green water that came gliding on so swiftly and smoothly, that fell away into soft traceries of white as the wind caught their surface, and that left behind them, as they plunged into the unknown gulf below, showers of diamonds that gleamed in the sun as they remained suspended in the upward currents of air. But perhaps our last view was the finest of all, and that as we were leaving from the Canadian side. The clear blue day was suddenly clouded over by a thunder-storm. Up out of the southwest came rolling masses of cloud, and these threw an awful gloom over the plain of waters above the falls, while the narrow neck of land adjacent was as black as night. Then from a break in those sombre clouds one gleam of light fell flashing on the very centre of the Horseshoe Falls, the wonderful green shining out more brilliantly than ever, while nearer at hand one or two random shafts of light struck down on the white foam that was whirling onward into the dark gorge. That was our final glimpse of Niagara; but perhaps not the one that will remain longest in the memory. Surely we had no intention of weaving anything comic or fantastic into our notion of Niagara when we went down that dripping path on the hot August afternoon. But now we often talk of Sambo — if such was

his name — of the tall and dusky demon who burst upon us through floating clouds of vapor. Does he still haunt that watery den — a gloomy shape, yet not awful, but rather kind-hearted, and smiling, in the midst of these unsubstantial visions? Or have the swift waters seized him long ago, and whirled him away beyond the reach of human eyes and ears?

---

From Temple Bar.

#### SPANISH BARRACKS AND HOSPITALS.

WE have now followed the Spanish peasant through many phases of his life: at home, on the wharf, by the river-side at Madrid; in the horrors of the prison, with its gambling, foul talk, and dark cells; in the clutches of the herb-doctor; in the loneliness of the grey hill-town. Life, however, is chequered, at best, with suffering of mind or body, — when a lad, the peasant, if he cannot pay his £50, is for some years condemned to barrack life, and torn away from all he loves, while his richer brother gambles in the *casino*, or makes money behind the counter. Sometimes, under pressure of unwonted excitement, and long strain upon his nerves, accompanied with pain and privation, the mind gives way, and the poor man is confined within the walls of his provincial asylum, and drags on a weary life in the company of gaping idiots and chattering lunatics. Or sickness steals upon him, the tearful wife, perhaps far gone with child, can work her wan thin fingers no longer, and the hospital doors are to be entered.

Of many years spent among the Spanish poor, I have devoted the greater part of two years to visiting the poor man in barrack, hospital, and asylum, mindful of the poet's words: —

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.

Nowhere is human suffering so great as among the poorer classes in Spain. How often have I said to some poor widow, whose only stay has but just now been taken from her, by that mysterious hand which we call Providence, and which the Spaniard calls *la voluntad de Dios*, and the peasant fatalist calls *mi suerte*, and heard her say, "No support for me now, I must go to the workhouse."

"But will none of your friends help you with money; or give you work, or washing, or the like?"

"No, señor, in Spain it is not the custom, the rich don't help us; that is only done in England."

"But the mayor in your town, will not he help you?"

"No, no out-door relief is given in Spain."

The following scene then commences, in the life of the Spanish woman. She steals out at early morn with a few of her humble trinkets, or clothes, and goes to the *casa de ahorros*, or the *casa de préstamos*, or the *monte de piedad*, i.e., to one of the various kinds of pawnshops, of which the last is the best, and pledges in tears her few articles of *vertu*.

At what a cost she does this, God, and those who have studied the character of the poorest, alone can tell. For, if you follow this poor widowed girl back to her half-stripped home, she will enter it, close the door, dash the money she has thus bitterly obtained upon the floor, and say "*Bendito Dios* (Blessed be God), I never thought to see this day. Oh, that I should have to sell his things; my poor dear boy's things!" Then she seizes her child, hugs it to her breast, rocks backwards and forwards in her awful agony — she knows not how to pray to God, and man will not help her — and weeps until her lustrous black eyes are all red with crying, and her hair is hanging in dishevelled masses over her pale, sickly face.

I am supposing the case of a young woman left without a family near. Sometimes, however, thank God, the poor creature has a brother, or father and mother living, and then, no matter how poor they are; no matter that they are five in number, and have but one tiny home; no matter that they have had for weeks to live on beans scalded in hot water, with bread, and not enough of that; no matter that the widow and her bairns will bring little grist to the mill, and much suffering to the house — never mind all this; there are already "more eaters to the bread than bread to the eaters," but Maria, Francisca, Isidra, is "*mi Maria*," "*mi Paquita*," "*mi Isidra*," "and shall I turn *la hija de mi sangre* (the child of my blood) away? No, never. She shall come and share our crust, and if we starve, we starve together, with love."

"Better," says the truly national proverb, "to die with love, than to live with hate;" and

Who casts out love shall be from love outcast.

(Had Dean Stanley, in his voluminous reading, taken up a book of Spanish prov-

erbs, when he wrote the above line in the graceful poem of his early days, "The Gipsies"?)

Never can you enter a Spanish peasant's house, without feeling that natural goodness has a power that is denied to those who mark out their deeds of charity by a line of gospel chalk, or without saying to yourself, "If I were poor, let my relations be the Spanish poor;" for no member of the family is too outcast, too poor to be "taken in." The old granny is there, walking about the house (or rather room) like a tame cat, greyhaired, in threadbare black, and always nursing the latest arrival in the shape of baby; or the little orphan child is there, the pet and love of all, ever having the first dip with the wooden spoon into the *puchero*, and the best bit of *pico*, i.e. crust, if crusty bread be there. But, alas! Spanish poor get but little *pico*, i.e. crusty twist, called *rosca*, or "French bread" (*pan frances*). To their share falls the *hacemita*, a coarse cake of bread, with the "seconds" left in; or the still coarser *pan de maiz*, or maize bread; or the coarse, but nourishing, long rolls of brown bread, called, in southern Andalusia, *telera*.

For bread, after all, is everything with the Spanish poor. Fruit can always be had, or onions; and with fruit, tomatoes, and onions, the peasant asks neither meat nor wine; vinegar and oil, however, his heart desires.

And, while upon the subject of this obstinate, and yet passionate strength of attachment between members of one family, let me not be supposed to say that "Blood is thicker than water" — a truly selfish English proverb, and one worthy to be classed with "Charity begins at home" — is a proverb acted upon by the Spanish poor. Nay, the very fact of many families always living under one roof, and in one house, having but one kitchen to a storey, and but one door of ingress to the house, makes them wonderfully kind to their neighbors. There are but few peasantry in Spain who have a house to themselves, save in the northern provinces, and thus the sorrows of the family in room No. 1 are known to the inmates of rooms 2, 3, and 4 on the same storey, and every little aid that love can suggest or duty prescribe is lent to any and every neighbor, no matter what be their trial, all being done with a tact and a delicacy unknown among the peasantry of northern climes.

An English peasant closes his cottage door, looks round him, and says, "Bill has got his new boots, and Sally her medi-

cine ;" and there, beginning at home, of a truth his charity ends.

Not so the Spanish peasant. His neighbor is his brother ; he asks not, with the lawyer of sacred story, "Who is my neighbor?" but, with that lawyer's heaven-sent Teacher, he asks the question, as he looks upon his brother's or his sister's woe, "To whom can I be a neighbor?"

Among the sorrows of the poor in Spain must certainly, to judge by the hatred with which it is regarded, be placed the conscription.

In Spain, owing to the unhappy civil war in the northern provinces, conscription after conscription has of late years thrown well-nigh every poor family into mourning ; and brought a cloud upon the face and a tear into the eye of many a peasant woman.

The conscription is carried on as follows. A *bando*, or proclamation, is fixed upon the doors of the town court-house, or *ayuntamiento*, that all lads between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three must attend the drawing of lots, to be held at such and such a place, those only excepted who are (1) physically deformed ; (2) the sole support of widowed father or mother ; (3) able to pay the £50 demanded as the price of exemption.

On the appointed morning, at early dawn, the civil guards and their officer are at the "urn," the lads' names are called over, and they stand with eager, expectant faces as each draws his own number, lucky or unlucky.

The scene baffles description. Yet I will illustrate its painful character by three sketches which occur at this moment to my mind's eye, and come back, although months ago, with a vividness painful in its intensity.

I was standing with a crowd of work-worn mothers, and girls whose eyes were red with tears, outside the drawing-room for conscripts, while the lots were being drawn ; four or five of the poor bronzed-faced mothers were counting their beads, and praying to the God who, they thought, had well-nigh forsaken them ; as many of the poor girls threw themselves on their knees in the dusty, straw-littered street, crying out "*Dios mio ! Dios mio !*" and throwing dust and the *paja*, or chopped straw that littered the street, into the rich folds of their magnificent hair. Their bronzed, brown, dirty faces ; their blood-shot eyes, the dust mingling with the tears that flowed down their quivering cheeks, their passionate cry, with their eyes upturned to heaven, "My God ! my God !

Ahi ! Ahi ! Ahi !" all these formed a scene that may well be added to a chapter on the sorrows of the poor.

Sturdy, reckless young fellows, the lads drawn care but little ; as with the higher, so with the lower classes in Spain, all the love, truth, steadfastness, and purity is to be found among the women, to which they add a passionateness of affection — oftentimes for the objects least worthy of it — which can only be called sublime, which is really divine, and a fit witness to and a likeness or shadow of the love of Him who is "kind to the unthankful even, and the evil."

I have mixed with Spanish women of all classes, and can only say that the stories about their looseness of morals when married are mere inventions of travellers who know neither the heart nor the honor of the women of Spain.

The men are very corrupt, I grant, whether married or single, whether high or low, but no married woman ever goes wrong unless her husband first is unfaithful to her. The code of honor is a strange one, but one tacitly acknowledged. They say, "If he is not true to me, I am free from any obligation to be true to him !" And as to a married woman flirting, or a girl proving a heartless jilt, it is a thing unknown among the women of Spain. They leave those silly but pernicious foibles to their sisters in frivolous France, or (so-called) religious England.

Yet once more. A few weeks since I was witness, at two wayside railway stations on the line from Madrid to Cordova, to two of the most characteristic scenes it has been my lot to witness in Spain, in connection with the conscription.

At the one station — it rends my heart to recall the scene — the young lover of a Castilian lassie was being taken away, with a batch of eight or nine others, by the Civil Guard, to serve in the army. A sorrowing crowd of women, wringing their hands, crying aloud, shrieking with mental suffering that could not be suppressed, or as if their heart would burst, came with the lads, and gave them their last burning kiss, made more dear, surely, to God and man, by the scalding tears that chased over its imprint.

I say "imprint," for the passionate violence with which a Spanish girl gives you her last kiss (or what may be her last) leaves quite a little dent even upon a man's hard, bronzed face, and you cannot forget it easily, or think of it lightly. Often, it is all they have, poor girls, to give ; and well and fervently is it given.

One poor girl threw herself on the platform, tore out her hair by handfuls, rolled her head on the ground until the blood actually started, and trickled from many a scratch over her dirt-smeared cheeks. Her cries were so piteous as her friends held her back, that even stout soldiers in the carriage with me said, turning their backs, lighting their cigarettes, and leaning out of the opposite windows, —

“D— it, I do wish the train would go on.”

I tried to make the poor girl take a few dollars to repair her soiled and tattered dress (she was but a *gitana*, used to labor in the field!). But no, she flung the money on the ground, and her screams of agony as the train moved off were heartrending. The women, in my third-class carriage, were in tears; and only an utterly heartless and inhuman man could have sat still unmoved.

Yet one more scene. At a wayside station, near Andujar (so well known to those who buy and sell the porous water-jars that alone can keep the “*agua fresca, fria, pura*,” during the tropic heats of summer in Andalusia), I saw, from the window of the carriage in which I sat, a poor, barefooted, or sandal-footed girl run for full a quarter of a mile, in a baking June sun, alongside of the train in which her lover, or it may have been her husband (possibly, too, her seducer), was being carried away as a conscript to his duties.

The girl's heaving brown breast and beating warm heart failed her at last, and she fell exhausted, face foremost, by the side of the line, and I saw her no more.

“Once in the clutches of the government, whether as prisoner or as soldier,” so say the Spanish poor, and so say they truly, “our *mozos* (*i.e.* lads) are of no more value than dogs; their lives are counted as dogs' lives!”

But the sound of woman's wild wailing soon dies away, and woman's tears are soon forgotten.

The conscript is taken to the nearest barrack. Here, in waiting to choose from the ragged, unkempt, motley mass of conscripts, are the officer of the engineers, of the artillery, and the cavalry. In the order in which I have placed them, each officer draws, or selects his ten men.

Thus the engineer, artillery, and cavalry forces pick the tallest, finest, and best-educated men, and the stunted squads remaining are drafted off into the various regiments or battalions of infantry corresponding to their respective provinces.

The recruit then enters barrack life, and his drill, and a very rough one it is, commences.

As a rule, the Spanish barracks are large, airy, lofty, roomy, and well ventilated. The morning bugle (*toca de diana*) sounds at five in summer, six in winter, and the men rise, dress, and answer to roll-call in the courtyard.

From 11 to 12.30 they are drilled, and from 2.30 to 4 P.M.

They receive 5*d.* per diem, in cash, nominally; but of that 3 1-2*d.* is stopped for washing, soap, clothes-mending, blacking, and the like. Each man receives his short blue jacket, and brickdust-colored baggy trousers, and a capote, or frock-coat, of blue serge, for winter; also one pair of sandals, one pair of boots (bluchers), and two pairs of black knickerbockers.

The meals are as follows; at 11 A.M. stew, called *rancho*, *i.e.* chick-pease, potatoes, and haricot beans stewed down with lumps of bacon, and bits of *chorizo*, a rough pork sausage, flavored with *pimiento molido*, and full of fat, skin, and gristle, but savory. The same dish is repeated at 4 P.M. or 6 P.M., when the men dine.

The dinner and breakfast are served as follows. The huge caldrons of boiling hot stew are carried out into the courtyard; each soldier, wooden platter and wooden spoon in hand, flocks to the steaming mess, and receives his platter full. There is no mess-room; each man eats his stew, platter on knee, where he likes; most of the men carry the mess to their bed, and eat it there.

Besides this, each man has one pound or one pound and a half (if he can eat it) of brown, but good and substantial bread.

The men are not well cared for by their officers; although beating was abolished by Castelar's republic, yet cuffs, kicks, and a blow with the flat of the sword are common, and any sergeant may kick a private soldier with impunity.

The higher officers, who are gentleman, do not indulge in such *castigos*, but the petty officers often enforce their orders by a blow; and thus, in the late revolution, “Down with the stars and stripes” *i.e.* the gold stripes and gold stars on the officers' sleeves, was the cry of the soldiery.

A conscript serves from four to six years in the regular army, and is then drafted for two years into the reserve. After this he returns to his mountain village to till the olive-yard, or dig the vineyard, most probably broken in health and spirits, not

*fêted* as an English soldier on his return, with his medal on breast, and his war-worn bronzed face, but certainly hugged by mother and father.

Generally speaking, his return is a sad one: the girl he loved has yielded to the force of circumstances, and married; the mother and father are so altered, the hairs grown so grey. Few, very few, make the army their profession, some however do so; and if they survive twenty-six years of hard service, these retire on a small pension. But, alas! these are few in number, and the pension is so small, whilst the journey to draw it is so long and the government stamps necessary for the needful documents are so expensive, and the fees to officials so heavy, that the monthly pension, when it reaches its proper recipient's hands, has dwindled down to a mere nothing.

One page shall now be devoted to the "poor man in hospital;" and I must say, that while decay is stamped upon the government, the army, and the peasant class at home, here at least, in the slow but sure improvement that has taken place of late years in Spanish hospitals, is seen a sign of national vitality, and a star of hope for the future.

The hospitals of Spain, but a few years since, were described as the worst in Europe. They are now, however, scarcely in any way inferior to those of other European countries.

Hospitals are of three classes: (1) those paid for by the national government; (2) those paid for by the town council; and (3) those supported by religious fraternities.

Of these, the first and the last are the best conducted.

One of the crying evils of Spain is, that there is no out-door relief, in money, only a doctor and drugs are allowed to the sick or aged poor at their houses. Now, in a population so passionately attached to home, — the home, be it only a reed hut, is *nuestra casa* with the Spanish poor, and its four mud or reed-laced walls, contain all the hearts of the family — in such a population, 5*d.* (two reals of Spanish money) per diem would keep hundreds, nay, thousands from begging or dying of starvation, and, besides, would be a real saving to the government and municipal authorities.

But no; money is not given. So the poor starve slowly at home. They can, at least, cry and kiss one another, after their wont, there; they can, at least, "die among their own people," even though at death,

they be "buried with the burial of a dog, drawn and cast out without the walls of the city."

They hate the idea of a hospital; they hate the idea of restraint; they have (and naturally enough) no trust in any one who is their superior in rank; and they hate the enforced separation from their wives, and families, and friends.

So you offer a poor, sick creature a ticket for the hospital. He raises up his pale, sickly, bronzed face from his straw pillow, and says "*Señor, mil gracias; pero no es el costumbre,*" i.e., "My lord, a thousand thanks; but it is not our custom to go to hospital."

But if friends fail, or are wholly wanting, go he must; and he ever goes with a smile, and, when in hospital, always owns, cheerfully enough, "They treat me very well; I am *muy contento aquí*" (i.e., "very well satisfied to be here").

The town council and the mayor give hospital tickets freely to any one of their own province; and any subscriber will give a ticket for the private hospital, and in either case the poor sufferer is well cared for. Large and lofty and clean are the wards; the nurses, or sisters of charity (chiefly of the order of San Vicente de Pablo) are kindness itself; little luxuries, as cocoa, fish, wine, and even Valencian beer, are as freely given as funds will permit; and the beds (on iron bedsteads) are clean and comfortable.

But a few days since, going to an hotel known to me for many years, I missed the old porter, known, from his dropsical tendency, as "the fat man;" and on inquiry, I found he had been taken ill to the hospital of the town.

I went thither; it was Sunday afternoon; and a kindly sister of charity showed me to the bedside of my old friend.

The sight of the ward where he lay was a striking one.

The lofty walls were clean and white-washed; the beds separated by curtains, and not too close together; a crucifix hung on the wall over the head of each lowly and lonely sufferer, and, to its right, a little wallet containing the poor fellow's cigarettes, and bread and fruit for his evening meal.

A large *retablo*, the "Crucifixion," had been opened at the farther end of the ward, and in front of it stood a sister of charity, saying the *rezal* or prayer of the afternoon, in a deep, sonorous voice, to be heard all over the ward. This she was obliged to do, in the absence of the priest from illness.

The eyes of all the sufferers were bent towards her; but one or two said to me, (as they murmured the response so often heard at cottage bedside, and in hospital ward,

Madre santísima, Virgen purísima, ruega por nosotras,)

"This is all very well: but we can just as well pray for ourselves."

The average cost of a patient in hospital would be—doctors' attendance, etc., included—1s. 8d. per diem; and, for that sum, the poor in hospital are really well cared for.

On three days in the week they are allowed to see their families; and these may bring them little luxuries, such as fruit, money, tobacco, or sweets.

There is no hardship, no cruelty in the Spanish hospitals; and, considering the fearful lack of money for the support of all charitable institutions just now, it is truly marvellous that they are supported and kept up so well as they are at the present time.

Low fevers, called *calenturas intermitentes*, pulmonary diseases among the men, and diseases incident to bad or neglected confinements among the women, form the majority of the diseases treated in the Spanish hospitals.

The price paid by ships' captains and consuls of the British service for British seamen left ill, or temporarily disabled, in a Spanish seaport hospital, varies from 1s. 8d. to 2s. per diem, and I have rarely, if ever, heard the men complain of their treatment.

It must be confessed that, both in its provision for, and treatment of lunatics and idiots, the peninsula is sadly behind the age. Indeed, in provision for all special forms of both physical and mental infirmities there is a great lack and blank. For the blind, and deaf and dumb there are a few, but very few, schools. One at Barcelona, for both the blind and the deaf and dumb, where children from all parts of the peninsula are taught, and fairly well educated; another at Madrid. The *ayuntamiento* of the town from which these children are sent pays the expenses of their livelihood during their sojourn, and the education is free, the schools being supported by private charity, and by an annual grant from the town council of the town wherein it is situated.

As far as the unhappy lunatics and idiots are concerned, I cannot speak favorably in any sense. Without attributing inten-

tional cruelty of any sort to those connected with lunatic asylums, I must, with regret, notice (1) the utter want of management and tact in dealing with the inmates; (2) the want of proper baths, and padded rooms for the violent; (3) the want of occupation; and (4) the insufficiency of proper food and dress.

There is near Barcelona one of the largest lunatic asylums in Spain, the inmates being sent thither from no less than twenty-six provinces.

I fear they meet with but poor treatment, the amount paid for them per head by the town authorities being small, and the contract system, as usual, being fearfully abused. Indeed, until Spanish prisons and lunatic asylums are improved throughout the peninsula, I do not hesitate to say that God's blessing can never be expected to rest upon the land.

In the course of my remarks upon the Spanish peasantry, the true "children of nature," but very noble children, we have seen the poor man in his weakness, and in his strength; we have visited him in his lowly cottage home, in his prison-house, in his hospital ward, in the hands of the withered crone, his "herb doctress;" have listened to his keen, crisp morality on the wharf; have washed dirty linen with him in the yellow current of the Manzanares; have seen his monotonous life in "a Spanish hill-town," where gas-lamps, glass windows, and police are luxuries unheard of, and where posts but rarely appear.

Such as he is, I have sought to paint him, writing, I trust, without any bias, and with the one desire to

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.

But if I have written with any bias, it has been with a bias in favor of the Spanish poor, but a bias formed upon a long and close study of their character. I came to Spain prepared to find the Spanish poor all that was bad; slowly the mists cleared away from my eyes year by year, and I found them to be, judged by a fair standard, a truly noble race.

For how, or by what standard, ought the Spanish poor to be judged? One person will say, "By the statistics of crime." Another will say by this, another by that standard.

The standard by which, in my opinion, the Spanish poor should be judged and estimated, is simply this.

The English poor have education, a fairly working poor-law, well-developed in-

dustries, a good government, and a rational religion, added to a fairly useful clergy and parochial system.

The Spanish poor, on the other hand, have little education; no out-door relief; badly developed industries; a bad government; a weak and shadowy religion, falsely called religion; an oppressive clergy, opposed to the true welfare of the people, and a miserably imperfect parochial system.

The priests hardly ever relieve the poor man's physical necessities, partly because they are heartless, partly because they are poor; and, to crown all, they set him a bad example by their immoral lives.

And when, in spite of his being so fearfully "handicapped," we find the Spanish peasant a fine, noble, simple-hearted fellow, intelligent in mind, warm in heart, capable of any act of devotion to his benefactor; a man free from grumbling, hard-working, courageous, and, as a rule, a fairly kind husband and father, and desirous to pay his way honestly, when we find him a good soldier, and a skilful navigator, in a word, with all his faults of uncontrolled temper, and habitual untruthfulness, and with all his lack of any idea of moral responsibility, yet a fine fellow, a man as it were, triumphing over difficulties — must we not yield to him the palm, and say he is of finer clay than the English peasant, although in the hands of a vastly superior potter?

Strong men make circumstances, weak men are made by them.

The Spanish peasant hardly ranks among the latter class. Nay, he is capable of everything that is great and good, and, handicapped as he is most cruelly, he yet, in spite of all, rises to a fair standard of what is right.

I have said but little about the wages of the peasant, and his hours of labor. He generally, in the greater part of the peninsula, receives about 1s. 8d. per diem, and this as an agricultural laborer; in harvest and vintage time he receives more, and generally a bowl of *gazpacho*, or salad and bread steeped in oil, vinegar, and water, and, when hard-worked, a glass of *anisao*, or cognac and anisette, each morning. The miner can make his 2s. 6d. per diem; the factory hand about 3s. 6d. in such a province as Catalonia; the domestic manservant his 1s. or 1s. 6d. per diem, and possibly one meal.

In most of the provinces of Spain, women's labor is used in the following branches of industry.

First, our Spanish peasant-girl may be-

come a *cigarera*, or worker at the cigar factory, where she can earn from 1s. to 1s. 8d. per diem; but the *cigareras*, pretty, witty, and kind to father and mother as they undoubtedly are, do not bear a high reputation for chastity. The herding together of two thousand hot-blooded, high-spirited girls of from twelve to thirty years of age, in one heated room, as at Seville or Alicante, is not conducive to morality; and many a mother wringing her hands, will say, "Ahi! ahi! her father is dead; I am too decrepit for domestic service. *Dios mio! Dios mio!* my poor dear girl! must she go to the cigar-factory?" Secondly, the peasant-girl may work in the field, or keep her fruit-stall; neither of these occupations are good, in a pecuniary point of view. And, thirdly, she may go out to domestic service.

Very different is a Spanish from an English servant.

In the first place, as a rule, no modest girl ever goes out to service without her mother or aunt, or an elder sister who has been or is married, since no girl can walk the streets alone without losing in caste and respectability; thus you want servants, and mother and daughter come and offer themselves for the place. No characters are ever given, so that you judge by appearance, general report, and conversation whether or not the couple will suit, and then engage or refuse them. In a few hours the selected couple come with their little wooden bedstead, box of clothes, and bed-linen; the room assigned to them is furnished in ten minutes, crucifix and rosary hung over the bed-head, the box of "face-powder," which every Spanish peasant-girl uses, placed on the window-sill; and the couple are at home, and go to work.

The wages are — for the mother, about 22s. English money per month, without food; for the daughter, 12s. 6d.; with food, which consists of one pound of bread for each, and oil, bacon, and vegetables, 12s. per month for the mother, and 6s. for the daughter.

The servants take their cup of black coffee, and a bit of dry bread at 8 A.M., and at 3 P.M. their stew, or snails, or fried eggs, and bread; at night a crust of dry bread, and a drink of water.

As a rule, these women are most affectionate; true, they are slovenly in their habits, they talk to you at meals, they take a chair when talking to you, but what of this? Kindly treated, the worst of them are capable of the greatest devotion to a kind master and mistress, and although



they will sometimes charge you a farthing more than they have given for the grapes, and meat or fish that form your *almuerzo*, or breakfast, they never rob or pilfer, and will take good care that no one else shall rob or injure their employer.

They feel themselves, in fact, members of the household; the *casa* is their *casa*, and they take as much pride in it as though it were their own.

They are foolishly kind to babies and children, the latter of which are invariably spoiled by their never thwarting them in any single particular. The mother rarely thwarts, and corrects her own, why should she thwart or correct another's child?

Lacemaking and tailoring are two other branches of female industry; the former is confined to Catalonia and other northern provinces; the lace being made on an oblong pillow, and the gains of a good maker being about 1s. 2d. per diem; the tailoress works in the tailor's shop from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., and only receives 10d. per diem, without meals. The girls who ply this latter trade are a most suffering class, and greatly to be pitied, being in a position analogous to that held by the poor seamstresses of London. Out of their wretched daily 10d., many of them have to find their own needle and thread; one hour only is allowed for meals.

Dressmakers and seamstresses are few enough, for a Spanish lady takes a pride in making her own dresses; nay, since she is no musician, does not care to read even novels or periodicals, and is no linguist, what else has she to do? Her idle hours are always occupied with needlework or embroidery.

We have spoken in our short retrospect of wages and employment of the Spanish poor; we come now to speak of schools and the education of the poor.

Education was some few years since greatly, it is now slightly, on the increase; a great impetus was given to it during the reign of Amadeo or Isabella, when schools were founded in barracks and prisons, and when, under the republic of Castelar, education was made compulsory and model schools founded.

In the year 1803 only one in three hundred and fifty could read or write, or do both; now one in every ten can at least read a little. In the village schools the education is simply wretched; the children learn but very little; but in the workhouse schools and the model schools in large towns and cities, both of which are paid for in part by the town council, the education is simply excellent, and to my own

mind is fully equal to the education offered to children in any national school in England.

The children pay but little, 1d. per diem. At least three or four thousand children are receiving a capital education in the various Protestant schools scattered throughout the peninsula, which offer a very cheap and exceedingly good education. But with all this, in the rural districts it is very hard for a child to obtain a good education.

In the barrack, workhouse, and prison schools, all of which I have closely and for years studied, I believe the education offered to be very fair indeed. The clergy, as a rule, save when driven to it by a spirit of rivalry, take little or no interest in the education of the masses.

As regards morality, I should say that the girl, carefully guarded by her mother, and watched in all her ways, is kept straight; the lad is immoral from the time he arrives at the age of puberty. Nor do the parents ever exercise any moral coercion or give good advice to their children; a lad of seventeen will calmly tell his mother that he has been to a house of ill-fame, if she inquire whence he has come, and will receive no reproof, but only a shrug of the shoulders from the mother. But her daughter's purity she guards strictly indeed, and the number of illegitimate children and the number of prostitutes I take to be far less, in proportion to the population in Spain, than in France or England.

In character, the Spanish poor are naturally of a high tone, but everything tends to corrupt them; a corrupt government, a corrupt priesthood, a corrupt and very heartless upper class. Yet, withal, the poor are lovers of what is pure; have a keen sense of justice, and bear their ills with patience and fortitude, nay, even with cheerfulness. They are brave to a fault, loyal to those whom they feel to be their superiors, courteous and kind to the stranger, very courageous, very affectionate, fearfully passionate, but rarely vindictive.

When the chequered life of the Spanish peasant is at an end, when the spirit has returned to God who gave it, the roughness of treatment which he has experienced during his lifetime follows him to his grave. He is but a Spanish peasant; unhelped, uncared for, uncultivated, with only that natural goodness of heart with which he came into this world, the peasant passes into the presence of his Maker.

His body is little cared for. He dies, the town-coffin (the public property of the

poor) is sent for, it comes at early morn, or late at night to his door in a mule-cart, with two or three other coffins, each containing a poor man's body; the body is hastily forced into the coffin, the lid thrown carelessly upon it. No processions of priests, no acolytes with lighted tapers, follow the peasant to his grave; the mule-cart starts, the coffins jolt and tumble together, the cemetery is reached at last, probably beneath the moonlight, and the bodies are hastily shot into a pit, covered with sand, and left without gravestone or flowing shrub to mark the last resting-place of the poor.

"What is that creaking cart passing my window?" you ask of your Spanish servant as she sits in the window-seat humming her wild, monotonous Andalusian ditty, or the melancholy wailing *nana* or nurse's lullaby.

"Oh, nothing, señor; only some poor men's bodies going to the cemetery: so they always treat the poor in Spain."

"*La vida es sueño.*"

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE COLORADO BEETLE.

ENTOMOLOGISTS know him as the *Doryphora decemlineata*, and fondly describe him as a beautiful being, whose ground-color is Venetian red, with a double row of black spots ornamenting the ten stripes along his sides, black knees and feet, but "pale" legs. He is known and feared in his own country—which is his in the sense in which an Indian tiger's village is said by the natives to belong to him—by the simpler appellation of the potato-bug. The curious, destructive little creature to which we are warned to give an inhospitable reception by solemn pictorial proclamation from church porches, to the amazement of rural church-goers, inspecting the pictures of the pest with misgivings as to whether this may not be an outburst of ritualistic ornament in the matter of parish notices, is not, as Mr. Ryley—who has studied him closely for several years—tells us, correctly speaking, a bug. The ten-lined nuisance is a potato-beetle, "if you call him short," and his mission is the devouring of the potato all over the Western States of America,—and all over Europe, too, if he can succeed in importing himself in any great numbers, as there is grave reason to fear he may. He has been unremittingly engaged in the devouring of Western-States potatoes since he

was discovered in 1824, in the region of the Upper Missouri, by Mr. Say, during an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, where the potato grows wild, and is called the sand-bur. When the cultivated bulb came in his way, owing to the westward advance of civilization, the potato-beetle took to it kindly, and so effectually tracked the line of feeding-ground, that in 1859 he was in great force a hundred miles west of Omaha City, in Nebraska,—a district which, if we remember rightly, has also suffered severely from locusts within the last few years. If we trace on a map of the States the line of march which Mr. Ryley describes as that of the potato-beetle, we see how fast and how formidable its advance has been to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, which it was erroneously believed would have proved the term of its operations. Mr. Ryley considers that the fertile country east of the Rocky Mountains, extending from the Black Hills to Mexico, is the native home of the Colorado beetle, and that civilization, in the way of traffic and settlement on the plains, has given it the opportunity of foreign travel. For instance, the dispersion of the plant it fed on, through the Texas cattle-traffic, afforded the means by which the beetle passed the great stretches of prairie lying east of its native haunts. In 1861 it invaded Ohio, in 1864-65 it crossed the Mississippi into Illinois at five points, and having established permanent colonies—for it is not true that the innumerable army marches on *en masse* after ravaging the country; on the contrary, it annexes each successive province and settles in vast numbers—travelled to Lake Michigan, and in 1870 descended upon Ontario at two different points. In 1871 the southern columns were swarming on the wing in the streets of St. Louis, while the northern columns advanced at a rapid rate. "During that summer," says Mr. Ryley, "the Detroit River was literally swarming with the beetles, and they were crossing Lake Erie on ships, chips, staves, any floating object which presented itself." In 1873, the advance-guards were on the eastern limits of New York,—all this time the beetle was ravaging the crops in its native home and in the Mississippi Valley, and was also learning to extend its dietary far beyond potatoes,—and in 1874, it was reported from Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia; also having reached the Atlantic seaboard. This means that it had spread over fifteen hundred thousand square

miles. Enormous loss had been occasioned over this vast extent of country by the farmers' ignorance of the nature of the insect. They neglected to deal with the first brood, and the second got ahead of them. Then came an alarming report to Mr. Ryley from Mr. Dean, of New York, who had seen the insect flying about at Brooklyn. It had got out to sea, so far as Coney Island, having deserted certain districts in which it had previously been feeding prosperously upon the egg-plant. "I am puzzled," says Mr. Dean, "by the fact that millions of them desert the fertile fields of Flatbush and Gravesend and steer for the barren acres of Coney Island, on which the principal vegetation is a coarse sea-grass, which they do not seem to touch. They appear to have an irresistible tendency to travel east, and are only stopped by the waves of the Atlantic Ocean." That they would take to a seafaring life when it was possible speedily became apparent, for at several places in Connecticut the beetles were washed ashore in such masses as to poison the air, and the captain of a New London vessel found that they boarded him in such numbers at sea that the hatches had to be closed. Naturalists watching the progress of this terrible little creature estimated that it would reach the Atlantic, at the average annual rate of its spread, which is eighty-eight miles, in 1881. It has stolen a very quick march upon their calculations.

The actual manner of the small depredator's travel is flight; it moves only when, as the perfect beetle, it can command its wide-spreading rose-colored wings, which, when at rest, lie folded like fans underneath their striped cases. But it avails itself of every means of transit, being carried by man and beast, vehicle and vegetable, by wagon, and train and ship. Winds and waters aid it, and many curious instances of its endurance under painful conditions are cited, besides that of the specimens sent recently in a pill-box from America to an anxious inquirer on this side of the Atlantic, which were quite lively after their trip, during which they had no food and the shortest possible allowance of air. "I have no doubt," says Mr. Ryley, "that the Colorado potato-beetle could survive a sufficient length of time to be drifted alive to Point Edward," — we are supposed to follow the creature on the map, — "if driven into Lake Huron anywhere within twenty or thirty miles of that place, or if beaten down anywhere within the same distance, while attempting to

cross the lake." Captain John Boyne, of the "Lizzie Doak," reports finding his deck and sails infested with potato-bugs when half-way from Chicago to St. Joseph at night. Not a bug was on deck when the schooner left Chicago. The beetle is as tenacious as it is enterprising, and though it does its worst in the first years of its settlement, because its natural enemies take time to come to the assistance of man in keeping it in check, its motto is, "*J'y suis, j'y reste*;" "always," says Mr. Ryley, "being present to take its chances in the great struggle for existence, and to get the upper hand, if it can." East of the Rocky Mountains it is therefore evident that the feeding-grounds of this pernicious creature and the potato-growing portion of the country will be conterminous. The most interesting question (to Americans) now is whether, like Martin Chuzzlewit's correspondent, its "bright home will be in the setting sun" also. There seems good reason to hope that it will not succeed in reaching the Pacific, but the causes which inspire that hope are not precisely cheering arguments for us, as they point to a probability of our climate suiting *Doryphora* of the ten lines to a nicety. It objects to great heights, and cannot stand very dry weather or continuous heat; so that even if it did get a lift, by road or rail, into California, it might not thrive there. Nevertheless, its monographer fears that it would "hold its own," meaning a large percentage of everybody's potatoes. The most interesting question to us is, of course, how to keep the Colorado beetle out of England, a serious question, though it has its comic side, like everything else; and though it has arisen in the sea-serpent and Ramsgate Sands season. The report of the Canadian minister of agriculture on the Colorado beetle — accompanied by the prettiest possible model of the creature pursuing its industrious ravages, in all its stages of being — describes its indomitable activity and readiness of resource with a convincing eloquence, and adds that it is peculiarly locomotive during the months of August and September. Considering that the German authorities give up the exclusion from Europe of these beetles, and are adopting preventive measures, after their eminently practical fashion, and that "one beetle was seen upon the wing" after the slaughter of the intruders at Mülheim, there is sound reason to fear that this distinguished foreigner may be on his way to our potato-fields, and with the more comprehensive appetite which has come to him with extended

views and distant travel. Indeed, he has taken kindly to cabbage, and so much has his *menu* developed, that a recent lecturer on our expected guest declares that he has actually discarded the potato in Colorado. This gentleman, however, is not of the same opinion as Mr. Ryley with respect to the beetle's preferences in matters of climate, thinks England would not agree with it, and regards the Duke of Richmond's bill as premature. Considering the aspect of utter bewilderment with which two Suffolk farmers were perusing the "notice" which caught the eye of the present writer, last week, in the porch of an ancient church, near the scene of the celebrated "gammoning" of Sam Weller by Job Trotter, it will take a considerable period to prepare the bucolic mind of Britain to act on the advice of the government of the Hague: "If you meet with this formidable enemy of the potato-field, in any shape whatever, kill it at once."

Where it can neither be prevented nor exterminated, the beetle may be managed, and it no longer excites the dread which it once caused in the Western States, where its management is now considered part of potato culture. This "management" includes the art of killing the beetle without poisoning its executioners in the process, for though its "juices" are not poisonous, the exhalations arising from the crushing, burning, or scalding to death of great masses of these creatures at a time are so. Much ingenuity has been exercised in the invention of machines for the destruction of the beetle, and the description of one of these is rather comic. Let us hope we shall not have to see our farm-laborers abroad in the fields with a "spray machine, consisting of a tank, strapped knapsack-fashion on the shoulders, and connected by rubber tubes with a pair of bellows, strapped to the waist, turned by a crank, and connected with a movable nozzle." This "atomiser" distributes Paris-green water among the insects, that is, it poisons them, without poisoning the plant they feed on; but Paris green is only one of the many weapons used against the Colorado beetle, in the war which never knows a suspension of hostilities. The political and diplomatic department of the fight is important and interesting, and the allies, strictly actuated by self-interest, on which the farmer "out West" can count are numerous and formidable. Some of them, the crow, the quail, the duck, and the chicken, are within our reach; the skunk is not, but on the whole

we would rather do without him, the common garden toad is death on the bug, spiders depart from their ordinary customs in his regard, and instead of sucking his juices eat him up whole, and he is also accommodated with an interesting parasite, which swarms on him, so that he languishes and perishes. This nice creature (*Uropoda Americana*), about the size of the head of a small pin, possesses a distinctive feature among mites,—"a pair of extensile processes, each armed at the top with a bifid claw, somewhat resembling that of a lobster. This organ is beautifully adapted to penetrating the hard covering of beetles, and thus securing *Uropoda* to its slippery support." The insect allies are, however, most effective of all, for they devour the larvæ, and the ladybird of all kinds comes out nobly in the cause of competitive destruction; while a number of beetles and "true" bugs may also be confidently relied upon, among them the soldier-bug, of which Mr. Ryley says, "We admire the muscular power of the lion, which grips and tears an animal larger than itself; but feats performed by these young soldier-bugs throw the lion's strength completely into the shade, for they may be often seen running nimbly with a *Doryphora* larva four or five times their own size, held high in air upon their outstretched beaks." The dotted-legged plant-bug is an able auxiliary, and several noble flies, hawks of the insect world, are ever ready to pounce on the multitudinous beetle and thin him out. Mr. Ryley has personally observed two dozen species of "true" insects, not counting spiders, flies, or mites, preying on him of the ten lines, so that he has not the uninterruptedly good time which might be supposed from his triumphant march across a continent. We fear the rose-breasted grosbeak is not a British bird, but he might perhaps be acclimatized, as he is very beautiful, and an assiduous devourer of *Doryphora* with ten lines. It seems there is a bogus bug which is sometimes taken for the genuine article, but it is harmless, except to the wild potato. Mistakes, awkward for the ladybirds, are liable to be made between their eggs and those of the destroyer, but there is no excuse for confounding grown-up specimens; the Colorado beetle is invariably, the ladybird is never, striped.

Mr. Ryley discusses our prospects with the disinterested composure of a naturalist, and with a certain pride in his beetle. Mr. Bates says hopefully that few American insects have been naturalized here, and no American beetle. Mr. Ryley urges

that a minute yellow American ant has become very troublesome in England, that two American beetles are doing much damage in France, while the woolly aphis, or American "blight," is "quite a pest both in England and on the Continent," and that the Colorado beetle has dispersed "generalizations based on geographical distribution" already. He has reached Germany, had his portrait taken, been modelled in wax, appeared in general orders, assumed the dimensions of a topic and a scare; given rise in England to a debate, a bill, and a blue-book; he is to be the next novelty in studs and pin-heads; he is already crawling on fancy stationery, and figuring beside the announcements of "Wanted" by the police. That this particular Snark, which is to be hunted with poison and care, should turn out to be a Boojum here, would be luck for us of which his monographer mildly desponds.

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE PACE OF MIND.

IT is a familiar idea that there are quick-witted people and slow-witted people, but it is rather a startling addition to the notion that the pace of mind may be measured by inches and a clock, and that if we could establish a mental Epsom or Goodwood, we should find a certain number, and no more, of men and women who could pretend to "enter" for the cup. Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., in his address as president of the Anthropological Department of the British Association, this year, treated of this matter with his usual originality, as a branch of the study "of those groups of men who are sufficiently similar in their mental characters to admit of classification." What a singular fact in illustration is the following, to which he calls attention. There exists—well recognized by astronomers—a phenomenon called "personal equation." In making the common observation of the exact moment when a star travels across the fine vertical wire intersecting the field of view of a telescope, some observers always anticipate the event, and others allow it to pass before they succeed in noting it. This, Mr. Galton says, is "by no means the effect of inexperience or maladroitness, but is a persistent characteristic of each individual, however practised in the art of making observations he may be." The difference between the time of a man's noticing the

event and that of its actual occurrence is called his "personal equation," and it is carefully ascertained for every assistant in every laboratory, and is published along with his observations. It is not too much to say that the magnitude of a man's personal equation thus indicates a very fundamental peculiarity of his constitution.

In a similar way, a measurement may be made of the length of time taken to receive an idea and act upon it, by exhibiting a signal, and calling on the observer to press a stop as quickly as he can on seeing it. A little time is always lost in this process, and a still more appreciable interval, if there be any alternative, such as a black or white signal to be observed. A series of such experiments, made on a considerable number of persons, of both sexes and of different ages, statures, classes, and nationalities, would, we think, afford interesting and not wholly useless results. In the first place, account should be taken of the obvious advantage possessed by short people, in the lesser distance which their sensations and volitions have to travel along their nerves to and from their brains,—the velocity of such travelling not exceeding the rate of an express train. Mr. Galton says that this fact accounts for the superior quickness of small animals in evading blows. Surely he might add that it offers an explanation of the proverbial dulness and imperturbability of giants, and of the special animation and sharpness generally observable in little men and little women? Between five feet high and seven feet and a half there may well be the proportion of two to three in the rate of transmission of perceptions from the foot to the brain; and if this needs to be doubled by a return message down the motor nerves from the brain to the foot (to deliver a kick), the result would be that just double the time is needed by the big man as by the little. The same reason of course holds good (if it be good at all) with respect to the superior vivacity of ponies over horses, terriers over Newfoundland dogs, and generally of all small breeds of animals not too much dwarfed for vigor or full development. Children naturally lose the benefit of their small stature, from want of full command and correlation of their faculties. It is the opinion of Professor Flower—expressed in his splendid Hunterian "Lectures on the Osteology of the Extinct Mammalia"—that the large animals of the earlier epochs were all slow of motion and stupid, comparatively, to modern beasts. A mastodon and one of the Prince

of Wales's Nepaulese pony-elephants may well have had a very different "mental pace."

But we have lost this clue of comparative size, whatever it may be worth, when we seek an explanation of the difference, still better marked than those above noted, which exists between men of various nations and of the various classes in those nations. Sandy from Scotland, John Bull from England, Taffy from Wales, and Pat from Ireland, travel mentally at paces comparable to a walk, a trot, a canter, and a gallop. The first, even if he be a very learned and able Scot indeed, when he sits down at a London dinner-party, finds himself stranded two or three times by the tide of conversation between soup and the dessert; while the last, even if he be a rather ignorant Irishman, will keep pace *tant bien que mal*, and scent a joke in the air, even if it consist in an allusion to something of which he never heard in his life.

Think, again, of a Frenchman's "mental pace,"—not a French peasant's, of course. The aphorism that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat" may be extended to the unfailing observation that he "who drives slow oxen must himself be slow," for agriculturists all the world over are the most beef-witted of their race. But take a Parisian off his boulevard, and watch the rate at which his tongue rattles, and how his very language seems to have been polished off by constant attrition in similar torrents, and then calculate how much faster all his mental faculties must work than those of poor Dorsetshire Hodge! There ought to be—if we could but find it out—as much difference in the two thinking-machines as between an old wooden wind-mill and a gold repeater. Mr. Galton said nothing at Plymouth about an important practical side of the subject, namely, the way in which mental pace may be accelerated or retarded, as may be desirable. It is quite obvious that some conditions can quicken the minds which are subjected to them, since town-dwellers all the world over come to be nimbler-witted than rural populations, and the people in stirring commercial towns than those of dull old cathedral cities. Of two brothers who were on a par at Oxford, but of whom one dwells on the paternal acres for forty years, and the other lives in London, there is very little question that the latter will attain a mental canter, while his brother's mind never goes beyond a jog-trot. Without attaining real cleverness, the person

who lives long in intellectual society is certain to become *frotté d'esprit*, and to show a sharpness of apprehension which places him at a great advantage over much more really able men who associate with stupid companions.

Other things being equal, of course, it would always be desirable to hasten the speed of anybody's mind, and so double not only the pleasure of conversation, but actually *life* itself, since the duration of our existence is only truly counted by our thoughts and emotions, not by minutes and days. But there are many cases where our educational measures would be better applied to making our pupils think slowly, perceive carefully, and reason soundly rather than rapidly. Women, for instance, are in this respect, as in many others, more like Celts than Saxons. They are "nimble-minded," as old Giraldus Cambrensis found his countrymen five centuries ago, and as every one finds them still; and their critics are never tired of repeating that when a man has laboriously toiled up a staircase he always finds a woman at the top before him, but then she cannot tell a single step which she took to get there. The truth evidently is that the processes of a woman's brain-work are often so rapid that she herself is unaware of many of them, and they leave no impression on her memory. She has, perhaps, scarcely used words at all in the chain of her reasoning, whereas the man has laboriously picked his way on the stepping-stones of particularly recognizable words, and he can go back upon them when he pleases. Her conclusion is not necessarily wrong because it is hasty, nor his right, because it is slow; but it is clear that if she is ever to be taught to reason scientifically, and to find out where she makes mistakes, she must be trained to perform her work for a time at half her natural pace. Obviously, for this reason geometry is an invaluable study for girls, and ought to form a prominent part of their education; while mental arithmetic, and any sort of questioning in classes which quickens the intelligence is equally desirable for boys, especially those of John Bull's family.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE CHANGES OF COLOR IN THE CHAMELEON.

FROM very ancient times the curious changes of color which take place in the chameleon, and its supposed power of liv-



ing on air, have been the wonder of the uninformed, and have furnished philosophers and poets with abundant material for metaphor. The belief that the animal can live on air has been exploded long ago, and was no doubt due to its power of long fasting and to its peculiar manner of breathing. It is only quite lately, however, that any satisfactory explanation has been given of the apparently capricious changes which take place in the color of the chameleon; the latest researches on the subject being those of M. Paul Bert, the French naturalist, which have been described in a recent paper by M. E. Oustalet. As most of our readers are no doubt familiar with the appearance and figure of this curious reptile, and as descriptions of it may be found in any encyclopædia or elementary work on natural history, we do not consider it necessary to repeat them here.

Many and various theories have been proposed to explain the changes of color which chameleons undergo; changes the importance of which have been greatly exaggerated. It is generally believed that these animals have the power of assuming in a few seconds the color of any neighboring object, and that they intentionally make use of this trick to escape more easily from the sight of their enemies. But this opinion is erroneous; and experiments conducted with the greatest care have proved that chameleons are incapable of modifying their external appearance in anything like so rapid and complete a manner.

The first probably to give any rational account of the causes of the puzzling changes of color in these reptiles was the celebrated French naturalist, Milne-Edwards, about forty years ago. After a patient and minute examination, he discovered that the coloring matters of the skin, the pigments, are not confined as in mammals and birds, to the deep layer of the epidermis, but are partly distributed on the surface of the dermis or true skin, partly located more deeply, and stored in a series of little cells or bags of very peculiar formation. These color-cells are capable of being shifted in position. When they are brought close to the surface of the outer skin, they cause a definite hue or hues to become apparent; but by depressing the cells and causing them to disappear, the hues can be rendered paler, or may be altogether dispersed. It is noteworthy that the cuttle-fishes change color in a similar manner.

Underneath the color-bags (or *chromo-*

*blasts* as they are called) of Milne-Edwards, Pouchet, a recent inquirer, has discovered a remarkable layer, which he calls *cærulescent*, and which possesses the singular property of appearing yellow on a clear, and blue on an opaque background.

M. Paul Bert, within the last two years, has by his researches thrown still further light upon these curious changes, and upon the mechanism by which they appear to be accomplished. He endorses most of the results of Milne-Edwards and subsequent inquirers, but has carried his observations much further. It would be out of place here to give a detailed account of the methods by which M. Bert has arrived at his conclusions. Suffice it to say, that by a series of careful experiments, he has discovered that these changes of color seem to be entirely under the control of the nervous system, and that the chameleon can no more help their taking place than a toad can help twitching its leg when pinched. By acting in various ways upon the spinal marrow and the brain, the operator can send the color to or withdraw it from any part of the body he pleases. Indeed a previous observer was able to cause a change of color in a piece of the skin of the animal by acting upon it with electricity; and M. Bert has proved that even in the absence of the brain the usual changes can be produced by exciting the animal in any way; thus showing that they are due to that class of nervous action which physiologists name *reflex*, and of which sneezing is a good example. M. Bert has also made some interesting experiments on the animal while under the influence of anæsthetics and during sleep. It was formerly known that in the latter case, and also after death, the chameleon assumed a yellowish color, which under the influence of light became more or less dark. M. Bert has found that exactly the same effects are produced during anæsthesia as during natural sleep, and that light influences not only dead and sleeping chameleons, but that it modifies in a very curious fashion the coloration of the animal when wide awake. The same result is produced when the light is transmitted through glass of a deep blue color, but ceases completely when red or yellow glass is used. To render these results more decisive, M. Bert contrived to throw the light of a powerful lamp upon a sleeping chameleon, taking care to keep in the shade a part of the animal's back, by means of a perforated screen. The result was curious: the head, the neck, the legs, the abdomen, and the tail became of a very



dark green; while the back appeared as if covered with a light-brown saddle of irregular outline, with two brown spots corresponding to the holes in the screen. Again, by placing another animal, quite awake, in full sunlight, but with the fore-part of its body behind a piece of red glass, and the hind-part underneath blue glass, M. Bert divided the body into two quite distinct parts — one of a clear green with a few reddish spots, and the other of a dark green with very prominent spots.

From his researches as a whole, M. Bert concludes: 1. The colors and the various tints which chameleons assume are due to changes in the position of the colored corpuscles, which sometimes, by sinking underneath the skin, form an opaque background underneath the cærulescent layer of Pouchet; sometimes, by spreading themselves out in superficial ramifications, leave to the skin its yellow color, or make it appear green and black. 2. The movement of these color-bags or chromoblasts are regulated by two groups of nerves, one of which causes them to rise from below to the surface, while the other produces the opposite effect.

As to the effects produced by colored glass, they no doubt result from the fact that the colored corpuscles, like certain chemical substances, are not equally influenced by all the rays of the spectrum, the rays belonging to the violet part having alone the power of causing the color-bags to move and drawing them close to the surface of the skin. This exciting action of light on a surface capable of contraction, an action which hitherto has only been recognized in the case of heat and electricity, is one of the most unexpected and curious facts which in recent times have transpired in the domain of physiology. Hence M. Paul Bert's researches are likely to prove of far more value than merely to explain the changes of color which take place in the chameleon. He hopes especially in carrying out his researches to discover the reason of the favorable influence on health which is exerted by the direct action of light on the skin of children and of persons of a lymphatic temperament; and this may lead to some very important practical results in the treatment of disease. In the mean time he has done much to clear up a very puzzling and very interesting fact.

From The Popular Science Review.

#### SUPPOSITION THAT SUNLIGHT CAN BE CONDENSED.

SIMILAR in incorrectness to the supposition that the brightness of an irresolvable stellar cluster can be diminished by distance, is the belief that under any circumstances sunlight (or other light from a luminous disc or surface) can be strengthened or condensed. It is singular that this mistake should have been fallen into by the present first assistant at Greenwich almost at the same time as the late first assistant enunciated the theory above discussed. A paper, too preposterous to be here dealt with, had been read before the Astronomical Society, suggesting that Venus has a metallic surface and a vitreous atmosphere. Referring to this paper, though of course rejecting the metallic surface and glass envelope, Mr. Christie pointed out that a mirror surface and an atmosphere capable of interior specular reflection, or the first alone with an ordinary refractive atmosphere, would explain the fact (?) that the arc of light seen round Venus in transit is brighter than the sun itself. Oddly enough a reply was made to this to the effect that a mirror surface was not needed for the purpose, but that ordinary refraction in the atmosphere of Venus would very much condense the sun's light, by compressing the whole disc of the sun into a fine arc of light around the outer limb of the planet. In point of fact, it is utterly impossible to condense light in this or any other way. As Mr. Proctor has shown, in a paper read before the June meeting of the Astronomical Society, by whatever process the breadth of the luminous surface is diminished (*i.e.*, the axes of pencils proceeding from different parts of it brought nearer to parallelism), by the same process and to the same degree, the pencils themselves are made more divergent; thus a given portion of the retina receives pencils of light from a wider area of the sun's surface, but the quantity of light received from each pencil is in the same degree diminished. The arc of light seen round Venus was simply brighter than the neighboring part of the sun's disc, because that light came from the whole of the sun, and the central part of the sun's disc is brighter than the part near the edge.